

# Milo on the Town

by RV Staff Writer J.C.

Milo was a friendly cat. He liked to go exploring in the town where he lived. Along the way, people would smile and say, "There goes Milo!" Sometimes they would stop and scratch him under the chin.

Milo liked to visit the school. He would stand by the doors, waiting for someone to let him in. The school seemed like a wonderful place. Soon enough, one of the students let the cat inside. Milo walked the hallway, sniffing the air. All he could smell were the sneakers of hundreds of stinky kids. It made his nose itch and his whiskers twitch.

"What is this?" shouted a teacher, when she saw Milo inside. "Cats are not allowed in school!"

The children giggled, but the teacher was firm. Milo had to go. She scooped him up and took him outside again. Poor Milo. He walked away.

Milo liked to visit the library. He would stand by the doors, waiting for someone to let him in. The library seemed like a wonderful place. Soon enough, one of the visitors let the cat inside. Milo walked through the library, sniffing the air. All he could smell were the dusty books lining the stacks. It made his nose itch and his whiskers twitch.

"What is this?" whispered a librarian, when she saw Milo inside. "Cats are not allowed in libraries!"

The visitors smiled, but the librarian was firm. Milo had to go. She scooped him up and took him outside again. Poor Milo. He walked away.

Milo liked to visit the bakery. He would stand by the doors, waiting for someone to let him in. The bakery seemed like a wonderful place. Soon enough, one of the customers let the cat inside. Milo walked through the bakery, sniffing the air. All he could smell were the strange ingredients and strong spices on the shelves. It made his nose itch and his whiskers twitch.

"What is this?" yelled a baker, when he saw Milo inside. "Cats are not allowed in bakeries!"

The customers laughed, but the baker was firm. Milo had to go. He scooped him up and took him outside again. Poor Milo. He walked away.

Milo was tired of being turned away. He decided to go home. He walked up to his front door, waiting for someone to let him in. Soon enough, his owner let the cat inside.

"There you are, Milo! Welcome home," she said happily.

Milo walked through his house, sniffing the air. He could smell all his favorite smells: his comfy

cushion, his bowl filled with cat food, and best of all, his family. His nose did not itch. His whiskers did not twitch.

He purred loudly.

His owner picked him up and gave him a cuddle. "Come and sit with me, Milo. I'm having a tuna sandwich and reading my book. I'll share it with you and read you a story." She scratched him under his chin, exactly the way he liked it. Home was the most wonderful place of all.

**Questions**

1. Name the places Milo went to visit in town.
  
2. What does *ingredients* mean here: "All he could smell were the strange ingredients and strong spices"?
  
3. Why do you think Milo's nose itched and whiskers twitched?
  
4. Why did the cat decide home was the most wonderful place?