

Based on the classic tale by Charles Perrault

Puss in Boots

1

Once there was an old miller. He had three sons. He knew he was close to death. So he said to his eldest son,

“When I am gone, you will have the mill.”

To his middle son, he said:

“And you, my boy, will have the donkeys.”

But to his youngest son, he said:

“Alas, my boy, I have nothing left. But you can have the cat.”

The father died.

“What am I to do with a cat?”

2

“Master, fear not,” said the cat. “I will give you all that you desire. Just give me a bag and boots. And you will see.”

So the young man agreed.

The cat put some bran in his bag. Then he went off to the fields. He opened his bag. Some rabbits, smelling food, came out and went into the bag. He closed it up.

He went to the palace and asked to speak to the king.

“Sire,” he said. “Here is a present from my master, the Marquis of Carabas.” And he gave the king the rabbits. “I know you are very fond of rabbit pie.”

“Tell your master I am very pleased.”

3

“When can I meet your master?” said the king.

“By and by,” said the cat.

Then Puss caught some birds, and presented them to the king.

“A present from my master, the Marquis of Carabas.”

“When can I meet him?”

“Soon my lord.”

And so it went with many other presents.

And each time the king asked to see the Marquis.

4

One day, knowing the king would be driving by the river, with his beautiful daughter, Puss said,

“Master, you must do as I say. Go and bathe in the river. And leave the rest to me.”

The miller’s son did as he was told.

The king drove by.

“Help! My master, the Marquis of Carabas is drowning!” said the cat.

“Oh no!” said the king. “Fetch him!”

And the king’s soldiers pulled out the young man.

“Sire, while my master was bathing, thieves took away his clothes.”

“Terrible! But don’t worry. He can come back to the palace and we will give him new ones.”

And the young man got into the carriage. They covered him in a wrap.

Back at the palace, they dressed him in the finest clothes.

5

One day, they were out again in a far off part of the country.

The cat ran ahead. He saw some countrymen cutting grass.

“You must say that these fields belong to the Marquis of Carabas. Or you will be killed.”

The king called out to the men:

“Whose fields are these?”

“They belong to the Marquis of Carabas.”

Puss saw some workers in the wood, and he told them what to say.

“Whose woods are these?”

“They belong to the Marquis of Carabas.”

6

The cat came at last to a huge castle. It belonged to an ogre. He was the real owner of the fields.

The cat knocked on the door.

“COME IN!” boomed the ogre.

“I have heard,” said the cat, “that you can change yourself into anything you wish.”

“TRUE.”

“How wonderful,” said the cat. “Can you show me?”

“WHAT SHALL I BECOME?”

“How about a lion?”

And at that, the ogre turned into a lion.

“Horrors!” said the cat. “How wonderful.”

7

“But is it true that you can become something small, like a rat or a mouse?”

“OF COURSE.”

“Oh no. Impossible.”

“WATCH THIS!”

The ogre turned into a tiny mouse.

And without a moment's hesitation, the cat picked him up.

And ate him.

8

The cat went outside.

The king was just arriving.

“Sire, welcome.”

“Whose castle is this?”

“Why, it is the castle of my Lord the Marquis of Carabas.”

“This is a fine thing,” said the king. “Let us go in.”

And the king and his daughter went in, followed by the miller’s son.

They went into the grand hall, where a great dinner was laid out.

“Let us eat,” said the cat.

9

The king was terribly impressed. The young man was handsome. He was rich. And the king could see that his daughter was in love with him.

They ate the dinner.

And at the end, the king said,

“My Lord Marquis, I think you a very fine fellow. How would you like to be my son-in-law?”

The marquis bowed low.

“Majesty, it would give me the greatest of pleasure.”

10

And so the miller’s son was married to the princess.

He became a prince of the land.

And when the king died, he was king.

As for the cat, he became a great lord.

And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END

(Adapted from the original story by Richard McRoberts)