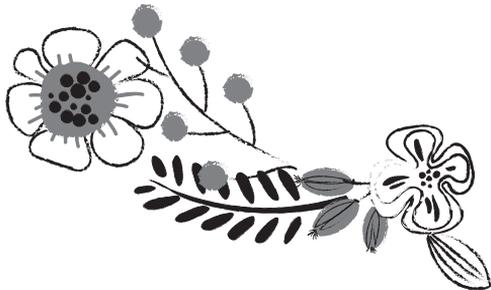


THE CAT WHISPERER



JEFF GOTTESFELD





MEET THE



Jen

Age: 12

Family Heritage: her great-grandfather was from French Cameroon

Favorite Movie: *Mean Girls*

Lifelong Dream: to trace her family tree

Best Quality: always bounces back, resilient

CHARACTERS



Mimi

Age: 4 human years; 33 cat years

Best Time of Day: midnight, when everyone is sleeping

Favorite Food: chocolate chip cookies

Biggest Fear: canned cat food

Best Quality: knows herself completely

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WORST CAT EVER

The cat stared at Jen. Her name was Mimi. Mimi was a bad cat. Still, Jen offered Mimi her hand.

“Come on,” Jen urged. “Be cool, like Dawn’s cat. Or sweet, like the cat down the street. Or even funny, like some cats on YouTube.”



Mimi kept staring. She was black with white paws. Her tail was bushy. Her ears were small. Her eyes were the color of grass.

Jen sighed. Two years ago her family adopted Mimi. It was right after they came to California. It had been Jen's idea. She'd seen an ad in a coffee house: FREE TO A GOOD HOME! GREAT CAT!



There had been a picture of Mimi too. She looked nice. All Jen's new friends had pets. But not Jen.

Jen picked a good time to ask her mom and dad. Her dad had a new job near Los

Angeles. Her parents wanted Jen to be happy in their new home.

Jen was fine with the move. She loved the sunny days. She didn't even mind the little earthquake the first week they were there. The house shook for a few seconds. It had been fun.

She went to Mimi and picked her up. The cat gave a cry.



“How about if I took you to school?” Jen



asked. “Maybe that would make you a nice cat. Don’t you want to be in sixth grade?”

The cat cried again. Louder. Then she hissed.

“Fine! Go be evil. I don’t care anymore.”



Jen put Mimi down. The cat jumped to Jen’s bed. Then to her desk. And then, in a huge leap, to the top of her closet. There was a shelf up there. She hissed again.

Oh no! Jen shook her head so hard her brown curls danced. All her good stuff was

on that shelf. Her photos. Her writing. Mimi might claw it. Or drool on it. Or do even worse to it. That's how bad she was. Jen was sorry they ever brought her home.

She had to get Mimi down, so she stood on a chair. "Come on, Mimi. Help me out. Get down. Oh! Wait. I know."

There were cat treats in the kitchen. Jen ran and got them. Then she came back to her room. Mimi was still on the closet shelf. She stared at Jen with scorn.



Jen got on the chair. She held a treat in her hand. "Here you go, Mimi," she called in



a soft voice. “Owww!” Jen yanked her hand back. The cat had scratched her. There were three long red lines on her arm. “That hurt!”

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

Jen gritted her teeth. Mimi was not just a bad cat. She was the worst cat ever.



THE CAT WHISPERER

My name is Mimi.
If Jen just did what I said?
We would get along fine.



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