

It's almost Christmas. The air is filled with delicious smells.
People are rushing home to be in time for dinner.

Some neighborhood cats, who are playing in the town square,
hear their names being called.

"Time to eat, Pipi."

"Minou, dinnertime!"

"Patch, come here, kitty kitty."

One by one they leave to go home.





But there's one little kitten that isn't called.
She doesn't have a home to go to . . .

The little kitty is getting hungry and follows her nose. She jumps on the windowsill of a big house and takes a peek inside.

It looks so warm and inviting. The food on the dinner table smells delicious.