

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat (3)

doorway and found herself in a long, dark corridor.

Now, it is well known that all cats are curious creatures and as Pussy had more curiosity than most, she decided to go exploring. She investigated every nook and cranny from the attic down to the cellar. Then our exhausted explorer decided to have a snooze on the silken sheets of the Queen's bed. She was just settling down to sleep when she was startled by a scream! Pussy Cat raced from the room to see what was wrong. Her sharp ears told her that the trouble was in the throne room. She peeped round the door and a strange sight met her eyes. The Queen was standing on a chair clutching at her skirts while a little mouse sat twitching its whiskers at her and squeaking rudely.

'Help! Oh please help me!' cried the Queen. 'Won't someone save me from this monstrous mouse?'

Pussy Cat needed no further invitation and flung herself at the cheeky creature. The mouse gave a terrified squeak and scuttled away under the chair back to its hole in the skirting board. Pussy Cat skidded to a halt in front of the Queen's throne.

'Oh well done, mighty mouser,' said the Queen stepping down daintily. 'You have rescued me from that wretched rodent.'

Pussy Cat bowed politely and said modestly that it was all in a day's work for her. The Queen smiled regally and rewarded her with a dish of cream. Then she sent a servant to fetch a soft satin cushion for Pussy Cat to sit upon.

