



## The Mousehole Cat

In Cornwall, there is a small fishing village called Mousehole; it is called this because of the entrance to the village harbour is so small and narrow, it looked like a Mousehole. The villagers here call it Mowzel for this is the Cornish name for the village.

In this village, there once lived an old man called Tom; Tom was very friendly to the other members of the community, they nicknamed him Old Tom. Old Tom lived with a cat; her name was Mowzer. Tom loved Mowzer and cared for her with things that always made Mowzer happy. When he was not caring for her, Tom would go out fishing for their tea, even though he was very old.

One year, a few days before Christmas Eve, a terrible storm hit Mowzel; it was too dangerous to go fishing, if anyone tried, they were lucky to get back with their lives! Mowzer knew that it was the Great-Storm cat and she watched him every day. Fortunately, the Mousehole didn't let the storm in. The only foods they had were vegetables and salted pilchards; Mowzer didn't like either of these, so she went hungry. Soon there was no food in Mowzel and everyone was starving!

The day before Christmas Eve, Tom told Mowzer a plan; Tom was so upset with everyone so miserable and it was nearly Christmas! He told Mowzer he was going fishing tomorrow so this Christmas would be happy, after so many days of sadness. Mowzer told him she was going with him for she would not survive for very long if Tom never came back.

Early next morning, they set off leaving a lantern in Tom's window. It was not long until they were at the best fishing spot Tom knew. Tom fished while Mowzer tried to calm the Great-Storm Cat; Mowzer was a great singer (for a cat) and sang for the storm. She sang all day until it became pitch-black.

Mowzer was amazed that her singing calmed the Great-Storm cat, so she started purring. The Great-Storm Cat suddenly did something strange. The Great-Storm Cat started purring with Mowzer! The wind died and the water

was calm; the storm had gone. Tom couldn't hold anymore fish so he turned the boat around and headed back home.

When the village came into view, Tom and Mowzer saw the villagers standing in line, holding lanterns. As soon as Tom got off the boat, people grabbed the fish and went home to cook a feast; the fish was superb!

Every year now, a fish feast is eaten on Christmas Eve, in memory of Tom and Mowzer's exciting adventure. The village is also covered in dazzling lights.

Hannah

