

❁ MEDIA KIT 2022 ❁



Wisdom House Books

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SYNOPSIS

KIT 'N KAT THE NOSE SHOWS

KAT (KATHERINE) AND HER ADOPTED DOG (KIT), SHORT FOR SCAREDY CAT - ARE JUST TRYING TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS IN THEIR STRANGE NEW TOWN. HER YOGA MOM AND NEW RIDICULOUS STEPFATHER MOVE THEM HERE AND SHE HATES IT. FOR FUN, KIT AND KAT TAKE NOSE OR SCENT CLASSES FOR SOMETHING TO DO. SURPRISINGLY KIT, WHO'S SHY AND AFRAID OF EVERYTHING, HAS AN EXCEPTIONAL TALENT.

A SUPER-POWERFUL SMELLER!

BOOK 2 OF THIS FUNNY AND EXCITING PET SERIES, ONCE AGAIN FINDS KIT AND KAT DIGGING UP TROUBLE BY DETECTING A LOST OBJECT, AND RESCUING A LOST DOG FROM DISASTER. HOWEVER, WHAT SHE AND KIT WANT TO SOLVE IS WHO COMMITTED THAT HORRIBLE MURDER IN THEIR CREEPY AND MYSTERIOUS HOUSE. KAT AND DOG ON IT!

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS



Linda Felton Steinbaum is an award-winning, produced, and published playwright. She is a member of the Alliance of Los Angeles Playwrights, the Dramatists Guild of New York, and the Writer's Guild of America. Aside from her plays being produced in her native California, her work has been performed nationally and can be found in over 50 libraries worldwide. She has a Masters degree from

the University of Southern California, is an avid dog lover, and supports local no-kill animal shelters. Over the years, she has taken several scent, or “nose” classes with shelter dogs as a way of training and socializing them. After raising (and house training) her children, Carly and Glenn, she now shares her home with her husband Bruce and their rescue yellow Labrador, Rex, who is the new Lab of her life. This is the second book in the Kit ‘n Kat adventure series.



Carly is an attorney and entrepreneur who loves dogs—especially big dogs—and new adventures. She received her undergraduate degree from the University of Pennsylvania and her Juris Doctorate from the University of Southern California. She was inspired to write this series with her mother after hearing about the scent class that her mother took with their beloved family dog, Biscuit. She loved

the idea of being able to entertain people with fun, modern, and educational stories. In her free time, Carly enjoys exploring new restaurants, traveling, and making ice cream with her husband Aaron. She is an aspiring dog owner.

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ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR



Dolo was born and raised in Buenos Aires, where she drew through most of school. As a teen she took an animation course where she discovered the basics of cartooning. Later, she got a Bachelor at the National University of Arts. After spending some time working in branding studios, she took the leap into illustration and comic making.

She's been working on books and comics since.



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PAGE EXCERPTS



CHAPTER 1

“I want a dang hot dog!” Mark bellowed from the kitchen. Obviously, that earthshaking voice woke me right up. Let me remind you, nothing Mark ever does is dainty. I wonder how my health food-fanatic, yoga-hippie Mom will respond to this outburst.

Silence. That’s how.

Really?

“With French fries and extra salt.” Mark continued at an earsplitting level. “Not those ridiculous kelp granules!”

Uh oh. He dissed kelp granules. That’s Mom’s favorite seasoning. She won’t let that pass.

“That’s it.” Her voice was raised. *Uh-oh*, I thought. “Now you’re making me as mad as a mule chewing on bumblebees!”


That’s one of my favorite southern Grandma’s phrases.

Mom slammed a drawer for dramatic effect. “Under threat of death, I will never have mystery animal meat in my household!”

Then, I swear, the house shook with a loud hee-hawing. No, a donkey did not just trot into the kitchen. That was Mark laughing. Then Mom started giggling too.

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I put the pillow over my head while Kit crawled deeper under my covers. Among hundreds of other things, Kit is scared by loud voices. He's still afraid of everything, actually. At the shelter, they called him Scaredy Kat or Kitty. When we adopted him, I kindly changed his name to Kit.

I don't like to hear arguing either, but I guess it's normal. I've come to think that disagreeing is a part of life. Looking back, I don't remember Mom ever arguing with Dad. But I suppose that's because he died when I was too young to remember much of anything. Sometimes though, when I'm lonely, I imagine that Dad is still here, and we still live in that nice little house in our old normal neighborhood. And I'm playing with Jack and Evie. Thank you, Mark, for marrying Mom and dragging us away to this unfriendly, weird town and creepy house with secrets. Matt next door said some kind of bad thing happened here, but he wasn't sure what. I asked Ella, my only almost-friend at school, about it but she said she didn't know much more than that.

Oh well, I'll find out soon.

As I try to close my eyes to get back to sleep, I hear clomp-clomp-clomp sounds coming up the stairs. Great, here comes Mark. And now there's a *bang-bang-bang* pounding on my bedroom door. Is that necessary? It's like the police beating on your front door in the middle of the night to arrest you.

Well, I think that what it would be like. I read detective novels, so I know about police beating on doors.

Without waiting for an invitation, Mark charged right in.

"I just wanted to say hi, honey. Are you enjoying your day off?"

I was. Until now.

I managed a smile. School was cancelled today. We got a message last night that a main pipe had burst under the gym



and the whole property was flooded.

“Yes, I was asleep until a few minutes ago,” I said softly while trying not to stare at the glob of toothpaste on his T-shirt.

“I’m sure I’ll have a nice day,” I managed to say.

“Sounds good, Kat,” he said and gave me a thumbs up.

He turned, closed the door, and proceeded to *clomp-clomp-clomp* back down the stairs. That’s Mark. But I must admit, I am liking him more than I used to. He’s the reason I have a dog, and he’s been very generous to me. But he’s still annoying.

A few moments later I hear lighter footsteps approaching. Yep, Mom is coming. This time, not even a knock as the door swung open.

“Good morning, Kat. How’s your blister?” She gave me a concerned look.

“It still hurts, Mom. But I think I’ll be all right.”

I got this big blister on my foot last weekend when Kit and I were searching for Matt’s brother Trevor in the woods. The rescue was a success, but we must have walked six million miles.

“Let me take a look,” Mom said as she pulled back the covers and sat on the bed.


I lifted my foot. And put it in her face.

“I don’t see it. Where’s the blister?” she asked, turning my foot over and over.

“Here,” I responded in a pained voice. I showed her a mark on one side.

Mom squinted her eyes to look at it. “Well, I think you’ll live.”

Very funny. To be honest, I’ve never had a really high pain



threshold. I wonder what I would do if someone was going to torture me for valuable information. I'd probably immediately sing like a canary.

"Come on, Katherine, it's time to get out of bed!" Mom announced sharply. "Hurry if you want me to make you breakfast."

On purpose, I didn't move.

"I'm sure Kit is starving," she added.

She might be right. I looked over at Kit, though he didn't really look malnourished. But I knew I needed to get up and take him out, at least. "Thanks, Mom. I'll get up soon. And I'll make myself breakfast, no problem."

"Okay, honey. I've gotta go. I didn't plan for you to be home today. I have some errands and an important meeting for my new business. Unfortunately, I may not be home until after lunch."

I thought, *Is that bad news?*

"I do hate to leave you. Please be safe. Don't answer the door and don't walk Kit until I get home."

I nodded okay.

With that, she smiled, blew me a kiss, and skipped down the stairs.

"Ah, peace and quiet," I mumbled.

But after a few seconds, I forced myself out of bed. I had a few things to do this morning. "First," I said to Kit, "I want to finish writing up the chapter of my book describing your amazing nose and rescue heroics." At this point it's just a short story, but maybe someday I'll have enough material to publish a real book.

“Second, I need to make progress finding out the mystery of this house.” So far, I had gotten nowhere.

I opened my nightstand drawer and pulled out the keychain I found during Kit and my rescue of Trevor. It’s just so weird to me that one key fits my front door. I looked at the initials CG. They were written in such swirly lettering, like calligraphy. *Very unusual*, I thought. I didn’t think the keychain belonged to the family who used to live here because their last name was Davenport. And that would be a capital D. But I knew I needed to figure out this mystery.

“Oh, third, and way down on my list,” I told Kit, “I have to do my homework.”

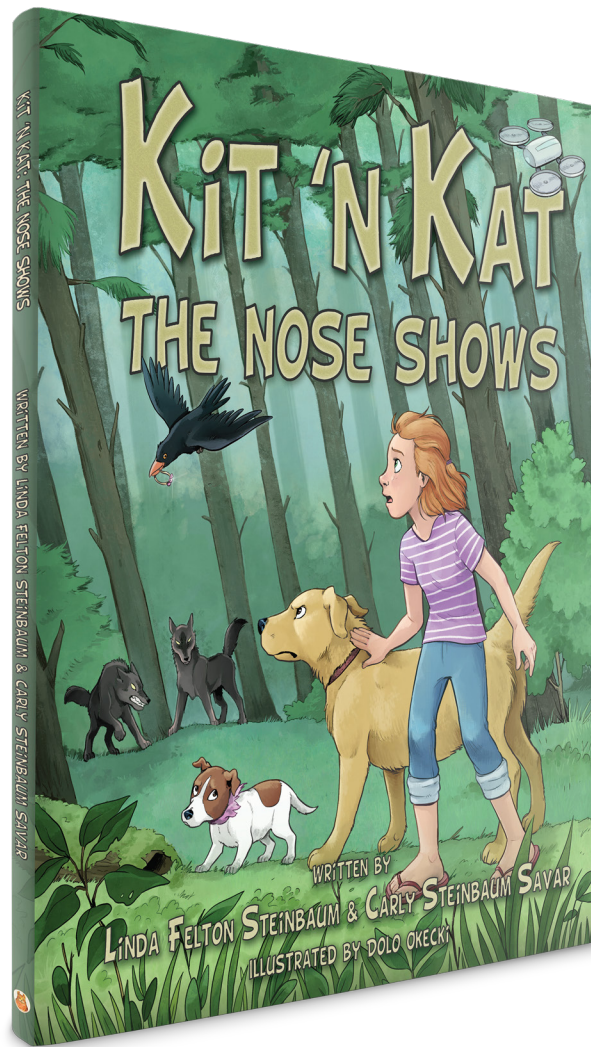
“Kat!” Mom shouted from the kitchen, “I left you an organic tempeh wrap with kelp noodles for lunch.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I called back. I guess it’s three bowls of cereal for me today. I kissed Kit and whispered, “What I’d do for a dang hot dog.”



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