

## CHAPTER TWO

“Jackson, stop!” Michael yelled, but it was no use. His friend was going way too fast to be able to hear him. Michael struggled to stand up, slipping and sliding on an icy patch of snow. He had to get to the kitten. Jackson’s sled was heading straight for it.

Michael scrambled as quickly as he could. Now he could hear the runners of Jackson’s sled whine as it zipped down the hill.

“Watch out!” Jackson yelled.

Michael had lost sight of the kitten. Desperately, he scanned the drifts of snow. A dark blur caught his eye and he reached out to grab at it. “Gotcha!” he cried. But just as he scooped the kitten up,



Jackson's sled slammed into his legs, and both of them keeled over into the snow.

"What are you doing?" Jackson wiped a wet crust of snow from his face. "Are you okay, man?"

Michael lay on his back, cradling the kitten against his chest. He lifted his head to take a good look. The kitten trembled in his arms. Wow, was he cute! He was a tuxedo cat, mostly black except for a long blaze of white fur that shot up between his eyes and patches of white under his chin and on his furry belly. Tiny snowflakes stuck to his long white whiskers. He stared right back at Michael and blinked his bright green eyes.

*Thanks for picking me up. The white stuff on the ground is so cold. I don't know where it came from, but it sure makes it hard for a kitten to get around. I'm freezing!*

