

### **Narration 3**

Her own pet, old Tom, was very well behaved. He never spilled the cream when he was filling her saucer. He always stoked the range to a beautiful golden glow. He rocked the rocking chair at just the right speed. He knew the exact spot behind her left ear where Mowzer liked to be tickled. What was more, he never wasted his time drawing pints of beer or weighing out vegetables.

When he was not looking after Mowzer he passed the day in the most useful way possible. He took his little boat through the narrow opening between the great breakwaters, out into the blue-green sea, and caught fish for Mowzer's dinner.

Mowzer was very partial to a plate of fresh fish. In fact she never ate anything else. But she liked a little variety.

So, on Mondays they made morgy-broth, Mowzer's favourite fish stew. On Tuesdays they baked hake and topped it with golden mashed potatoes. On Wednesdays they cooked kedgerree with delicious smoked ling. On Thursdays they grilled fairmaids, a mouth-watering meal. On Fridays they fried launces with a knob of butter and a squeeze of lemon. On Saturdays they soused scad with vinegar and onions. And on Sundays they made star-gazy pie with prime pilchards in pastry.

All in all, Mowzer's days passed very pleasantly.

**Song "Stargazy Pie"**