

“Peggy!” said Abby, bursting into the bedroom.

“Peggy! I have an ESSAY to write! I’m going to write MINE about Shakespeare! Let’s see... He was a writer a LONG LONG LONG time ago... He wrote about... stuff... and... He was a good writer! Done. What do you think, Peggy?”

*I think it’s baloney*, the little gray cat thought, closing her eyes sleepily.

“Gee, thanks, Peggy! I knew you’d like it!”

Abby walked happily out of the room.

As Peggy rolled over, ready to take a nap, a thought flashed through her mind:

*That is definitely not what I meant, Abby.*