

UGLY CAT

& Pablo 

AND THE MISSING BROTHER

Isabel
Quintero

With illustrations by

Tom Knight

SCHOLASTIC INC.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Copyright © 2018 by Isabel Quintero

Illustrations copyright © 2018 by Tom Knight

This book is being published simultaneously in hardcover by Scholastic Press.

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC, SCHOLASTIC PRESS, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available

ISBN 978-0-545-94095-5

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

18 19 20 21 22

Printed in the U.S.A. 23

First printing 2018

Book design by Nina Goffi



CHAPTER ONE

O Tamarindo, Where Art Thou?

It was a rainy afternoon in the Mariposa Valley neighborhood. The gray clouds had rolled in early that morning, and lightning and thunder had been booming for the better part of the day, when Pablo arrived at Ugly Cat's house wearing a makeshift raincoat and rain boots.

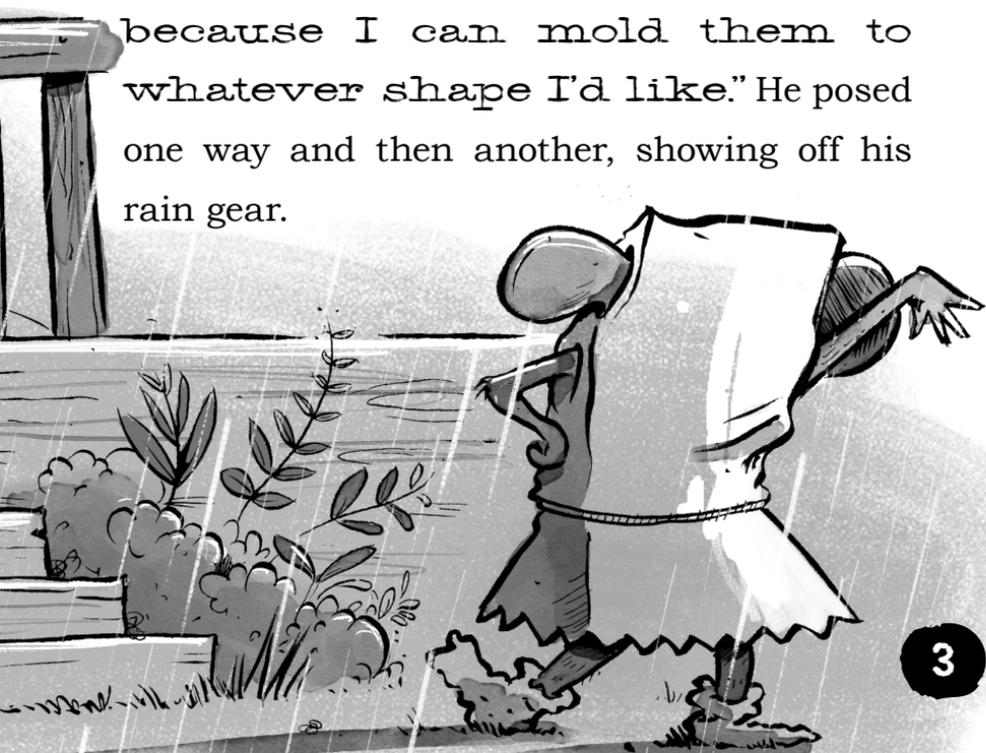


He'd picked up an old lunch bag and fashioned it around his body for a raincoat, making a tiny opening for his face but covering his favorite hat. On his feet he wore something shiny and metallic and red. Red foil gum wrappers. He had used the wrappers to mold little rain boots around his feet! When he arrived at Ugly Cat's house, Ugly burst out laughing.



"HA-HA-HA!" Ugly Cat laughed. **"WHAT ARE YOU WEARING, PABLO? WHY DO YOU HAVE ON SUCH A RIDICULOUS OUTFIT?"**

"Ridiculous? RIDICULOUS? Humph! This, mi querido Feo, is my rain-repellant abrigo. Obviously," said Pablo. "This old lunch bag protects me, my hat, and my vest from the rain. And these gum wrappers make perfect rain boots because I can mold them to whatever shape I'd like." He posed one way and then another, showing off his rain gear.



As he spun around, his head disappeared into the bag, and when he popped back out, he was chewing on something.

"WHAT ARE YOU EATING, PABLO?" Ugly Cat looked confused.

"Jus a bi o samich," answered Pablo with his mouth full.

"WHAT?" asked Ugly, looking a little disgusted.

Pablo swallowed. "Just a bit of sandwich. See, Ugly, the good thing about using an old sandwich bag for a raincoat is that there is sure to be some leftover sandwich in there. Delicious."

Ugly Cat sighed and shook his head. **"YOU KNOW THAT'S A PAPER BAG, RIGHT? WATER AND PAPER DON'T MIX, PABLO."**

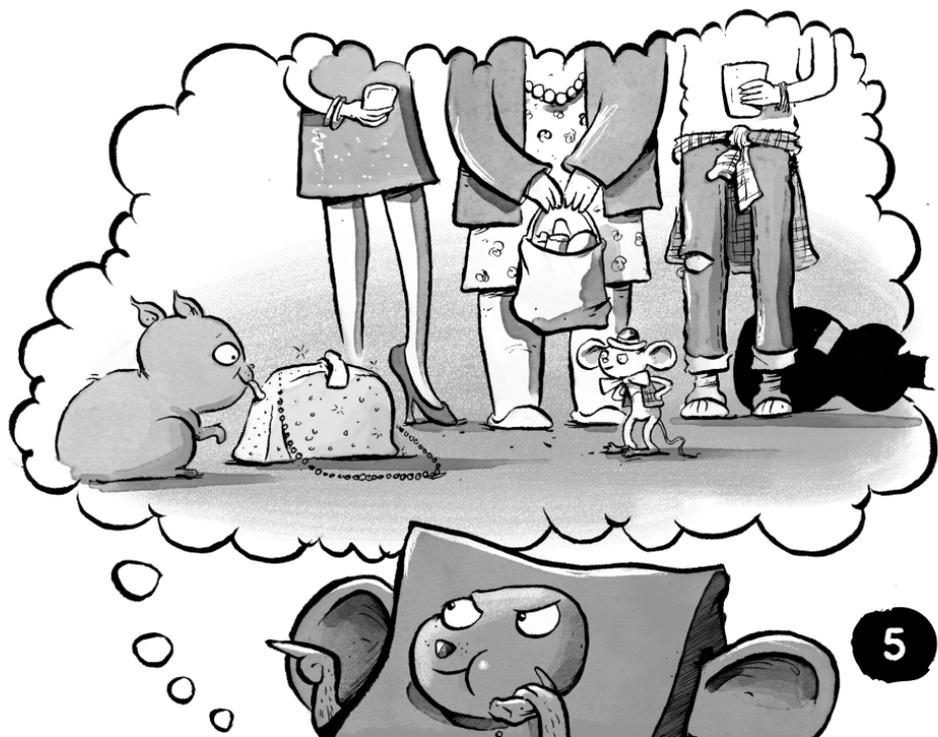
"Ay. Tu no sabes nada, Feo! And don't shake your head at me," said Pablo. "The cat who likes

to lick sparkly things does not get to shake his head at the mouse who is eating an old sandwich."

"I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PABLITO, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. WHAT KIND OF SANDWICH WAS IT ANYWAY?" Ugly Cat quickly changed the subject.

"Peanut butter and jelly," said Pablo.

"MMMM, SOUNDS DELICIOUS."



"It was," said Pablo, licking some leftover peanut butter off his whiskers. "What are you doing on this porch on such a rainy day, Feo? I thought we were going to lie by the fireplace and listen to some sweet jams by Juan Gabriel, like your human Lily's parents usually put on when it's raining?"

"THAT WAS THE PLAN, BUT LILY AND HER PARENTS LEFT FOR THE MOVIES. BESIDES, I GOT TO THINKING THAT I HADN'T SEEN MY BROTHER TAMARINDO FOR A WHILE. LIKE, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME HE CAME BY?"

Pablo and Ugly Cat tried to remember the last time they'd seen Tamarindo.

"Was it when we thought we found another dimension but it turned out just to be your

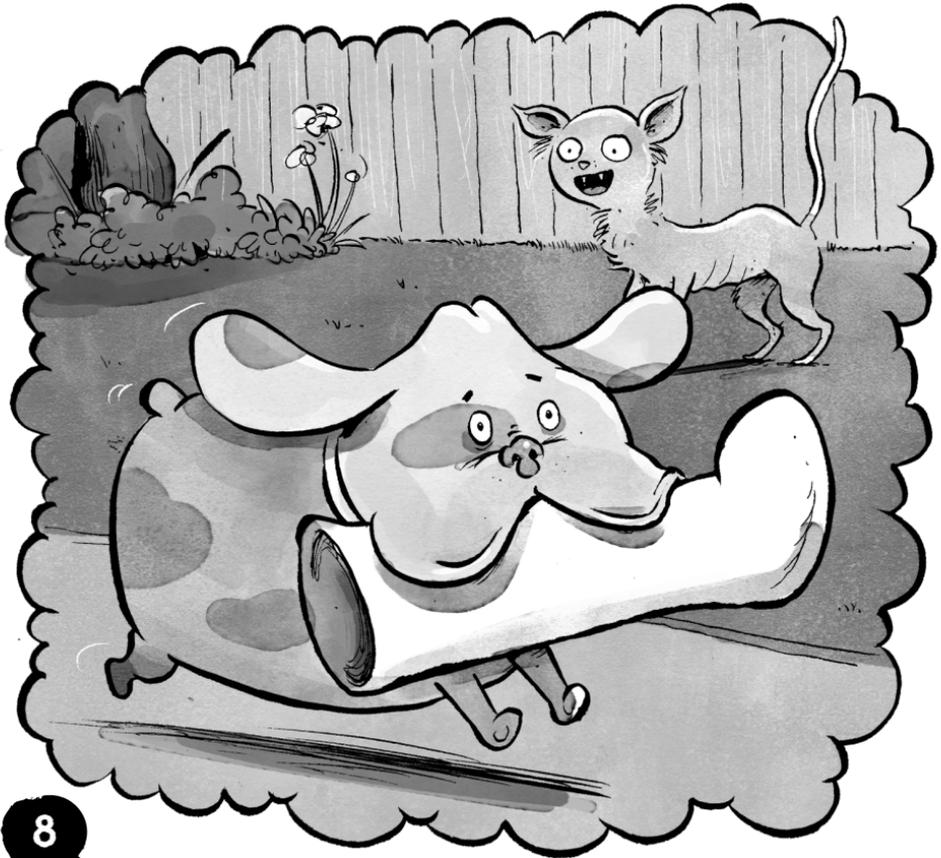
neighbor Marcos's smoky basement with all the glow-in-the-dark stickers everywhere? Wasn't Tamarindo there for that?"

"NO. THAT WAS PUNKIN. 'MEMBER?"
Ugly Cat said. **"HE GOT ALL SCARED WHEN MARCOS CAME IN TO LIGHT ANOTHER CANDLE. MAN, IT SMELLED LIKE CHRISTMAS TREES IN THERE. IT WAS AWESOME."**



"Oh yeah. Punkin—that cat is hilarious. Maybe it was when Big Mike found that huge thing that he thought was a piece of dinosaur bone, but it turned out to be Little Jimmy's leg cast that he'd misplaced?"

"PABLO, THAT WAS PUNKIN AGAIN."



"Oh yeah. Hm. Man, Ugly, I can't remember the last time I saw your brother. It's been at least a couple weeks," said Pablo.

"WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET UP YESTERDAY SO HE COULD SHOW ME THE BEST HOUSE FOR ALBÓNDIGAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP," said Ugly Cat, pacing and flicking his tail anxiously.

"Are you worried?" asked Pablo.

"NO, WHY WOULD I BE? HE'S PROBABLY BUSY," answered Ugly Cat. But Pablo got him thinking. Where *was* his hermanito? Was he okay? Ugly Cat had never gone more than a few days without seeing his brother. Suddenly, he was very worried.

"NOW I AM WORRIED. WHERE IS HE? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO NOT LET ME KNOW WHERE HE IS FOR SUCH A LONG TIME. OH MY GOUDA, PABLO. OH MY GOOD GOUDA." Ugly Cat's eyes widened.