

Tiffany loses everything

One morning Tiffany woke up to have breakfast before school. She got the cereal out of the cupboard, the milk out of the fridge, and a bowl from the shelf.

Atto was eating his breakfast of cat food so she gave him a pat on the head.

When she opened the drawer to get a spoon, she couldn't find any.

"Mum, where are all the spoons?"

"I don't know dear", answered her mother, "they should be in the drawer"

"Hmm..." said Tiffany, and had some toast instead.

When Tiffany got home from school she had homework to do. She had to draw a picture of a flower and label all its parts. She went to her room and got her books from her bag and her pencils from her drawer.

Atto was sitting on her shelf watching Tiffany draw, so she gave him a tickle under the chin.

Tiffany decided to draw a purple flower, because that was her favourite colour, but when she looked for her purple pencil, it wasn't there.

"Dad", she called, "where is my purple pencil?"

"I don't know, Tiffany, it should be in your room with the rest of the pencils"

"Hmm..." said Tiffany, and drew a red flower instead.

Later that night, Tiffany was playing with Atto in her room. She looked up at her shelf.

There was her teddy bear, there was her dollhouse, there was the box with the blanket where Atto slept.

But when she looked for the little silver horse her Aunty had given her, it wasn't there.

"Atto, where is my little silver horse?"

"Meow" said Atto, and jumped up into his box on the shelf.

"Hmm..." said Tiffany, looking at the cat.

"Atto, did you take my horse?"

"Meow" said Atto.

"Did you take my purple pencil?"

"Meeoow..."

"And did you take all of Mum's spoons?"

"Meeeoow..."

"Hmm..." said Tiffany again. Then she jumped up and lifted the cat out of his box.

“Aha!” she said – there in Atto’s box was her little silver horse, her purple pencil, and all of the spoons!

“Naughty cat! I know you like these things, but you can’t take them all and hide them. They need to go back where they belong right NOW!”

Whoosh! All of the things flew out of Atto’s box – the little silver horse flew to its spot on the shelf, the purple pencil flew into Tiffany’s drawer with the other pencils and the spoons all flew downstairs to the kitchen.

“Meow!” said Atto, surprised.

“Wow!” said Tiffany. She was surprised too. She hadn’t known she could do magic like that!

“What’s all that noise?” said mum from downstairs.

“Nothing mum!” called Tiffany.

She looked at Atto curled up in her arms and gave him a scratch behind his ears.

“This can be our secret, little cat”.