



streaming down her cheeks, his eyes came down to a spattering of red blood on the front of her white dress!

Taking Laurie's hands, Michael blurted out: "What's the matter, Laurie?"

MICHAEL'S SHOCKING SIGHT!

Laurie could not answer. All she could do was turn away and lead Michael down the pathway to where Mr. Martoni, the gardener, was kneeling down on the lawn next to something. Michael held Laurie in his arms, trying to calm her sobs, and listened, shocked as Mr. Martoni told the story of how he had seen Chester come running down the garden path, chasing one of the last butterflies of summer. Chester rounded the corner of the hedge and suddenly there were the whirling razor sharp blades of Mr. Martoni's power lawnmower! The gardner could not shut it off in time to prevent the whirling blades from ending poor Chester's little life!

MICHAEL AND LAURIE'S SORROW!

Michael stayed with Laurie all that afternoon, and together they buried Chester, high up in the garden among the wood roses whose brittle blossoms were now, in autumn, the same brown and yellow color as Chester's loving little eyes had been. Mr. Martoni made a little cross for Chester's grave. On it he wrote something in Italian that neither Laurie or Michael could understand.

Mr. Martoni laid Chester's body in a piece of soft white satin. Laurie put her grandmother's cameo in beside him. The last loving handful of soil covered him and now Chester was asleep forever in the arms of Mother Earth. Mr. Martoni's little cross marked his grave.

Michael said to the gardner, "Mr. Martoni, what have you written on the cross?"

Mr. Martoni read it softly, putting his arms around Michael's and Laurie's shoulders: "We don't know why Chester had to leave us. He was always so happy here in his garden. Now Chester is gone where all good kittens go. No more to us will he come. But if cats have a heaven, there's one thing we know. Little Chester has a wonderful home."

THE END.


We want to thank Michael Jackson for letting us print the tragic story of Chester. Michael loves animals of all kinds and we hope that sharing these memories with you here in **STAR Mag** will not bring back to him too many tears of memory. You can comfort Michael by sharing with him the story of your pet of the past. If you've had a sweet little animal that you loved, a pet that died, write to Michael here at **STAR Magazine** and tell him your pet's tragic story.

Write to: Michael Jackson, "Pet of the Past," c/o STAR Magazine, 8490 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. 90069.

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