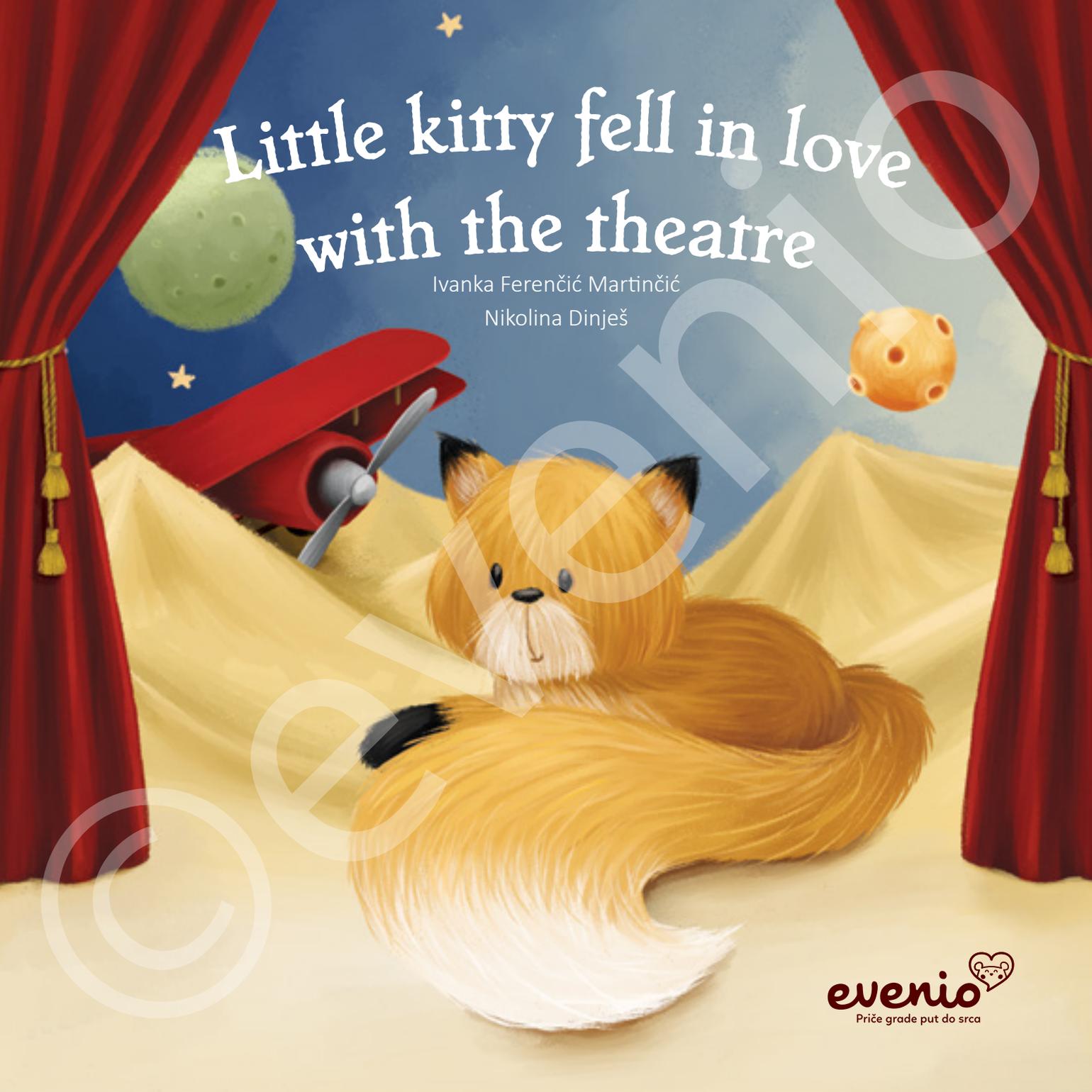


Little kitty fell in love with the theatre

Ivanka Ferenčič Martinčič

Nikolina Dinješ



© elevenio

© elevenio

Zašto se maca zaljubila u kazalište

Autorica teksta: **Ivanka Ferenčić Martinčić**

Naslovnica i ilustracije: **Nikolina Dinješ**

Nakladnik: **Evenio d.o.o.**

Urednica: **Jelena Kovačić**

Grafička priprema: **Nikolina Dinješ**

Lektorica: **Isidora Vujošević**

Tisak: **Denona d.o.o., Zagreb**

© **Evenio d.o.o.** Sva prava pridržana.

Ni jedan dio ove knjige ne smije se reproducirati ili prenositi u bilo kojem obliku, niti na koji način.
Zabranjeno je svako kopiranje i upotreba knjige bez pisanog odobrenja nositelja autorskih prava.

Varaždin, veljača 2023.

ISBN 978-953-8008-91-7

Više informacija o našim izdanjima: evenio.hr

Pratite nas na: [@Evenio.hr](https://www.facebook.com/Evenio.hr) (Facebook) i [@evenio.hr](https://www.instagram.com/evenio.hr) (Instagram)



Little kitty fell in love with the theatre



Ivanka Ferenčić Martinčić
Nikolina Dinješ





A plush kitty toy sat on the bed and waited for her little girl Emma to get ready for bed. The kitten was very good at that – waiting patiently. She often had to wait for Emma to return from kindergarten or her grandmother, from the park or training. But it was worth the wait because when it was time for bed, kitty had Emma all to herself and Emma had her toy all for herself. Kitty would then become a superhero, a magical fairy, or a brave knight to protect Emma from the only thing that scared her – the dark. Emma would hug kitty, wrap her natty tail around her neck like a scarf, and fall asleep dreaming fuzzy and soft dreams in which there was nothing in the dark except for the bright stars.

One morning, when Emma woke up, she didn't leave kitty on her pillow to wait for her. Instead, she put her in the backpack. After a little shaking, a lot of buzzing, and some more quaking, Emma opened the backpack and took the kitty out.

They were in a new and strange place.

Endless rows of red chairs stretched out in all directions. On the walls, lamps were shining like crystal balls. There were a lot of children taking their seats.

– Emma, how nice that you brought your plush cuddle toy to the theatre today – the teacher said and stroked Emma’s head.

As soon as all the children sat down, the lights went out and the noise stopped. The heavy, red curtains opened, and kitty saw something miraculous! A real fairy appeared on the stage in front of them! There was music, and dancing, and loud laughter. Just when the kitty realized that a story was coming to life in front of them, Emma started to hug her tighter and tighter. But this time kitty’s hug didn’t help. Emma was shaking and shivering with fear, and her face was wet with tears. Her teacher came and took her outside. But as they made their way through the rows of chairs and tried not to step on anyone’s feet, kitty fell and stayed on the floor in the dark.

The story ended, the lights came on, and all the children left, leaving the kitty alone on the theatre floor.





For a while, she just stared at the ceiling, which seemed even higher now that the light was on. Then finally someone lifted her up.

– Oh, what a shame – said the man who wore a pointy hat like some kind of wizard.
– Someone forgot their stuffed animal.

– They'll surely come back for it – replied another man who suddenly appeared in the auditorium.

– But maybe we can borrow her until they come back to pick her up? She's the right colour and her tail is just fabulous – said the actor-wizard, lifting the kitten into the air and carefully examining her from all sides.

– You're right, she could really help us. But I'm the stage manager, my job is to keep the show going, I have no time to turn kittens into foxes. It's best if we take her to the puppeteer so she can look at her.

Everything that kitty heard was very confusing, but now they carried her straight to the big stage where earlier the story had been taking place. They went through a passage to the back of the stage. There were all sorts of things there – boxes, ropes, a mountain of cardboard, little houses with only one wall, even a yellow sun on the floor, as if it had grown tired of hanging in the sky.