

THE CAT WHO CAME IN OFF THE ROOF



S19
T2
L2

Group:



This is the second part of the story.
Read it and then... recreate it!

A STRAY CAT

„Look, Miss Minou, it's fine for you to sit down for an hour or so until your clothes dry. But you can't stay here.“

“No?”

“No. I'm sorry. That's absolutely out of the question.”

“Oh,” she said. “Not even for just one night?”

“No,” Tibble said. “I don't have a bed for you.”

“I don't need a bed. Back there in the junk room there's a big box. A cardboard box that used to have tinned soup in it.”

“A box?” Tibble said. “You want to sleep in a box?”

“Absolutely.” If you put some fresh newspaper in it first.”

Tibble shook his head stubbornly.

“I'll give you some money for a hotel,” he said. “There's one just around the corner.”

He reached for his wallet, but she refused pointblank.

“Oh, no,” she said. “There's no need. If it's really not possible, I'll just be off. I'll put my wet clothes back on and leave at once.”

She stood there, looking pitiful. And with such a frightened look on her face. And outside you could hear the wind and the rain. You couldn't possibly send a poor cat out onto the roof in weather like this.

“All right, fine, but just one night,” Tibble said.

“Can I sleep in the box?”

“If you like. But under one condition. You have to tell me how you knew all those things about me. Who I am and where I work and what kind of article I was trying to write.”

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



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„He told me“, Minou said, pointing at Fluff. „He told me all about you. And actually, I've spoken to lots of cats who live around here. They all said, you were the nicest.“ Tibble blushed. He felt strangely flattered. „You... you talk to cats?“ he asked.

„Yes.“

What nonsense, thought Tibble. The woman's quite mad.

„And, er... how did you come to be able to talk to cats?“

„I was one myself“, she said.

Totally bonkers, thought Tibble.

Minou had sat down in front of the fire, next to Fluff. They were sitting together on the rug, and Tibble could now hear two purring sounds mixed together. It sounded very peaceful. Shall I write that article about her after all? Tibble thought.

Last night I provided shelter to a purring lady who entered my appartement through the attic window and, on being asked, informed me that she had once been a cat...

I'd be out on my ear the same day, thought Tibble. Now he could hear them talking to each other, the young lady and the cat. They were making little purring, meowy kinds of noises.

„What's Fluffy saying now?“ he asked as a joke.

„He says your peppermints are in a jam jar on the top shelf of the bookcase. You put them there yourself.“

Tibble stood up to have a look. She was right.

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