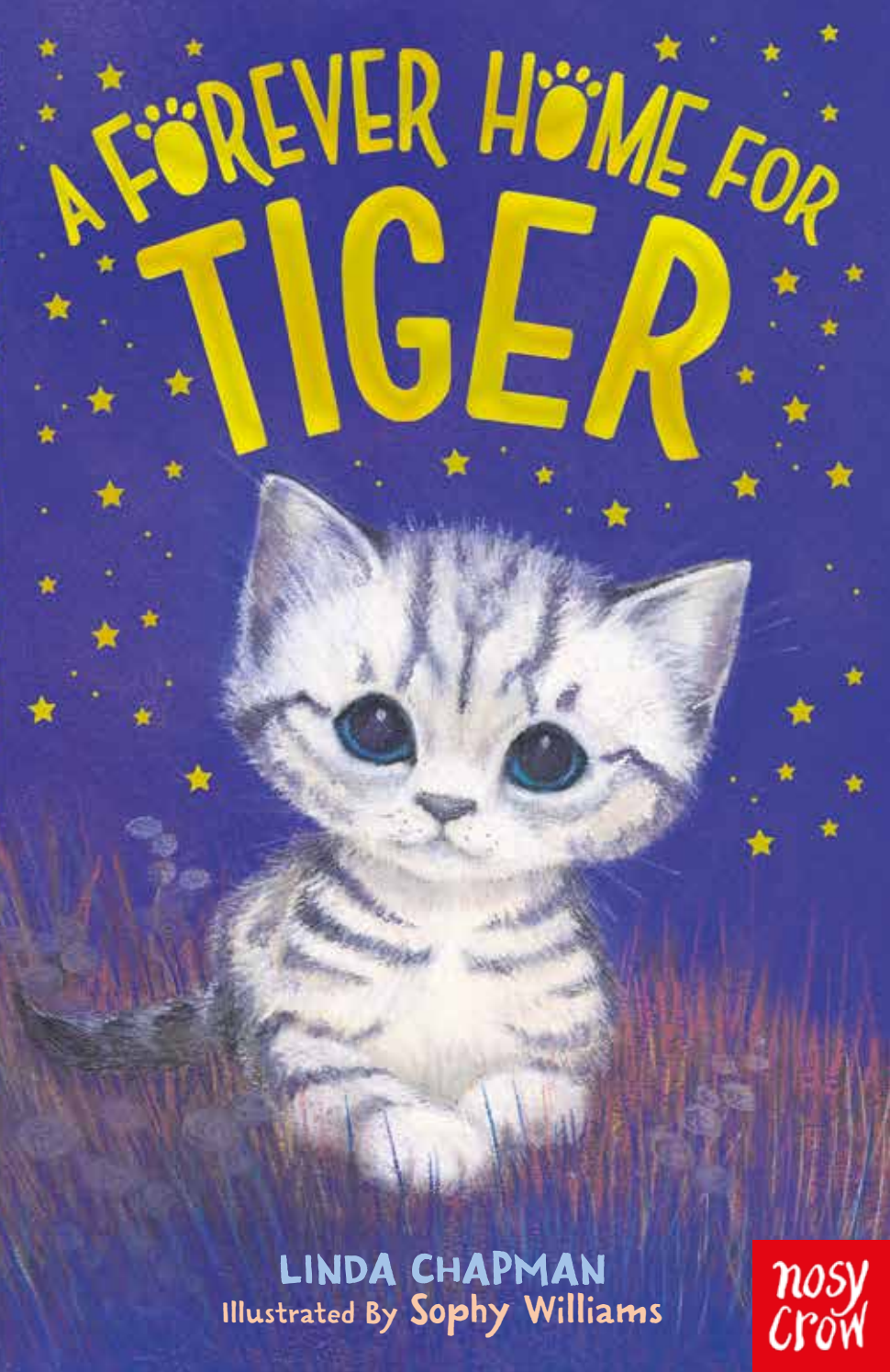
A FOREVER HOME FOR TIGER



LINDA CHAPMAN
Illustrated By Sophy Williams

nosy crow

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Tiger suddenly put both paws on the edge of the bowl and tipped it over. Water cascaded over the floor and the ball floated out with it. Tiger gave chase, splashing through the water and leaving a trail of paw prints.



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A FOREVER HOME FOR FLUFFY

A FOREVER HOME FOR BELLA

A FOREVER HOME FOR TIGER



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To Mabel Knight, for when you are older.







CHAPTER 1



"What's that lady doing?" Grace Taylor pointed at a young woman with short blonde hair who was wearing a blue tunic over trousers. She was peering under a small car parked on a drive.

"It looks like she's lost something," said

Jack.

It was a warm Friday afternoon in September and twins Grace and Jack were on their way home from school.

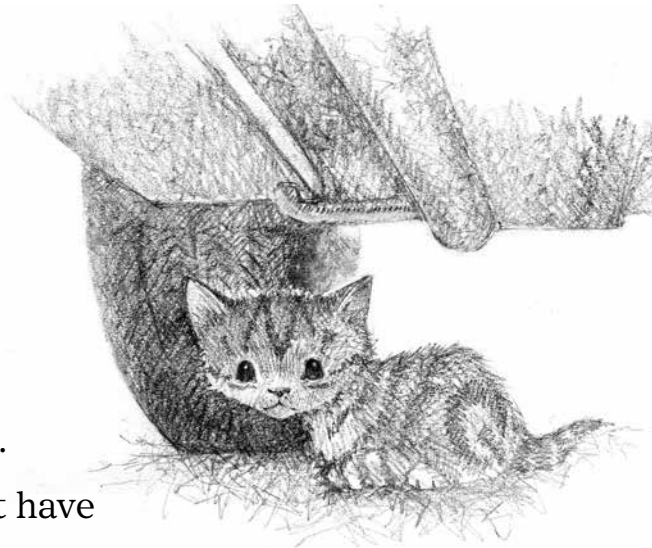
"Here, Tiger," the woman coaxed. "Please come out."

Grace crouched down. She could just see a tiny cat hiding under the car. "It's a kitten! Let's see if she needs a hand."

Grace hurried up the drive with Jack following. "Do you need help getting your kitten out?"

A look of relief crossed the young woman's face. "Thanks. I'm a care worker. I'm visiting Mrs Brownlee who lives here, but just as I opened my car door, my kitten jumped out." She smiled. "I'm Emma, by the way, and this is Tiger."

The twins smiled back. "I'm Grace and this is Jack," said Grace. She peered under the car. The kitten, a silver tabby with grey and white stripes, a fluffy white chest and blue eyes, stared back.



"You must have got a shock when Tiger jumped out of the car with you," Jack said.

Emma sighed. "Not really – it's not the first time it's happened. Tiger doesn't like being left alone in the house so he tries to sneak into the car when I'm putting my things inside. It's becoming quite a

problem." She checked her watch. "Oh dear, I'm going to be late if he doesn't come out soon."

Jack got a little rubber ball out of his bag. "Let's try rolling this past him and see if he'll chase it out." He hurried to the other side of the car. "Ready, Grace?"

"Ready!" said Grace.

Jack rolled the ball and Tiger watched it. As it passed his paws he pounced and bounded after it on to the drive.



"Got you!" Grace scooped him up.

"Thank you!" cried Emma.

"Stop wriggling," Grace giggled as Tiger meowed and struggled in her arms. "I'm not going to hurt you. He's gorgeous," she told Emma.

"He's also a bundle of trouble." Emma sighed as she stroked Tiger's fluffy head. "I don't know what to do with him now. I don't want to leave him in the car but I can't take him into Mrs Brownlee's."

"We'll look after him," offered Jack. "We only live five minutes away. Our mum has a doggy day care business called Top Dog. You can come round to get him when you finish work."

Emma's face lit up. "Top Dog? My friend's poodle Lolly goes there. It would

be really kind of you to kitten-sit. Are you sure your mum won't mind?"

"She'll be fine," said Grace, thrilled at the thought of having some time with such a cute kitten. "Jack and I often look after animals."

"We run an animal rehoming business called Forever Homes," Jack explained. He took one of their home-made business cards out of his school bag and handed it to Emma. "Here's our address."

Emma studied the card, her forehead crinkling. "An animal rehoming business?"

"We find new homes for dogs and cats when their owners can't keep them any more," said Jack.

"Perfect forever homes," said Grace happily.

"Do ... do you think you could help me find Tiger a new home?" asked Emma slowly.

Excitement rushed through Grace. "I bet we could!"



"If you're sure you want him rehomed?" said Jack, more cautiously.

Emma sighed. "I think it would be for the best. I love Tiger to bits but he needs an owner who isn't out at work all day; someone to keep him out of mischief."

"There's bound to be an owner out there who will suit him perfectly," said Grace, tickling Tiger under his chin. He purred so loudly, his whole body shook.

"You could come round when you've finished work and sign the paperwork," said Jack.

"OK. I'll also bring his vaccination certificate and the rest of his kitten food." Emma gave Tiger a sad smile. "I hate saying goodbye but I'm sure this is the right thing for Tiger."

"We promise we'll look after him really well," Grace told her.

Jack nodded firmly. "And we'll only rehome him when we find the absolutely perfect forever home!"

Grace and Jack took turns carrying Tiger back to their house. Luckily it wasn't far because he kept wriggling and at one point almost climbed over Grace's shoulder!

"He's definitely lively!" she gasped as she gently untangled his claws from her coat.

Tiger meowed.

"We'll have to run a personality test on him when we get home," said Jack. The twins ran a personality test on every new animal. It helped them work out exactly what kind of owner the animal needed.

"I'm so happy we've got a new cat to look after," said Grace. "I love kittens!"

"And, best of all, it's the weekend, which means we'll have lots of time to get to know him," said Jack.

They reached their house, an old red-brick Victorian villa, and went through a gate into the small courtyard at the side of the house. Opposite the house there was a modern building where their mum ran Top Dog. Hearing the gate opening, she came to the door.

"Hi, you two, how was—" Mrs Taylor broke off in surprise. "A kitten!"

"Yes, he's called Tiger," said Grace. She and Jack quickly explained everything that had happened.

"His owner is coming round later to sign the paperwork," Jack finished.

Mum smiled and tickled Tiger's head. "He's absolutely gorgeous! I can't imagine you'll struggle to find a cutie like him a home."

"We're going to take him to the shed and run a personality test," said Jack. "Come on, Grace."

Mum went back inside Top Dog and the twins set off to their office shed. Suddenly there was a yell from inside the house, followed by a loud crash.

Grace and Jack stared at each other and then, together, they sprinted to the door.