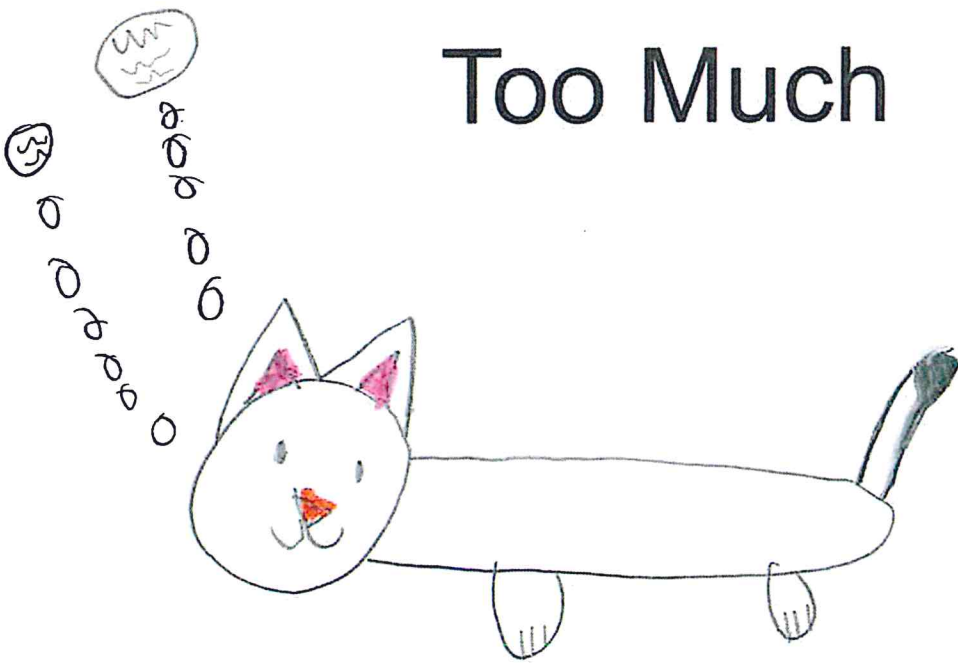
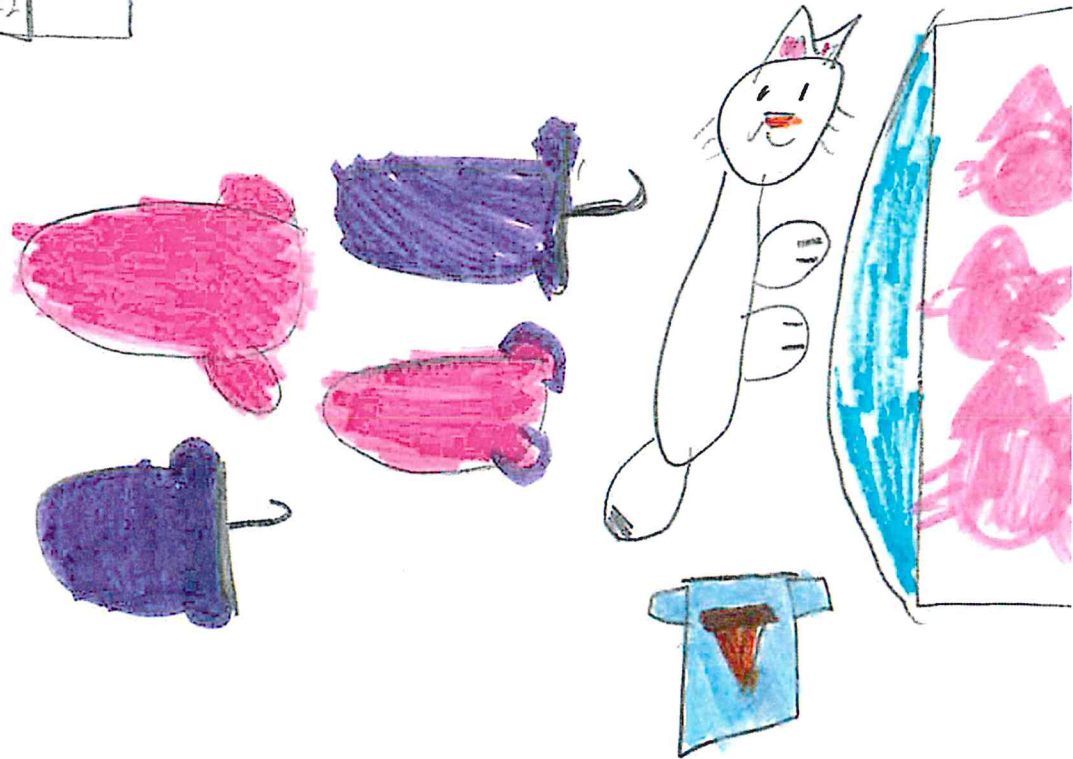
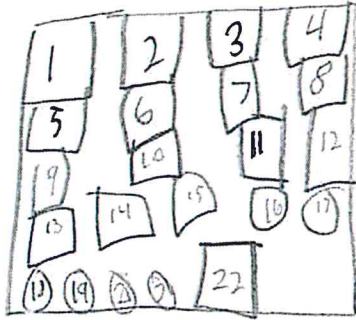


# The Cat Who Thought Too Much



By: Hope Essig

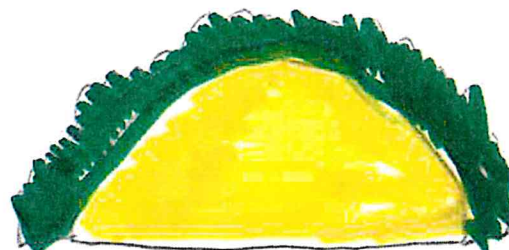
I'm going to be 7 years old in  
exactly 35 days, 10 hours, 2  
minutes, and 1 second!!  
What am I going to wear?



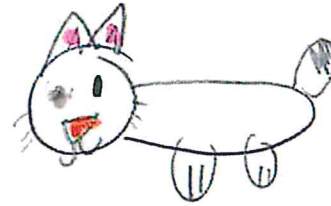
What kind of food will I serve at my party? I really like pizza but Ralph doesn't. Maybe spaghetti and meatballs, but someone might sneeze, that would be a disaster.



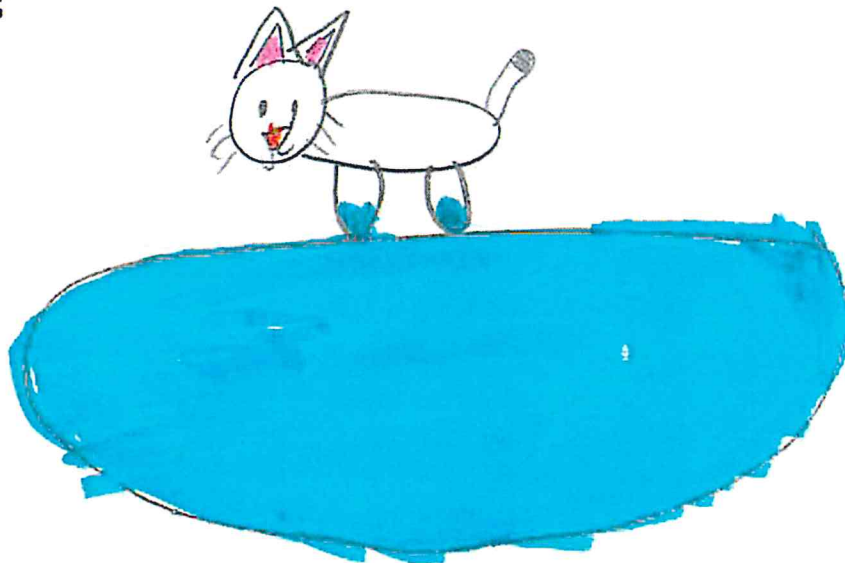
I know tacos! Everyone loves tacos.



There's so much to think about, what to wear, the food, the decorating. Do I have any decorations?

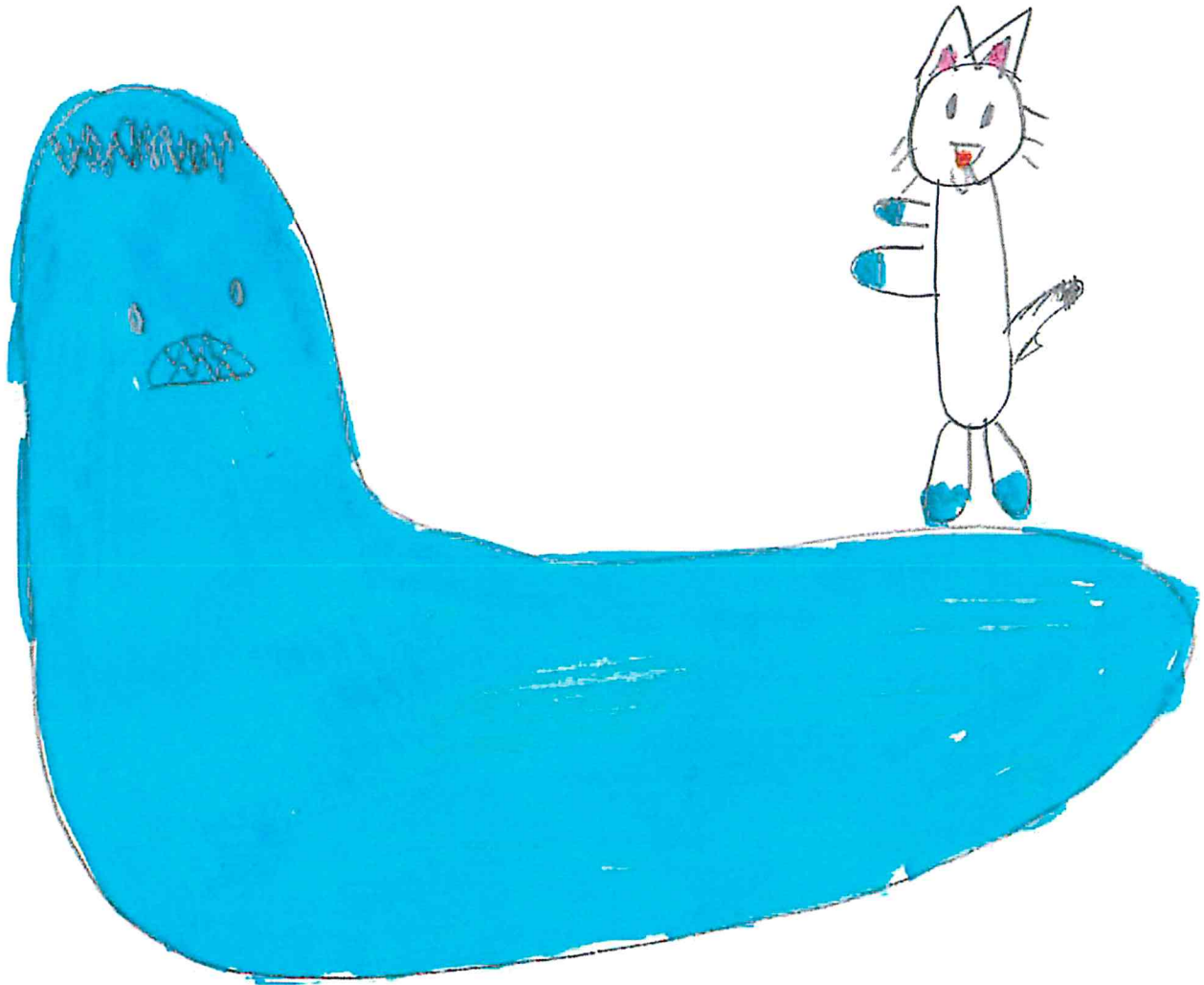


Snowball looks for decorations. Yuck! What is this?





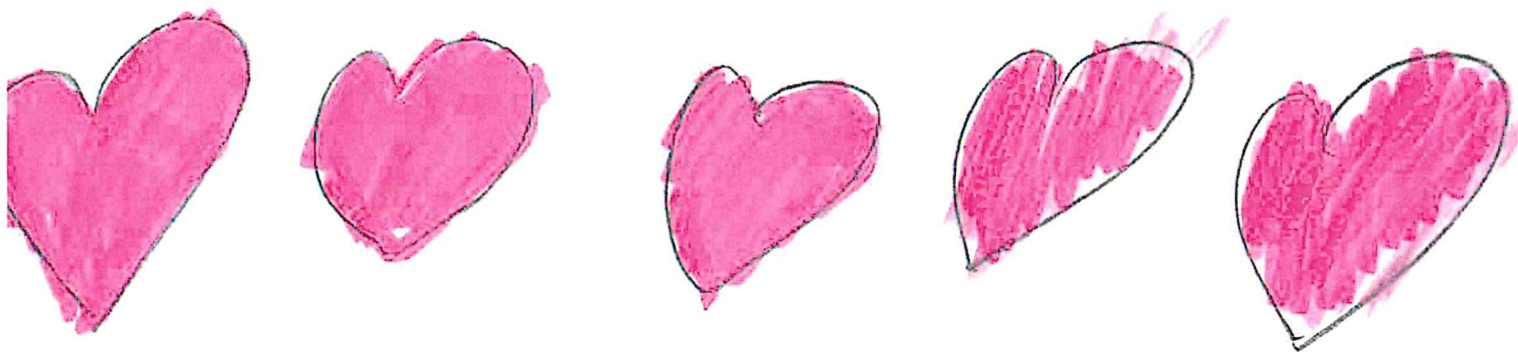
She looks down and sees  
her paw covered in what  
looks like blue slime.  
Snowball tries to free herself  
from the sticky mess.



“You’re stuck in all your thoughts!” What? Who said that? “Down here on your paw.” “You’re so caught up on all these things you are forgetting what’s important, being with people that love you.”



You’re right, my friends won’t care what I’m wearing, the food, or decorations.



They just want to celebrate  
with me!

Snowball could feel the  
sticky stuff losing its grip on  
her paw. She was no longer  
worried about all the little  
things but was excited to see  
and celebrate with all her  
friends and family.





