

# Stories for Lipreading

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## **LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN! by Gill Rogers.**

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]  
Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this autobiographical story, which is called 'Look what the cat dragged in' by Gill Rogers.

### *Look what the cat dragged in! by Gill Rogers.*

I've had cats all my life, mostly older rescue moggies from the RSPCA and a couple of semi-feral farm kittens. I've loved every one of them and their cute little faces, their little paddy-paws and bushy tails. However, let's not get all sloppy and sentimental here. There are a few cat 'traits' that are pretty revolting!

There is the generous sharing of hair on the furniture, the scratching of claws on everything apart from the shop-bought scratching post (no cat I've ever owned has used one of those!), and the disdainful sneer you get when you try to feed it a cheap tin of cat food. But the most repugnant habit of all is when they bring home the spoils from their hunting expeditions. This is where living in the countryside and having a cat-flap can be detrimental to your inner peace!

Over the years, I have had enough 'kills' proudly brought home to fill a pet cemetery. They have mostly been mice or birds, but amongst the unusual 'prizes' have been a headless seagull (those birds are HUGE, even without a head), frogs and several large magpies. One magpie was still alive and caused havoc when it flew into the bathroom, tried to get out of the window, and sent all the bottles of shampoo and shower gel on the window sill crashing into the shower cubicle. One day I came home from shopping to find a dead squirrel in the kitchen! How on earth the cat had managed to wrestle it through the cat-flap is a mystery.

Anyway, the most bizarre occasion has to be when I was awoken from my slumber at 2am by what sounded like an inept burglar crashing about in the kitchen. I nervously went to investigate and couldn't believe what I discovered.

I had one of those big pots of ornamental twigs standing on the floor in the corner, and the cat was staring at it intently. When I clapped eyes on what he was looking at, I almost screamed! It was another squirrel, only this time very much alive and kicking! It obviously thought the twigs were a tree and therefore safe to hide in.

How the heck was I going to deal with this? There was no way it would find the cat-flap by itself. The poor thing was petrified and the cat was pacing around and meowing loudly at it. I decided to open the back door and try to shoo it in that direction, in the vain hope that it might smell the fresh air and bolt out.

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So, there I was, bleary-eyed in my bare feet and nightdress, armed with a broom, trying to poke the poor thing out of the twigs. Happily, luck was on my side as it leapt virtually the whole length of the kitchen towards the hallway, avoiding the cat. Then it managed to do a circuit around the walls and head back to the kitchen where it did indeed 'smell the fresh air', made a bolt for the open door and disappeared over the garden wall. Phew!

By this time the cat had lost interest and had slunk off, no doubt to find a cosy human's bed to curl up on and sleep off his exploits. And me? I locked the back door and headed back to bed to contemplate swapping the little darling for some goldfish.