

MIRRORSOFT

CAESAR'S TRAVELS

*A story for young children
based on the home
computer program*



Story idea — Gill Baldwin
Written by James Mercer



CAESAR'S TRAVELS

Caesar the cat is a cheeky young cat on duty in Mr McGregor's larder. He is normally an excellent mouser but sometimes the mice get the better of him...



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Published by Mirrorsoft, Holborn Circus, London EC1P 1DQ for Mirror Group Newspapers Ltd.

Printed and bound in Great Britain.

Not for sale separately from the Mirrorsoft computer program CAESAR S TRAVELS.

CAESAR'S TRAVELS



Caesar had spent an exciting morning chasing mice in the larder. They were everywhere — on the shelves, in the teapot, nibbling away at the cakes, pies, and sausages. No sooner had Caesar caught one than another popped up from nowhere!

Suddenly, **CRASH!** — the teapot fell off the shelf and smashed on the floor. **CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!** — all the plates followed the teapot on to the floor and broke into hundreds of pieces.

The larder door flew open. It was Mr. McGregor — Caesar's owner. He was very cross.

"You are a naughty cat" scolded Mr. McGregor. "The mice have eaten all the food, and all the best china is broken. You'll have to go."

He picked Caesar up by the scruff of the neck and tossed him out into the back yard. Caesar shook himself and looked up. Through the yard gate came a very unfriendly-looking dog.

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP over the wall go to page 2

CLIMB the fence go to page 3

Caesar ran to the wall and jumped over it. He found himself in a much larger yard. At one end there were piles of old newspapers and empty boxes. At the other end stood a large dustbin.

Caesar sniffed — and sniffed again. No, there was no mistake — it was **FISH!** He began to feel decidedly hungry as he ran up to the dustbin. The lid opened easily, and Caesar peered inside. "Just as I thought," he said to himself. "Fish heads and tails." He was in the fishmonger's yard.

Caesar heard a door opening, and then footsteps coming towards him. Clop, clop, clop.

What will you do now, Caesar?

HIDE in the dustbin go to page 4

RUN to the gate go to page 5



Caesar climbed over the fence, and found himself in a busy street full of people and traffic. A delicious smell reached his nose. He jumped down on to the pavement and followed a lady with a shopping basket into a nearby butcher's shop.

What a wonderful sight! There were chops and joints of meat everywhere. And over Caesar's head hung strings and strings of tasty-looking sausages. He could not resist them, so he reached out a paw and grabbed a string of beef sausages.

"Stop, thief!" yelled the butcher, waving a big, shiny carving knife. "Give me back my sausages!"

Caesar tried to run away, but the sausages became tangled round his claws and tripped him up. **WALLOP!** — Caesar fell flat on his face.

Go to page 6



Caesar crept inside the dustbin. It was warm and dark, and he felt safe. He began to eat the scraps of fish. Mmm... delicious! Soon he felt very full and very sleepy. Caesar dozed off.

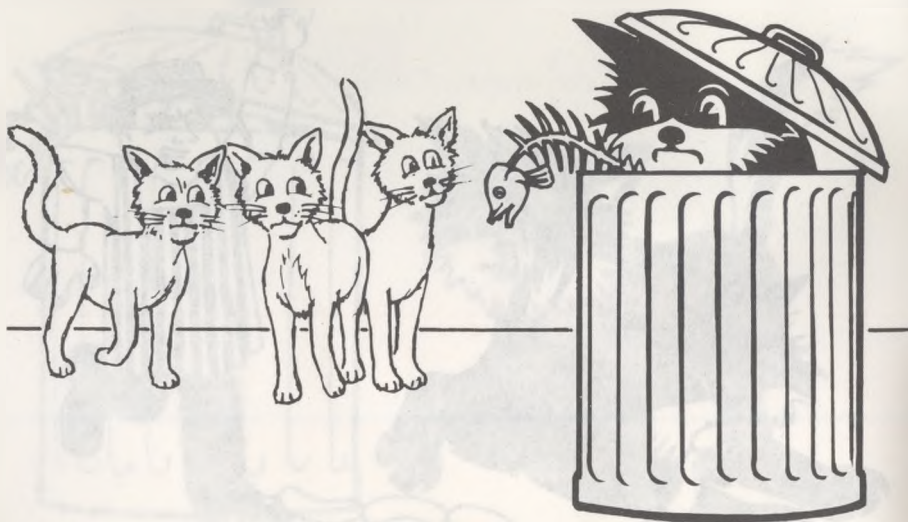
Night-time came, and a crescent moon rose in the dark sky. Caesar slept on.

Suddenly, terrible blood-curdling cries filled the air. Caesar awoke with a start and peered cautiously out of the dustbin. The yard was full of cats! There were wild-looking cats, lean and scrawny cats, scruffy alley cats — and they were all coming towards him!

What will you do now, Caesar?

WAIT in the dustbin go to page 8

RUN away go to page 20



Caesar ran to the gate and squeezed through a narrow gap underneath it. It wasn't easy, but he managed it. He found himself in a busy street, surrounded by people's feet rushing to and fro.

Caesar was very frightened. But when he looked across the road, he saw trees, grass, and lots of open space. "If I can get there," he thought, "I will be safe".

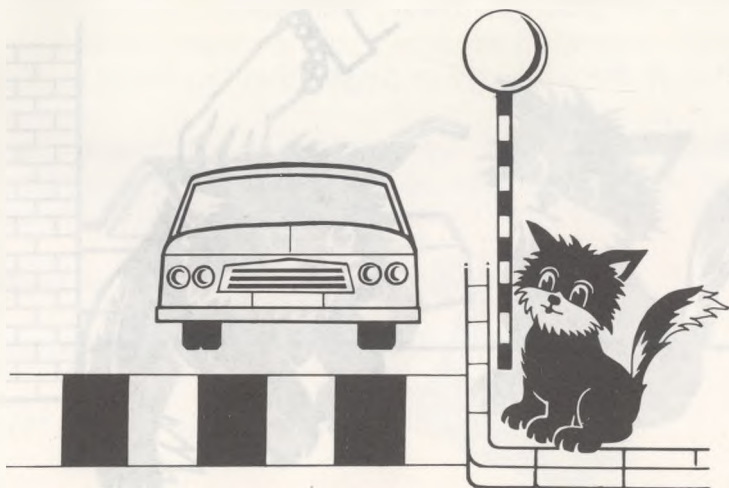
But the road was teeming with buses, cars, lorries, vans, and trucks, all roaring past him very fast. Looking for a way to cross, Caesar saw a lot of black and white stripes painted across the road, and where they met the pavement, there were striped poles with orange flashing lights on top.

Out of the corner of one eye, Caesar saw a very large dog running in his direction.

What will you do now, Caesar?

RUN across the road go to page 10

WAIT go to page 11



Caesar managed to untangle the sausages, grabbed them, and ran out of the shop.

“You wicked thief!” yelled the butcher angrily behind him.

But suddenly he found himself lifted off his feet and a lady’s voice saying: “You naughty cat! What do you think you’re doing with those sausages?”

Caesar twisted his head round to see who had picked him up, and saw that it was an old lady with a very kind face.

“Now, you must wait here, while I give the sausages back to the butcher. Then you can come home with me, share my supper, and sleep by my fire.” Caesar had to think quickly. Should he wait for the old lady, or should he turn tail and run?

What will you do now, Caesar?

WAIT for the old lady go to page 16

RUN away go to page 7



Caesar suddenly felt frightened again. So he took to his heels and ran, leaving the angry butcher and the old lady behind.

Caesar ran and ran, until he was too tired to go any further. He stopped, puffing heavily, and looked around him. Everywhere looked very strange — he was completely lost. Most of all, he needed to rest in peace and quiet, and get his breath back.

As he looked around, he saw what he thought would be the ideal place — a car with its boot open.

Then he heard heavy footsteps coming up behind him, and he started. Was it the angry butcher with the big, sharp, carving knife?

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP into the car boot go to page 17

RUN the other way go to page 15



Caesar hastily lowered the lid of the dustbin and buried himself under the pieces of fish. He held his breath and waited.

Suddenly, something landed on the dustbin, sending the lid crashing to the ground — **CRASH! BANG! CLATTER!** The cats swarmed into the dustbin, spitting and fighting over the fish heads. Then the whole dustbin fell over, and everything — including Caesar — rolled out all over the yard.

Caesar looked up to find himself surrounded by pairs of gleaming eyes. The biggest cat — a huge ginger tom — opened his mouth wide and made a terrible howling sound. Caesar's fur stood on end with fear.

But the noise had woken up the fishmonger, and he was very angry. A light went on in the house and a window was flung open.

"Clear off, you noisy cats!" shouted the fishmonger. And he threw a boot at the cats to frighten them off. Caesar looked for a way to escape.

Where will you go now, Caesar?

JUMP over the wall go to page 19

CLIMB the fire escape go to page 20



Caesar splashed around in the water, but began to sink once more. Cold, clammy weeds wrapped themselves round his legs, and water filled his throat. He felt desperate. He was sure this must be the end.

Then he began to rise to the surface. Up and up he went, until his head rose out of the water. He could hardly believe it when a hand grabbed him, lifted him clear of the water, and lowered him into the bottom of a boat.

"Cats are supposed to hate water," a gruff voice said. "If you can't swim, you shouldn't jump into the lake."

Caesar coughed and spluttered, and a firm hand patted him hard on the back.

"Cough it up, lad," said the man with a chuckle. "You'll feel better in a minute. There, that's all over. Now, are you hungry? I caught some fish for my supper, and you're welcome to share them."

This made Caesar feel much better, and he ate the fish with great relish.

"I reckon you must be lost," said the fisherman. "I'll take you along to the police station."

Caesar wasn't too sure about this. But just then, the boat bumped against the landing stage, and Caesar saw his chance.

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP on to the landing stage go to page 26

RUN away go to page 27

Caesar was terrified. The traffic was very frightening, but so was that big dog. He took a deep breath and ran out into the road.

He was very nearly across when suddenly **SMACK!** A speeding car had turned into the road and run straight into Caesar.

Poor Caesar rolled over and over until he came to a halt in the safety of the gutter. He didn't know what had hit him. He was shaky and felt bruised all over, and his leg hurt when he tried to move it.

The car had stopped, and there were people all around him, talking.

"Poor cat, he can't walk," said one voice.

"His leg must be broken," said another.

"Let me take him," said a third voice. "I'm a vet. Yes, I can see. I don't think he's badly hurt."

Caesar lay quietly as a blanket was wrapped around him and he was placed gently on the seat of a car. He heard the engine start, and the car began to move. Caesar lay curled up in the thick, warm blanket. He was safe, but he was still badly shaken.

Go to page 12

Caesar made his way to the zebra crossing, and hid himself among the feet of people waiting to cross the road. He breathed a sigh of relief — the dog had trotted past without even seeing him.

The traffic stopped, and the way over the crossing was clear. Caesar dashed forward — across the road and into the trees on the other side.

The grass felt as soft as a thick carpet as he scampered across it. Butterflies fluttered to and fro over his head, and he could hear birds singing in the trees. After the roaring of the traffic and the crowds of people, Caesar found the park quiet and peaceful.

There was a big, glistening lake in front of him. Swimming about on it were graceful white swans and some plump, tasty-looking ducks. Caesar licked his lips.

As a duck passed close to where he crouched, Caesar stretched out his paw. Then **SPLASH!** — Caesar fell into the water. Frantically he waved his legs and tail about as he tried to keep afloat. He didn't like water at all — especially deep water. Then he saw a boat.

What will you do now, Caesar?

WAIT for the boat go to page 9

JUMP for the shore go to page 25

As the car picked up speed, Caesar began to feel sorry for himself. He mewed softly. A kind voice said:

“Don’t cry, little cat. My daddy is the best vet in the whole world. He’ll make your leg better, you’ll see.”

Of course, Caesar couldn’t understand all of this, but the voice was kind and soothing. The soft words and the motion of the car sent him off to sleep. For a time, he could forget the pain in his leg.

He awoke as the car stopped and the doors opened. The vet lifted Caesar gently, and carried him inside to a room where there stood a large white table, Caesar could smell the scent of other animals, and disinfectant.

The vet placed Caesar carefully on the white table. Caesar lay quite still as the vet moved around, preparing for something. Then his eyes opened wide when he saw the vet approaching with a big, shiny needle. Suddenly, everything went dark.

Go to page 13



Gradually, Caesar came to his senses. He had had a wonderful dream, but now he didn't know what was happening. He opened his eyes slowly and looked around.

He was lying in a comfortable basket in front of a warm, glowing fire. His bad leg felt stiff and awkward, his head was spinning, and he was very, very sleepy. Wearily, he closed his eyes again. All he wanted was rest.

The next morning, he woke up to find the little girl who had spoken to him in the car stroking him gently.

"You look much better," she said. "Daddy says you can stay here with us until he takes off the plaster."

She looked up as her father came into the room.

"How's my patient this morning?" he smiled.

"He's much better," the little girl replied. "Daddy, can't we keep him? He's such a nice cat."

"He must belong to someone," said the vet. "I shall have to tell the police we've found him."

"Well, can we keep him if nobody else wants him?" the little girl persisted. She looked thoughtful. "I think I'll call him Caesar," she said. "He looks just like Mr. McGregor's cat, and he's called Caesar." She looked down. "Would you like to stay here with us, Caesar?" she asked.

Caesar purred, and fell into a blissful sleep. His travels were over. He'd found a new home and friends.

THE END

Caesar took one look at the parrot and scrambled quickly under the chair.

"You wicked bird, Polly!" he heard the little old lady shout. "I'm going to shut you in your cage until you learn how to behave yourself."

Caesar heard the door of the parrot's cage slam shut. After a few moments, the old lady placed a saucer of milk on the floor. Caesar decided it was safe to creep out and investigate.

"It's all right now," said the old lady, as he began to lap up the milk. "You're quite safe. I shall call you Caesar, and you can live here with me and my other pets. There's no need for you to be frightened or hungry ever again."

Caesar finished up the milk and washed his whiskers. He wasn't afraid any more. If that silly parrot tried to go for him again, he'd leap up and knock him right off his perch!

THE END

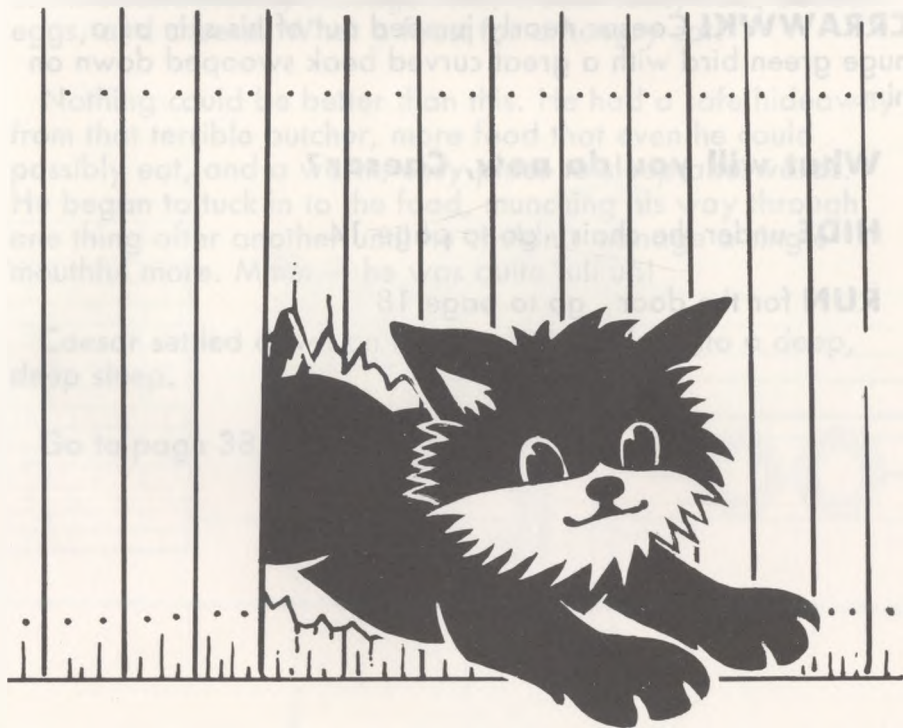


Caesar didn't stop to look. He took to his heels and raced away.

But the footsteps behind him seemed to be keeping up with him — in fact, they were getting closer. Caesar spotted a fence ahead, and luckily, there was a hole in it.

Caesar squeezed himself as small as he could, and wriggled through the hole. He heard the footsteps come right up behind him, and stop. Caesar held his breath and listened; he didn't feel all that safe, and the thought of that butcher with his big carving knife still worried him.

Go to page 20



Caesar didn't understand what the old lady was saying, but her voice sounded kind.

When they reached her house, the old lady felt in her pocket for the key. "This is my home," she told Caesar as she lifted him from her basket. "I have two other cats and a parrot. I hope you will all be friends together."

Caesar looked around the room into which the old lady had taken him. It was a little old-fashioned and dingy, but it seemed homely enough. The carpet was red, and there were bare patches here and there. The old chair with its worn cushions sagged at one side. On a rug in front of the fire, two cats were sleeping peacefully.

Suddenly, there was a terrible noise — **CRRAWWKK!** **CRRAWWKK!** Caesar nearly jumped out of his skin as a huge green bird with a great curved beak swooped down on him.

What will you do now, Caesar?

HIDE under the chair go to page 14

RUN for the door go to page 18

Caesar took a flying leap into the boot of the car. He wriggled his way right to the back. In his dark corner, he felt out of harm's way.

At that moment, somebody slammed the boot shut. It was completely dark. But a little light was coming in through the keyhole, and as Caesar's eyes got used to it, he started to look around at the things in the boot.

There was a spare wheel, a big toolbox, an old blanket, and — what was this? — a picnic basket full of food! Caesar could not believe his luck. He ran his eyes greedily over all the different goodies.

“Just look at all this!” he breathed to himself. “Meat pie, salmon sandwiches, sausage rolls, cream cake, hard boiled eggs, and cheese. What a feast for a hungry cat!”

Nothing could be better than this. He had a safe hideaway from that terrible butcher, more food than even he could possibly eat, and a warm, cosy place to sleep afterwards. He began to tuck in to the food, munching his way through one thing after another until he couldn't manage a single mouthful more. Mmm — he was quite full up!

Caesar settled down on the blanket and fell into a deep, deep sleep.

Go to page 38

Caesar ran for the door. It was still open, and he shot out into the street. Phew! He was glad to escape from that vicious, screeching parrot.

He stopped and looked around. Caesar didn't know this part of town at all, and had no idea which direction to take. Nearby was a parked lorry, and alongside him was a wall. He had to decide.

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP over the wall go to page 37

CLIMB into the lorry go to page 24



Caesar fled over the wall. Oh dear! How silly! He was back in Mr. McGregor's yard again.

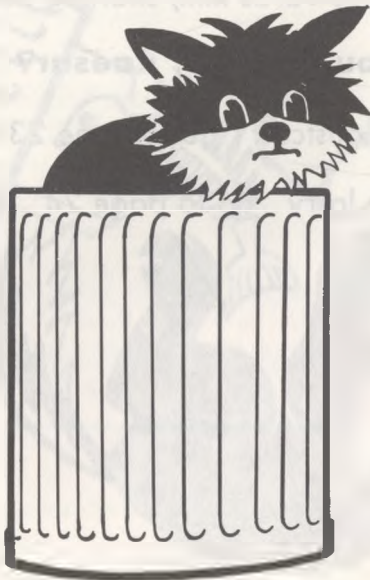
Fortunately, everything was quiet. With a sigh, Caesar carefully eased up the lid of Mr. McGregor's dustbin and slipped inside. It was full of rubbish, and there were no tasty fish heads and tails to eat. But anything was better than all those nasty cats. Caesar gave a little shiver, and fell into an uneasy sleep. He didn't feel particularly safe.

Much later, he was awakened by the sound of gates opening, clumping feet, and loud voices. He wondered what was going on.

What will you do now, Caesar?

WAIT in the dustbin go to page 21

JUMP out go to page 22



Caesar didn't hesitate for a moment. He raced across the yard he was in, and clambered up the fire escape that went up the side of a building.

Up and up he went, right up to the roof. All around him were chimneys. The smoke coming from a nearby broken chimney pot almost choked him. Coughing and spluttering, his eyes streaming, Caesar crept miserably into a sheltered corner. He was very cold, and, to make things even worse, it began to rain.

But Caesar fell asleep right away because he was so utterly tired. When he woke up — at dawn — he felt stiff, cold, and exceedingly hungry. He rose to his feet slowly, stretching his legs, and made his way back down the fire escape into the yard below. He squeezed back under the fence.

Ahead of him, he saw a lorry and a dustcart. Then an angry **GRRR!** from behind made him jump — there was a huge dog running towards him, snarling and baring his teeth.

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP into the dustcart go to page 23

CLIMB into the lorry go to page 24

Caesar crouched down in the dustbin. All around him were old tin cans, newspapers, empty packets — all sorts of rubbish. He held his breath as the footsteps clumped nearer and nearer. When they reached the dustbin, they stopped.

Suddenly, the lid was whisked off the dustbin and dropped with a clatter. Caesar felt the bin being lifted high into the air — he was being carried out of the yard! He closed his eyes and hoped for the best.

Down the alley between the yards went the bin. Then it stopped. The dustman tipped the bin upside down, and Caesar, in amongst all the rubbish, tumbled over and over into a big black hole.

Go to page 23



Without hesitation, Caesar shot out of the dustbin and flew across the yard. The back door was open, and Caesar ran straight into the house.

Mrs McGregor was busy in the kitchen. She had heard the rumpus outside, and looked up to see what was happening. She was amazed.

"Why, Caesar!" she exclaimed as she bent down to pick him up. "Thank goodness you're back. I've been so worried about you."

Caesar sighed with relief, and began to purr.

"I've made Mr. McGregor put mousetraps in the larder," she went on. "You won't have to stay there and catch mice any more."

Caesar purred louder. Things were definitely looking up.

"You shall be a kitchen cat," said Mrs McGregor. "You can sleep by the fire at night."

Then she looked puzzled, and sniffed. "Pooh! Where on earth have you been, Caesar? You smell awful, and you're very dirty, too — I'll bet you've been in my dustbin. Oh well, I shall just have to give you a bath."

Caesar stopped purring. He hated soapsuds. They made his eyes run, and they got up his nose and made him sneeze. But he put up with it bravely, and when it was all over and he was warm and dry again, Mrs McGregor gave him a nice big bowl of bread and milk.

"I'm so glad you've come home, Caesar," she said. "I told Mr. McGregor that I'd throw **HIM** out into the yard if you didn't come back. And it doesn't matter about those broken plates — I can easily buy new ones."

Caesar ate his bread and milk, and purred loudly. When it was all gone, he curled up in front of the blazing fire and sank into a contented sleep. He was home again.

Inside the dustcart it was very dark and very smelly. There was dirt and dust everywhere, and Caesar sneezed loudly **AAAHCHOOH!** But nobody heard him. The dustcart trundled slowly on its way, and each time it stopped, yet more rubbish came piling in on Caesar's head. Poor Caesar, he thought it would never stop!

Eventually, of course, it did — at the town rubbish dump. The back of the dustcart tipped up and out slid tons and tons of assorted rubbish — with Caesar right in the middle of it. He struggled to get free, but it was no good. He was well and truly trapped. All he could do was howl at the top of his voice — **MMEEEOOOWW** — and hope that somebody would hear.

“What's that noise?” a voice shouted. “It sounds like a baby crying.”

Hands began to pull away the rubbish above Caesar's head. Suddenly he could see daylight. One of the hands reached down and pulled him clear of the refuse.

“Well, well, well, it's a cat,” said the man. “He must have been asleep in one of the dustbins when you emptied it, Fred. The poor thing looks scared to death.”

Fred looked down at Caesar. “I'll take him home with me. He must be a stray.” He took Caesar and stroked him. “How would you like that?” He smiled. “My home isn't a palace, but it's a lot better than a smelly old dustbin!”

Caesar purred loudly in reply — he had found a good friend.

THE END

Caesar decided that the lorry would be best, and he leapt into it. To his surprise, he had a soft landing — the lorry was full of bales of wool. For a cat who hadn't had much sleep, it was a real blessing, and Caesar promptly settled down and went to sleep.

When he awoke, the lorry was on the move. Caesar peered out over the side. They were travelling along a very busy road, and the traffic was going very fast indeed. Caesar sank back on to the wool; he felt quite dizzy. He would just have to wait.

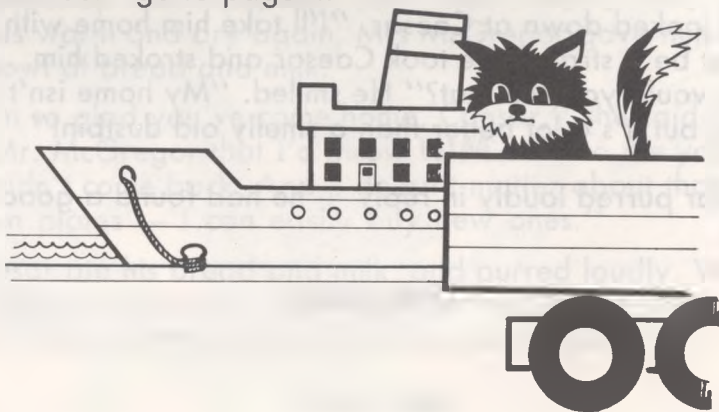
Eventually, the lorry came to a halt, and Caesar looked out once more. They were surrounded by cranes, ships, and the sea. There was still a lot of traffic about, but now it was moving slowly down a sloping platform which led into an opening in the side of a huge ship.

The lorry that Caesar was in would soon be following the other vehicles going on to the ship. He had to think quickly.

What will you do now, Caesar?

WAIT in the lorry go to page 46

JUMP out go to page 47



Caesar jumped to his left, but he began to sink again. At first, he thought he was going to drown. Then, thank goodness, his paws touched the bottom, and he was able to stagger on to dry land.

But what a mess he was in! His smart black and white fur was covered in mud, and horrid water weeds were caught up in his ears. Caesar lay panting on the grass. He was absolutely exhausted.

Nearby, some children were playing football, and when the ball came bouncing towards Caesar, the little boy chasing it spotted him.

"Hey! Come and see the poor cat!" he called to his friends. They all came running over and gathered round Caesar. "What's that you've found?" called another voice. It was the boy's mother. She walked over to where the children stood looking at Caesar.

"Can we keep him?" the little boy pleaded.

"Don't be so silly!" said the mother crossly. "You know I can't stand cats! Now come along, children, it's time we were going home."

"Mummy, let's take the cat to the police station," the little boy begged, as he reluctantly followed the others away.

Caesar shivered and crawled under a bush to recover from his ordeal. Later, he felt much better and, after cleaning off the worst of the mud and weeds, he made his way out of the park. A car stood near the park gates and, Caesar noticed, its boot was wide open.

Go to page 17

Caesar jumped quickly on to the landing stage. But not quickly enough! The fisherman grabbed him by the tail. **OUCH!** Caesar let out a howl of pain.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you." The man laughed. "I want you to know that if you really don't fancy going to the police station, you can come home with me instead. I think you'd like that well enough."

Caesar purred contentedly as the fisherman dropped him into one of the very large pockets in his fisherman's jacket. He was happy again.

THE END



Caesar scampered away from the boat and back into the park. On and on he ran, without looking back, until he reached the far end of the park. There was music playing — noisy, jolly music — it was a fairground! Caesar had never seen anything like it before.

Everywhere there were people enjoying themselves amid the brightly coloured sideshows and happy music. Caesar sniffed. He could smell food — hot dogs, hamburgers, chips, toffee apples, candy floss. All sorts of delicious smells wafted past his nose.

Just in front of him, there was a long line of people. Caesar automatically thought they were lining up for some of the food he could smell. He decided to join them. The line moved forward a bit at a time, and eventually Caesar found himself right at the front.

To his astonishment, there was no food! There was just a little car on rails, which stopped in front of him.

At that moment, Caesar heard a loud voice somewhere behind him shouting "Hey there! Somebody catch that cat!" It was the fisherman.

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP into the little car go to page 28

RUN the other way go to page 29

Caesar decided to take a chance, and he jumped into the little car. People got in too, but nobody seemed to see him crouching on the floor. Then the car began to move forward, slowly at first, and then faster and faster as it tore down a steep slope.

"Whee! This is exciting," squealed a child delightedly. "I do love the big dipper! Mummy, mummy, look! What's this down by my feet?"

The child's mother leaned forward and picked Caesar up off the floor. "It's a little cat," she said kindly as she placed Caesar on her lap.

"The poor thing must be terrified. I'd better hold it so that it doesn't fall out."

The air rushed past Caesar's head as the car whizzed down yet another slope. He felt as if his ears were being torn off! The car went racing upwards, then down it rushed again. Poor Caesar began to feel quite sick.

But fortunately, the car slowed down, and finally came to the end of its run. Caesar leapt off the woman's lap and bounded away. He wanted a safe place to hide. He certainly didn't want another ride on the big dipper!

Go to page 30

Caesar didn't like the look of the car, so he turned tail and ran. In and out between the stalls and sideshows he dodged, until he was sure he'd lost the fisherman.

He stopped and looked around. No, no-one was chasing him, or even looking at him. He was safe.

Beside him, there was a hot dog stall, and a man was standing with a freshly purchased hot dog in his hand. While he was putting his wallet away, the man put down his tasty snack right in front of Caesar's nose. It smelt wonderful. Caesar drew nearer. He couldn't resist, and sank his teeth into the succulent sausage. He gave it a quick jerk, and made off with his booty.

"Hey! Stop that cat! He's stolen my hot dog!" the man yelled angrily.

Caesar dodged in and out of the crowds of people, frantically seeking a place to hide. He saw a large metal bin ahead, and promptly jumped into it.

But to his horror, this was no ordinary bin. It began to travel upwards — up and up it went until Caesar thought it would never stop. He peeped cautiously over the side, and howled with fear. The sausage fell, forgotten, to the ground far, far below. Caesar hardly noticed his loss. The bin was going higher and higher still, and he felt terribly dizzy. He was right at the top of the fairground's Big Wheel, in one of its metal carriages.

Go to page 31

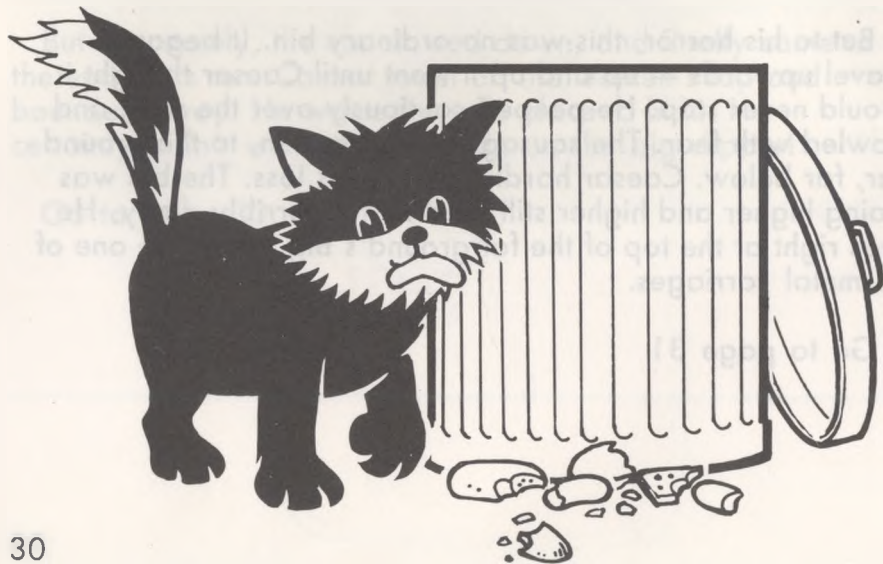
By the time Caesar had recovered from the big dipper, the sun was going down. But the fairground was still busy, and Caesar was feeling hungry again.

He crept out of his hiding place and followed a delicious smell, which turned out to be coming from a hot dog stall. In the waste bins around the stall, Caesar found a treasure trove of half-eaten rolls, sausages, and other tasty morsels. A real feast for a hungry cat!

When he'd finished, Caesar washed his whiskers thoughtfully. "Actually, this isn't a bad place for a cat to live," he said to himself. "There are plenty of safe hiding places, and there's lots of food for whenever I feel hungry. I think I'll stay — but nothing will ever get me on that big dipper again!"

And with that thought, he felt happy with his new home.

THE END



Suddenly, the Big Wheel started to move again. The bin in which Caesar crouched began to swing down towards the ground, which still looked a terribly long way away. When it was near the ground, it still slowed down, and Caesar was ready to jump out. But the wheel didn't stop, and up went Caesar again, towards the sky, and then down, and then up one more time. By this time, Caesar was clinging to the side of the bin in terror. He felt awfully dizzy.

But this time when the bin neared the ground, the Big Wheel slowed down, and finally stopped. Caesar looked out. The ground was not far away, Should he take a chance and jump?

What will you do now, Caesar?

JUMP out go to page 32

STAY in the bin go to page 33



Caesar took a flying leap out of the bin and landed on top of a nearby tent. The canvas sloped steeply, and Caesar went slithering down it, much too fast. He tried to dig his sharp claws into the canvas to slow himself down, but it was too tough and smooth. **WHOOSH!** Caesar shot off the edge of the roof and landed in a dazed heap on the ground. He rose, rather unsteadily, to his feet and shook himself.

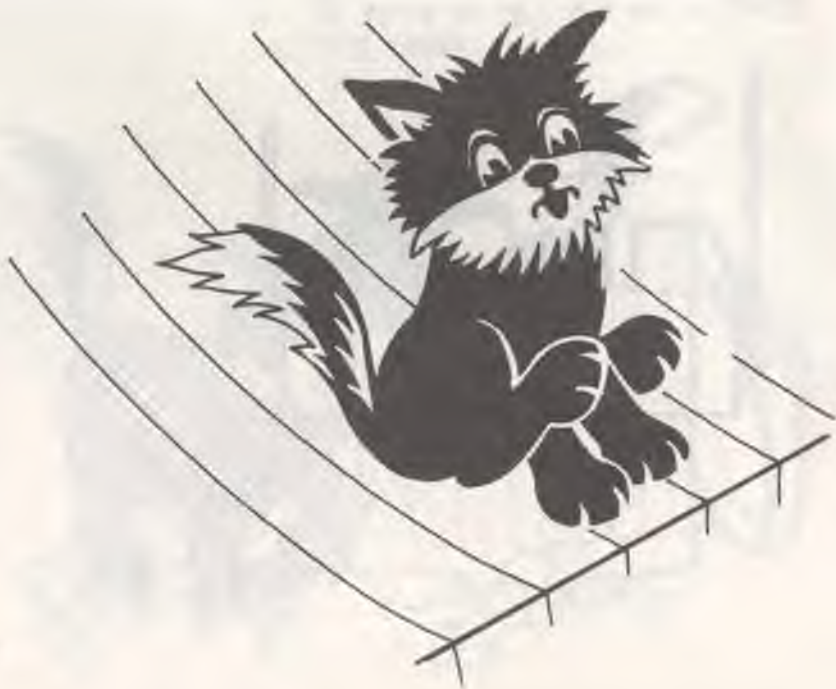
"There's the cat who stole my hot dog!" a man's voice shouted. "Catch him, somebody!"

Caesar thought as quickly as his stunned wits would allow.

What will you do now, Caesar?

RUN away go to page 34

WALK into the tent go to page 35



Caesar decided the bin was still too far away from the ground. He waited, hoping that the Big Wheel would move down a bit further. To his great relief, it did just that and, as it finally stopped, Caesar stepped out of the bin. His legs felt terribly weak, and he fell flat on his face.

“Ah, there you are, my young friend.” It was the fisherman again. “It’s all right, I’m not going to take you to the police station. I’m going to take you home with me — a fairground is no place for a nice little cat like you.

He picked Caesar up, very gently, and dropped him into one of the huge pockets in his fisherman’s jacket. It was warm and cosy, and it smelt of fish. Caesar sighed with contentment and fell into a deep sleep.

THE END



Caesar took to his heels and ran. He ran and ran and ran, until he had left the fairground far behind.

Even so, he was still not happy. It was getting dark, he was in a part of town he'd never seen before, and he longed for some food. Most of all, he wanted a nice, safe, warm, dry place to rest.

But he didn't have long to think about these things because, as he looked around, he spotted a huge ginger tom cat coming towards him. When it was quite close, it stopped. Caesar was terrified. Its eyes were glaring, its claws were right out, and it hissed an angry warning — **SSSS!**

What will you do now, Caesar?

RUN the other way go to page 36

JUMP over the nearby wall go to page 37



Caesar spotted a gap at the bottom of the tent, and slipped quickly through.

He was in the circus!

The entertainment was in full swing. Lots of people were watching as white horses with coloured harnesses and feathered plumes on their heads galloped round the ring to stirring music. In the middle, clowns were juggling and tumbling around, making everyone laugh. High up at the top of the tent, trapeze artistes swung to and fro, performing their daring tricks.

Caesar watched, wide-eyed with amazement. It was a wonderful show. Just then, the ringmaster in his top hat strode past on his way to the ring. He was followed by a mountainous grey beast with huge feet — it missed Caesar by a whisker!

The circus horses were neighing loudly and trampling their hooves — something had upset them. Caesar looked to see what it was and, as he did, a mouse raced past him. Out went his paw, and it was caught!

“Bravo,” shouted a loud voice. “You’re just what we need in this circus. You can get rid of the mice that frighten our horses and elephants.”

Caesar thought it was very strange that such big animals should be afraid of a tiny mouse.

“You’re hired!” said the ringmaster, happily. “You’ll like working in the circus. And if you get tired of catching mice, why, I’ll teach you to walk the tightrope, or ride the liberty horses around the ring.”

Caesar was overjoyed, and purred with happiness. He knew he was going to like his new home very much indeed.

Caesar didn't need a second warning. He turned and ran round the nearest corner. He saw a flight of steps and an open door. Without hesitating, he raced up the steps and into the building.

"Ello, ello, ello. What have we here?" A kind-looking face peered over the high counter. "If you're lost, my boy, you've come to the right place. This is your local police station. Come to think of it, we've had a report about a missing cat answering your description.

At the mention of his name, Caesar began to purr.

"Mrs McGregor has been very worried about you," the policeman went on. "It seems she has even made Mr McGregor buy some mousetraps to catch their mice. Why, she even threatened to throw him out of the house if you weren't found! I'd better ring her at once and let her know you're here. What a clever cat you are to bring yourself to the police station!"

He poured some milk into a saucer, and put it down in front of Caesar. He smiled. "By the time you've finished that, Mrs McGregor will be here to collect you."

Caesar lapped away happily. He'd soon be safely home again.

THE END

Without a moment's hesitation, Caesar was over the wall. He looked around and saw he was in a big factory yard. Smoke tickled his nose, and made his whiskers twitch. From a tall wooden building in front of him, orange and yellow flames were leaping into the sky. The loud crackling of burning wood filled the air. **CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!** Fire-engines with bells ringing and blue lights flashing arrived to fight the blaze.

Caesar heard another noise, and he pricked up his ears, it was very faint.

"Help! Help! Help!"

The cries were coming from the burning building. Somebody was trapped in there! Amid all the noise and smoke, Caesar realised he was the only one who could hear the weak cries. There must be something he could do, but what?

He saw a fireman go up to the top of a high ladder, carrying a hosepipe which gushed water on to the blazing inferno. Caesar had an idea. He streaked up the ladder and leapt into the burning building, in the direction of the calls for help.

The fireman saw him.

"Move the ladder around!" he shouted. "A cat has just jumped inside. I'll try and rescue it."

Meanwhile, Caesar had found the man who had been calling out. His leg was trapped under fallen timbers. Caesar dashed across to a nearby window and waited. The fireman saw him.

"Here, kitty, kitty," he called. But Caesar refused to move. "Drat that cat!" muttered the fireman. "Doesn't he want to be rescued?"

Suddenly, Caesar woke up. The car had stopped, and someone was opening the boot. A hand reached in to pick up the picnic basket.

“Ugh!” cried the woman, dropping the basket. “There’s a cat in our picnic basket. Go away, you naughty creature! Shoo!”

Caesar tumbled out of the basket and rolled into the road, along with apples, oranges, and half-eaten sandwiches — the remains of his feast. He got to his feet and took off as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the angry picnickers far behind.

At last he stopped and looked around. He sighed. He was completely lost. Everywhere he looked were trees, fields, hills, and sky. No houses, no back yards, no people, and no cars.

“Where am I?” he mewed unhappily.

Behind him, he heard a strange munching sound, and hot breath ruffled his fur. He turned to see a huge animal that suddenly went “**MOOOO**”!

Caesar’s fur stood on end, and he hissed loudly, But the cow took not the slightest notice of him, and went on munching away at the thick, lush grass.

Go to page 39

Caesar shrugged and decided to ignore the cow. He strolled off across the field. Further along the valley, he could see a house and a barn.

From the chimney of the house, smoke curled lazily into the air.

"A new home?" Caesar asked himself. "Perhaps they need a cat to get rid of the mice in the barn."

He went down the hillside to the farm. In the farmyard there were lots of different animals, all making different noises. There was mooing and baaing, quacking and oinking, gobbling and clucking. It was all very confusing.

A sudden loud cackling from the chickens made Caesar look round. What looked like a dog with a red bushy tail was chasing them. A man appeared.

BANG! BANG!

"Get away from my chickens, you pesky fox!" yelled the farmer. He was very angry. He raised his gun and fired again as the fox streaked past Caesar, through the gate and on away up the hill.

The farmer's gun frightened Caesar. Supposing ...? But Caesar dared not think of that!

What will you do now, Caesar?

HIDE in the barn go to page 40

RUN up the hill go to page 41

Caesar scampered off across the farmyard towards the safety of the barn. It was warm and dry inside, and there were bales of sweet-smelling hay piled up all around. There were odds and ends of farm machinery strewn all over the place.

At one end of the barn, there was a big yellow tractor, and just beside it was a horse stall with a black pony inside. The pony seemed very nervous. He kept kicking out, snorting and stamping as he tried to free himself from his tethered halter.

Caesar felt sorry for him, and crept into his stall. The pony stood quite still and looked down at Caesar in surprise. While the pony was calm, Caesar clambered into an old picnic basket that was lying by the pony's feet, and lay down. The pony remained perfectly calm. Obviously he was lonely and frightened. He needed a companion, and even a cat was better than nothing!

Go to page 42



Big open fields frightened Caesar. But he was even more afraid of the farmer's gun. He ran back through the farmyard gate and across the fields. He didn't stop running until he was deep inside a wood.

Now it was getting dark. All the night creatures were coming out to eat. Rabbits were nibbling at tasty green shoots, deer peered shyly out from the bushes, and a badger snuffled among the leaves looking for grubs. Overhead, an owl gave a loud hoot **TOO-WIT! TOO-WOO!** and Caesar could hear the flapping of its wings as it swooped down on its prey. He shuddered. Could owls eat cats? He hoped not!

Caesar felt cold and miserable, and he was very, very tired. He spotted an old rabbit hole, and crawled gratefully inside. He fell straight into a deep sleep, and dreamt he was back in Mr. McGregor's larder, chasing mice.

In the morning, with the warm sun shining down on him, Caesar felt much better. He stretched himself, then walked until he reached the edge of the forest. There was a path in front of him — one way led up the mountain, and the other down into the valley.

What will you do now, Caesar?

CLIMB up the mountain go to page 43

WALK down the path go to page 44

In the morning, the farmer's children found Caesar still sleeping peacefully in the old picnic basket.

"Oh look!" they cried. "Nero has a new friend. We must tell Dad."

The farmer was very pleased to hear that Nero the pony had a companion at last. "Nero has been very lonely in the barn by himself," he said. "He needs a friend. And we need a cat in the barn to get rid of all the mice!"

He looked down at Caesar and smiled. "You can stay here with Nero for as long as you want. And I think it would be a good idea if we called you Caesar."

Caesar purred happily. He liked his new friends, and he knew he was going to enjoy life on the farm.

THE END



"I've had enough of people," thought Caesar. "I think I'll become a wild cat.

So he began to climb up the mountain path. It was very steep, and Caesar was getting quite puffed out by the time he came to a little mountain stream. The water rushed and gurgled over the rocks, and looked very refreshing, so Caesar decided to stop for a drink. As he leaned over to drink, a plump fish swam by. In a flash, his paw shot out, and he caught it.

After a delicious breakfast, Caesar washed his face and paws and went on up the mountain. Higher and higher he climbed, until he reached the very top. There, he came across a deep, dark cave.

"This looks like an excellent home for a wild cat," he said to himself as he wandered inside. To his surprise, he saw a fire burning in the centre of the cave, and crouched beside it was an ugly old witch.

Her hair was green, she had a hooked nose, and her teeth were black. She crooned to herself as she stirred the steaming, evil-smelling brew in her big iron pot.

"Aha!" she shrieked as she spotted Caesar. "A cat! Just what I need to help me with my magic spells. Come nearer, my pet, and let me see you properly."

Caesar gulped nervously and crept reluctantly towards the old witch. She smiled, baring her rotten teeth.

"I shall teach you how to turn people into toads," she said with a dry cackle. "You shall ride with me on my broomstick, and have everything your heart desires."

Caesar liked the sound of that. It seemed much better than chasing mice.

"I shall stay with you and be your witch's cat," he purred happily.

Caesar started off down the path into the valley. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone in a cloudless sky and the birds were singing merrily in the trees. He decided life without cars, lorries, and people was alright after all.

"This is the life for me," mused Caesar as he swung along jauntily. "I shall become a country cat — yes, that's what I'll be!"

Then something in the sky caught his eye, and he stopped to get a better look. It looked like a big red saucer, and it was making a soft whistling sound **WHSH, WHSH**, as it came in to land in a field near where Caesar stood. Caesar crawled into some bushes alongside the field and watched intently. It was a very strange machine!

He saw a small hatch open, and out of it came some very odd-looking creatures, quite unlike anything Caesar had ever seen before. They were short, round and **BRIGHT GREEN!** When he looked closer, he could see that their eyes were bright yellow. And — Caesar shook his head in disbelief — they had **FOUR ARMS** and **SIX LEGS!!!**

By this time, Caesar's curiosity had got the better of him, and he crept forward to get a better look. Closer and closer he crept, until **WHOOSH!** — Caesar found himself engulfed in a big net. He was caught in their trap!

Go to page 45

The strange little creatures carried Caesar off to their spacecraft and bundled him aboard. The door slid shut.

"This must be an Earth creature," said one of the aliens. "It's all covered in fur — and it only has four legs!"

Caesar blinked hard. He could hardly believe what was happening.

"Earth creatures are very primitive. Not like our creatures on Mars," said another.

Caesar could not believe his ears. He could understand every word they were saying. They spoke cat language!

"I am an Earth cat," mewed Caesar.

The Martians beamed at him.

"We'll take you back home to Mars," they told him. "We'll feed you on delicious Martian fish. You'll love Mars, and our people will love you. Martians love cats — as an Earth cat you'll be treated like a king!"

Caesar purred loudly. He understood every word of it. Mars sounded like a very good place indeed for a cat to live.

THE END

Caesar decided to stay hidden in the back of the lorry and see what happened. It bumped its way down the ramp on to the ferry.

"I shall become a ship's cat," declared Caesar.

Later, when it was dark, he crept out of the lorry. He peered into the darkness over the side of the ship. They were well out to sea, with no land in sight anywhere.

Caesar drew in a deep breath of sea air and threw out his chest. "This is the life for me," he thought happily.

Then suddenly Caesar felt himself being whisked off his feet. "Hoho! A stowaway, eh?"

A big, red-faced sailor was looking at him nastily. "You're going to the Captain, my lad. He knows how to deal with stowaways."

Caesar struggled, and hissed, and spat. But it made no difference. Off he was taken to the Captain's cabin.

"Stowaways make me very angry," scolded the Captain. "I shall lock you up in the brig for now, and in the morning you shall walk the plank!"

Go to page 48

Caesar jumped out of the lorry and quickly hid himself under a nearby pile of wood. He peered out between the planks at the busy life of the docks. A salty breeze from the sea tickled Caesar's nose and made him sneeze

AAACHOO!

Soon he grew tired of watching the dock activity, and drifted off to sleep. When he woke up again, it was dark. His nose twitched in anticipation as the tempting smells of frying sausages and bacon wafted past his nostrils.

Automatically, Caesar began to follow the smell. He was very hungry. He traced the smell to a small hut near the dock gates. The hut was open at the front, like a sentry box, and inside sat an old man warming his hands over a small fire. In a frying pan was the old man's supper, sizzling away merrily.

The nightwatchman saw Caesar, and he smiled.

"Come here, little cat," he said kindly. "Come and share my supper."

Caesar gratefully ate everything that was put in front of him. Then he allowed the old man to pick him up and stroke him.

"Stay here with me, little cat," said the old man. "It gets very lonely here at night, and I need a friend for company. You can help me guard the docks, and there are plenty of mice for you to catch in the sheds and warehouses."

Caesar purred softly. "That sounds like a good life for a cat," he thought just before he fell fast asleep.

THE END

Caesar soon found out that the brig was the ship's prison. It was cramped and dark, and he felt cold and more than a little seasick. Would the voyage never end? Tired out, Caesar fell into an uneasy sleep and had bad dreams.

When he awoke, the ship was still. Caesar realised they must have reached port. He thought about walking the plank, and shuddered.

A sailor opened the door of the brig. Caesar didn't hesitate. He streaked past the sailor and raced down the companionway. Up and down, in and out he went as he tore around the ship looking for an escape. Behind him were pursuing feet — it seemed as if everyone was chasing Caesar. He saw a half-open door and shot through it.

Now he was back on the car and lorry deck. He dodged back and forth between the vehicles, until he reached the end of the deck. He could go no further. To one side of him was a lorry and, in front, a ramp leading on to the dockside.

Caesar could hear the sounds of the sailors chasing him closer and closer.

What will you do now, Caesar?

CLIMB into the lorry go to page 49

RUN down the ramp go to page 50

Caesar jumped into the lorry and hid under a sheet of tarpaulin. It was hot and dusty, but at least he'd made his escape. The lorry started to move along the ramp towards the dockside. On it rumbled through the docks, until it reached the dock gates. There, it stopped for a few minutes to be checked, before it rumbled on through.

Caesar peeped out from under the tarpaulin. They were travelling along busy streets, through villages, up and down hills, past trees, lakes, and forests. Caesar took it all in.

"So this is France," he said to himself. "There must be someone here who needs an intelligent cat."

As night began to fall, the lorry pulled in to a car park. Caesar waited until the driver had gone, then he climbed down. It had been a long, tiring, dusty drive, and now he was rather hungry.

The car park belonged to a small hotel. Ahead of him was an open door leading into the hotel bar. On his left was a path leading down to a river.

What will you do now, Caesar?

WALK into the hotel bar go to page 56

RUN down the path go to page 55

Caesar ran down the ramp on to the dockside. It was good to feel firm, dry land under his feet again. The dockside was seething with life all around him. Cranes were swinging to and fro as they unloaded ships' cargoes. Lorries and fork-lift trucks were bustling everywhere, shifting and loading the cargoes. A goods train drew into a nearby siding, and men began to load bales into an open wagon. Caesar trotted over to investigate.

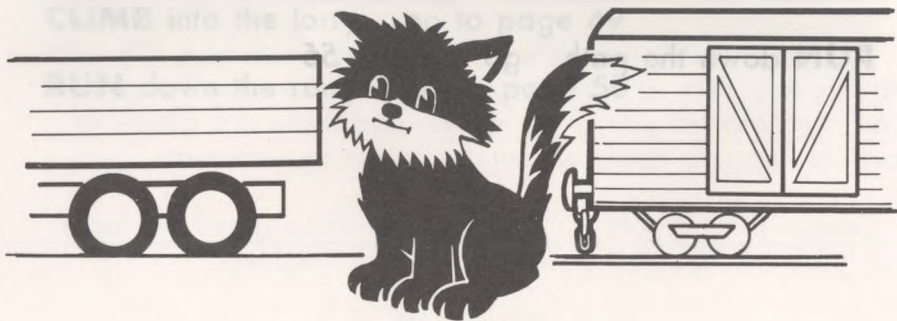
But then he remembered that he had to get away from the docks and find somewhere more peaceful and secure. He looked around.

His gaze settled on a small lorry standing nearby. But then, there was the goods train as well. Either one of them could get him out of the docks.

What will you do now, Caesar?

CLIMB into the train go to page 15

JUMP into the lorry go to page 52



The goods train gave out a big puff of steam and began to pull away just as Caesar leapt into one of the wagons. The train left the docks and quickly picked up speed as it rushed through the countryside. The swaying of the wagon rocked Caesar off to sleep.

Much later, the train squealed to a halt, and Caesar awoke with a start. He blinked in the bright sunshine, then washed his face and paws, and groomed his fur. Feeling smart and well-rested, he stepped out of the wagon to see where he was.

But what was this? He was in a huge, busy station — this was no place for a cat! There were passengers milling all around him, and porters rushed back and forth with trolleys. It was complete pandemonium!

Caesar didn't wait to be crushed underfoot. He raced off towards the exit, weaving his way between feet, wheels, and piles of suitcases. And not only was it incredibly noisy, but everyone was speaking French!

Caesar saw a door open a little ahead of him. He put on a spurt, shot through it, and found himself face to face with a man in a smart, dark blue uniform.

"And what can I do for you, Monsieur le Chat?" he laughed.

Caesar mewed pathetically.

The French policeman lifted him up on to a table and placed a large piece of strong-smelling sausage in front of him. Caesar dug his teeth in greedily. He was very hungry indeed.

"What a fine little cat you are!" exclaimed the policeman. "As you're lost, I shall take you home with me. It's my daughter's birthday today — she's eight years old — and you will make a fine present for her. And she'll take very good care of you."

"So now I'm a continental cat," Caesar told himself. "Very ooh-la-la!"

Caesar jumped into the back of the lorry just as the driver slammed the door shut. Off they went.

Inside the lorry, it was warm and dry, and Caesar felt quite pleased with himself. He felt even better when he found some tasty sandwiches in a paper bag. This was travelling in style! The sandwiches were delicious and, with his tummy full to bursting, Caesar curled up on a blanket and went to sleep.

When he woke up, the lorry was still moving. Caesar peered out through the back window. There were elegant buildings, tree-lined streets, fountains, open spaces, and a river with many bridges.

"What a lovely city," thought Caesar, as he gazed at the sights of Paris.

The lorry jerked to a standstill. They were in a car park. The driver opened the back door, then turned for a moment to speak to someone. This was Caesar's chance. He launched himself out at high speed, and ran off as fast as he could.

The driver saw him, and then looked into the back of the lorry.

"Hey! Stop, thief!" he shouted. "That cat's had my sandwiches!"

Go to page 57

Caesar moved backwards. He knew the fireman would come after him, and he could lead him to the trapped man. Smoke swirled everywhere, making Caesar cough and choke so much he could hardly breathe. Now his eyes were stinging, too. But he persevered.

"Where is that cat?" The fireman cursed as he peered through the dense smoke. "Ah — there he is! Got you! But what's this? It's a man!"

"Help me," the man groaned. "I can't get out, my leg's trapped. I think it's broken.

"Save your breath," said the fireman. "We'll soon have you out of here." He started to pull away the timbers that were holding the man prisoner. "You can thank this cat for saving your life. He must have heard you calling and led me to you. There! That's got rid of all the wood. Now let's get out of here — fast!"

Quickly the fireman scooped up Caesar and put him into a deep pocket in his uniform. Then he hoisted the injured man over his shoulder and made his way safely back to the window and the ladder waiting outside.

Go to page 54

When they reached the ground, the injured man was rushed off to hospital. As soon as the fire was safely out, the fireman took Caesar back to the fire station. He was treated like a hero — which, of course, he really was. They gave him a feast of fried fish and hot dogs, washed down with an enormous dish of creamy milk to ease his sore throat.

“Your picture will be in all the papers tomorrow!” they told him. “And you’re sure to get a medal for your brave deed. Come to think of it, why don’t you become our mascot, and live here at the fire station?”

Caesar didn’t much care about the newspapers or the medal, but he did rather like the idea of being the firemen’s mascot. He would bring them good luck! The firemen would be good friends, and look after him. They might even let him ride on the fire engine again!

THE END



Caesar scampered off down the path towards the river. There was a barge moored close by. On deck, a small fat man wearing a blue-and-white striped jersey and a beret was chasing after something with a broom.

Caesar's nose twitched as he sniffed once or twice. It was unmistakable. Mice!

As the mouse ran in his direction, Caesar pounced. He was an excellent mouser — no doubt about that!

"What a cat!" cried the man delightedly. "You can come and live on my barge, little cat. I have enough mice here to keep you busy for the rest of your life!"

So Caesar strode up the gangplank and on to the barge. He looked around. It seemed like a good enough place to live. And he could spend his life travelling without ever leaving home! He couldn't think of a better life for a cat.

THE END



Caesar strolled over to the hotel bar and peered round the door. The place was crowded with happy, laughing people. Some were singing and dancing, others were chatting in groups. It was obviously a very good party!

Suddenly, all the ladies started screaming and, clutching their dresses around their knees, leapt on to the nearest chair or table.

A large, grey rat scuttled out right in front of Caesar's nose. In an instant, he pounced on it and killed it.

"Bravo!" everyone cried, as they clapped their hands in appreciation. Someone poured Caesar a glass of champagne, but the bubbles kept going up his nose and making him sneeze **AAAHCHOO!** He decided champagne was definitely not all it was cracked up to be.

Then a plate piled high with tasty morsels of food arrived in front of him. Caesar tucked in with great gusto, and when the party was over, he was given a nice warm place to sleep in the hotel kitchen.

"You can stay here," the landlady told him. "Because we're so close to the river, we get a lot of rats and mice in the cellars. My old cat died last week, so you can take his place."

Caesar purred with delight.

"This is a good home for a cat," he thought. "I might even get to like champagne — if I ever get used to those bubbles!"

THE END

Frightened, Caesar ran and ran. In front of him were some metal stairs. He started to climb. Up and up he went, flight after flight — there were dozens of them. When he reached the very top, he felt exhausted. He was on a narrow platform — very, very high up!

Looking down made Caesar feel quite dizzy. The ground was so far away, he could hardly see it. On one side was the River Seine, with its many bridges leading to every part of Paris. Caesar was at the top of the Eiffel Tower! He swayed dizzily at the thought — he mustn't fall!

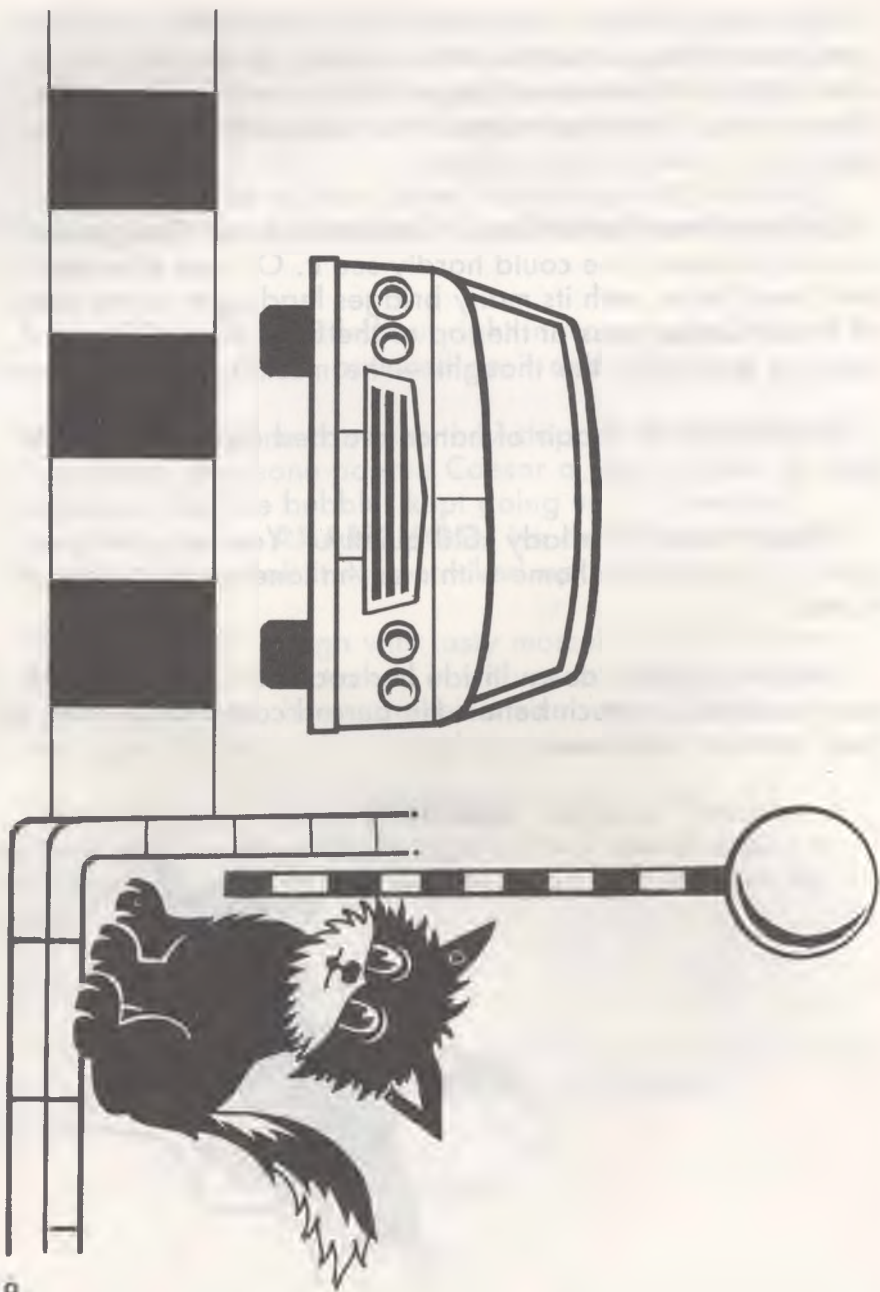
From nowhere, a pair of hands reached down and picked him up, very gently.

"Don't move," the lady said quietly. "You're quite safe now. You can come home with me. I'm lonely, and I need a friend."

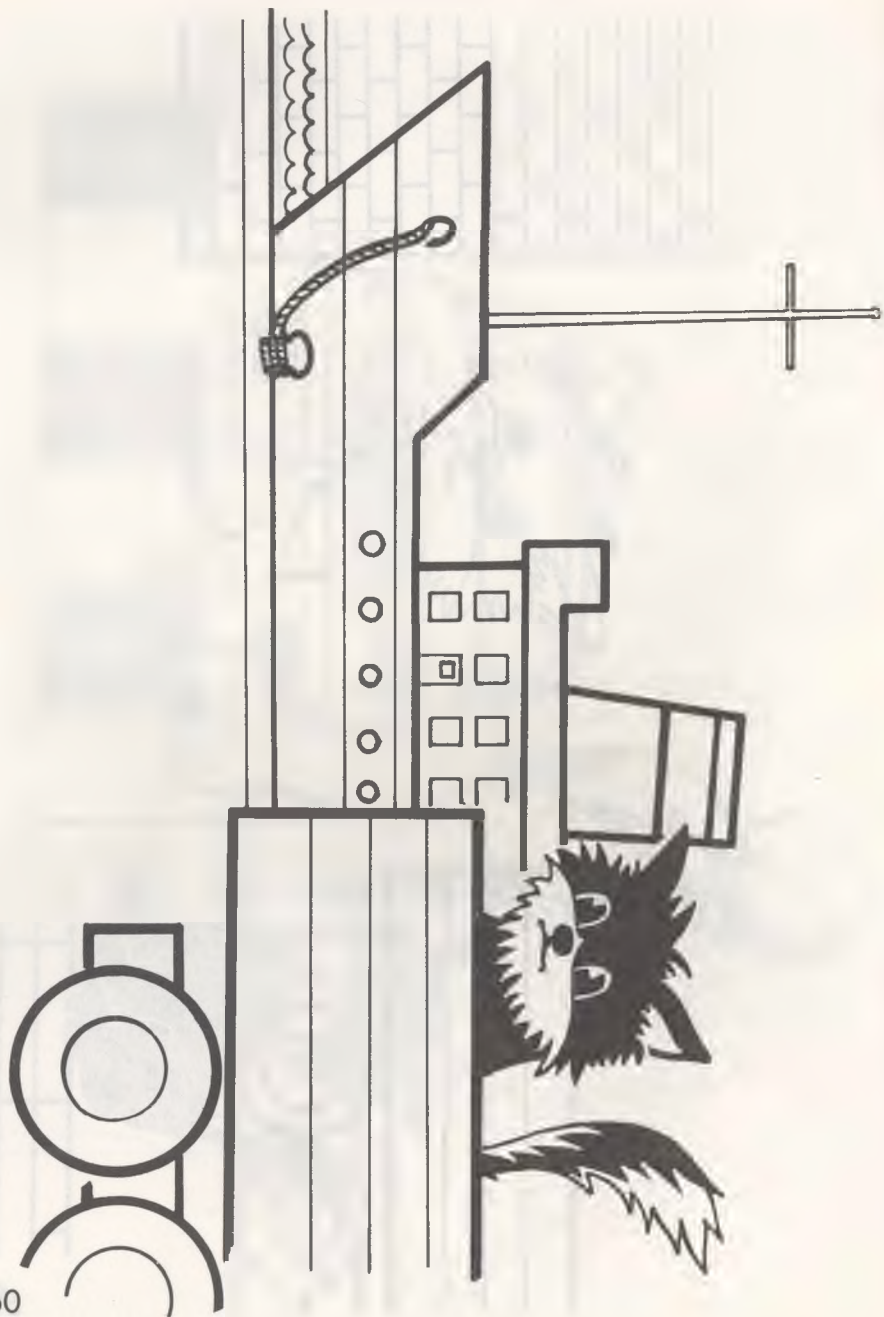
Caesar snuggled down inside her coat. It was warm and cosy, and he felt much better. He purred contentedly. He had found a kind owner at last.

THE END

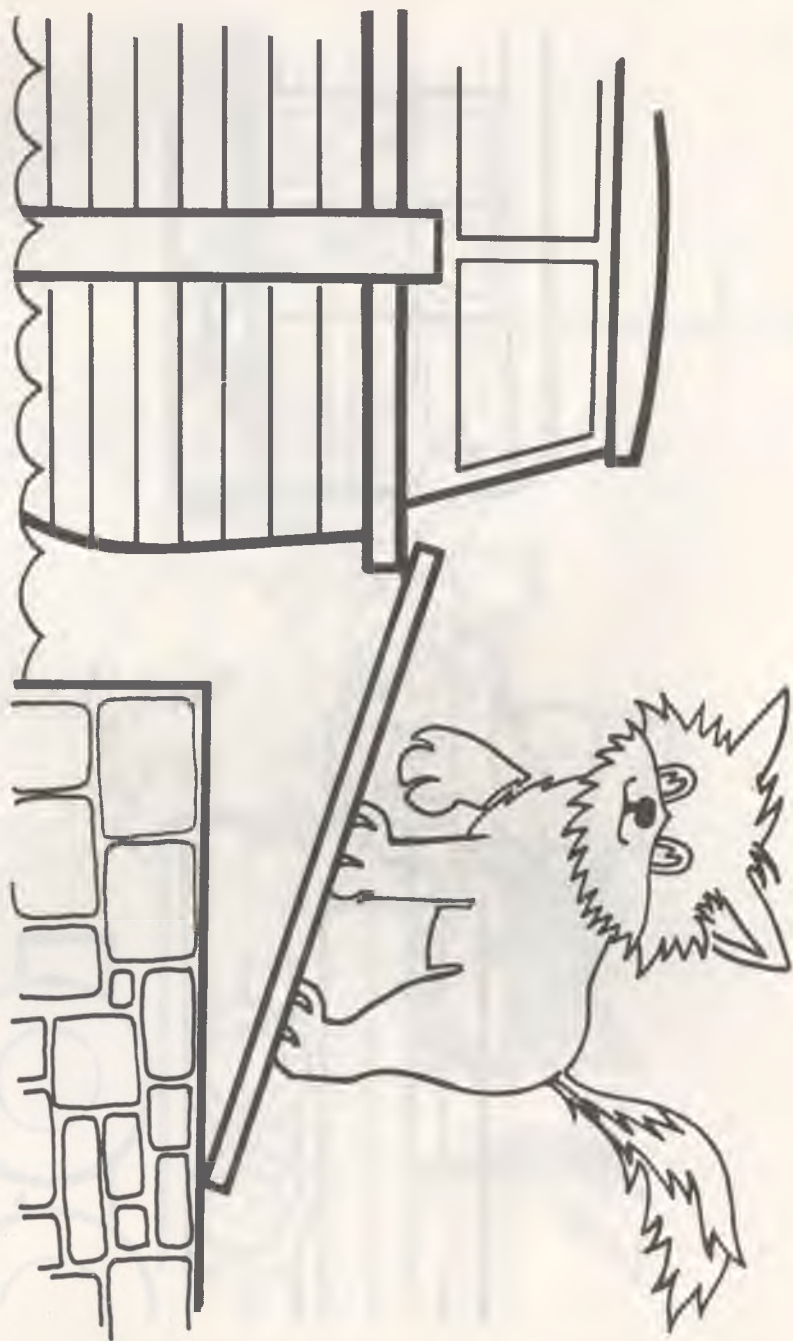














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