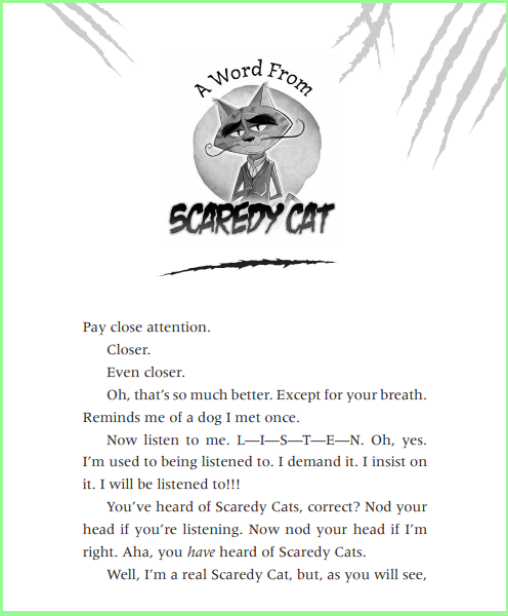
Reading!

LO: To check my understanding of the text.



What have we been reading? What have we learned from our book so far?





Pay close attention.

Closer.

Even closer.

Oh, that's so much better. Except for your breath. Reminds me of a dog I met once.

Now listen to me. L—I—S—T—E—N. Oh, yes. I'm used to being listened to. I demand it. I insist on it. I will be listened to!!!

You've heard of Scaredy Cats, correct? Nod your head if you're listening. Now nod your head if I'm right. Aha, you *have* heard of Scaredy Cats.

Well, I'm a real Scaredy Cat, but, as you will see, I'm not the one who is afraid. Oh, no. That should be you. Mee-OWWWWW!

There are others like me. Not nearly as talented, or fierce, or clever. But there are Scaredy Cats in your small town, your big city, your neighborhood, maybe even your backyard. We Scaredy Cats are everywhere. It's just that human beings can't see us. Only cats can see a Scaredy Cat.

Are you with me so far, dear hearts?

I am the Scaredy Cat on Strawberry Lane—a cul-de-sac (look it up) in the western suburbs of Fairview. The homes here are very lovely. Practically mansions. Why, there's even a gorgeous green golf course. Strawberry Lane runs right alongside the back nine. That's what golfers call the final holes on an eighteen-hole course. (You can look that up, too!)

Everything was going as it should. Fine and dandy, the cat's meow. But then a certain family moved to Strawberry Lane. That would be the Wilde family.

But why should I care about these Wildes?

I don't.

In fact, I couldn't care less about all human beans. They mean nothing to a Scaredy Cat as magnificent as I.

My complete focus was on the Wildes' two cats, whom they brought with them to my domain!

Poop, two and a half, a gray British shorthair. And yes, the vet gave her that name in honor of her nervous bowel syndrome. The name stuck. So did poop to the sides of her litter box. She's better now. But, well, let's just say I aim to make her bowels nervous again.

The other Wilde cat? Pasha, almost four, born in St. Petersburg. No, not St. Petersburg, Florida. St. Petersburg, *Russia*. Pasha is a white long-haired Persian cat. Speaks six languages. Once met Vladimir Putin, or so he claims. Repeatedly.

Now, this is important for our story. You must have noticed that cats are, shall we say, a teensy-weensy bit totally crazy, spooked-out, cat-eyed paranoid!

Always looking over their shoulders. Skittish. Often staring down long hallways at nothing. Frequently gazing out windows at…nothing. Jumping off couches and benches, and tables, and mantelpieces when they hear the slightest *poof* of a noise.

Well, Scaredy Cats are why they do that.

I am why they do that.

To be as clear as I can, I am a shadowy presence that only cats can see. I'm not exactly a ghost, but that's a good way to think about me—especially if you don't think very well.

I'm scarier than any human ghost, though, because, as I'm sure you know, cats are far superior to humans in every way.

My job, my duty—nay, my calling—is to make sure that the cats in my realm act more cattish than any other cats on this planet or any other. My mission, should I choose to accept it, and I have, is to maintain the proper cat order, the catus quo, to resist any and all change to our cattiness or cattitude.

Cats are proud, cats are stubborn, cats are finicky, and I plan to keep it that way, especially in *my* domain!

And that is precisely the way life was on Strawberry Lane until Poop and Pasha arrived on my cul-de-sac. (Haven't you looked it up yet? I told you to look it up paragraphs ago!)

Here's what happened. And I should warn you—this is not a happy story. This, dear hearts, is a ghost story.

Can you find a part of the text that you think is really interesting?

Why do you think it is interesting?

What were you thinking when you read that part of the text?

When I first read this book, I wrote down my thoughts.

Pay close attention.

Closer.

Even closer.

Oh, that's so much better. Except for your breath. Reminds me of a dog I met once.

This character is quite mean. He says 'except for your breath. Reminds me of a dog I met once'. I can tell that this character isn't very kind. This character may be a villain in the story.

Now listen to me. L—I—S—T—E—N. Oh, yes.

I'm used to being listened to. I demand it. I insist on it. I will be listened to!!!

The character speaking, or the narrator, is very controlling. This confirms to me that they are probably the villain.

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Only cats can see a Scaredy Cat.

Are you with me so far, dear hearts?

The narrator is speaking directly to the reader. He calls us 'dear hearts'. He clearly thinks he is the best thing in the world, and keeps complimenting himself by saying 'talented' or 'clever'.

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The author uses brackets to give the reader instruction, almost like a comment he is making in addition to the text. Going by Scaredy Cat's description of the neighbourhood, I think that the people who live there are probably very rich.

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The two cats that the Wildes own are pure bread cats. I know that pure bred cats are very expensive so this re-enforces the idea that the people who live in this neighbourhood are rich. The way he describes the cats makes them sound like opposites. Poop sounds very silly and young, whereas Pasha sound a bit pompous and stuck-up. It sounds like pasha likes to show off a lot.

Now, this is important for our story. You must have noticed that cats are, shall we say, a teensyweensy bit totally crazy, spooked-out, cat-eyed paranoid! Always looking over their shoulders. Skittish. Often staring down long hallways at nothing. Frequently gazing out windows at...nothing. Jumping off couches and benches, and tables, and mantelpieces when they hear the slightest poof of a noise.

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I am why they do that.

This adds tension to the story. The author has used short sentences to add excitement to the story. A variety of sentences makes the story sound smoother and clearer to the reader.

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Here's what happened. And I should warn you—this is not a happy story. This, dear hearts, is a ghost story.

What do we know so far?