



Narration 7

Soon their little boat was crossing the harbour towards the Mousehole gap and the voice of the Great Storm-Cat rose all around them like a giant caterwauling.

As she listened to his wailing, Mowzer felt a sudden strange sadness for him. How lonely he must be, she thought, endlessly hunting the men-mice in the deeps of darkness, and never returning to the rosy glow of a red-hot range.

And her kind heart was moved to comfort him.

Many a tom-cat had Mowzer tamed in her time with the sweetness of her singing. Now she lifted her head and sang like a siren, joining her call with the cry of the Great Storm-Cat.

And so it was that he was taken off guard as the little boat made its bid for freedom. Soothed by the sweetness of Mowzer's serenade, the Great Storm-Cat paused in his prowling and pulled back his giant cat's paw for a mere moment. Swiftly the little boat passed through the Mousehole and out into the open sea.

The Great Storm-Cat played with them as a cat plays with a mouse. He would let them loose for a little as they fought their way towards the fishing grounds. Then down would come his giant cat's paw in a flurry of foam and water. But he did not yet strike to sink them, for that would have spoiled his sport.

When they reached the fishing grounds the sea was so rough that it was hard to put out the nets.

Song "The Storm Cat Song"