

It was rather an impressive sneeze, causing some of the strands of the spider's web to break and the whole thing to wobble like a trampoline. The spider opened all his eyes at once and glared at Furry Purry Beancat. The effect was a bit like someone suddenly turning all the lights on.

'Yeah, thanks for that, Furry,' said the spider gloomily. 'Nothing like being woken by a sneeze. Gives me such a boost.' He sighed.

He's used my name. My first name, Furry Purry Beancat thought. *Which means that we must be friends on first-name terms. Only I don't know what his name is . . .*

Now, not knowing the name of one of your friends might seem odd, but the really important thing you need to know about Furry Purry Beancat is that when she falls asleep (which she does rather a lot) she sometimes – only sometimes, mind – wakes up somewhere completely different, in another one of her nine lives! And it ALWAYS ends up being an adventure, which is good because, apart from eating and sleeping, having adventures is what Furry Purry Beancat does best.

broken threads and set to work.

'See you later!' said Beancat.

'I expect so,' said the spider, 'unless I get vacuumed up or slammed shut in a book.'

Beancat smiled to herself. She suspected that Gregory the spider was one of those creatures who rather ENJOYED being gloomy!

'Then be careful,' she said.

'What excellent advice. Thank you, Furry. If you hadn't suggested that I might have gone swimming in a boiling kettle or—'

Beancat didn't wait to hear the rest. She made a graceful leap to the floor, her four white paws landing silently on a rug shaped like an enormous lemon. At that moment a woman appeared through an open door marked STAFF ONLY.

'Good mornin', Furry!' she said with a beautiful voice that sounded to Beancat like music. 'Sleep well?'

'Meow!' said Beancat, and rubbed round the woman's legs. She was wearing fabulously shiny black shoes.

The woman bent down and gave Furry Purry Beancat a splendid stroke



