

PROLOGUE

Some cats are born on Earth and never know who they really are. Others are sent. They are undercover for their years on Earth. They know who they are. They know that they are not from Earth at all. And they are part of a bigger plan.

Kimba and Hiro are the first kind of cat. Their mother could have explained things—told them who they really are. But they were accidently separated from her the day they were born. These sisters would learn to call a human “Mama.” They would know nothing about the grand plan and their own destiny. Life would be simple and carefree.

But it wouldn't stay that way...



HUNTING

Kimba, the silent hunter, lay hidden from view. Peeking up over the edge, ears laid flat, she could just see her victim stroll by, completely unaware of the danger lurking nearby. Preparing for the attack, the sleek white lion's tail twitched ever so slightly. The muscles on her haunches flexed and tightened. Then POW she leapt into the open, deadly claws splayed and fangs ready for the kill. The mighty beast landed perfectly on her target, her tail a-puff and the fur on her

back at full attention. And now, for the final bite to the throat!

“Aaaahhwwwwooo,” Hiro yelled. And then mostly annoyed, as her sister pretended to take a death grip on her neck, “Get off!”

With some minor hissing and a bit of a tussle, the sisters ended up in a furry pile—leaving even more fur on the bathroom floor behind them—with Kimba on top. Then the hunt was over. Kimba, the skinny white kitten, had defeated her prey.

Kimba took a moment to lick the fur flat on her befuddled sister’s head, and then she began grooming her own fur back into place. Hiro staggered to her feet, shook herself off, and wandered into the bedroom for a nap.

Totally worth it, Kimba thought, as she licked and smoothed. Once she was done and every hair was back in place, she climbed back into the tub to lie in wait for the next victim. Kimba, the master hunter, the white lion, was on the prowl.



Watching through the bathroom mirror, the somber, gray cat was not amused. He understood that they were special and important, but how in the world was he ever going to make decent agents out of these two balls of fluff? It would take a few lies, most certainly. It would take some firmness and absolute determination.

It would take a miracle.