Where Is Whiskers?

A Reading A–Z Read-Aloud Book
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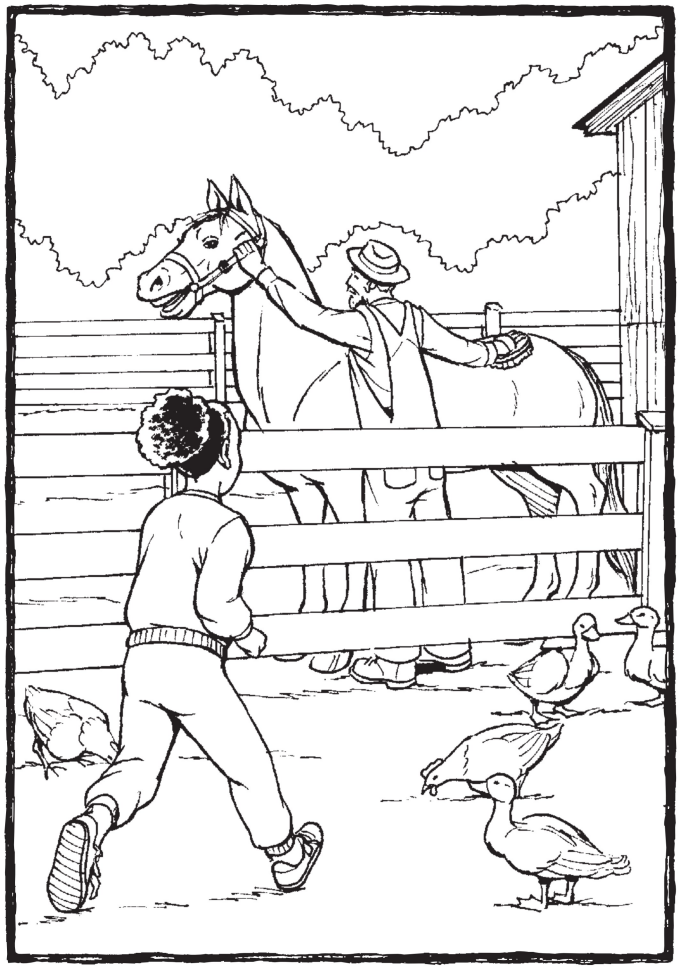

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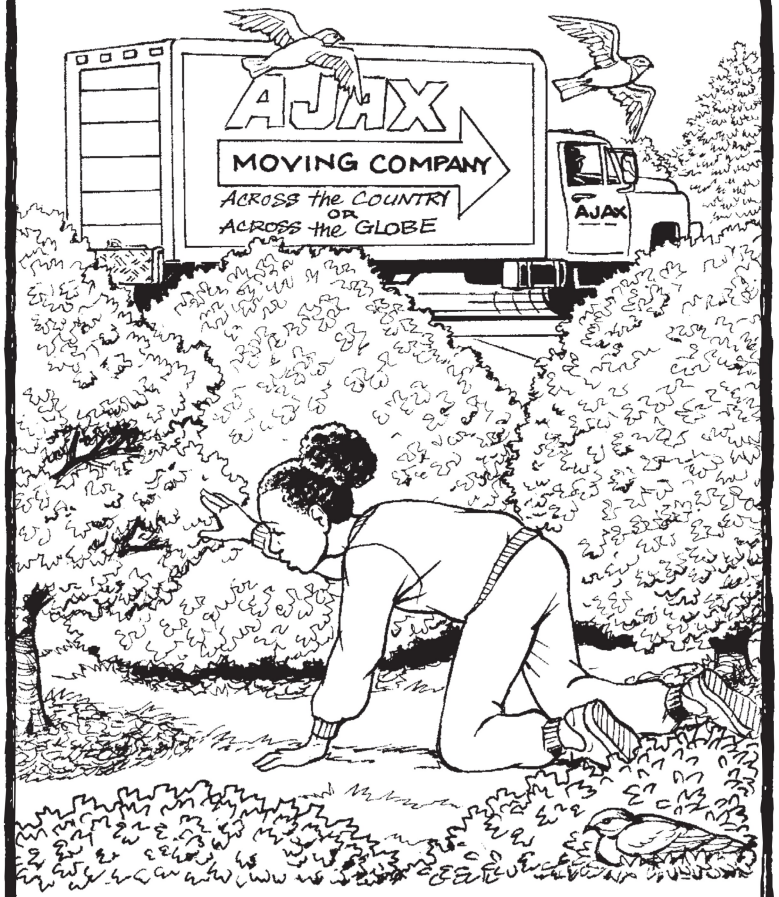

Written by Dolores Kleinholz
Illustrated by Tad Butler

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WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK

High-frequency words:
a, all, and, as, at, big, but, can, come, did, do, find, for, had, has, have, he, her, him, his, I, if, in, is, like, me, my, now, of, on, one, or, our, out, said, see, she, that, the, there, this, to, too, up, was, were, what, where, with, would, you, your, ran, off, please, saw, into, yes, run, two, then, home

/wh/ words:
Whitney, Wheaton, Whilliker, Whiskers, wheel, where, whistled, whim, whew, wheelbarrow, wherever, whipping, whisk, wheeze, whimper, whippoorwills, white, whirligigs, whoops, whirlpool, why, while, whack, whirlybird, Whittle, whirlwind, Whistler, whinnied, whoa, what, while, whipped, wheelchair, Wheeler, wheels, whispered

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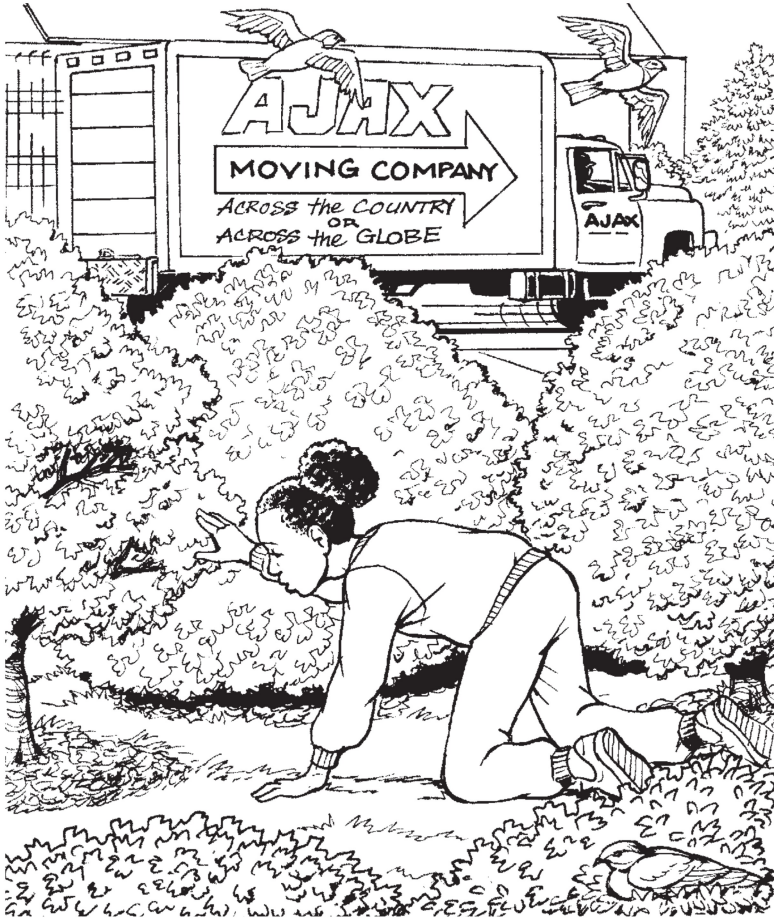
Whitney Wheaton lived on Whilliker Street with her parents and her white cat, Whiskers. One afternoon, Whitney hopped on the sofa to watch her favorite television show, "Wheel of Chance." But where was Whiskers?

"She always watches 'Wheel of Chance' with me," Whitney said. Whitney called and whistled, but Whiskers didn't come. Where, oh where was Whiskers?

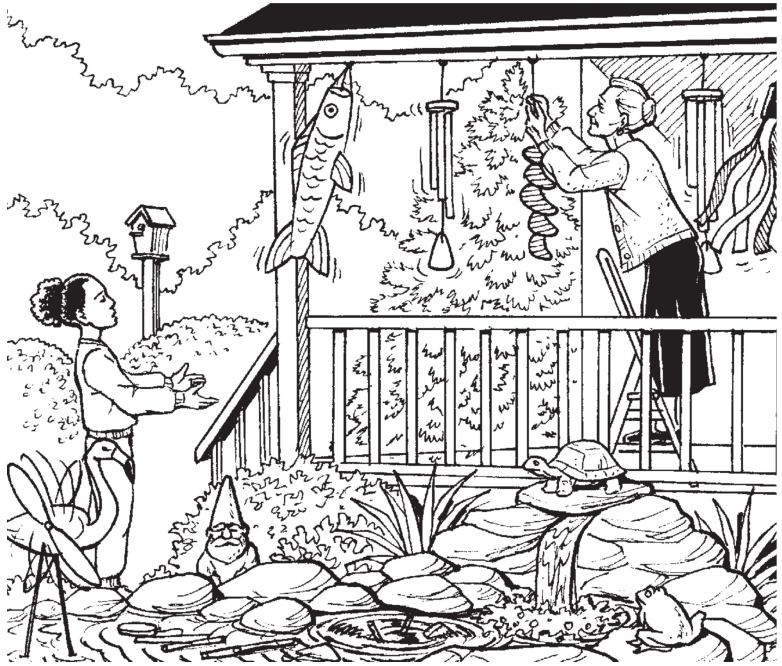
Whitney ran outside where her parents were working in the yard. "Mom, Dad, have you seen Whiskers?" Whitney asked. "I can't find her!"

"Maybe Whiskers ran off on a whim, chasing a mouse," Mr. Wheaton said. "Whew! This wheelbarrow is heavy!"

"Achoo! Wherever she is, Whitney, I'm sure Whiskers is just fine," Mrs. Wheaton said, whipping out a handkerchief. "Now would you please hand me that – achoo! whisk broom? This dust is making me sneeze and wheeze!"



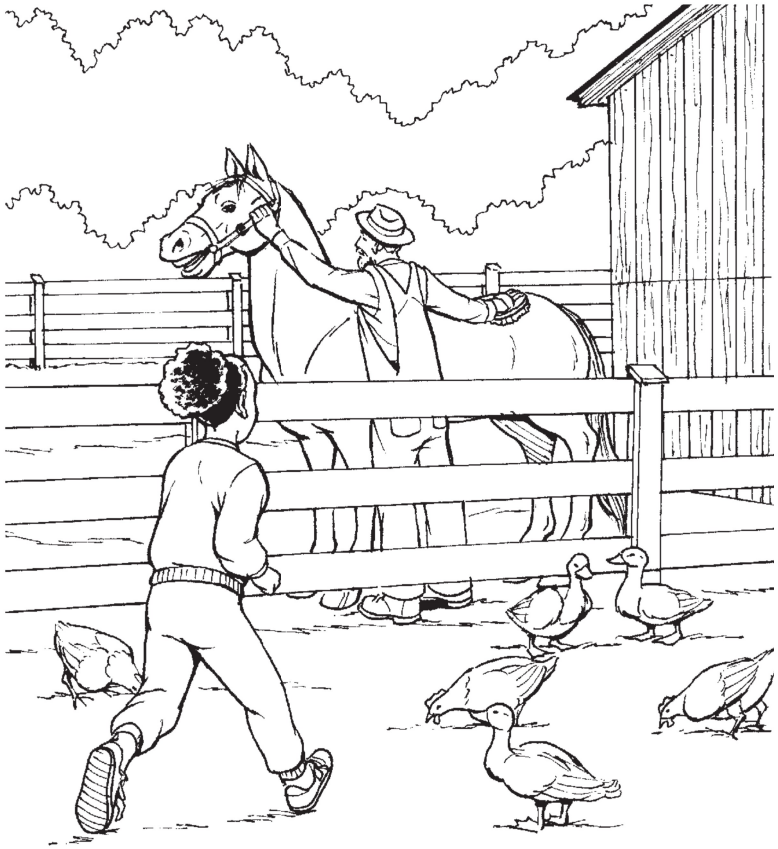
Whitney called and whistled for Whiskers as she searched the yard. She listened for Whiskers to meow or whimper, but heard only the whippoorwills calling and a big moving van rumbling along the street. Where, oh where was Whiskers?

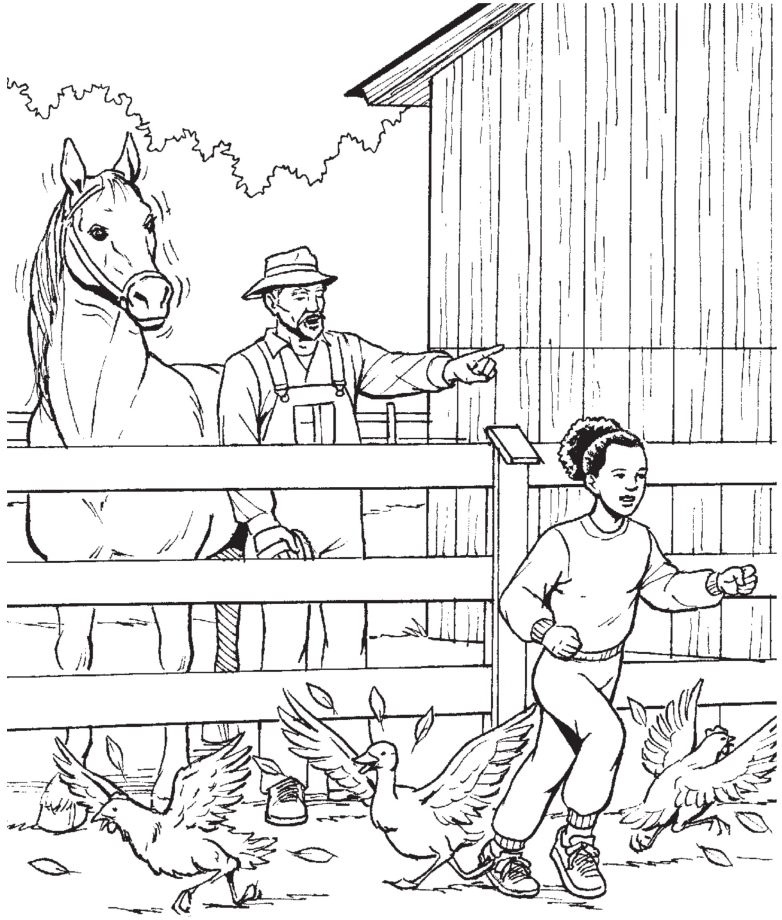


Whitney saw her neighbor, Mrs. White, hanging whirligigs on her back porch. "Whoops!" Mrs. White said. "There goes another whirligig into the whirlpool."

Whitney asked Mrs. White if she had seen Whiskers. "Why yes, I did see Whiskers a while ago. She took a whack at my flamingo whirlybird before skedaddling into Mr. Whittle's pasture," Mrs. White said.

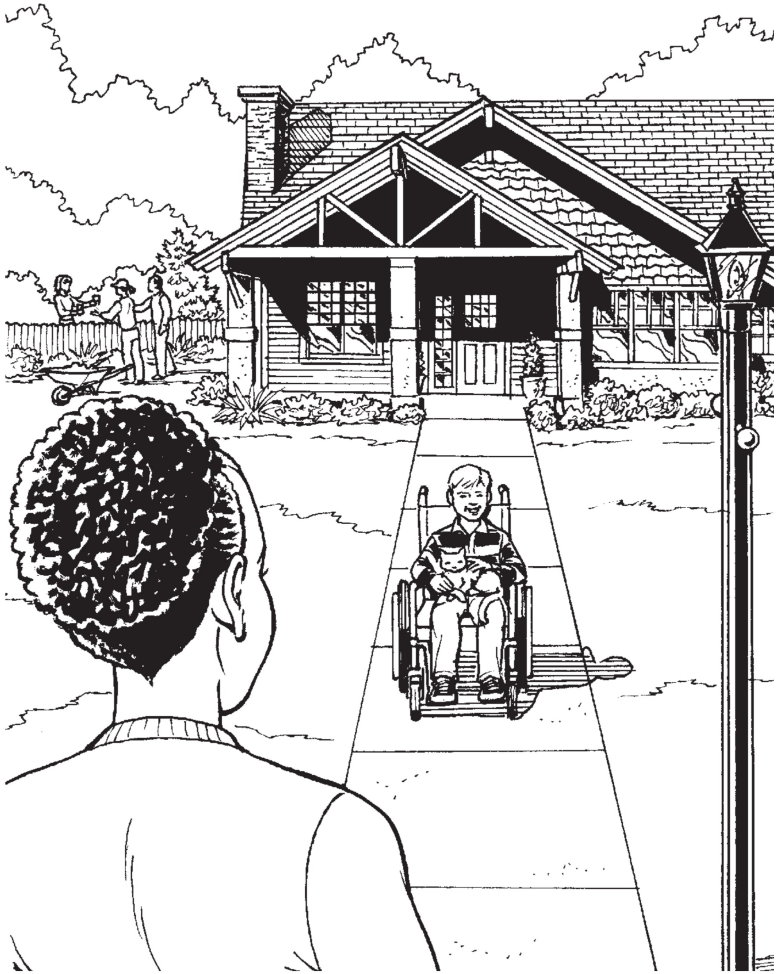
Whitney took off like a whirlwind, ponytail flying. Whistler, Mr. Whittle's horse, whinnied as the girl ran up to the gate. "Whoa there, Whitney," Mr. Whittle said. "What's your hurry?" While Mr. Whittle brushed Whistler's mane, Whitney told him that Whiskers was missing.





"I saw that fluffy puff of whipped cream run across the street a while ago," Mr. Whittle said. "Wherever Whiskers was going, she was in a hurry." As if he agreed, Whistler tossed his head and whinnied. Where, oh where was Whiskers?

Whitney ran back toward her house. As she reached the front yard, she saw a surprising sight. There was a boy in a wheelchair, and Whiskers sat curled up on his lap!



"Whiskers, where have you been?" Whitney cried.

"Whiskers? I've been wondering what her name was," the boy said. "Hi, my name is Josh Wheeler, but my friends call me 'Wheels.'" He patted the wheels of his chair and grinned at her.

"My family moved to Whilliker Street today, and Whiskers has been visiting me. I have ten goldfish and two white rats, but I sure like Whiskers," he said. He whispered into the white cat's ear, and then laughed as Whiskers jumped off and strolled into the house. Whitney suddenly remembered her manners.

"Thank you, Josh, for bringing Whiskers home," Whitney said. "My name is Whitney Wheaton. Would you like to come in and watch 'Wheel of Chance' with Whiskers and me? It's our favorite show." She nodded toward the front door and smiled shyly.

"Mine too!" Josh said, beaming at her, "Sounds like fun! And Whitney, you can call me 'Wheels' . . . all my friends do!"