

NOT
THE OK PET SITTERS

Too Many Pets



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Meet Oscar, Kate, and Madam Moody

Oscar and Kate love animals. Oscar is 12, and Kate is 10. Madam Moody is their cat. It's summer, and Oscar and Kate want to have fun—and make money. So they start a pet-sitting company. After all, what could go wrong?

Madam Moody thinks plenty could go wrong. She loves her humans, but they aren't perfect! Still, maybe the pet sitting will work. Madam Moody will be watching!

CHAPTER 1

Gus

Oscar and Kate sat on their porch. Madam Moody was in Kate's lap. Oscar was playing chess on his phone.

Gus Oliver came stumbling toward them. He had two poodles on leashes. They were very hairy and puffy.

One poodle pulled Gus to the left. The other pulled him to the right. *Look at those puffy beasts!* Madam said. *Is the boy walking them? Or are they walking him?*

"Don't look now," Kate said quietly. "You-know-who is coming."

Oscar looked up.

"I said not to look," Kate whispered.

Oscar groaned.

"Hey, Oscar!" Gus said.

Oscar and Gus had known each other since third grade. They always acted as if they were friends. But Oscar knew it was fake. Gus was always trying to one-up Oscar.

In fourth grade, Oscar started playing chess. Then Gus started a chess *club*. In fifth grade, Oscar wrote an essay on gray whales. Then Gus wrote about *killer* whales. In sixth grade, Oscar started a class newspaper. Then Gus started a class *podcast*.

It went on and on.

“Hey, Gus,” Oscar grumbled.

“I didn’t know you had dogs,” Kate said.

Hello, puffy head, Madam said to one poodle.

Hello, puffy paws, she said to the other.

Hello, cat, one poodle said.

Hello, rude cat, the other poodle said.

“These aren’t my dogs,” Gus said. “I’m pet sitting.”

Oscar blinked. "Pet sitting?"

"That's right!" Gus said. "I started a pet-sitting company this summer. It's called GO Pets, after my name. The 'G' is for Gus. The 'O' is for Oliver."

Madam perked up an ear. *Uh-oh*, she said.

Oscar and Kate stared at Gus. They didn't know what to say. They had also started a pet-sitting company for the summer. It was called OK Pets. The "O" was for Oscar. The "K" was for Kate.

"You're joking," Oscar said.

"Nope," Gus said, grinning. The dogs tugged on their leashes.

Oscar shook his head. It was happening again.

"Kate and I have a pet-sitting company, too. It's called OK Pets," Oscar said.

"No way!" Gus said. "How about that? Great minds think alike. Right, Oscar?"

Kate crossed her arms. "Gus, you *must* have known about OK Pets."

"I didn't!" Gus shrugged.

"You copied us!" Kate said.

Get him, girl! Madam said.

Gus took a step back. "Wow, Kate! That's a big claim. It sounds like you're calling me a liar."

"What if I am?" Kate said.

"Oscar, tell your sister to calm down," Gus said.

Nope, nope, nope, Madam said.

Kate yelled, "I will not calm—"

"Oscar cut her off. "Gus, tell the truth. You didn't know we started a pet-sitting company? You really didn't know it was called OK Pets?"

"I didn't!" Gus said. "Really! I came up with GO Pets totally on my own."

Please, Madam said. *That's like me saying I'm a puffy poodle.*

Oscar shook his head.

"It's kind of crazy that we both had the same idea," Gus said. "But it's cool. There's room in this town for GO Pets and OK Pets, right?"

The cat is giving me a dirty look, one poodle said.

The cat is giving me a dirty look, the other poodle said.

The poodles tugged on their leashes again.

"Time for us to move on," Gus said, lurching forward.

He pumped his fist in the air. "I've got this!"

It doesn't look like he does, Madam said.

Kate rolled her eyes.

The poodles pulled Gus down the street. Oscar watched. He was speechless.

"Gus is the worst!" Kate hissed. "What are we going to do? He'll try to take our customers. I just know it!"



***“Time for us to move on,”
Gus said, lurching forward.***

Oscar's face was red. When had he last been this mad? He couldn't remember.

"We're just going to have to up our game," Oscar said. "We need as many jobs as we can get. We can't let Gus ruin us!"

Madam slid off Kate's lap. *Oh, little humans,* she said. *I have a feeling this will not end well.*

CHAPTER 2

A Plan

A holiday weekend was coming up. Families were going away. They needed pet sitters. OK Pets had been getting a lot of calls.

Oscar came into the kitchen. Kate and their mom, Sara, were eating breakfast. "Mrs. Sato wants us to watch Buzz," he said.

"Is Buzz a bird?" Sara asked.

"A fish," Oscar said.

Madam jumped on the table. *Fish? Yum,* she said.

She swished her tail. Sara's napkin flew onto the floor.

Sara put it back on the table. Madam swished it again. It flew to the floor again.

"Madam, please," Sara said. She gently shoved Madam's bottom. Madam stayed put.

“Oscar, I don’t think we should pet-sit for Mrs. Sato,” Kate said. “We have so many jobs this weekend.”

She started to count them out.

“We have to say yes!” Oscar said. His voice rose. “If we don’t, guess who she’ll call next? GO Pets!”

“Easy, tiger,” Kate said. “I do not want Gus to watch Buzz. But we’re already watching too many pets this weekend. How are we going to do it all?”

“Do you need help?” Sara asked.

Oscar shook his head. “No.”

He turned to Kate. He was gritting his teeth. “We. Must. Watch. Buzz.”

Sara sighed. “Oscar, Kate’s right. You—”

Oscar cut Sara off. “Mom! You don’t understand!”

Uh-oh, Madam said. Human mothers do not like to be cut off.

“Oscar, you cut me off,” Sara said sternly.
“That was rude.”

Oscar closed his eyes. Meanwhile, Kate ran into her room. She came back with a small whiteboard. She waved it around proudly.

My human girl loves her whiteboard,
Madam said.

“Let’s make a list,” Kate said cheerfully.
“We’re watching Hallie and Hope.” Kate drew two guinea pigs.

“And Storm and Whisper.” Kate drew two cats.

“And Queen Cupcake.” Kate drew a dog.

“That *is* a lot of pets,” Sara said.

“And Buzz!” Oscar said.

Kate and Sara frowned at Oscar.

“Write Buzz!” he said. “Draw the fish.”

Don’t do it, Madam said.

Kate sighed. Then slowly she drew a fish.

Sara crossed her arms. “People like OK



*“Let’s make a list,” Kate said cheerfully.
“We’re watching Hallie and Hope.”*

Pets because you do a good job. Can you do a good job with this many pets?"

"We're not going to do a *good* job this weekend," Oscar said. "We're going to do a *great* job." His glasses slid down his nose. He pushed them back up.

"I have a new app," he said. He waved his phone. "We'll use it to keep track of the pets. Everything will be super."

"Are you sure?" Sara asked.

Not so sure, Madam said.

"I'm *totally* sure," Oscar said.

Sara looked at Kate.

"I guess I'm sure," Kate said.

"Come on, Kate," Oscar said. "Let's make a plan using the app. We've got this!" Oscar pumped his fist in the air.

Now where have we seen that before? Madam said.

"Good luck, kids," Sara said with a shrug.