

Shadow had a secret.

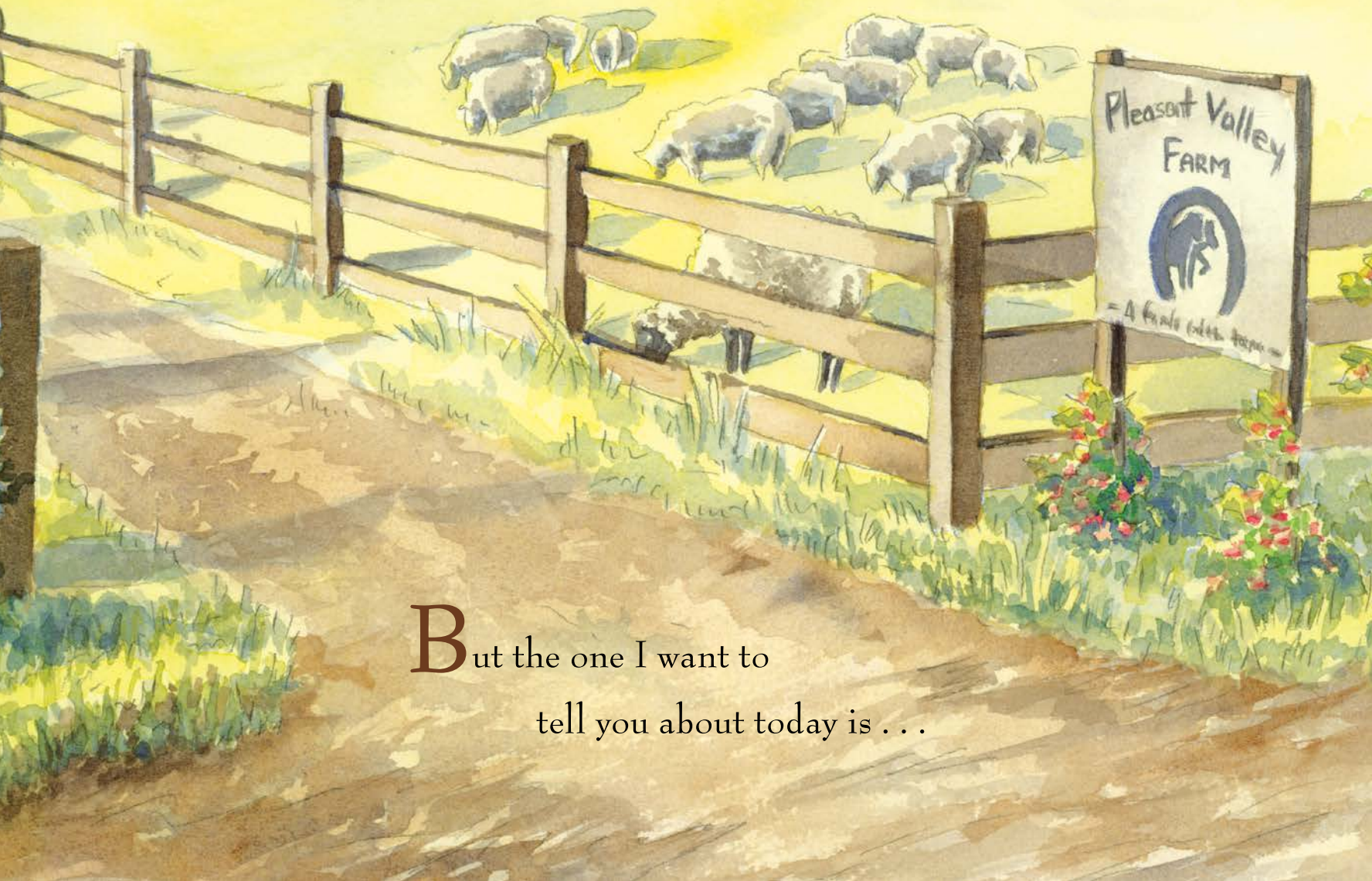
Only one other animal on the whole farm knew her secret, and he wouldn't tell.



Shadow lived among the rolling hills of Wisconsin, in a winding valley where breezes whisper through wild pink roses and meadow-larks sing all day, on a little farm called Pleasant Valley Farm.

Farmer Don and Missus Dora lived in the little white house that sat between two tall oak trees. In the big red hip-roofed barn lived Chester the rooster, Dolly the milk cow, Danny the workhorse, and many other animals.

But the one I want to
tell you about today is . . .



A detailed illustration of a black cat with yellow eyes, perched on a thick, weathered wooden beam. The cat is looking down and to the right. The background consists of vertical wooden planks, suggesting a barn interior.

. . . *Shadow.*

Shadow was a barn cat—
a sleek, shiny black puss who glided
among the shadows of the big barn.

Shadow could never be seen or heard unless she wished to be. Her tiny black paws had soft pads on which she could sneak up on a mouse or pounce on a sparrow from the shadows.

At night when all was dark, only her glittering green eyes could be seen. Shadow loved the night, the dark, and the shadows into which she could disappear.

