His name is Jafar, Very Jafar. He has the ability to speak to cats, but no one else knows about it. Jafar likes to spend his time with the neighborhood cats solving mysteries out of his mom’s minivan. Others think he’s crazy, but he loves the danger and mystery of using cats to help him solve his cases. Whether it’s the local jewelry store or your grandmother being robbed, Jafar will be there to solve the crime that happened and help to catch the criminal.

He walked briskly through the cold town of Pleasantville, gazing at the dark sky filled with unpleasant weather. As he rolled on, he noticed fewer and fewer people walking downtown and restaurants swiftly closing shop. Sweat began to fall down his neck. He knew something wasn’t right. Jafar knew most of the shops would close around 10 PM, yet his clock rang 8:46 PM. Suddenly, a shadow swiftly darted from the corner of his eye. He took a quick turn into the nearby alley. With a sigh of relief, he saw a fellow feline prancing around a garbage can looking for food.

“What are you doing here you pretty little thing”, asked Jafar, “It’s a bit cold out, you should be with your family”. The young kitten responds, “I would, but the shadow is nearby and I felt a tingle in my skin when it walked by”. Jafar exclaims, “You saw it too? So I’m not crazy after all”. The feline replies, “Well, you are talking to an animal”. Jafar digs an oatmeal cookie out of his pocket and leaves it on the ground for the kitten, who scurries away soon afterwards.

He continues his walk, slowly pacing his steps to focus his attention on any unusual sounds. All of a sudden, a faint scream runs through the block and Jafar sees some garbage cans tossed into the black pavement. He moves quickly, knowing someone needs his help. Within seconds, he finds a woman in a bright red dress dead in a nearby alley. In the distance, he sees him. A black silhouette of a tall figure with a hat and a trench coat piercing through the night. Jafar knows he can’t waste time on the dead body and rushes in the direction of the figure. The silhouette darts through the alleys, jumping fences and begins to