

## Narration 10

As they waited and watched, they saw that the wind was dying and that the sea was growing calm.

The dark clouds lifted and a thin moon shone out between them. And in the light of the thin moon, they saw a small boat coming and behind it came the smallest, tamest Storm-Kitten of a wind.

As old Tom and Mowzer came through the Mousehole gap, a sudden breeze caught them, a tiny, playful cat's paw, like a gesture of farewell. *(music begins)*

There was a great deal of cooking in Mousehole that night. The people made a whole cauldron of morgy-broth. They baked hake, cooked kedgerie, grilled fairmaids, fried launces, soused scad. They baked half a hundred star-gazy pies. Then, people and cats, they feasted together, until the hunger was no more than a memory.

And every year since that day, at the inn on the quayside, the people of Mousehole hold a fish-feast on the night before Christmas Eve and raise their glasses to the memory of old Tom.

### **Song "The Mousehole Cat – Finale"**

*(after the 2 part chorus ending 'stargazy pie) ....*

And every year, in the yard at the back of the inn, the cats of Mousehole gather and raise a great howling to the memory of old Mowzer.

And every year, folk come from all over Cornwall at Christmas time, to see Mousehole lit up with a thousand lights, shining their message of hope and a safe haven to all those who pass in peril of the sea.

*(song continues ... "All who sail the restless sea ...")*

