



Narration 9

Such music had not reached the ears of the Great Storm-Cat since the dawn of Time, for when do cats purr out in the wind and the darkness?

Puzzled, he paused in his howling, bending his ear to catch the strange sound. It seemed to him that he had once heard such a song long before, when he was no more than a Storm-Kitten.

The Great Storm-Cat grew quiet: gone was his hunger for hunting, for making his meal of the mice-men.

Only the pleasure of the purring remained.

Then the Great Storm-Cat began to purr with Mowzer, and as the soft sound grew, the winds waned and the waves weakened.

Night fell, and the little boat sailed back across a slackening sea. As they came in sight of home, a strange sight met their eyes. The whole village of Mousehole was shining with light and lanterns gleamed along both arms of the harbour.

For when the people of Mousehole had woken to find old Tom's boat missing and a light left in his window, they knew that he had gone out to find fish for them, or to perish on the deep water.

All day they had watched and waited, staring out into the cloud-wracked sea, but they could see no sign of him.

And when night fell, the women went home and set candles in all their windows and every man lit his lantern and went down to the harbour walls.

Song "The Lantern Song"