



The Purrfect Adventures of Max, Charcoal & Little Bit

A hand-painted storybook for little dreamers

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A Barn Full of Wonders



The first pink light of morning slipped through the cracks of the old red barn, waking three tiny bundles of fur snuggled deep in the hay. Max, a bold orange tabby with stripes like tiger fire, was the first to stretch. Beside him, Charcoal — a fluffy black kitten with round green eyes — let out a great big yawn that turned into a squeaky mew. And curled inside a wicker basket, so small she was almost hidden, was Little Bit, a calico kitten no bigger than a teacup.

"Today," whispered Max, twitching his whiskers, "is going to be the greatest day of our whole lives." Charcoal grinned. Little Bit blinked her sleepy blue eyes. And so, before the rooster could even crow twice, the three kittens tumbled out of the loft, ready for adventure.

Through the Wildflower Sea



The meadow behind the barn was a sea of green, dotted with daisies, black-eyed Susans, and tall purple lupines that swayed like church steeples. Butterflies floated lazy loops in the warm summer sun.

Max led the way, chest puffed out like a lion. Charcoal bounded high through the grass, sometimes disappearing altogether. And little Little Bit? She tried her hardest to keep up, her tiny paws pit-pat-pit-pat through the flowers. "Wait for me!" she squeaked. Max slowed down, wrapped his tail gently around hers, and together the three of them chased a monarch butterfly all the way to the edge of the woods.

The Whispering Creek



Beyond the meadow, past a mossy log and a curtain of ferns, they found something magical: a sparkling creek that whispered secrets over the smooth round stones. Dragonflies stitched patterns of blue and green in the air.

Charcoal crept close and touched the water with one careful paw. Cold! He jumped back, and Max laughed so hard he rolled onto his back. Little Bit hid behind a fern, her eyes wide as saucers. "Is it safe?" she asked. "Only one way to find out," said Max bravely. But the biggest surprise was still to come.

Charcoal's Brave Leap



On the other side of the creek grew the reddest, ripest wild strawberries any kitten had ever dreamed of. But between them and the berries lay three slippery stepping stones and a swirl of cool water.

Max hesitated. Little Bit shivered. But Charcoal — brave, fluffy, black-as-midnight Charcoal — took a deep breath, wiggled his back paws, and LEAPED. One! Two! Three stones! He landed on the far bank with a triumphant "Mew!" and Max cheered so loud a family of ducks flapped into the sky. That day, Charcoal learned that being scared and being brave can live in the same little heart.

Where Did Little Bit Go?



The sun began to lean low and gold. Bellies full of berries and hearts full of stories, Max and Charcoal turned to head home — and stopped cold. "Where is Little Bit?" whispered Max. They called her name into the sunflower field. Only the buzz of bees answered.

Little Bit had wandered off after a curious firefly. Now the sunflowers towered above her like giants, and the sky was turning purple. She sat down, hugged her tiny tail, and did what her mother had told her to do when she felt afraid: she closed her eyes and whispered a soft little prayer. Just then — flicker, flicker — a hundred tiny lanterns began to glow all around her. The fireflies had come to guide her home.

Home for Supper



Following the flickering trail of fireflies, Little Bit padded straight into the arms of Max and Charcoal, who scooped her up and washed her ears with a hundred worried kisses. Together the three friends trotted back across the meadow just as the farmhouse porch light blinked on.

Old Farmer Jack was waiting with a warm bowl of milk and a gentle scratch behind each set of ears. "There you are, my brave little travelers," he chuckled. Three pink tongues lapped and three little tails swished, and the whole porch smelled of roses and evening rain.

A Thankful Little Prayer



That night, tucked into their basket beneath a quilt of stars, Max, Charcoal, and Little Bit curled together the way kittens do — one big soft pile of purrs. A shaft of moonlight rested gently on their fur.

"I'm so glad we found each other," whispered Little Bit. "Me too," purred Charcoal. Max closed his eyes and whispered the tiniest, happiest prayer any kitten had ever prayed. And somewhere up above the stars, Someone very kind smiled down on three tired, thankful, adventurous little cats.

Thank you, dear Lord, in the precious name of Jesus, for kittens and creeks, for meadows and mercy, for brave leaps and safe homes — and for every child reading this book tonight. Amen.

With a Thankful Heart

This little book is lovingly dedicated to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, the Author of every good story and the Giver of every gentle creature.

“Every good and perfect gift is from above.” — James 1:17

Written & illustrated with love by
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