Mozart



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Mozart

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Key vocabulary

strays, kittens, hungry, gift, wary, loved, grateful, newspaper, owner, eating, looking, trying, brave

Grammatical conventions

- Adjectives: dirtiest, shaggiest, white, fluffy
- Prepositions: around, into, in, on
- Use of exclamation marks

Spelling

- Contractions: I'd, we'd, she'd, didn't, weren't
- Adding the suffix 'ing' to verbs: sniffing, eating, walking, looking, hunting, trying, licking
- 'ch' diagraph: sandwiches, inched, touched, scratch
- Words ending in y that make an 'ee' sound: softly, hungry, suddenly, nobody
- Compound words: maybe, anymore, anything

Creative thinking task – Knowledge

Imagine you are James. Write a diary from when he first finds the stray cat until Princess is picked up by her owner and Mozart is given to them.

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Contents

CHAPTER 1 The Stray 4

CHAPTER 2 A Kitten Too 10

CHAPTER 3 Taking Them Home 16

CHAPTER 4 Newspaper Notice 24

CHAPTER 5 Being Brave 28

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CHAPTER 1

The Stray



The first time I saw her I was on my way home from school. I was walking along eating what was left of my school lunch when I suddenly caught sight of her. She was sniffing around the bottom of the rubbish bin out the front of Wilson's shop.

She was the shaggiest, dirtiest, most neglected little cat I'd ever seen.

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'Come here, girl!' I said, as I held out the meat from my sandwich. But she shied away, preferring not to accept my gift even though we both knew she wanted it.

'Suit yourself,' I told her as I pushed the meat into my mouth. 'Go hungry! See if I care.'

I might as well have been talking to myself because the cat was no longer there. She'd disappeared into the bushes at the end of the street.



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The cat reminded me of the Persian we used to have. Mops had been like a member of our family. We'd all loved her. That's why it had hurt so much when she'd run out on to the road, and then, suddenly, we didn't have her anymore. Dad had offered to buy us another cat but, after Mops, nobody seemed to want another one.



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I met the stray cat again the next afternoon. She was back at the bin, still looking for something to eat. I didn't have anything to give her this time, but it didn't stop me kneeling down, hoping to get her to come closer.

'Come to James,' I said, but it didn't do me any good. With a wary eye cast in my direction, she ran off again into the bushes at the end of the street.



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The next day, I saved one of my meat sandwiches to give to the cat, but there was no sign of her. She's probably found a better hunting ground, I thought – but I was wrong.

I saw her again the following day, but now she was limping.

I also noticed that the bin had a new lid on it. Maybe the cat hadn't had anything to eat all day. This time when I held out the slice of meat, she didn't run away. Instead, she stood looking at it, licking her lips, as if trying to decide whether or not to take it.

To make it easier for her, I dropped the meat on the ground and then stepped back to let her know I meant her no harm.

'I know you're hungry, girl,' I said in a soft voice, trying hard not to scare her. 'Come and get it,' I coaxed. 'I won't hurt you.'

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Still looking at me, she inched her way forward, until at last she had the food in her mouth. In one gulp it was gone. Then I watched as she licked the spot where the meat had been.

'Poor little thing!' I said, wishing I had something else to give her. 'You *were* hungry, weren't you?'

Hoping that she might let me look at her leg, I stepped closer. But, using the three good legs she had left, she backed away.

'Maybe next time,' I said softly.

