

THE CAT WHISPERER



JEFF GOTTESFELD

A decorative illustration in the top left corner featuring a large daisy-like flower with a dark center, a smaller five-petaled flower, and a branch with several leaves and small buds.

MEET THE



Jen

Age: 12

Family Fact: her great-grandfather was from French Cameroon

Favorite Movie: *Puss in Boots*

Lifelong Dream: to be a WNBA star

Best Quality: resilient

CHARACTERS



Mimi

Age: 3 cat years; 28 human years

Best Time of Day: midnight, when everyone is sleeping

Favorite Food: raspberry sorbet

Biggest Fear: canned cat food

Best Quality: confident

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WORST CAT EVER

Mimi was Jen's cat. She always gave Jen trouble.

"Come on," Jen begged Mimi. "Let me pet you. Why can't you be cool like Dawn's cat? You could be sweet or funny too. Maybe like the cats on KidVid."



Mimi walked slowly on Jen's bed. The cat was black with white paws. She had a bushy tail. Her green eyes stared at Jen.

"I was really glad when we brought you home." Jen stared back at Mimi. "Now I don't feel that way. You looked so nice in the ad I saw. All of my new friends here in California had a pet. But I didn't. Plus, you were free."

Mimi continued walking. But she wouldn't come close to Jen.

"I love living in Los Angeles. We did have a little earthquake our first week here. But it lasted only a few seconds. That was kind of fun." Jen sighed. "Mimi, I just want to love you too."



Jen picked up Mimi. The cat made a low grumbling sound.



“How about I take you to school?” Jen asked. “You can be in sixth grade like me.”

Mimi’s grumble grew louder. Then she hissed.

“Fine! Whatever.” Jen put Mimi down. “I don’t care anymore.”

The cat jumped onto Jen’s desk. Then

Mimi took a huge leap onto a shelf in Jen's closet.

Oh no! Jen shook her head hard. Her brown curls bounced wildly. Many of her favorite items were on that shelf. She didn't want Mimi to destroy them.

Jen climbed on a chair. "Come on, Mimi. Help me out. Get down. Oh, wait! I know." She ran to the kitchen.

Then Jen returned with cat treats. She stood on the chair. A treat was in her hand. Jen's voice was soft. "Here you go, Mimi."



The cat scratched her.

“Ow!” Jen yanked her hand back. Long red scratch marks were on her arm. “That hurt!”

Mimi didn’t seem to care. She just jumped down, landing on all four feet. Then she hissed again before walking away.

Jen gritted her teeth. *Mimi is the worst cat ever!*



THE CAT WHISPERER

My name is Mimi.
Jen should just do what
I say. Then we would get
along fine.



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