

Grade: 3
Lexile® Measure: 500L - 600L
Mean Sentence Length: 7.51
Mean Log Word Frequency: 3.67
Word Count: 399

Smelly Cat

Little Jennie Jones had always wanted a pet. Sadly, she had never had one. Jennie lived with her grandmother. And Grandmother thought that all animals were terribly smelly. They're not, of course. But you'd never persuade Grandmother otherwise. Jennie had tried many times. Nothing ever worked.

Once, she brought home a lizard covered in lavender. Jennie was sure Grandmother would love that. She didn't. Jennie had to return it the very same day. Next, she tried a poodle sprayed with fine French perfume. Do you think this convinced Grandmother? Of course not! She turned up her nose and said, "Dress them up however you like. They're all still smelly beasts to me!" Jennie's heart sank. But that would soon change.

A few days later, Jennie and Grandmother were sitting in their living room. They often sat and chatted, but today was different. Instead of chatting, they were happily listening to a rainstorm. The two delighted in the percussive sound of rain hitting the roof and splashing on the ground. Grandmother even opened the windows, as she enjoyed the smell after it rained. Everything was so peaceful. But suddenly, a sound interrupted... It was neither of theirs.... It came from...outside...

"Meow."

Jennie jumped up!

"Oh, Grandmother, look! It's a cat! It's wet and needs to come in! Can we let it? Please?"

Grandmother did not like the idea of a smelly cat coming in. But she was not heartless. She couldn't leave the poor animal out in the storm. "Oh, fine!" Grandmother agreed as she secretly thought about getting rid of the animal as soon as the storm passed. Grandmother grabbed a towel from the bathroom and came to the door. Jennie was elated, jumping up and down at the thought of a cat permitted inside. Grandmother opened the door and scooped up the wet ball of fur into her soft, warm towel.

She dried the shivering creature, realizing it was really more of a kitten than a cat. As the cat started to feel comfortable, warm, and safe, it began to purr sweetly. Grandmother smiled and pulled the towel away from the kitten's face. Two beautiful blue eyes looked into her own. Still, Grandmother expected to be disgusted by the smell. But she wasn't. All she could smell was fresh rain. "Well, aren't you a breath of fresh air!" she giggled. At that moment, Jennie knew she finally had a pet.