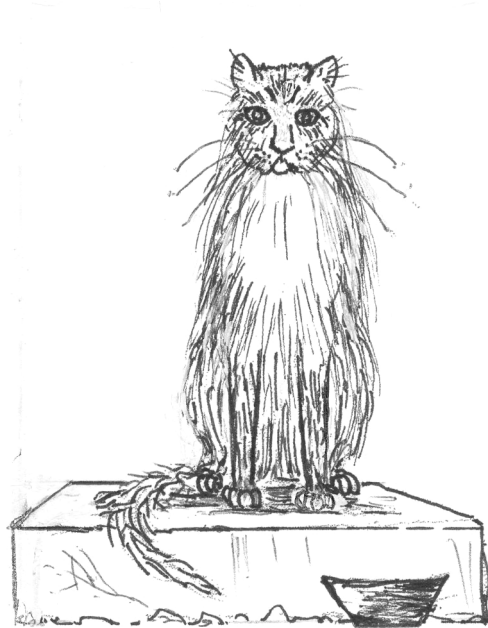


A Cat Named Sunny

**Writer and Illustrator
Christine Berriman**



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One - How We Met Sunny

I loved cats! I always wanted to have a cat of my own, but not everyone at my house thought the same as I did. Take Mom for instance. She hated cats! It seemed to me that each time I came close to getting a cat I ended up with a goldfish, a turtle or something else - even a book! Mom always said, "*No cat, Vicky! I won't have a cat in the house, ever!*"

Last summer holidays we stayed at a cabin which was by a lake not far from the town where I live in Saskatchewan. One afternoon, after I had gathered some saskatoon berries in a pail, I sat on a hilltop by the lake to watch the sunset. The orange, red and white clouds looked like the streaks of colour I've seen in one of those peppermint lollipops.

That was when I first saw the cat. I couldn't believe my eyes! Her fur was ginger and white like the clouds in the sky. At first I thought she was a part of the red sunset sky dropped down into the green grass.

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I called, *Here, Puss, Puss, Puss!* She came to me! I picked her up and held her in my arms. Her fur smelled of all the wild sage and grasses growing on the hill. She looked straight back at me and slowly blinked her large yellow eyes. Her fur was long and soft, but under it I felt how bony she was. She felt like she could do with a good feed. She started to purr. The purr was so loud its sound rumbled through her whole body making me feel her warmth.

Thinking *Sunset* might make a good name for her, I tried it. "Here, Sunset, Sunset, Sunset!" I called.

Nah! You guessed it! As a name *Sunset* sounded stupid! So I tried *Sunny*. It worked! And that's how I came to call her *Sunny*.

I placed her down on the ground and patted her. In some places her fur was tangled and filled with grass seeds. I spaced my fingers like a comb and gently ran them through her coat to try to remove some of the seeds and knots. The fur was almost long enough to braid. Just thinking how a cat would look with beaded braids made me smile.

She didn't have a collar, so I decided she must be a stray. I didn't want to think that most cats don't wear collars. At long last I had a cat, or that's what I thought then. I swung the ice-cream pail of berries on my elbow, picked up Sunny with both my arms, and walked back toward our cabin.

About the Author

Christine Berriman lives in Saskatchewan. She taught school for many years and loves children, writing, and art. She has published several short stories in magazines, had poetry published in collected anthologies and sold quite a number of her paintings. Though she has written a number of children's stories, this is the first that she has published.

Christine came up with the idea for the book, after discovering some stray cats at her cabin by a lake in Saskatchewan. She was so intrigued as to how the cats came to be there that she created the story, *A Cat Named Sunny*.