

I took up the chase, following him to the top of the racing locomotive—but I was too late. The foul-smelling Dr. Whiskers

**ESCAPED!**



And with him went the Queen's **SECRET MESSAGE!**

Maybe I should have been a church mouse. But hey, I'm a secret agent. It's a job and it pays the rent.

Anyhow, I had to get that letter back. So I headed down the other side of the tracks to a scratching post called

# LITTLE PERSIATOWN.



I went to see Big Tabby, the fat cat who runs Little Persiatown.  
“Where’s Dr. Whiskers?” I asked.  
“Why should I tell you, Fieldmouse?” questioned Big Tabby.

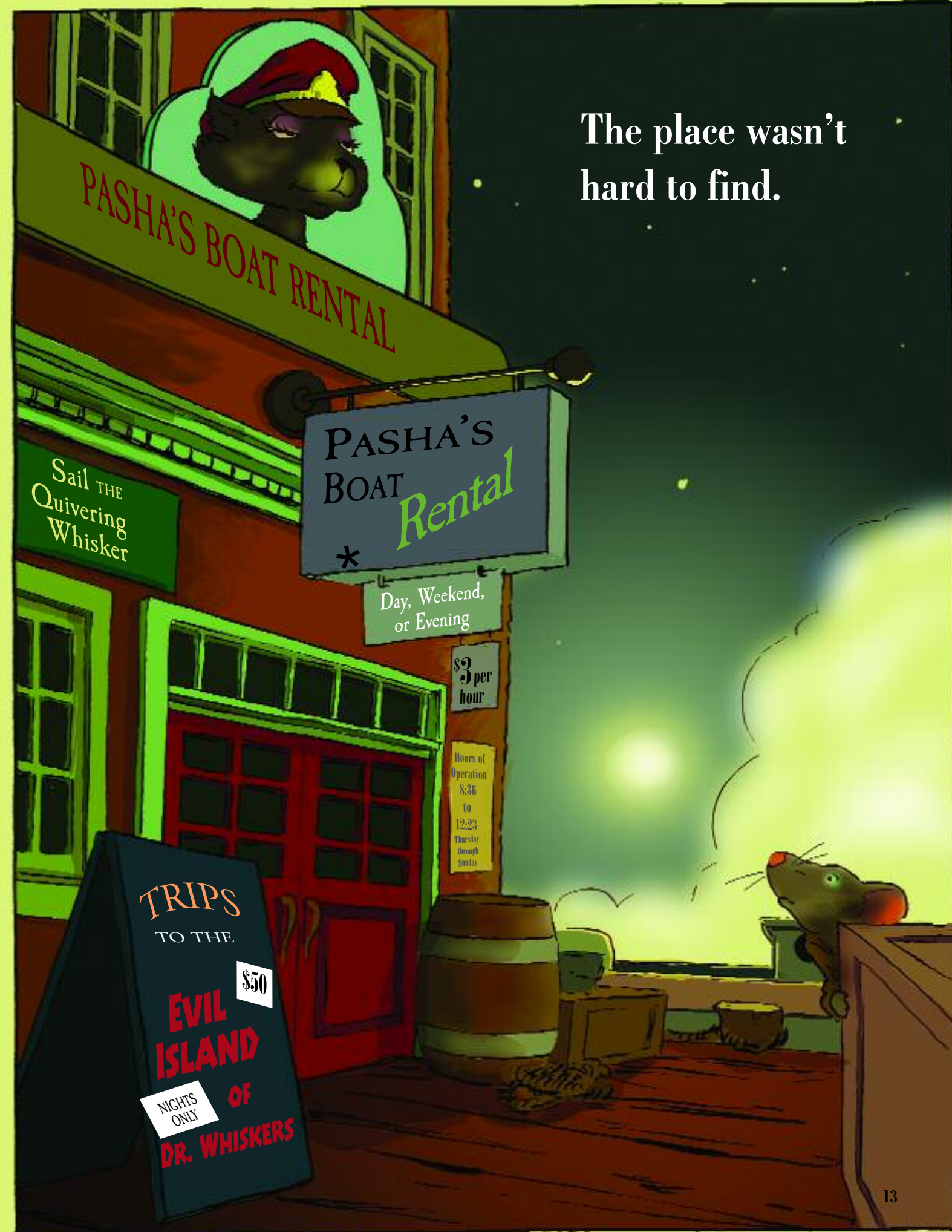


“Cause if you don’t, I’ll close down this illegal catnip operation of yours so fast it’ll make your tail spin.”

That got Big Tabby's tongue moving.

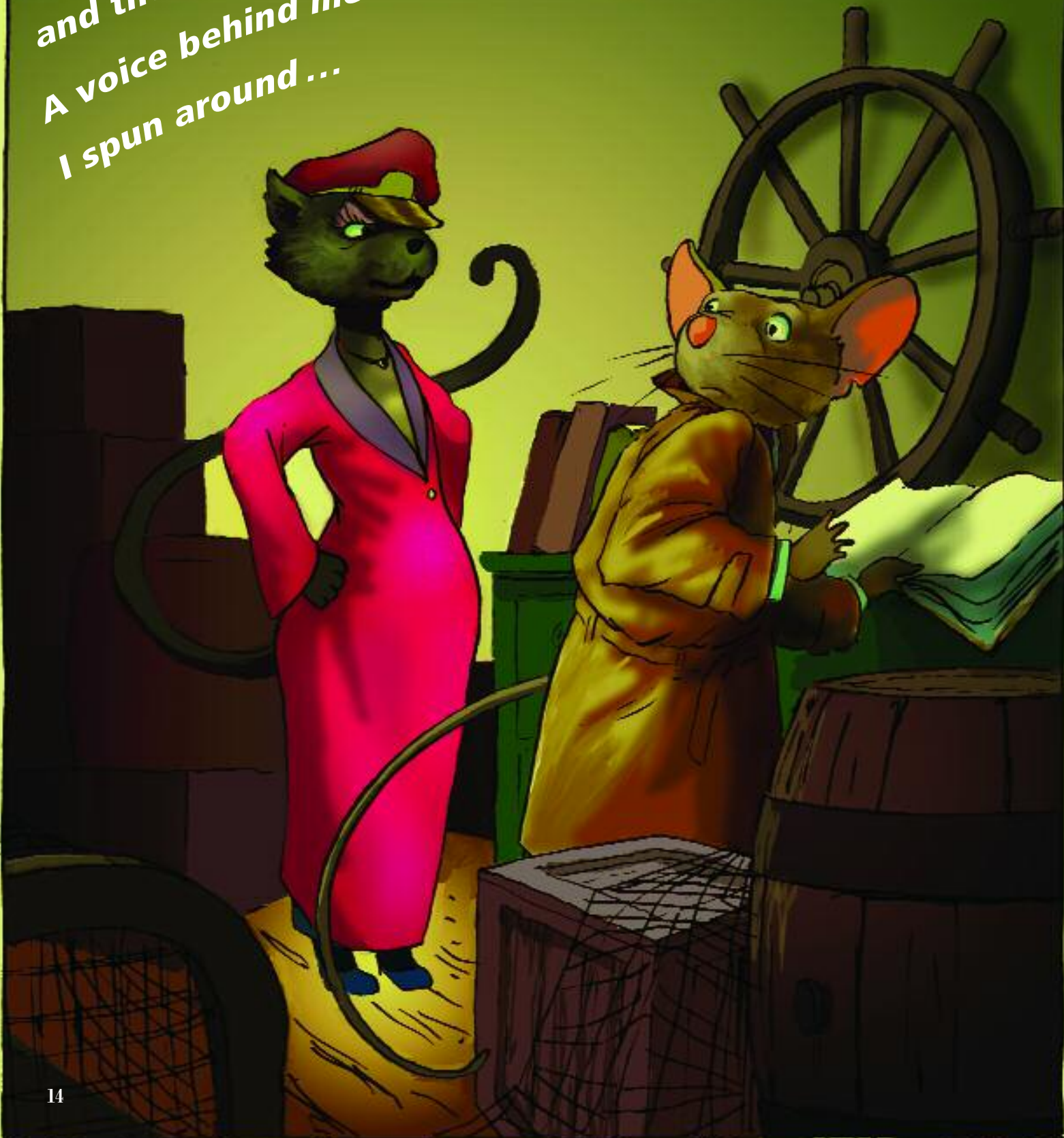
He told me so much about Dr. Whiskers's place that it felt like I was talking to some sort of evil travel agent. Anyhow, I headed down to the pier. I was looking for a Siamese cat named Pasha and her boat the

# *Quivering Whisker.*



The place wasn't hard to find.

I went into Pasha's shop. I nosed about for a while  
and then rang the bell for assistance.  
A voice behind me said, "May I help you?"  
I spun around ...



and there stood the most beautiful cat I had ever seen!

She must have thought I was okay too, 'cause she agreed to go to dinner with me that night. After the important stuff was out of the way, we talked about business.

"I need your boat to get to

**THE EVIL ISLAND  
OF DR. WHISKERS."**

"Are you sure you really want to go? I have taken many to that island, but I have never brought anyone back," Pasha purred.

"Thanks for the warning, but I've got a job to do."