

Mighty Mittens

When Mittens falls into a vat of cat food, wet fur is the least of her problems. She soon begins to notice other changes: she's lightning fast, has super-strength, and can shoot lasers from her eyes! But Mittens isn't the only one who received powers... the local birds are giant and terrorising the town. Can Mittens become the superhero the town needs her to be?

Maverick
Chapter Readers



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This book is Brown Band/Level 12

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'Mighty Mittens'

An original concept by W. G. White

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Chapter 1

The cat was walking along the roof-beams of the Purrfect Foods factory.

She expertly placed one paw in front of the other as she moved from beam to beam. Beneath her was a huge warehouse full of big, sloshing tanks. There was an owl ahead and it was the cat's job to chase it off. The owl hooted, twisting its head this way and that as it ruffled its feathers and blinked. It hadn't spotted her yet.





Below was Mr Bottomline, the cat's owner. He was standing next to one of the tanks full of pinky-grey slush with a man she didn't recognise. Lots of people had been coming and going recently. Mr Bottomline had been trying to find ways to make the pet food more cheaply so he could make more money when he sold it. He had just bought a batch of chemicals from a new supplier and was pouring a clear liquid into the sloshing vat.

The cat didn't care for the humans... she only cared

about her prey. She edged closer to the owl, keeping her body low to the rafters. The cat's paw knocked a loose bolt off the beam, which made an awful racket as it tumbled to the floor.

The humans looked up.

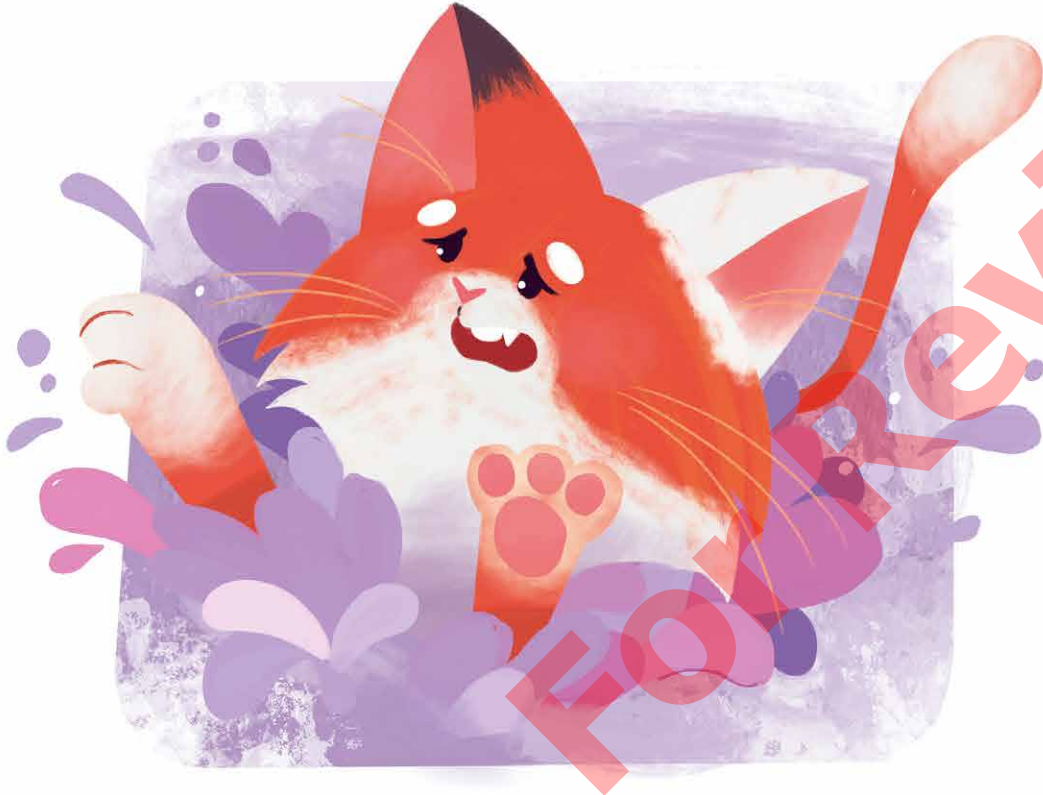
The owl spun to face the cat.

The chase was on.

Both animals launched into action. The owl spread its wings to fly away. The cat threw herself forward, paws outstretched.

The cat and the owl collided. The cat wrapped her front legs around the bird. Together, they fell for what felt like forever, tumbling in a tangle of feathers and fur.

Until **plop.**



The cat had fallen into the tank of food! She thrashed. Her fur was soaked. Her nose and mouth filled with thick, goopy *stuff*. Worse still, she'd lost her grip on the owl. She tried to swim to the surface but she couldn't pull herself upward. The more she struggled, the deeper she sank into the gloop.

Thankfully, a pair of rough hands tugged her upwards and the cat was pulled to freedom. Out of the tank, she scrambled out of Mr Bottomline's hands and shook herself. Clumps of the slop flew in all directions and Mr Bottomline cried in anger.

"Out!" he roared. "Stupid thing. Out! You're fired! Worst guard cat I've ever had. You heard me—leave!"