

POOPSIE GETS LOST



HANNAH E. HARRISON



Poopsie the cat
sat on her cat bed.



She licked her paw.



She rubbed her ear.



She licked her paw again.



She made a weird gurgling noise.

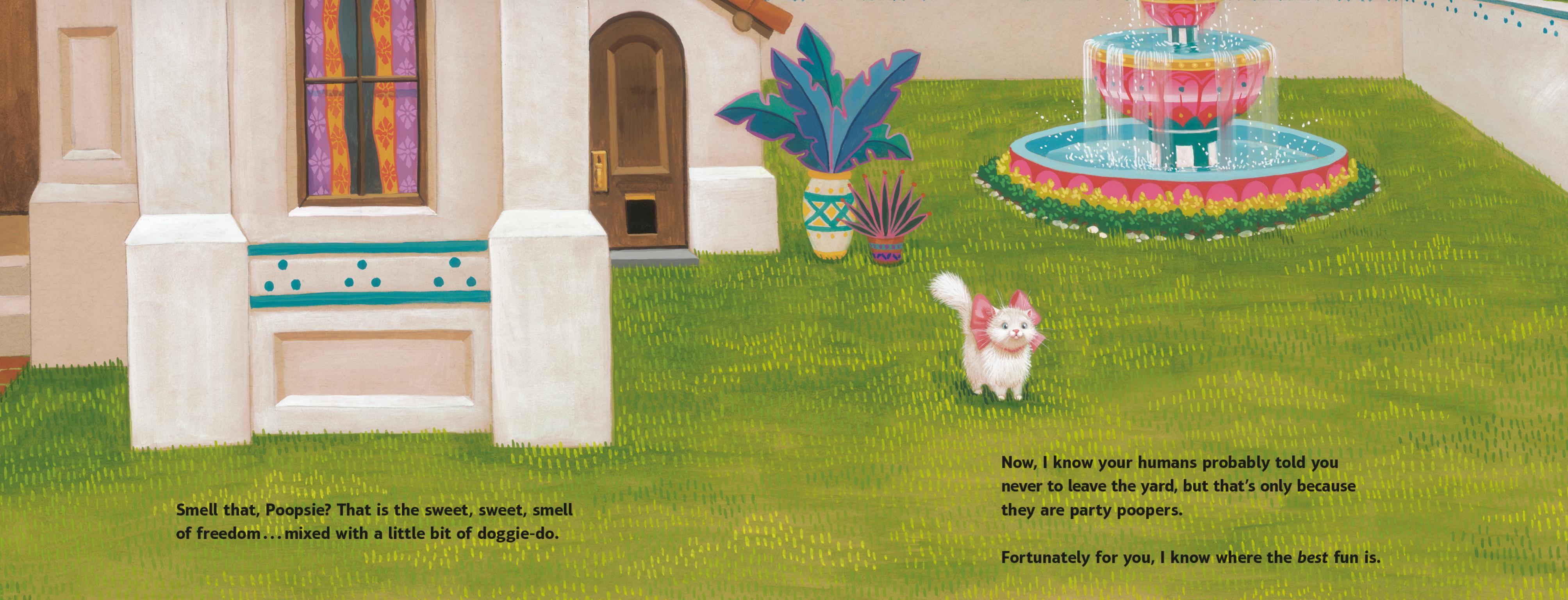


**She licked her...oh, Poopsie.
This is sooo boring!**

**Don't you want to do more than just
sleep, and eat, and look fluffy all day?
There is a whole world out there!**



**Tell me, Poopsie—are you a *snoozy house*
cat or are you a *daring adventurer*?**

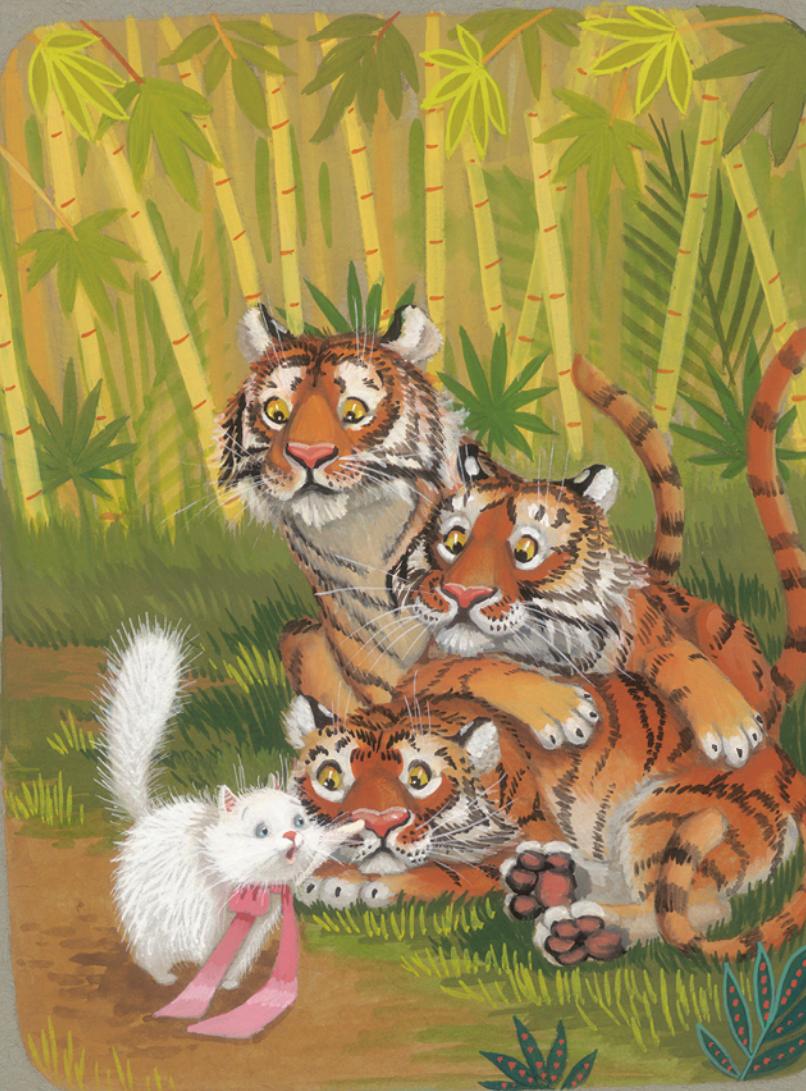


**Smell that, Poopsie? That is the sweet, sweet, smell
of freedom... mixed with a little bit of doggie-do.**

**Now, I know your humans probably told you
never to leave the yard, but that's only because
they are party poopers.**

Fortunately for you, I know where the *best* fun is.

Egad! Those rocks have eyes and teeth! Talk about masters of disguise—
those rascallions even fooled me, and I'm smart!



Aww, look—a clump of sleeping pussycats! You should boop one of them on the nose.
Don't be shy—how else will they know you want to be BFFs?

Well, Poopsie, this is a fine pickle
you've gotten yourself into.



I know you wanted adventure,
but this is all a bit much,
don't you think?



Oh, don't be such a sourpuss.
Look at all the fun we're having...



Poopsie...



...what are you doing?



You're not going to go home,
are you?

