



Narration 6 (2 pages)

Then at last one evening, as old Tom sat with Mowzer on his knee, she felt him take a deep sigh.

“Mowzer, my handsome”, he said, for he was a courteous and well-spoken man, “Mowzer, my handsome, it will soon be Christmas, and no man can stand by at Christmas and see the children starve. “Someone must go fishing come what may, and I think it must be me. It cannot be the young men, for they have wives and children and mothers to weep for them if they do not return. But my wife and parents are dead long since and my children are grown and gone”. Mowzer purred to tell him that she understood, for it was the same with her.

“I shall go out tomorrow, Mowzer, my handsome”, said the old man, “and I shall not come back without a catch”.

Mowzer purred louder to tell him that she would go with him. For he was only a man, she thought, and men were like mice in the paws of the Great Storm-Cat.

Besides, she knew that if he did not come back, she would not much care to live in her cottage without him. There would be no one to pour the cream or stoke up the range or rock the rocking-chair. There would be no one in all the world who knew just where she liked to be tickled behind her left ear.

“Tomorrow night, Mowzer, my handsome”, he said, “we shall eat morgy-broth, baked hake, ling and launces, fairmaids, soused scad *and* star-gazy pie!”

Then Mowzer purred as if she would burst to tell him that she loved him more than any of these things.

The next morning they set out very early, before the others were waking. Before they went, Tom stoked up the old range and damped it down so that it would burn steadily until they returned.

Then he hung a lamp in the window so that it would shine out across the harbour and light their way.

As they reached the quayside, Mowzer looked back through the wind and rain, and thought how warm and welcoming the window looked.

Song “Home One Day”