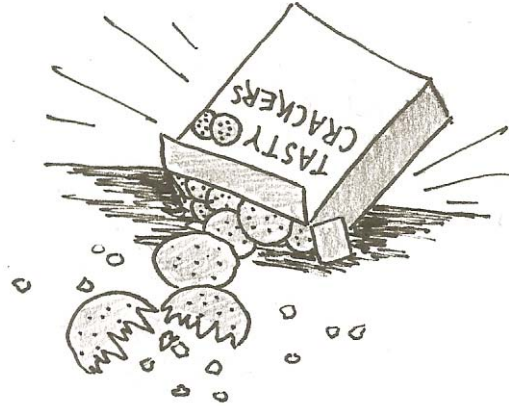


**CHAPTER ONE**  
**PURR'S FIRST PASSOVER?**



**K**aboom! A big box of crackers tumbled onto the kitchen floor, scattering crumbs in all directions.

“Oops,” giggled Purr. She sat down in the middle of the kitchen table and wagged her tail.

“Oh Purr, I just finished sweeping,” moaned Aaron, as he ran over with his broom and dustpan. “We have to clean the house and get rid of all the *hametz* before *Passover*.”

“Hametz? Sounds like a disease. I hope I don’t catch it,” Purr screeched.

“It’s not a disease. It’s food that gets puffier when you cook it. You can’t eat it on our Jewish holiday called Passover,” Aaron explained.

“What? You have a holiday where you only eat flat food? That’s the weirdest thing I ever heard,” Purr replied, rolling her eyes.

“We eat flat bread called matzah to remember that our ancestors didn’t have time for their bread to rise when they escaped from Egypt,” Aaron continued, ignoring her.

“Wanna join us for our Passover *seder* tonight? You can hear the whole amazing story,” Aaron suggested.

“Let’s see. You’re going to eat flat food, pass over cider, and tell a whole story?” Purr yawned. “I’d love to join you, Bub, but I think I have a play date with a dust ball.”