

[Sneaky the Library Cat's Blog INTERVIEW](#)

These are Sneaky's questions transcribed by me that can be answered by any animal in your story.

1. What is your name and your author's name?

My name is Tigger. I'm a ginger cat. My author's name is Daryl Wood Gerber.

2. What book(s) have you appeared in? Please list them and their genre.

I appear in the Cookbook Nook Mysteries, a cozy mystery set in Crystal Cove, California. That's on the coast. I love the sound of the ocean. There are 8 books in the series: Final Sentence, Inherit the Word, Stirring the Plot, Fudging the Books, Grilling the Subject, Pressing the Issue, Wreath Between the Lines, and Sifting Through Clues.

3. Are you in a series? If so, please give information about it.

My human, Jenna Hart, owns a culinary bookshop called the Cookbook Nook and the Nook Café with her aunt Vera. Jenna used to be an advertising executive in San Francisco, but she came home to help her aunt and to find her smile. She found me. I was a stray. She's smiling, all right! Me, too.

4. Are you based on a real animal such as your author's? If so, please give further details.

No. My author has a dog named Sparky. He's a darling golden doodle. She used to have cats as a girl. All black cats, so I'm told. She couldn't have cats when she married her husband. Allergies. But she still loves them. She was particularly fond of the ginger cat color so she dreamed me up. And she loved the Tigger character in the Pooh stories, hence my name.

5. Can you share an excerpt from one of your books that features you in an important scene? If so, please include it.

If I share a scene, I'll be giving away a big part of the story, so I can't, but yes, I am instrumental in Fudging the Books. Well, Hershey and I are. He's my pal. He wasn't my pal at the beginning, but he warmed up to me by the end. We save the day. You'll see.

6. What do you like most about your role in your authors' books?

I like that Jenna cuddles me a lot and plays with me and takes me to the shop. There's a cat condo at the shop that her father made and it's like the best thing in the world. I like playing with the children that come in to do crafts while their parents shop, too. My life is never dull. Unlike some other cats, I'm a people cat.

7. Are you a talking cat in your books or just a silent one like I am who just meows occasionally?

Oh, I don't talk, but Jenna intuits what I'm saying at all times. She's cool that way.

8. What advice would you give other cat characters?

To love their humans and to not be aloof. Humans really like to cuddle. Me, too.

9. Do you have any new books coming out? Please give dates and details.

Sifting through Clues comes out this month. I'm very supportive of Jenna throughout this story. She doesn't need my help, but she needs *me*. That's all that matters.

10. Are you and/or your author on social media? If so, please list your links.

WEBSITE: <http://www.darylwoodgerber.com>

FACEBOOK: <http://facebook.com/darylwoodgerber>

TWITTER: <http://twitter.com/darylwoodgerber>

BOOKBUB: <http://bookbub.com/authors/daryl-wood-gerber>

YOUTUBE: <http://youtube.com/woodgerbl>

INSTAGRAM: <http://instagram.com/darylwoodgerber>

PINTEREST: <http://pinterest.com/darylwoodgerber>

GOODREADS: <http://goodreads.com/darylwoodgerber>

AMAZON: amazon: http://bit.ly/Daryl_Wood_Gerber_page

Sneaky can also use photos and graphics of the cat and author including book covers, teasers featuring the cat, etc.

TEASERS FROM SIFTING THROUGH CLUES:

The construction paper cookbooks that Bailey had fashioned were a huge hit with children. Tigger, too. He had a blast trolling beneath the kids' table for ribbon and other craft scraps.

Mulling over my options, I made my way to the door. I paused when I spied Tigger attacking a kick-and-scratch toy with zealous vengeance. Apparently, he was feeling as pent-up as I was. "Sorry, pal," I cooed and lifted him for a hug. "It's my fault you're out of sorts." I set him on his kitty condo and fetched him a calming

chewable. “I’ll do better tomorrow. Promise.”

As he pulled in beside my VW, I gasped. My cottage door was standing wide open.

“Tigger!” I raced out of Rhett’s truck and flew inside. I breathed easier when I saw my cat at the tippy top of his kitty condo. The way he was sitting, his head hanging over the edge, reminded me of Snoopy on his doghouse pretending to be a vulture. I picked him up and held him close. His heart revved like a motorboat.





