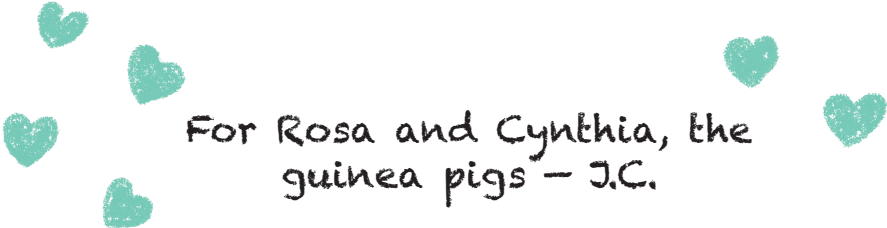




# **Clover the Bunny**



# For Rosa and Cynthia, the guinea pigs – J.C.

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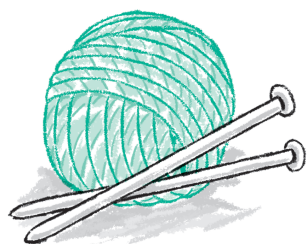


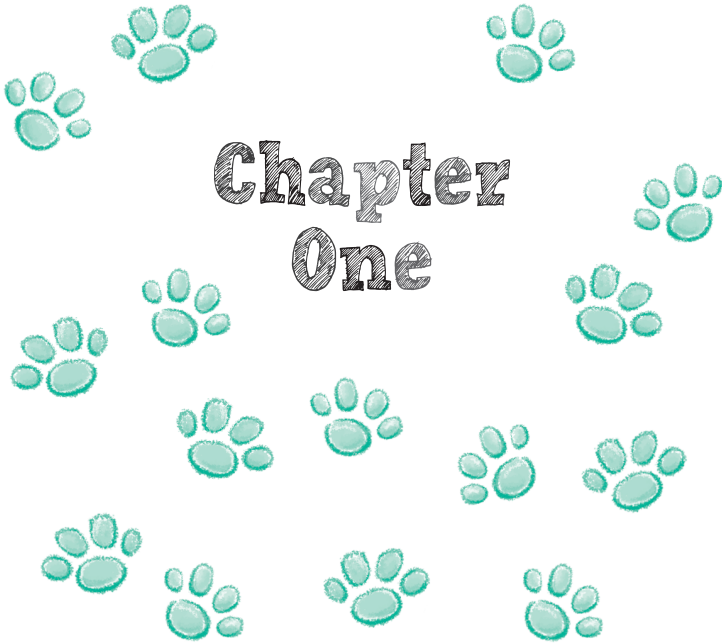


# **Clover the Bunny**

Jane Clarke

Scholastic Inc.





Peanut peeked around the door of Dr. KittyCat's clinic.

A line of young, fluffy animals was waiting outside. They were all twisting and turning uncomfortably and scratching at their paws. Peanut slammed the door and turned tail into the room.



“Eek!” he squeaked. “There’s an outbreak of pawpox in Thistle town!”

“Don’t panic, Peanut,” Dr. KittyCat meowed calmly. “Every doctor sees lots





of cases of pawpox. Almost everyone catches it when they're young. Didn't you have it when you were a little mouse? It's very infectious."

"I did," Peanut squeaked. "It was horrible. My paws were so itchy I spent all day scratching, and I couldn't sleep!" His whiskers quivered. "I don't want to have it again."

"You can't get pawpox twice," Dr. KittyCat reassured him. "I caught it when I was a kitten—so neither of us will catch it again. We are both immune."

She buttoned up her white doctor's coat and swished her striped tail. "Now, who's first in line to see us today?"



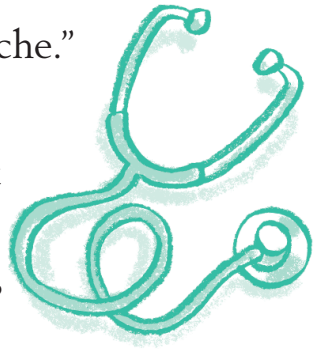
Peanut scampered over to his desk and picked up Dr. KittyCat's *Furry First-aid Book*. The *Furry First-aid Book* was where they kept track of all their patients. Then Peanut went to open the door. A little black kitten crept into the clinic.

"Hello, Daisy," Peanut greeted her. "How can we help?"

Daisy blinked her big round eyes.

"I don't feel very well," the kitten snuffled. "My legs and tail ache."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but you've come to the right place," Peanut told her. "Dr. KittyCat's a fantastic doctor."





He glanced at Daisy's paws.  
"That's odd," he told Dr. KittyCat. "I don't see any spots."

"One of the first signs of pawpox is feeling unwell and achy," Dr. KittyCat murmured, "and the patient often has a mild fever. I need to take your temperature, Daisy."

Peanut clicked open  
Dr. KittyCat's flowery  
doctor's bag, took  
out the ear  
thermometer,  
and fitted it  
with a new  
hygiene cover.



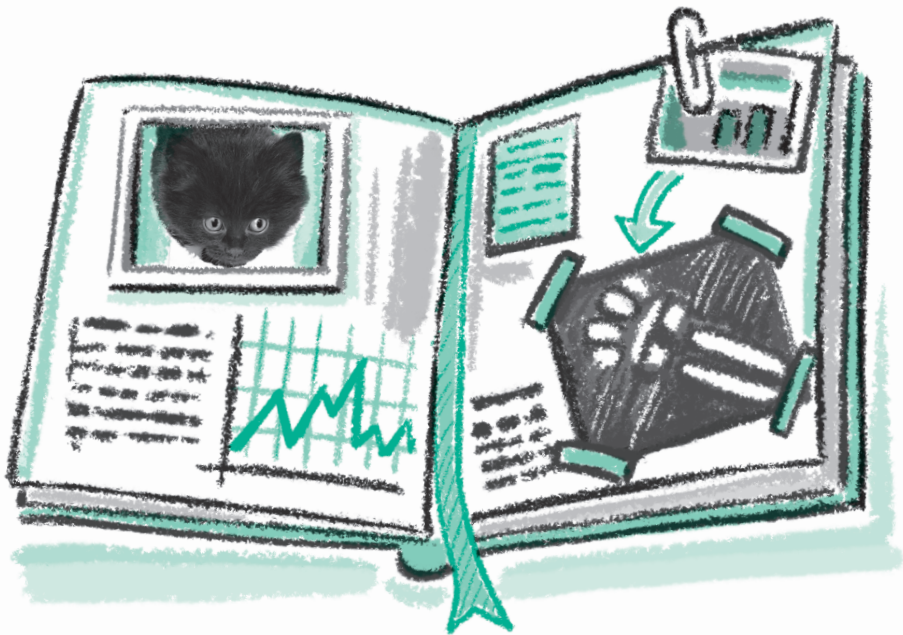
He handed it to Dr. KittyCat and watched as she gently inserted it into Daisy's ear and waited for the *beep, beep, beep*.

Dr. KittyCat removed the thermometer and showed Peanut the reading.

"That's slightly above normal for a kitten," he squeaked. He threw away the hygiene cover and returned the ear thermometer to Dr. KittyCat's bag. Then he opened Dr. KittyCat's *Furry First-aid Book* and wrote down Daisy's temperature in it.

"Now, Daisy," Dr. KittyCat meowed, "let me take a closer look at your paws."





“I’ll find the surgical head lamp . . .”  
said Peanut, rummaging through a chest  
of drawers. “Got it!”

He handed Dr. KittyCat what  
looked like a little light on a headband.  
Dr. KittyCat put it on and clicked on  
the bright light. “You *are* a good kitten,”

she told Daisy as she examined each tiny paw in turn.

“I can see some small spots, Daisy,” Dr. KittyCat meowed gently. “They’re very faint at the moment, but they will get bigger, I’m afraid. You definitely have pawpox.”

Daisy hung her head.

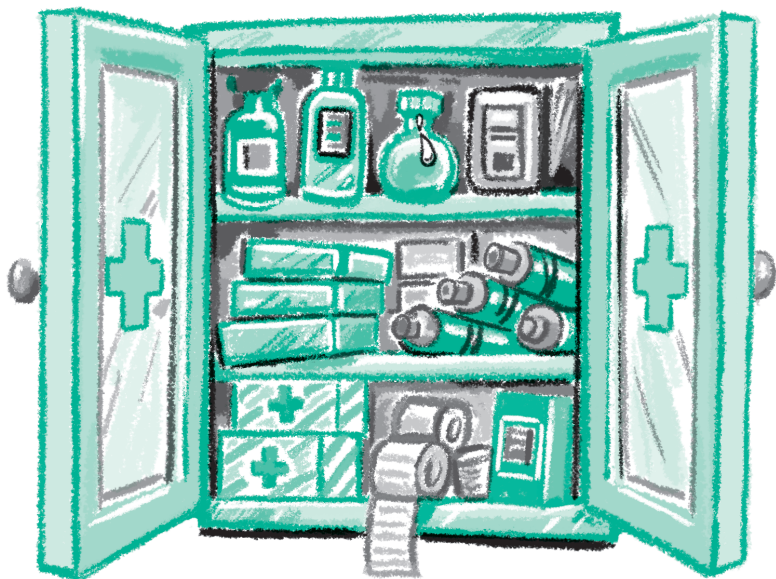
“Pawpox isn’t a serious disease,” Dr. KittyCat purred comfortingly. She handed Peanut the head lamp to put away. “But the spots will get itchy as they get bigger, and they may blister. Try not to scratch them.”

“I remember how hard that is!” Peanut squeaked.



Dr. KittyCat reached up a paw and took a tube from the supply closet.

“This cooling gel will help soothe the itch,” she told Daisy. “Go home and rest, and drink plenty of water. Pawpox doesn’t make you feel sick for long,” she reassured the little kitten. “You’ll soon feel better, and you’ll never catch it again.”





“You’ve been a very good patient,” Peanut said as he opened the door for Daisy to go out. “I think you’ve earned one of our special reward stickers.” He handed her a round sticker that said: “I was a purr-fect patient for Dr. KittyCat!”



Daisy’s eyes sparkled. “I feel a bit better already,” she purred.

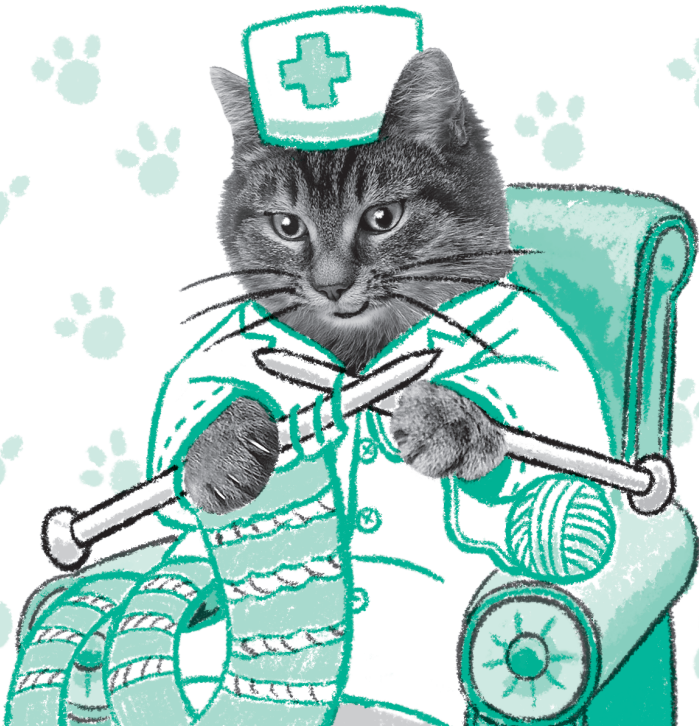


It had been an extremely busy morning.

“How many cases of pawpox did I treat?” Dr. KittyCat asked Peanut.

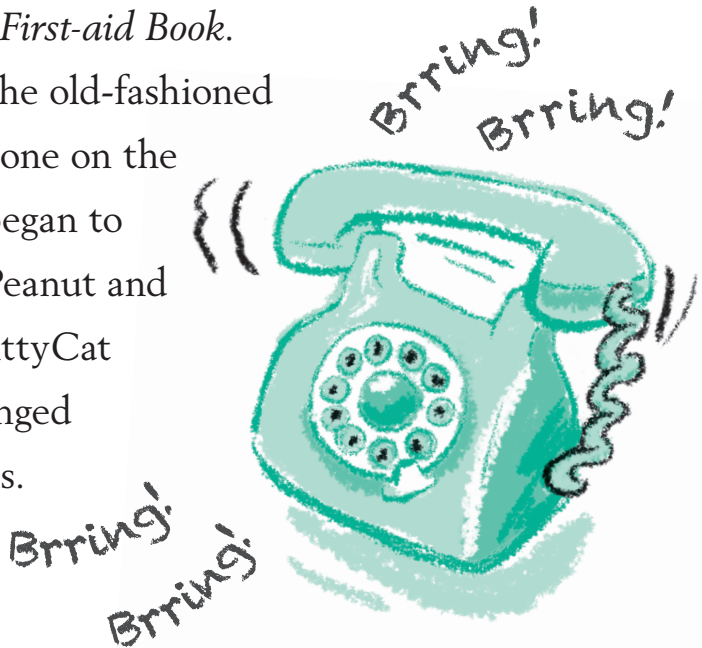
Peanut checked his notes.  
“Fourteen!” he squeaked.

Dr. KittyCat washed her paws and settled down in a chair with a sigh. She took a ball of yarn out of her flowery doctor’s bag and began to click-clack away with her knitting needles.



Peanut glanced up nervously from his desk. *Oh dear*, he thought, *that's a mouse-sized scarf . . . I hope it's not for me*. Peanut wasn't always very keen on Dr. KittyCat's hand-knitted things! His tail twitched as he took out his pencil and began to write up his notes in the *Furry First-aid Book*.

The old-fashioned telephone on the desk began to ring. Peanut and Dr. KittyCat exchanged glances.





*It could be an emergency,* Peanut thought as he grabbed the handset.

“Dr. KittyCat’s clinic,” he said. “How can we help you?” He listened for a moment, then put his paw over the mouthpiece.

“It’s Pumpkin,” he told Dr. KittyCat. “He’s heard about the outbreak of pawpox and wants to know if we are going ahead with the camping trip later today.” Peanut glanced down at his notebook. “Daisy; Posy, the puppy; and Fennel, the fox cub, all have pawpox, and Sage, the owlet, has clawpox.” He sighed. “So they can’t come. Do you think we should cancel it?”

Dr. KittyCat gazed thoughtfully out of the window. “Pumpkin, the hamster; Nutmeg, the guinea pig; and Clover, the bunny, are fine,” she purred, “and the sun’s shining. It would be a shame to cancel . . .”

“The camping trip’s on!” Peanut squeaked into the phone’s mouthpiece. “Tell the others to meet us outside the clinic. See you soon.” He could hear Pumpkin squealing excitedly at the other end of the phone. Peanut smiled as he replaced the handset. The phone’s curly cord wrapped itself around his furry little body.

“Eek!” he squeaked.





Dr. KittyCat put down her knitting and untangled him.

“Before we go, I need to check the medical supplies,” she said, opening her

flowery doctor’s bag. “Scissors, syringe, medicines,



ointments, instant cold packs,  
paw-cleansing gel,  
and wipes,” she  
murmured.

“Stethoscope,  
thermometer,  
tweezers, bandages,  
gauze, reward  
stickers . . . and I think we  
should take the surgical head lamp and  
magnifying glass, too.”



Peanut took them out of the drawer.  
“We’ll be miles away from the clinic,” he  
squeaked. “We should take  
some cooling gel in case  
someone comes down



with pawpox!” He scrambled up into the supply closet, grabbed a box, and dropped it into Dr. KittyCat’s bag.



Dr. KittyCat squeezed her knitting into the top of the bag and clicked it shut.

“It’s best to be prepared for anything,” she meowed. “We should always be ready to rescue!”

