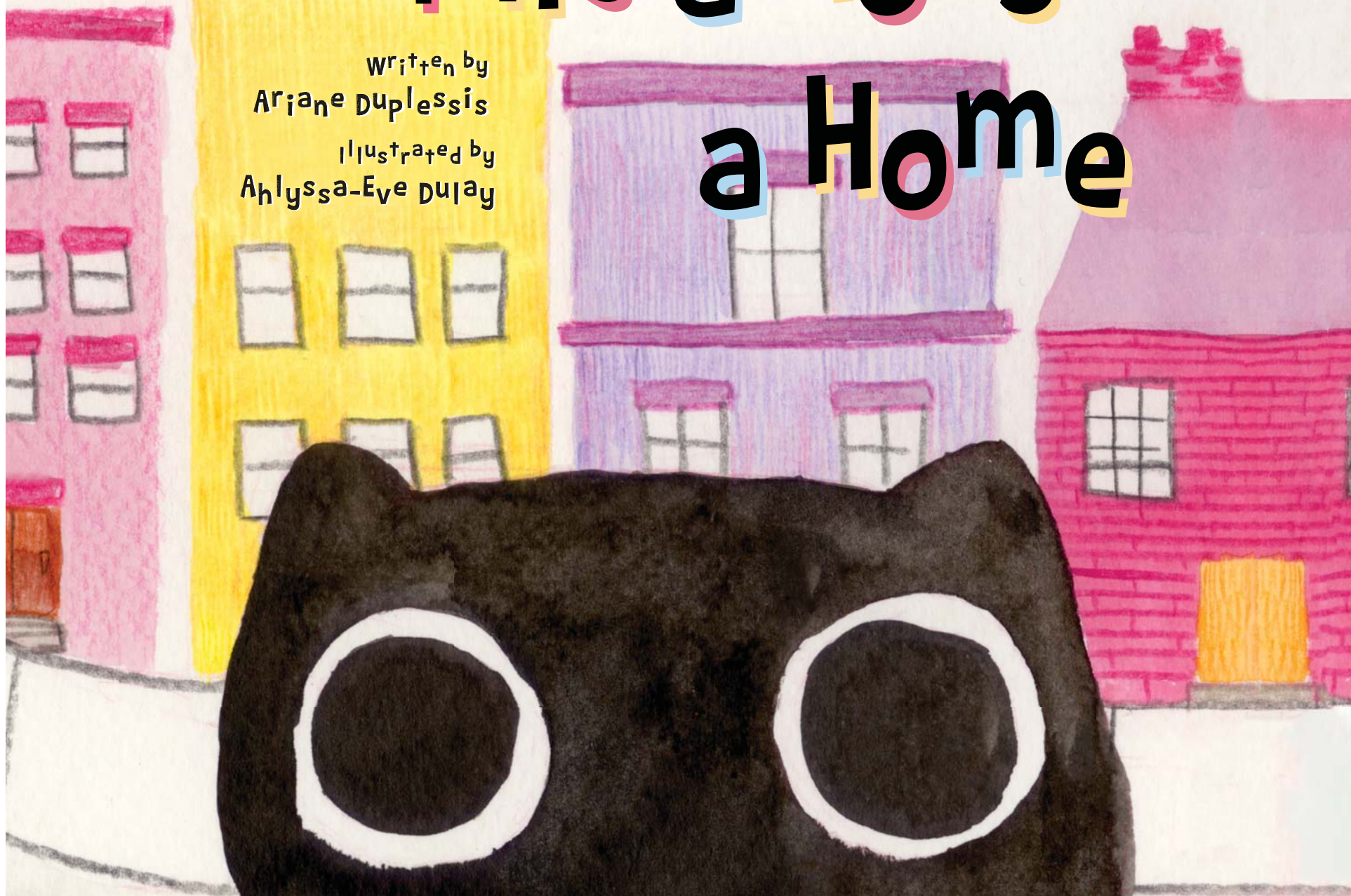


Calling a House

Written by
Ariane Duplessis

Illustrated by
Ahllyssa-Eve DuJay

a Home



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First Printed Edition: February 2020

To the fat grey cat that walks around my
neighborhood at night, I love you.
You too Mom and Dad.

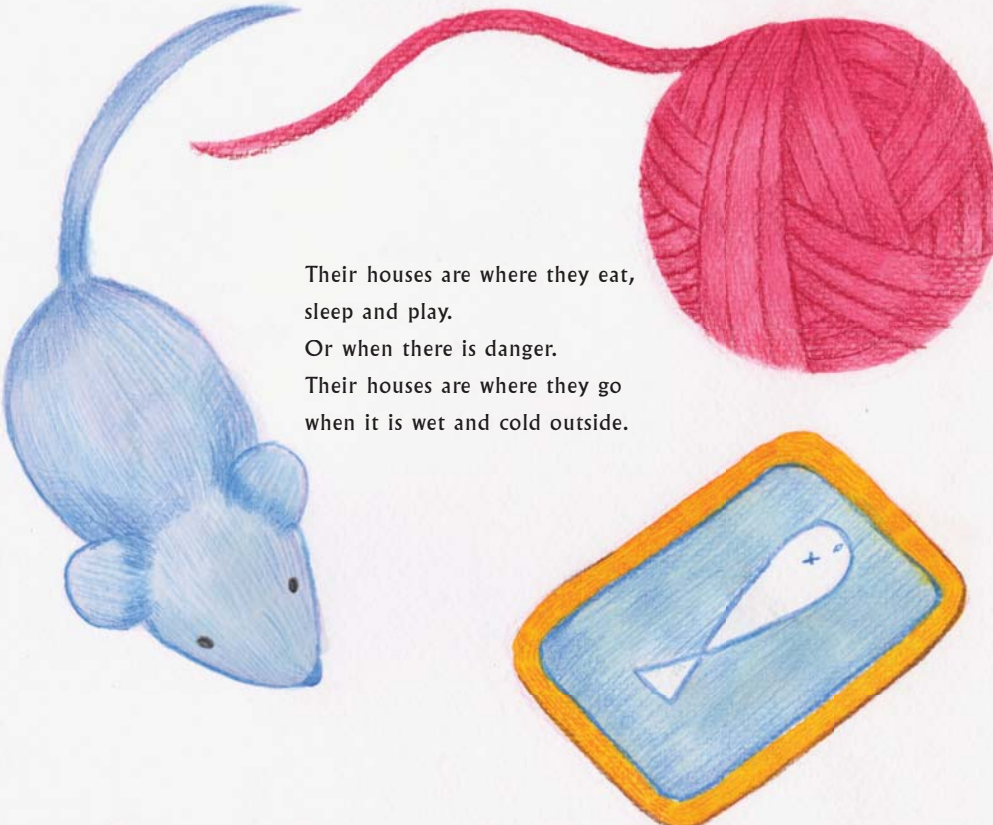
-Ahlyssa



My fellow feline friends all have houses.

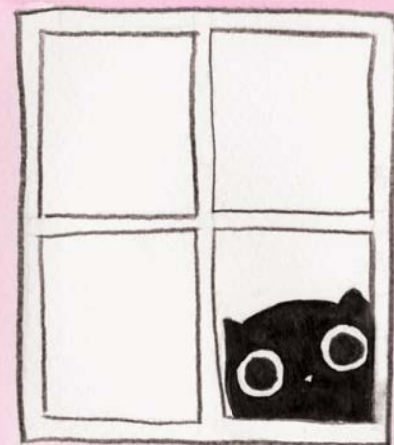


Their houses are not purr-fect.
No house is.
But their houses are all theirs.

A blue mouse is drawn on the left side of the page. To its right is a large ball of red yarn. Below the yarn is a rectangular object with a yellow border and a blue interior, containing a white fish-shaped object with a small cross on its back.

Their houses are where they eat,
sleep and play.
Or when there is danger.
Their houses are where they go
when it is wet and cold outside.

Sometimes, I peek in the window at what
their houses look like inside and I wonder
what it is like to have a house.



My friend Maggie lives in a castle with lots of food and toys!
She never wants to share her toys with me or other cats!

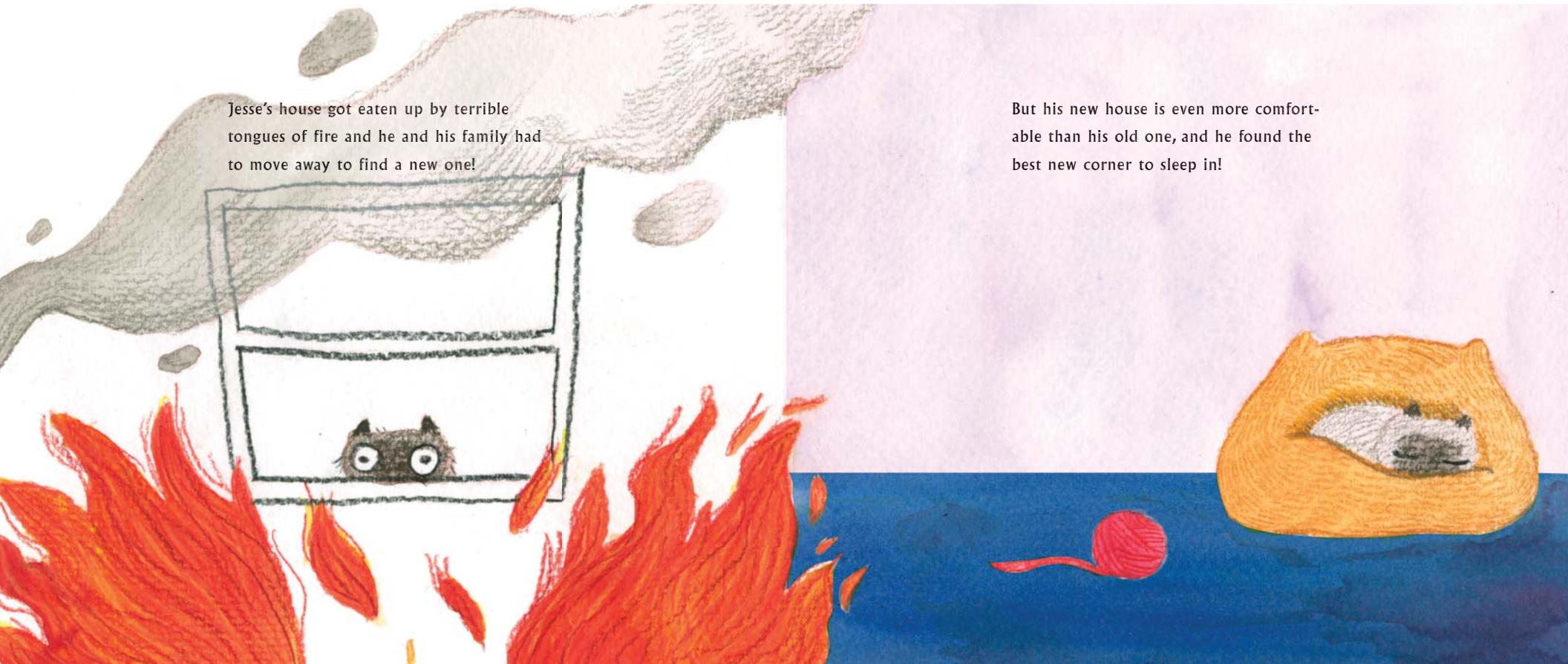


Jasmine's house has cracks on the floor and the curtains
are fraying but she is the luckiest cat of all! She can reach
all the mouse holes!



Jesse's house got eaten up by terrible
tongues of fire and he and his family had
to move away to find a new one!

But his new house is even more comfort-
able than his old one, and he found the
best new corner to sleep in!



My friend Jamie does not have a house either
but he has an owner.

Jamie sleeps on the sidewalk with him, curled comfortably
around his neck. So, I guess the sidewalk is Jamie's house.



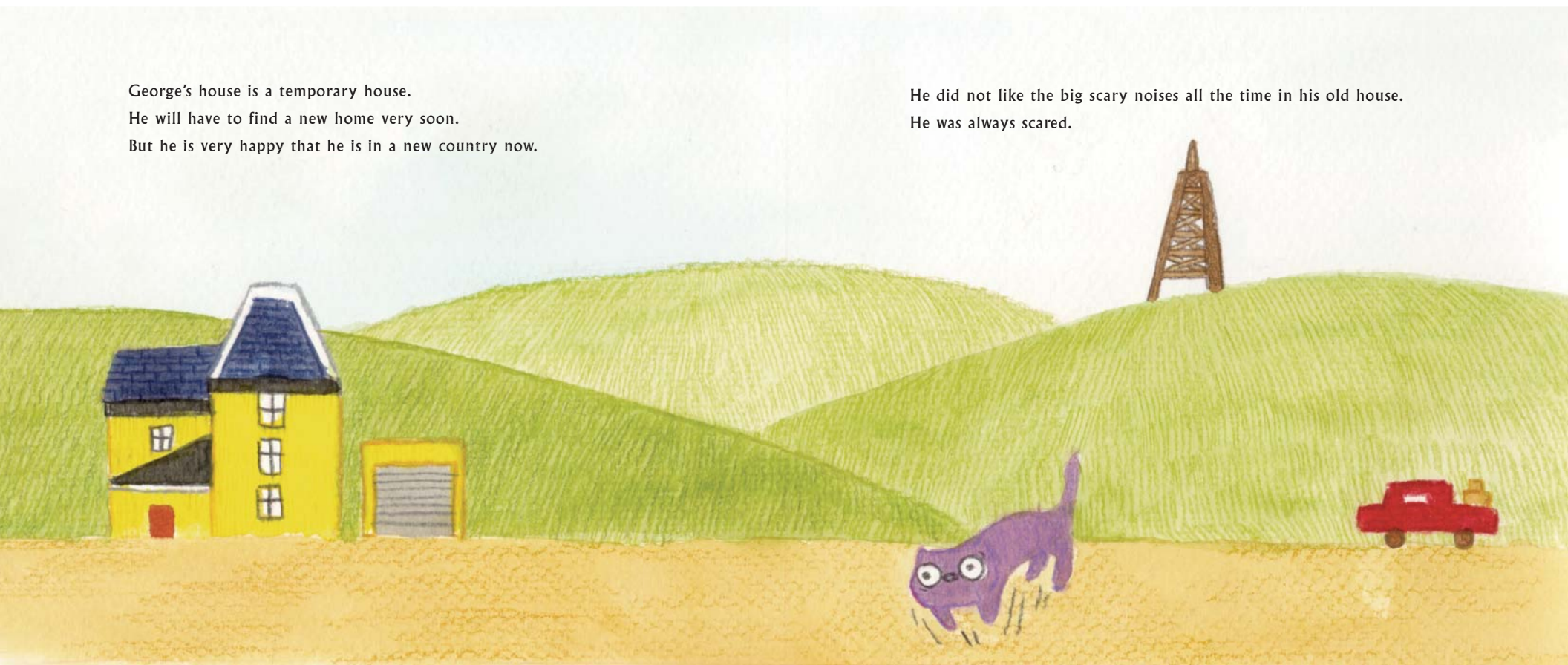
Mikey keeps changing where he lives so often that when I visit
him, I always show up at the wrong address.

But life for Mikey is never boring! He always has new things to
discover and explore and he always has his owner there to protect
him!



George's house is a temporary house.
He will have to find a new home very soon.
But he is very happy that he is in a new country now.

He did not like the big scary noises all the time in his old house.
He was always scared.



I wonder if I will ever find a
house to call a home...



No matter if your house is big or small,
clean or messy,
purr-rfect or not so purr-fect . . .
Even if it doesn't have the best toys



A house is called a home when you have
a family there that cares about you.
A family brought me to their house one time.



and their house has been my home ever since.







Kat wishes for a house to call home.

But will this cat ever find one?

All of her friends have a home, so why doesn't she?

What even makes a house a home?

Will Kat ever find a home?