

## Speck the Sphynx Cat

NARRATOR: Hello, this is Speck. Speck the Sphynx cat.

SPECK: I don't have any fur. I am sad about that.

SPECK: The other cats point as I walk down the street. I get strange looks from everyone that I meet.

SPECK: I don't know what to do, I just wish I had fur. Like a Siamese, or even just plain black, or – hey, look at that jumper!

SPECK: This is purr-fect! I love it! I will wear it right now. No one else has one like it. Everyone will say "wow!".

NARRATOR: And of course, Speck was right. Everyone gathered round, to see his new jumper and friendships were bound.

NARRATOR: Now that Speck felt so confident, he made lots of new friends. Everything is just fine, and so this story ends.

SPECK: No, wait!

NARRATOR: Why, what's wrong?

SPECK: This jumper is making me itch! I can't wear it any longer! It must be how it is stitched!

CAT 1: Take it off then, Speck!

SPECK: But will you still be my friend?

CAT 2: Well of course we will, Speck!

CAT 3: Why would it make our friendship end?

SPECK: Because I don't look like you, it is fur that I seek.

CAT 1: But Speck don't you see? You are unique!

CAT 2: Like Ragdoll and Shorthair and Persian and Blue, it is your differences that make you, you!

CAT 3: We always wanted to be your friend, we just didn't know how.

CAT 4: You always ignored us, that is until now.

NARRATOR: And suddenly Speck realised, he had got it all wrong. There was no laughing or pointing, they liked him all along.

NARRATOR: All he needed was confidence, to make a new friend.  
And that's the moral of the story, now we've reached the end.