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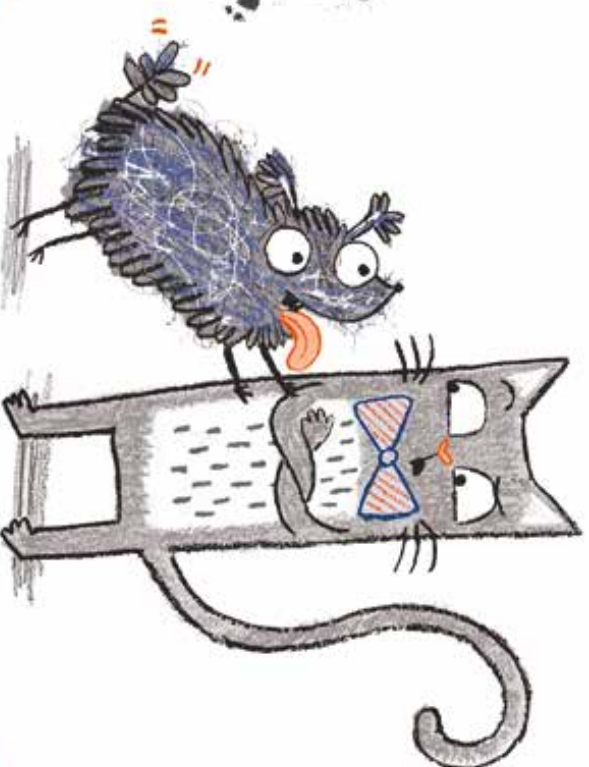
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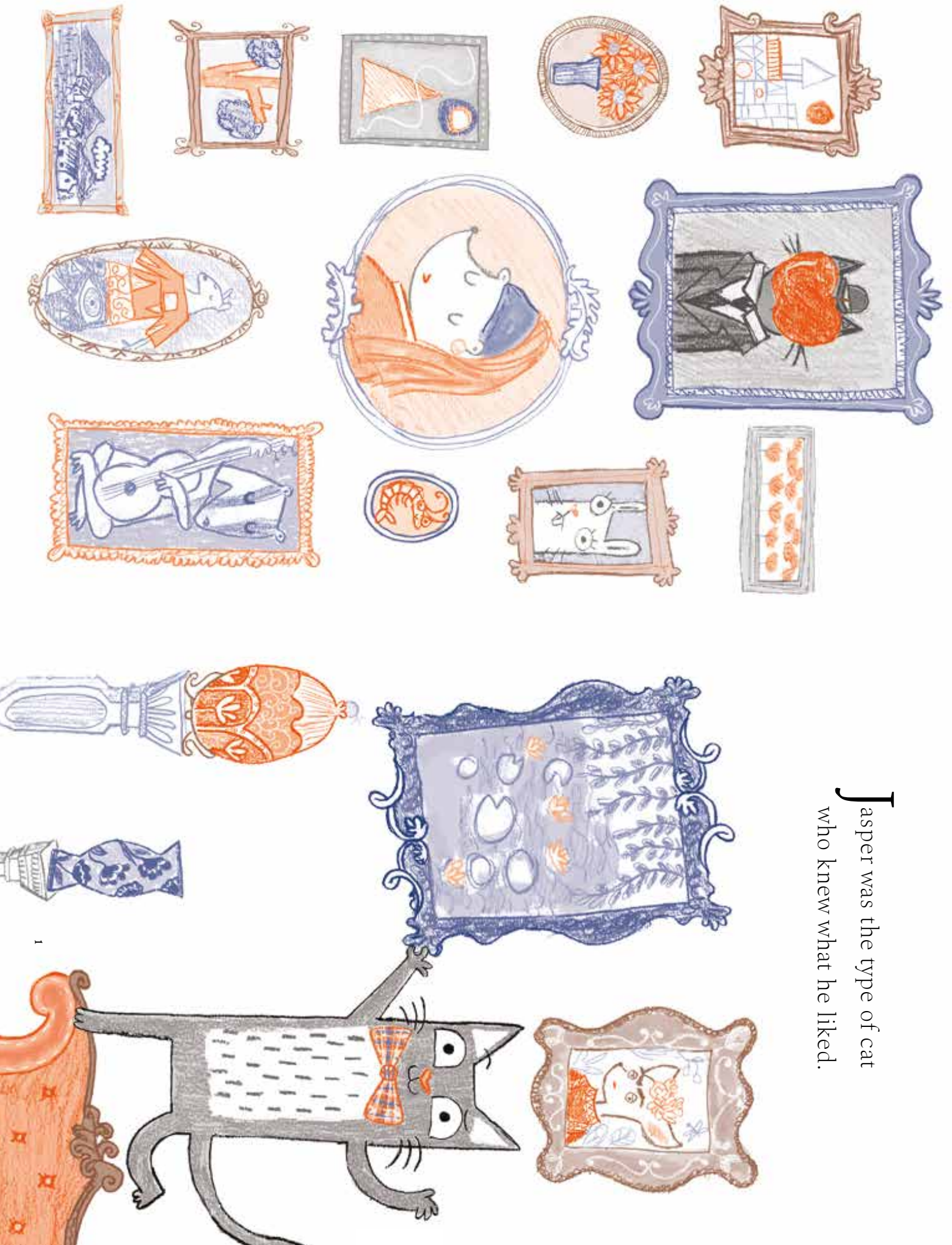
Nicola Colton

# JASPER & SCRUFF



**Stripes**

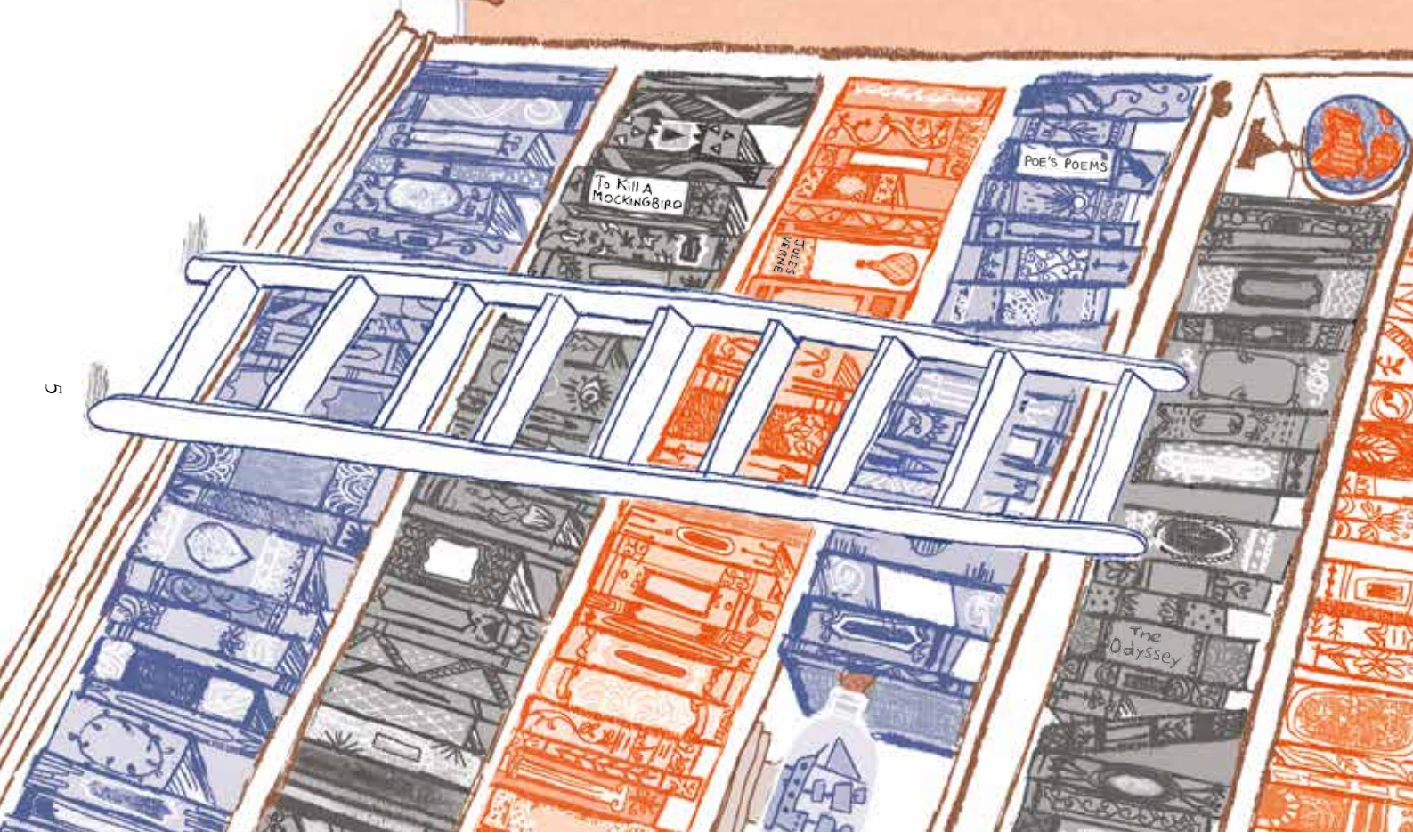
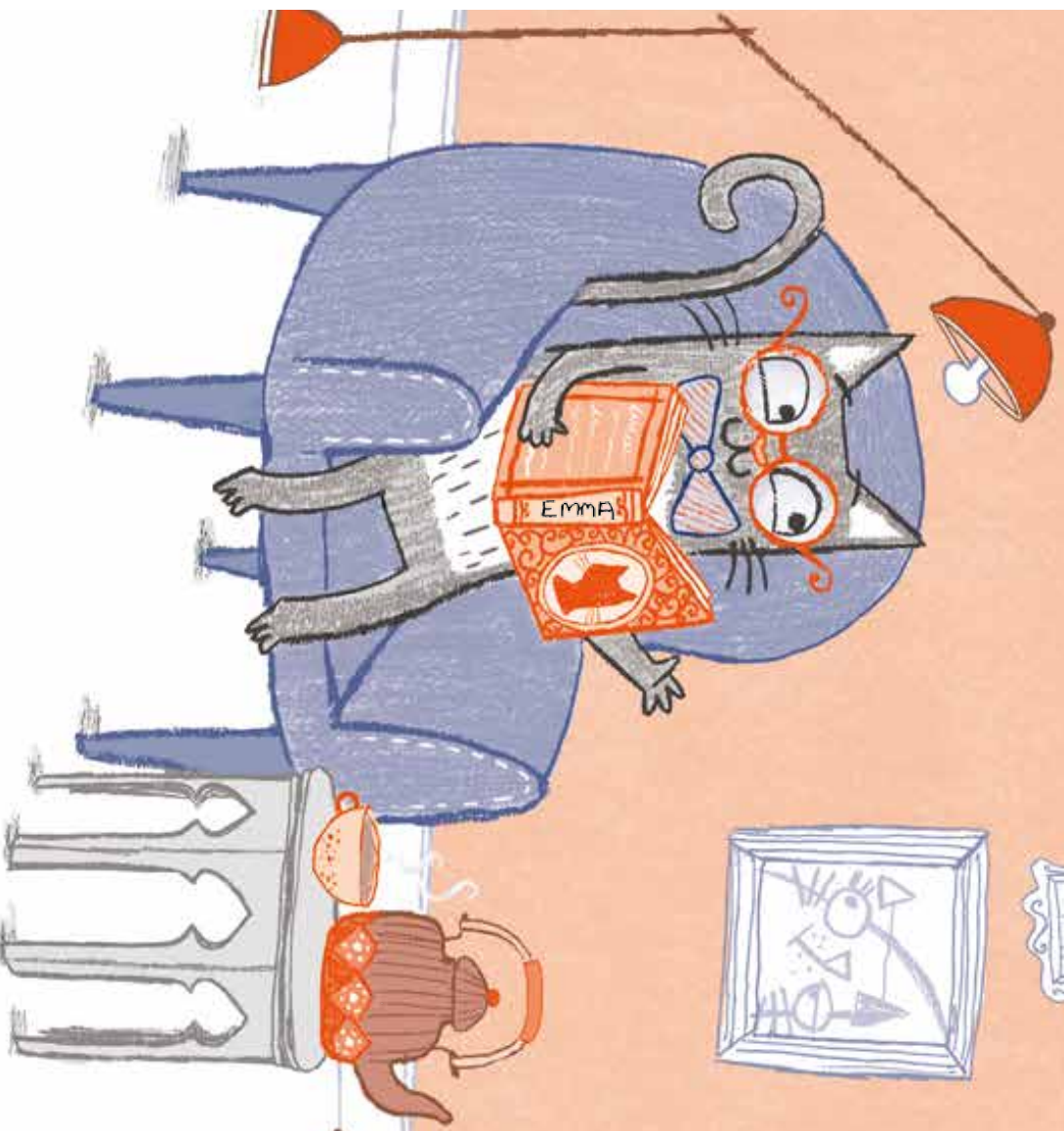
Jasper was the type of cat who knew what he liked.



He liked living on the top floor of a grand apartment building, which was so fancy it even had a doorman.



He liked having a large bookcase full of impressive books, which he had arranged by colour.



He liked his wardrobe, which contained bow ties in every pattern imaginable.



But there was one thing that Jasper did not have – the *right* friends. More than anything he wanted to be a member of

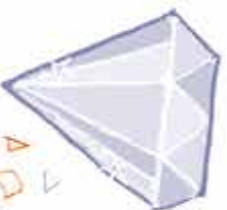


Members received tickets to all the snazziest events, dined in the swankiest restaurants and attended the glitziest parties.



the society for exceptional felines.

# The Sophisticats,



Only the finest felines were invited to join and Jasper had a plan to get in...



1. INVITE THE SOPHISTICATS TO DINNER

2. IMPRESS THEM

3. BECOME A MEMBER



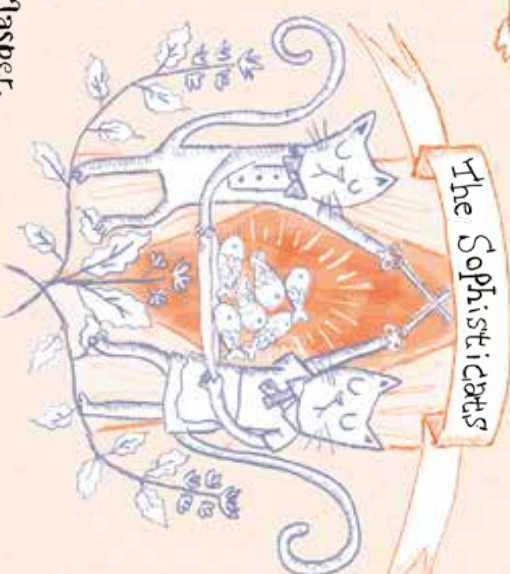
Jasper waited ... and waited for  
The Sophisticats to reply to his  
invitation.



He was ironing his bow tie one  
morning when something sharp hit  
him on the back of the head.

Floating to the ground was a  
handsome envelope with his name  
printed on it in brilliant gold.

He picked it up and carefully opened it.



Dear Jasper,

The Sophisticats have accepted your dinner party invitation.

We shall be gracing you with our presence on Saturday,  
at 7pm sharp. We expect only the finest dining and top-notch  
entertainment. Everything must be absolutely purrfect  
if you wish to become a member of our rather exclusive club.

Cattiest regards,

The Sophisticats



Jasper checked his diary. “But that’s only two days away!” he panicked. With no time to waste, Jasper set to work...

He polished the silverware until it gleamed. He dusted his art collection. He fetched all the recipe books from his bookcase. He wrote a shopping list. He even had a bath.





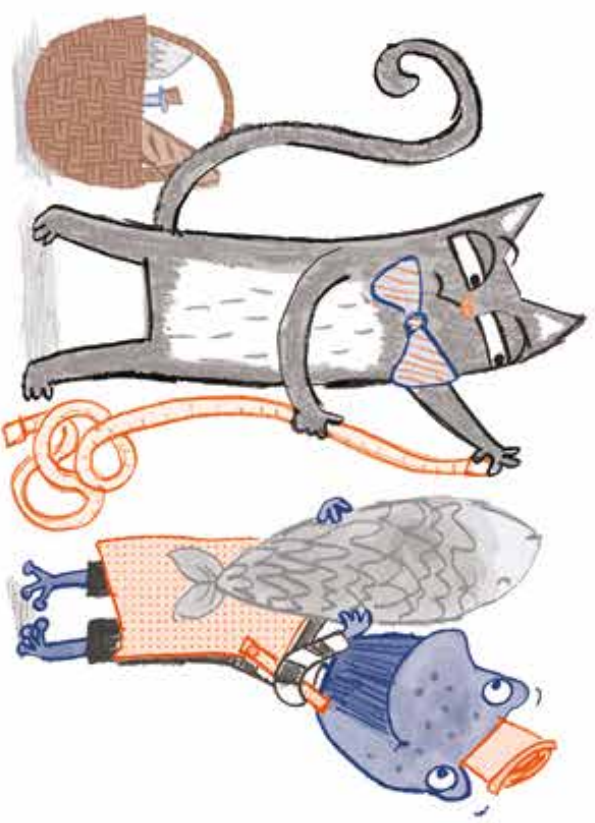
The morning of the dinner party arrived. Picking up his shopping basket, Jasper headed off to Snootington High Street.



At the deli, Jasper counted  
the holes in the cheese.

“No, this will not do at all.  
Poke more holes in this gouda,”  
he told the shopkeeper.

“And I’ll also have a wedge of your  
stinkiest, bluest, tangiest Stilton.”



In the fishmongers he measured the fish.

He listened to the bread rise at the bakery.

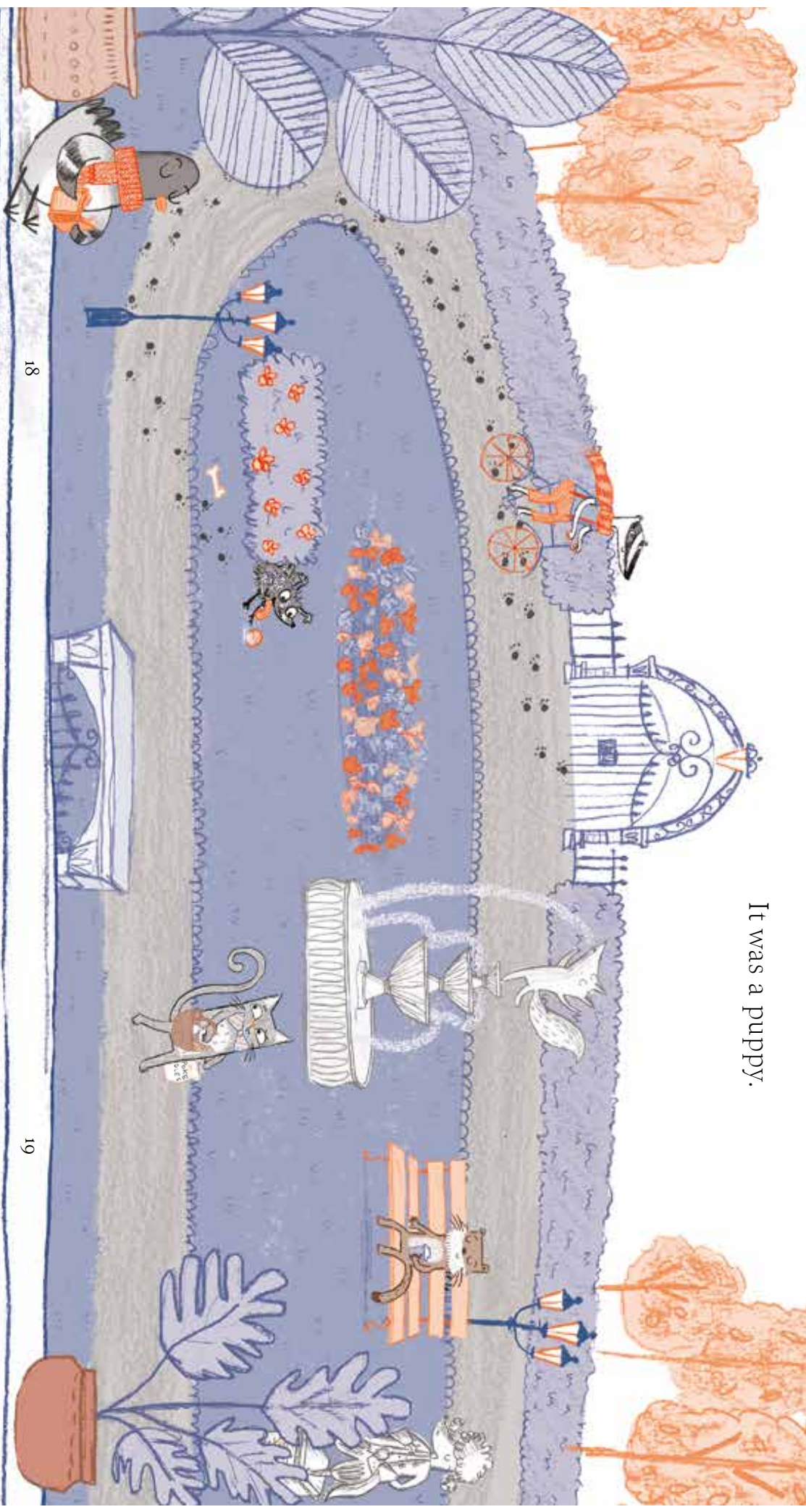
He walked around sniffing, poking and  
squeezing things in the Food Emporium  
before putting them in his basket.

Only the best would do.

On his way home, he took a shortcut through the park. Suddenly, he heard a peculiar noise behind him. A sort of panting sound...

He turned round. There on the path, staring up at him, was something he did not like one bit.

It was a puppy.



Jasper shuddered. Dogs were bad enough, but puppies... They were the opposite of everything he liked – noisy, unruly and worst of all, messy. He could not stand them!



The puppy tilted his head and gave Jasper a hopeful look. Then he leaped into Jasper's arms and gave him a BIG, SLOPPY LICK.



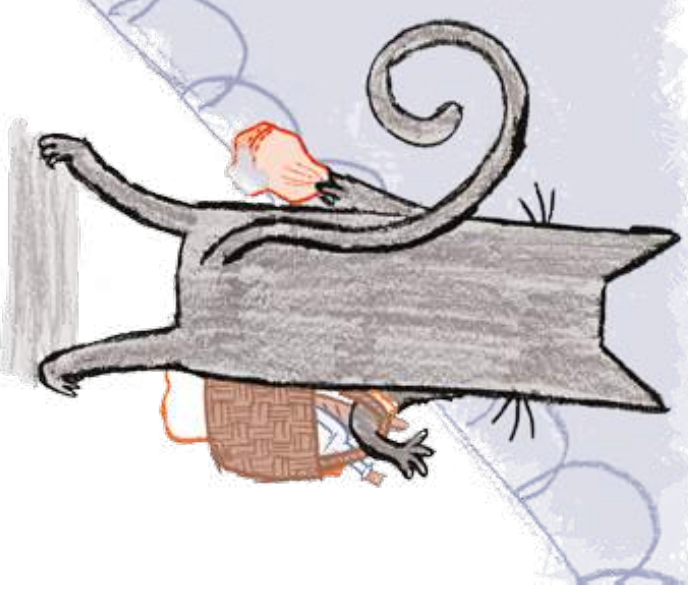
“Get off me!” Jasper cried,  
putting down his bags and wiping  
the drool from his face  
with a silk hanky.

“Hello! I’m Scruff,” the puppy yapped,  
wagging his tail excitedly.

“What’s your name?”



“Not interested,” said Jasper.  
He picked up his bags  
and started to walk away.



Scruff followed.

