

# Purry Mason,

# Feline Detective



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**N**ap and let nap, that's my motto. Don't wake me, and I won't wake you. Napping was my whole life, until some troublemakers messed with my kitchen and I got blamed for it.

But I'm jumping ahead. Let me start at the beginning.

The day began like any other. I needed some kibble and a long drink of water, so I entered the kitchen at 7:15 a.m., just like every other day.

But this was not like every other day. My dishes were flipped upside down, and water was everywhere!

Instantly my detective skills kicked in, and I searched the kitchen for clues. The culprit was nowhere to be found.

Using my nose, I nudged my dishes over. Empty! My stomach growled, a loud reminder that I hadn't eaten anything since dinnertime, when Emma had slipped some leftover salmon into my bowl.

Emma's dad never seemed to remember that I love salmon and she doesn't. But he was a good dad and he bought me fancy kibble, which meant he was okay in my books.

My humans entered the premises. "What a mess!" Emma's dad exclaimed. "Who did this?"

That's what I was trying to figure out. "Purry Mason, you're a naughty kitty," he scolded.

Thanks to my detective skills, I noticed three things. One, his tone of voice. It was the tone he used whenever Emma left dirty socks lying around.

Two, he used my full name. Never a good sign.

And three, he blamed me for this dastardly crime.

I was going to solve this case or my name wasn't Purry Mason. But first, a nap. One nap turned into two, then three, then somehow it was morning again.



I entered the kitchen at 7:15 a.m., just like every other day.

But this was not like every other day. A plant lay on the floor, its dirt everywhere.

Spoons, spatulas and tongs were strewn about.

A cupcake lay near the door, smashed. My humans entered the premises. "Purry Mason, what a mess!" Emma's dad exclaimed. "And where are all the cupcakes I baked last night?"





“Maybe someone else made the mess?” Emma said.

Her dad sighed and started cleaning. Quick! I had to search for clues before Emma’s dad scrubbed them all away.

Was that something near the smashed cupcake? I crept closer to look.

Footprints! Little frosting footprints, leading out the cat flap in the back door.

I followed them outside. I was no bloodhound, but my nose told me I was on to something big.

A creature scurried through the yard. Was it the culprit? Was it a dog? Was it a cat?



Whatever it was, it was dressed for crime: black mask, black gloves. I yowled for my humans, but it was too late. The creature was gone. Poof! Vanished.

No more naps for me that day. I needed to stake out the crime scene and catch the culprit in action.

I hid on a kitchen chair and then I waited. And waited. And waited some more. The urge to nap grew, but I resisted. I had a criminal to catch!

Hours later, Emma called from upstairs, “Purry! Time for bed!” But I couldn’t leave my stakeout.

Long after midnight, I finally heard the swish of the cat flap. Then another swish, and another, and another. How many criminals were there?

Crash! Bang! Splash!

CRASH  
BANG  
SPLASH

I crept over to the light switch and pushed it with my nose.

The kitchen lit up.

A huge creature was pawing through the garbage can. A smaller one pulled cookies from the cupboard. An even smaller one splashed in the sink. And the tiniest one of all sat in my dish, munching on my kibble. The furry criminals all wore black masks and black gloves.

I leapt in front of the cat flap, blocking their exit, and yowled.

A sleepy-looking Emma and her dad stumbled into the kitchen. They gaped at the culprits in astonishment.

“Raccoons!” Emma’s dad exclaimed. He grabbed a broom and swept them outside. “Tomorrow we’ll install a radio-controlled cat door,” he said.

“Only Purry will be able to use it.” “I knew Purry wasn’t the culprit!” Emma said.

“What a smart kitty,” Emma’s dad added, scratching me under the chin. “There’s some salmon in the fridge to reward this clever cat detective.”

The raccoons almost got away with the crime. But thanks to me, Purry Mason, feline detective, this caper had the purr-fect ending.

Time for a nap.

