

ATTACK CAT

One December day, the doorbell rang. Atticus was sitting on a windowsill. He had never heard a doorbell before. He raced into Candice's home office. His eyes were wide with alarm. "It's just the doorbell," she told him. "It means we have company. Be on your best behavior, okay?" Atticus ran down the steps to the door so fast, his little legs were a blur.



Atticus peeks out from behind a computer screen.

Did You Know?

If a black cat spends a lot of time in the sun, its fur turns brown.

He skidded into the wall and kept going.

Atticus ran so much,

Candice wondered if he knew how to walk. He always seemed to be in a hurry. When she gave him some cat food, he gobbled it up. It was gone in two seconds flat.

That evening, Frank and Candice sat down to dinner. Atticus stared at them with round eyes. He smelled green beans and chicken cooked with mushrooms. Suddenly, he jumped straight up and grabbed a mushroom off Candice's plate. "That cat just ate a mushroom," Frank said in amazement.

That wasn't all Atticus ate. He nibbled on lettuce. He stuck his nose in Frank's coffee mug. He sipped tomato juice.

He licked the icing off cupcakes. Candice knew kittens needed a special diet, not people food. But Atticus was hard to stop. He jumped up on the kitchen counter to steal food. Candice and Frank had to store every morsel in chew-proof containers.

That didn't slow Atticus down. Soon he discovered the garbage can. Instead of tipping it over, he leaped right inside it. Once, Candice started to toss eggshells in the garbage can, and there was Atticus. He was sitting in potato peelings, looking up at her. To solve the problem, Candice bought a new garbage can with a foot-pedal lid.

During the first month, Atticus got into *everything*. Those pretty lace curtains on the windows? Atticus scaled them like ladders.