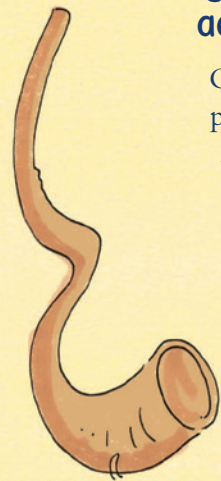


**Pinky Bloom is already Brooklyn's greatest kid detective, and now she's adding "pet sitter" to her list of titles.**

On top of taking care of her friend Lucy's guinea pig and dealing with her annoying little brother, Avi, she wants to help her dad, who's supposed to blow the shofar at Rosh Hashanah services. But his shofar suddenly won't make a sound!

With the High Holidays days away, Pinky has to figure out what's behind the shofar's silence—if she doesn't get sidetracked by a missing pet and the suspicious activities of a pet shop employee.



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**PINKY BLOOM**  
AND THE  
**CASE** OF THE  
**SILENT**  
**SHOFAR**

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KAR-BEN PUBLISHING®

An imprint of Lerner Publishing Group, Inc.

241 First Avenue North

Minneapolis, MN 55401 USA

Website address: [www.karben.com](http://www.karben.com)

Main body text set in Bembo Std regular.

Typeface provided by Monotype Typography.

### **Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Names: Press, Judy, 1944– author. | Waters, Erica-Jane, illustrator.

Title: Pinky Bloom and the case of the silent shofar / Judy Press ; illustrated by Erica-Jane Waters.

Description: Minneapolis, MN : Kar-Ben Publishing, an imprint of Lerner Publishing Group, Inc., 2022. | Series: Pinky Bloom | Audience: Ages 8–12.

| Audience: Grades 2–3. | Summary: Penina “Pinky” Bloom is starting a pet-sitting business, which means she has even more cases than usual on her plate: a missing pet, a suspicious pet shop employee, and her dad’s strangely silent shofar.

Identifiers: LCCN 2021014676 | ISBN 9781728438948

Subjects: LCSH: Pet sitting—Juvenile fiction. | Guinea pigs—Juvenile fiction. | Wild animal trade—Juvenile fiction. | Shofar—Juvenile fiction. | Brothers and sisters—Juvenile fiction. | Jewish girls—Juvenile fiction. | Jewish families—Juvenile fiction. | Brooklyn (New York, N.Y.)—Juvenile fiction. | CYAC: Mystery and detective stories. | Pet sitting—Fiction. | Guinea pigs—Fiction. | Wild animal trade—Fiction. | Shofar—Fiction. | Brothers and sisters—Fiction. | Jews—United States—Fiction. | Brooklyn (New York, N.Y.)—Fiction.

Classification: LCC PZ7.P921927 Pk 2022 | DDC 813.54 [Fic]—dc23

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2021014676>

Manufactured in the United States of America

1-49731-49634-10/28/2021



## Chapter One

I, Penina “Pinky” Bloom, lover of all things that bark, meow, growl, hiss, purr, and squeak, am about to become the world’s greatest pet sitter.

In case you’re wondering, I’m still Brooklyn’s greatest kid detective. No one said you can’t do two things at once, like eating a bagel with one hand and petting my cat, D.J., with the other hand.

My idea for starting a pet sitting business came from my Grandma Phyllis. She visited last Passover and left her dog at home.

“Someone who takes care of pets put a sign up by

the mailboxes in my building,” she told me. “I called, and now she’s watching Bubeleh.”

The week before Rosh Hashanah, I sat down at my computer and typed in *how to start your own business*. The results popped up a second later.

1. Have an idea. (Okay, I’ve got that. It’s a pet sitting business.)
2. Make a business plan. (Check with Grandma to find out what Bubeleh’s pet sitter charged.)
3. Make a marketing plan. (Huh? I’ll need some help with this one.)
4. Let people know about your business. (I can post flyers and email all my friends.)
5. Get financing. (Mom and Dad???)
6. Find an office. (My room!)

Phew! There was so much to think about and a lot of work to do before I could even get started.

Someone knocked on my bedroom door. I had a feeling it was my brother, Avi. He’s officially the most annoying second grader I’ve ever met.

“Avi, I’m busy with my marketing plan,” I yelled through the door. “Go away and don’t bother me.”

“Pinky, it’s me—Lucy. I have something important to tell you.”

Lucy Chang lives two floors below me. I opened the door, and she rushed in. “I have exciting news! I got a pet guinea pig!”

A girl in my class has goldfish. And a boy in our building has a hamster. But I’d never known anyone with a pet pig!



## Chapter Two

Lucy and I sat down together on my bed. “Pinky, do you remember when I said that I really, really, really wanted a pet?”

“Of course. You’ve said it a zillion times. It’s the thing you want most in the world, even more than having a sleepover pizza party with our friends. But how did you decide to get a guinea pig for a pet?”

“They’re really friendly and pretty easy to take care of,” explained Lucy. She pulled out her phone. “Here’s a picture of Mei-Mei. That’s what I named her.”



“Oh, she’s so cute!” I said, looking at the picture. Mei-Mei had rounded ears, short legs, and no tail. Her fur was brown and tan with patches of white. “Are you going to take her to the pet show at the library next Sunday?”

“No, I can’t,” said Lucy. “I’m going to visit my auntie next weekend.”

“Do you need a pet sitter? I’m starting my own pet sitting business. You could be my first customer.”

“Wow, that’s great!” said Lucy. “I’ll definitely hire you to look after Mei-Mei. How much are you charging?”

I hadn’t decided that yet. So I said, “Since you’re my first client, I’ll give you a discount. Your total will come to zero dollars.”

“Thanks, Pinky! You can even take Mei-Mei to the pet show if you want.”

I had planned to bring my cat, D.J., but I didn’t think he’d mind missing the show this time. “You’ll have to show me how to take care of her.” I’d never looked after any animal except for D.J., but how hard could it be?

“Don’t worry. I’ll tell you everything you need to know. And I’ll bring over her water bottle, a bag

of bedding, some food pellets, her feeding dish, her hiding tunnel, her nail clipper, her grooming brush, and her carrier.”

Wow, this was going to be more work than I’d thought!

“I actually have to go to the pet store on Friday after school to buy more bedding for her cage,” Lucy added. “Do you want to go with me?”

“Sure! I’ll just have to ask my parents for permission.”

The door to my room opened again, and Avi marched in. “Pinky, if you go to the pet store, I’m going with you.”

“This is between Lucy and me,” I said. “And by the way, it’s rude to listen in on other people’s conversations.”

Avi ignored this. “I’m getting a pet too,” he announced. “And you’ll never guess what kind.”

“Are you making this up, Avi?” I said. “Like the time you told me you were entering the hot dog-eating contest at Coney Island?”

“This is for real, Pinky. Mom and Dad said I could get a pet because I got a perfect score on my spelling test. Come on—try to guess what it is!”

I wasn’t sure I believed he was getting a pet at



all. I made a wild guess. “It’s a vampire bat that you found in Prospect Park.”

Lucy joined in. “I think you’re getting a bearded dragon—one that looks like a dinosaur and breathes fire.”

“Even better,” said Avi. “It’s a Madagascar hissing cockroach. They come from an island off of Africa, and they make hissing noises through the two tubes they use for breathing.”

I blinked a few times. “Avi, did you say you’re getting a *cockroach*?”

“That’s right, Pinky. For your information, Madagascar hissing cockroaches make great pets. My friend Max already gave me his old terrarium, and I’m going to use my allowance for the other pet supplies.”

That was all Brooklyn needed—another cockroach. And this one was going to live in my apartment!



## Chapter Three

After Lucy went home, I helped get ready for dinner. My job was to make the salad. Avi was supposed to set the table, which didn’t always happen.

As soon as I asked Mom about going to the pet store with Lucy on Friday afternoon, Avi burst into the kitchen and declared, “I’m going too!”

I gave him my evil eye. “No way, Avi. If you want to go, Mom or Dad can take you another time.”

“You’re not my boss, Pinky. I already asked Dad, and he’s going to take us since he needs to buy more kitty litter for D.J.”



We adopted D.J. from our local animal shelter. He's named for Derek Jeter, the greatest Yankee ever to play shortstop.

"You can *all* go to the pet store with Lucy," Mom chimed in. "Now, dinner's ready, so go sit down."

We were in the middle of eating when Mom told us that Grandma Phyllis was coming to visit for the holidays. Next week was the start of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year. That's when we go to synagogue to pray and hear the blowing of the shofar to welcome in the New Year. This year, my dad had been asked to blow the shofar in our synagogue on Rosh Hashanah, which is a big honor. I figured Grandma Phyllis wanted to see him do it.

When Grandma Phyllis is here, she sleeps in Avi's room, and I'm stuck with him in my room. Which might not be a problem if he didn't bring all his stuff with him. And if he didn't keep me awake with his snoring.

"Does Avi *have* to move into my room this time?" I said. "Can't he share a room with Grandma Phyllis? He can still use the blow-up mattress."

"Grandma Phyllis enjoys having a room to herself," Mom said. "Besides, she's bringing Bubeleh

with her because the pet sitter wasn't available. She and the dog will need plenty of space."

Bubeleh is the most spoiled dog ever. She'll only eat organic, kosher dog food. And when she goes to the groomer, she gets her nails polished.

"You and Avi can work things out," Mom told me.

I looked over at Avi. He was grinning from ear to ear.