

Cat Sitter
Mystery of the Siamese
Written by
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Higher Faith Books

Cat Sitter Series

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Catherine Angelina Tremain, or Cat as her friends called her, ran into her house after school. She dropped her backpack on the chair in the kitchen, grabbed the fruit roll-up snack her mother had left on the counter for her and headed into the living room to watch the one hour of television she was allowed to watch before dinner.

Cat loved to watch the Animal Planet station.

Cat stopped in the hallway when she saw that her mom was talking on the phone. When Cat's mother saw her she waved for Cat to come over to the phone.

"Cat, Mrs. Peterson is on the telephone, she would like to speak to you."

Mrs. Peterson was one of the neighbors who lived on Cat's street. Cat took the phone from her mom.

"Hello?" Cat spoke into the phone. "Hi, Mrs. Peterson,"

"Cat, I should have called you first, but I thought my sister could take care of Percy, but it is not working out. Will you watch Percy for the next four days?"

Everyone in the neighborhood knew that Cat was a great pet sitter. Cat liked watching cats the best though. That was why her friends called her Cat Girl.

"I'd love to, first let me ask my mom," Cat told Mrs. Peterson. "Where is Percy now?" Cat asked.

“Your mother already gave her permission for you to watch Percy. Percy is at my sister’s house. I gave my sister’s address to your Mother. She told me she would take you to pick up Percy after dinner.”

Cat noticed a scrap of paper sitting next to the telephone with an address written on it.

“Is there anything else I need to know?” Cat asked.

“No, I don’t think so. You know Percy. He is such a sweet cat. As long as you feed him his canned food and clean his litter once a day, he will be an angel,” Mrs. Peterson explained.

Cat had gotten to know Percy last year when Mrs. Peterson attended the neighborhood block party and brought Percy along. Cat had fallen in love with the gray Siamese immediately. Since then Cat had stopped by Mrs. Peterson’s house to visit Percy many times. He was a calm, sweet cat. She knew she wouldn’t have any trouble taking care of him.

“Should I bring him to my house?” Cat asked. She knew that her mom did not really like to have pets in their house, but she sometimes made an exception when Cat had a pet sitting job.

“Good heavens, no!” Mrs. Peterson exclaimed. “Percy will be happier at home. I left a key under the door mat. I’m sure he will be happy to be home after such a hectic visit at my sister’s house.”

Cat wondered why Mrs. Peterson's sister could not take care of Percy anymore. It didn't seem like she had very much mercy if she couldn't even watch a cat for a few days.

"I'll call you after dinner in two days and find out how Percy is," Mrs. Peterson told Cat.

"That will be fine," Cat answered. "Is there plenty of food and kitty litter?"

Mrs. Peterson thought for a few minutes. "I think so. I will pay you back if you feel you need to buy anything extra though. Thank-you for doing this Cat. I know Percy will be much happier at home."

When Cat hung up the phone she headed into the kitchen to see what was for dinner.

"Cat, do you have any homework you need to do before we go pick up Percy?" her mother asked her.

"No. It's only the second day of school," Cat answered. "We won't start getting homework until next week."

Cat was in the sixth grade at Borden Middle School. She knew that this year she would have a lot of homework, so she was glad that this pet sitting job had come at the beginning of the year before all her teachers started giving assignments.

"That's good. It will give you plenty of time to take good care of Percy. He is such a sweet and loving cat. I've always heard that Siamese cats are mean."

"I think all cats are sweet," Cat told her mother as she stuck her finger in the bowl of spaghetti sauce that was cooking on the stove.

Cat's mother playfully slapped her daughter's hand away from the bowl of sauce. "You just haven't met your match yet," She told her daughter.

“Maybe not, but cat’s just love me.”

“That’s what you said the last time you took care of a cat. Remember what happened then?” Cat’s mother asked.

“That was just a small problem,” Cat answered. She didn’t want to remember the last cat sitting job she had taken. Sometimes things went smooth when she had a pet sitting job, but other times, there were a few problems.

“Go ahead and get your chores done now,” her mother told her. Cat headed up to her room to finish all her chores before dinner. That way she could spend more time with Percy.

It didn’t take long for Cat to make up her bed, gather her dirty clothes in a laundry basket and wipe the sink in the bathroom. Before she knew it, her mother was calling her to come down to dinner.

At dinner Cat told her father that she would be taking care of Percy.

“You need to be careful about keeping the front door closed,” her father warned. “You would not want Percy running away.”

“I will,” Cat answered. Her father always gave her advice when she got a pet sitting job. “Percy is such a sweetie; I don’t think he will try to run out the door.”

“All animals can act strange if things around them change,” her mother added.

Cat knew that Percy was used to Mrs. Peterson being home most of the time. This would be a big change for him. She wondered again what Mrs. Peterson had meant when she said that Percy had been having a hectic time the last few days.

“I’ll be extra careful,” Cat told her father.