

THE CAT WHO CAME IN OFF THE ROOF



S19
T5
L2

Group:



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

THE GINGER SISTER

Now it was morning and sunny.

For hours, Minou had been sitting in a toolshed in the back garden of the house on Victoria Avenue. Next to the lawnmower. She was still shivering a little, more from excitement than from cold. But soon I'll have fur, she thought. Soon... with any luck. They hadn't had any luck yet. Her sister hadn't been able to catch a dusk thrush.

„It is going to take more longer?“ Minou asked through the half-open door of the tool shed. „The sun's already up.“

„Yes, great, just hurry me, will you?“ her sister snapped. „It's tremendous help, you hurrying me... But I'll go and check the front garden.“

From the toolshed Minou could see the back of the house where she had been born and where she had lived as a young cat.

Soon she'd be allowed to go back inside and get a saucer of milk and be patted. And when she started purring, no one would say, „Shame on you, Miss Minou!“

Here in the garden she knew every tree and every shrub. In the old days she had caught frogs here on the lawn and once she had even caught a mole. She had scratched in the flower beds. Digging a little hole between the begonias and then sitting over it with a quivering tail and thoughtful eyes, the way cats do.

*Take notes of the most important
informations from the text!*

Your notes might be

*Mindmap
Table
Drawing, etc.*



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And then scratching the soil to cover it up again when she was finished. She was starting to feel more and more cattish. It was going to work; she could feel it in her bones. Very soon now...

Then she was shocked by a terrible cheeping sound.

Her ginger sister was running towards her. She had nabbed one of the dusk thrushes from the front garden. In the same instant, Tibble and Bibi were standing at the front hedge, but Minou didn't know that. Her sister trotted up triumphantly.

She couldn't say anything with her mouth full of thrush, but in her eyes, you could see her thinking, Who's the best hunter around?

The bird chirped and cheeped and fluttered hopelessly between her sister's cruel jaws. For a second, Minou thought, Mmmm, yummy!

But when her ginger sister came closer, Minou hit her hard and yelled, „Let go!“

Her sister jumped and released her prey. The dusk thrush immediately flew off, wobbling and unsteady at first... then straight up into the sky, twittering its way to freedom.

„That is the last straw,“ her sister said in a quiet voice full of menace.

„I... I'm sorry...,“ Minou said. She was utterly ashamed of herself.

„This is really the end,“ her sister hissed angrily. „I've been running around all night for you... all night. Finally, using all my strength and all my cunning, I catch a rare dusk thrush for you. Because I know that it's your last chance... because you are my sister. And look what you have done!“

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