

Pocket Cats: Paw Power

Kitty Wells

Random House Children's Publishers UK

Contents

Cover

About the Book

Title Page

Dedication

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

About the Author

Also by Kitty Wells

Copyright

About the Book

Maddy has always believed in magic, and she has always wanted a cat. So when her tiny ceramic cats come to life, she thinks she's the luckiest girl in the world!

Maddy is thrilled to meet Greykin. But she's got a tricky problem to solve. Can Maddy use her magic powers to take on the scary class bully?



Paw Power

Kitty Wells

illustrated by Joanna Harrison

RHCP DIGITAL

The *Pocket Cats* series is dedicated to all cat
lovers, everywhere . . . including you!



Chapter One

MADDY CAREFULLY LICKED the last of the ice cream off her spoon, and glanced at her mother. Was now a good time to ask? She had been waiting for the perfect moment all day, but so far none had presented itself – not at the aquarium, or the toy store, or the zoo.

Now her mum had the map of London attractions spread out over the café table, with Maddy's little brother, Jack, peering over her elbow.



"Let's do the London Dungeon!" he cried, pointing.

"I don't think we'll have time before our train," said Mum, peering at her watch. She folded up the map and tucked it away in her bag. "How about a nice stroll through Hyde Park? Maddy?"

"Great!" exclaimed Maddy, bouncing on her seat as Jack groaned. A stroll through the park – perfect! Jack would be running around like he always did, and she'd have Mum all to herself. She could ask her then.

At first it seemed like Maddy's plan would work. She waited until they were standing on a bridge over a stream, with Jack racing back and forth playing Pooh Sticks. Mum was leaning against the railing, smiling at the ducks.

Maddy cleared her throat. "Mum?" she said casually.

"What, sweetie?" said her mother.

Maddy took a deep breath. "Well . . . Polly – that's a girl in my ballet class – she has a cat called Fanta, and Fanta's just had kittens, and *everyone* wants one, but Polly says I can have first pick once they're old enough! Isn't that great?"

"Oh, Maddy—" started her mother.

Maddy kept on in a rush, her voice pleading: "She says I can *have* it, Mum, so it won't cost anything at all. There's three boys and two girls, and they're all ginger, and Polly says they're so, so cute! Which would you rather have, a boy or a girl?" She looked hopefully at her mother.

Mum shook her head. "Maddy, you *know* you can't have a cat. Jack is allergic, remember?"

Maddy had expected this. Her voice rose as she talked faster. "Yes, but – Mum, listen – Polly says that her dad's allergic too, but he takes a special pill and then he's fine! She's going to find out what it is and tell me so that Jack can take it too, and—"

"Maddy, *no*." Her mother brushed a strand of brown hair out of her eyes. "Jack's allergies are more serious than that. He has asthma, and cat fur makes it worse. Pills won't help."



"But—"

"No. That's final."

When her mother said something was final, she meant it. Hot, babyish tears pricked at Maddy's eyes. She had been so sure that she could have a kitten! She had already decided on one of the girls. She'd been going to call it Marmalade, and let it sleep at the bottom of her bed.

"I'm sorry, love," said her mum gently. "I know how much you want a cat."

"It's not fair," muttered Maddy, staring down at her feet. "Jack has his stupid hamsters."

"You could have a hamster too, if you wanted."



Maddy made a face. She liked most animals, but she couldn't warm to hamsters. All they did was gallop about pointlessly on their wheel, or sleep in piles of sawdust.

Jack drifted over, rattling a stick against the bridge's railings. "What's with you?" he asked Maddy, seeing her expression.

"Nothing," snapped Maddy, wiping her eyes.

"Maddy was hoping to get a kitten," their mother explained. "So she's a bit disappointed."

"You *can't* have a kitten. I'm allergic," said Jack importantly.

"Yes, I know!" shouted Maddy.

She turned and ran blindly over the bridge, her trainers slapping the tarmac. Her mother joined her without a word, taking her hand. With Jack holding her other hand, they walked through the rest of the park and out into the London streets.

Maddy trudged along in a daze of disappointment. In her imagination, she and Marmalade had been the best of friends for ages. Now Marmalade would go to some other girl, and be called something else entirely. The unfairness of it ached in Maddy's chest.



"Oh, look," said her mother, pausing at the gates of a small square. "There's an antique market going on. Shall we have a quick wander? We've still got time."

Maddy shrugged listlessly. The market was full of brightly coloured stands, but she couldn't have been less interested in them at the moment. Jack didn't look keen either.

"Boring!" he moaned, tugging at Mum's hand. "London Dungeon, Mum, come on."

"Just a quick look," she said, steering them inside. "Two ticks, I promise."

Maddy and Jack grimaced at each other. Mum was mad about antiques; they'd probably never get her out.

Maddy trailed along after her mother and Jack as they went from stall to stall. The market had lots of different ones, for such a little square. There were antique stamps, and postcards, and old-fashioned jewellery. One stand even had antique taps for your sink.

Suddenly Maddy froze. There was a large blonde girl standing nearby with her parents, looking at old-fashioned toys. Though the girl was half turned away, Maddy could see her look of boredom, and the slight sneer curling her lip.

Sherry Newton!

Maddy's heart felt like it had dropped to the cobbled ground. She quickly turned away, flipping through a box of antique postcards without noticing them. What was Sherry doing *here*?

The girl and her parents moved closer. Maddy swung her long brown hair in front of her face, trying to hide behind it. Finding a classmate at an *antique market* was just the sort of thing Sherry and her friends might torment you with for weeks to come!



Yawning, Sherry looked right at her. Maddy winced. Now the sharp blue eyes would narrow, and an evil smile would spread across Sherry's face—

Suddenly Maddy sagged in relief. The girl wasn't Sherry at all. She was older, and her blue eyes were mild. She gave Maddy an uninterested look, and turned back to her parents.

Maddy's heart felt heavy as she pushed the postcards back into place. She was such a coward. Sherry Newton hardly even noticed Maddy at school, yet here she was seeing the class bully when she wasn't even there!

It was probably a good thing for Marmalade that the little cat would be going to someone else.

Jack came darting back. "I've found something for you!"

"What?" asked Maddy dully.

"Come and see!"

He dragged Maddy over to a stall she hadn't noticed, in the corner of the square. Its awning cast a dark shadow over the mishmash of trinkets spread out across a dusty purple cloth.

"Look - cats!" he crowed. "And these ones won't make me sneeze."

Maddy scowled. Jack was pointing to a set of small ceramic cats. "Oh, ha, ha," she said.

Dodging her shove, Jack danced back to Mum, giggling. Maddy sighed as she looked at the cats. There were three of them, nestled neatly together like puzzle pieces, tails and paws entwined.