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Oscar the Guardian Cat



Oscar lives in Hope House, a big house full of rooms and surrounded by trees. He lives with a lot of grandmas and grandpas, Nurse Dolores, and Dr. Bonner.

Between trips to the park and exploring the basement, he is never bored. But Oscar isn't a cat like other cats; he is a guardian cat. Oscar knows when people need him. He knows when he needs to stay put.

This moving story is about a cat that accompanies his friends on their most important journey. It is based on a true story.

Oscar the Guardian Cat

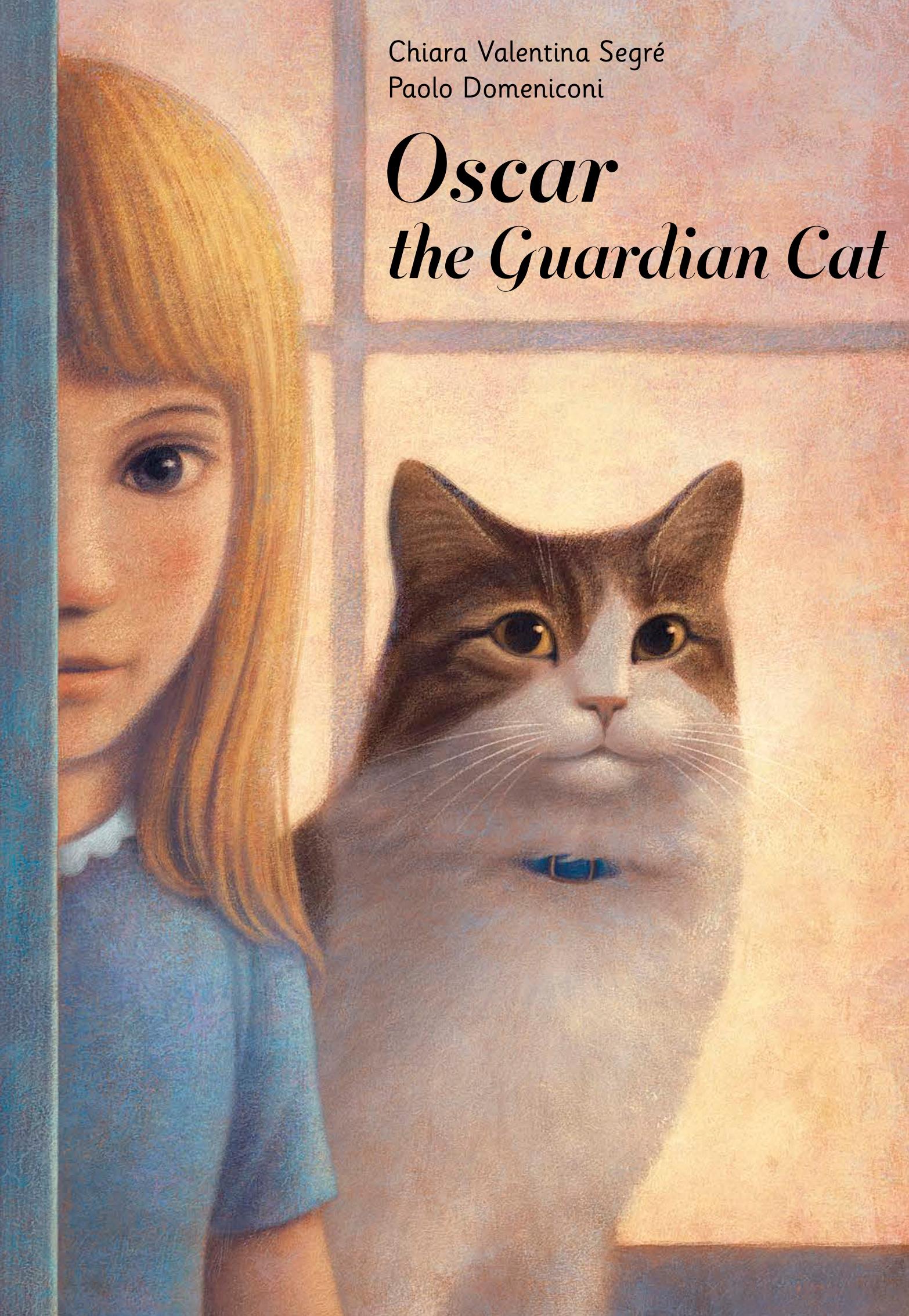
Segré · Domeniconi

GIBBS SMITH

ISBN-13: 978-1-4236-4934-2
51699

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Jacketless Hardcover
9½ x 12 in, 32 Pages
Color illustrations
Pub Date: April 2018



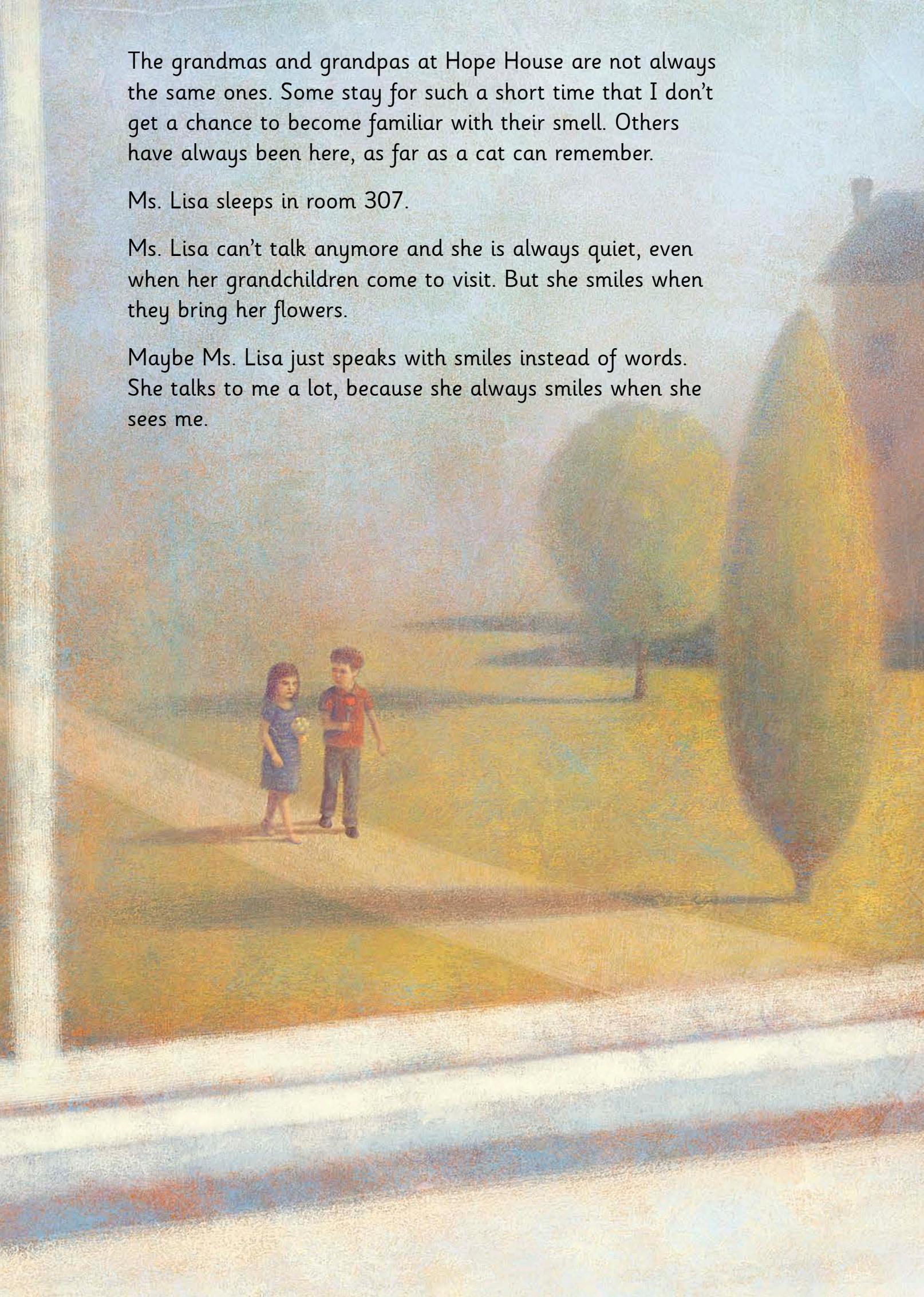


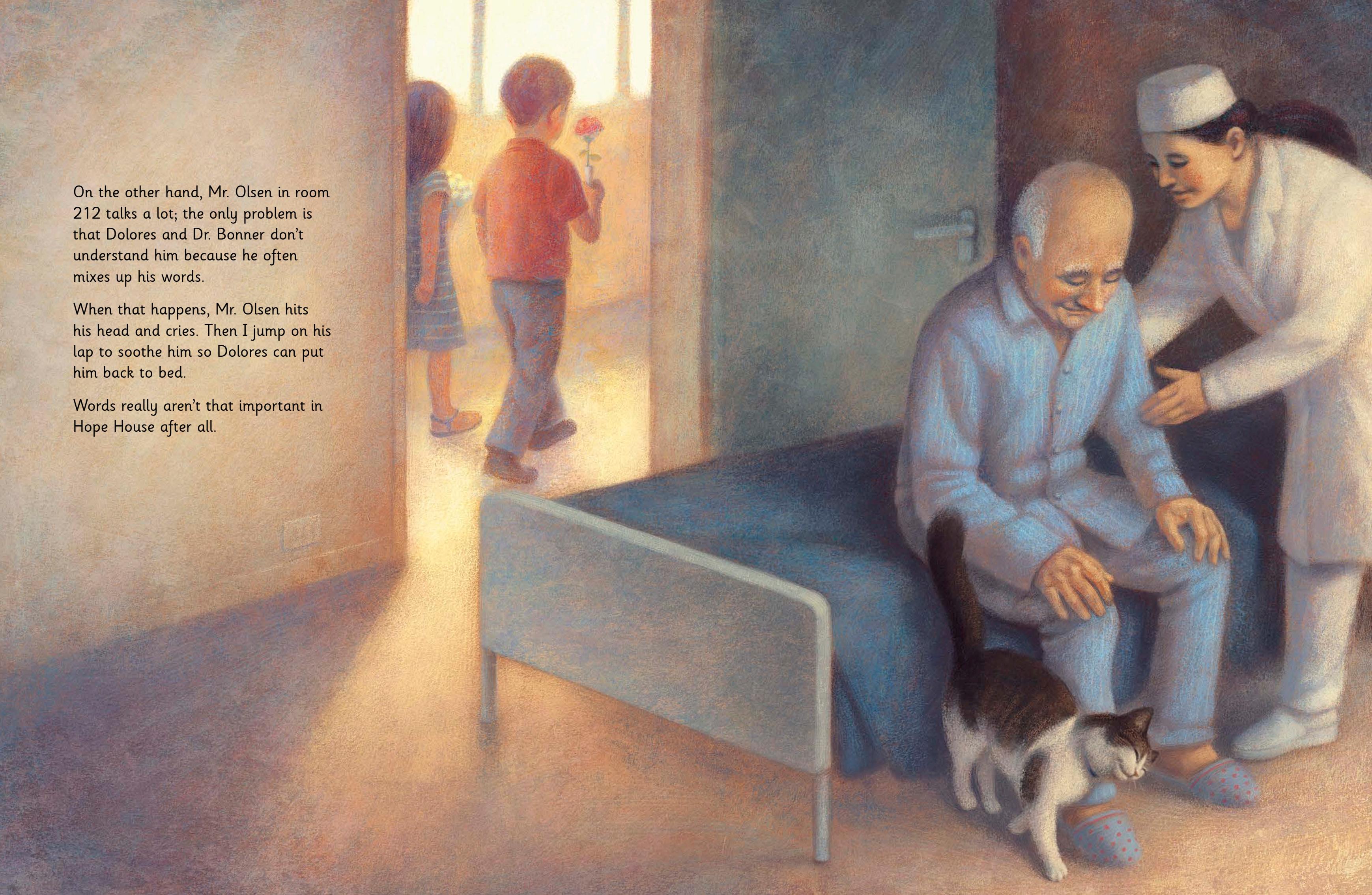
The grandmas and grandpas at Hope House are not always the same ones. Some stay for such a short time that I don't get a chance to become familiar with their smell. Others have always been here, as far as a cat can remember.

Ms. Lisa sleeps in room 307.

Ms. Lisa can't talk anymore and she is always quiet, even when her grandchildren come to visit. But she smiles when they bring her flowers.

Maybe Ms. Lisa just speaks with smiles instead of words. She talks to me a lot, because she always smiles when she sees me.





On the other hand, Mr. Olsen in room 212 talks a lot; the only problem is that Dolores and Dr. Bonner don't understand him because he often mixes up his words.

When that happens, Mr. Olsen hits his head and cries. Then I jump on his lap to soothe him so Dolores can put him back to bed.

Words really aren't that important in Hope House after all.



We found him in the basement, in his bare feet on the freezing floor.
"Helllllppp, bombs!" he yelled each time there was a clap of thunder.

"Joey, I'll protect you." Joey is Mr. Olsen's younger brother, but he has a white beard now and certainly wasn't in the basement in Hope House; Mr. Olsen was talking to a fire extinguisher. This was a job for the guardian cat.

With my tail straight and my nose in the air, I produced one of my best "Meows." Mr. Olsen whispered to the extinguisher, "We're safe, Joey. Oscar found us."

So holding on to my tail, Mr. Olsen went back to bed to warm up his freezing feet. With one hand he cradled the fire extinguisher as if it were a kitten.

