

The blue kitten was born under a blue moon in a warm nest of dried clover, Queen Anne's lace and chickory, which his mother had made for him at the foot of a forgotten haycock in a Vermont meadow. It was the end of the first third of the nineteenth century, or more than a hundred years ago, which is a very long time indeed.

The mother cat had been quite upset when she first saw the blue kitten. She had looked fearfully then toward the river. For, like all cats, she had heard that a blue kitten could learn the river's song.

Any kitten has a hard enough time to find a home for himself. For every kitten must find a hearth to fit his song. But a kitten who listens to the river and learns the river's song has the hardest time of all.

Not only must the kitten who sings the river's song find a hearth to fit that song, but he must teach the keeper of that hearth to sing the same song. The river's song is very old. And mortals who have ears to hear and hearts to sing are fewer than few.

Yet such folk must be found at least once in a blue moon. For if the river's song rise no longer from the hearthside, then it is said, the very days of the land itself are numbered.

So a blue kitten is like a knight, a small knight sent forth on a quest, armed only with a song. There are great rewards for knights and kittens who succeed. But no one has ever told what happens to those who fail.

What does the text says it means to be a "blue kitten was born under a blue moon" ?

What do expect from the life of this blue kitten? What will his challenges be?