

## Mog's Christmas Calamity

*We were lucky enough, here at Cat Weekly, to sit down with the now famous kitty Mog and find out about her Christmas disaster this year and how the sleepy town of Cameow came to the rescue...*

Sitting on her chaise lounge, in the Thomas' front room, she shudders at what she's been through. "It was horrendous darling! I don't know how it happened!"

Does she have any clues about what could have happened?

"I was having a frightful dream. Very stressful. Just awful. I remember a vicious little robin in it. I think my tail, which is rather magnificent I have to admit, was swishing and swaying as I had the nightmare. Perhaps it knocked something. I don't know."

At this point, Mog's eyes cloud over and she takes a sip of milk through a straw, because, she says, she is "trying to keep my strength up – it's been a trying time". Talking in a slow, deep purr, Mog is thoughtful and reflective.

"Before I knew it, I woke up and smelt an acrid stench coming from the machine the humans use to cook their food. I slunk over to explore and ended up slipping. The machine let out a disgusting, black burp and I was covered in soot!"

She twitches her nose in distaste and recounts to our interviewer how she became "disorientated". The memory clearly haunts her.

"I had no idea where I was you see, darling! I ended up treading on that thing they use to speak to each other and the shock of it sent me flying onto the Christmas table. Can you imagine? Everything on the floor – the turkey, vegetables and even the potatoes. The kitchen was destroyed"

What did she do next?

"I leapt up on the fan, hung from the ceiling and dug my claws in. This was particularly annoying as I hadn't sharpened them in days. Meanwhile, darling, below me was utter chaos! The chestnuts were being warmed on the pan and began firing in every direction -at the vase, the china, the milk bottles and even the eggs! I felt myself slipping and was catapulted into the grandfather clock, which came crashing down onto the tree and caused those twinkling things (which I love clawing at) to explode."

**Year group:** 5/6 **Text type:** Interview

At this point, Mog, 6 years old, yawns and takes another sip of milk. She looks sadly out of the window.

"Well, I thought that was that! Back to the cat rescue centre for me! I always seem to be getting in trouble, everywhere I go darling!"

But that wasn't that. Mog was able to escape the burning house and flag down a fire rescue team.

"Oh yes, dear. I threw myself onto the road, in front of some red, blaring vehicle and luckily the humans driving it followed me back into the house. It was thanks to me, really, that they found the house and saved the Thomas family. But, of course, by that time, Christmas was ruined. I felt terrible watching Mr and Mrs Thomas outside, in the snow, with the sizzling, blackened turkey at their feet."

Thankfully, there was a happy ending. Mog tells *Cat Weekly* how the "wonderful humans" who live nearby came and saved the day.

"They arrived with brushes, mops, brooms and hoovers to clean the house. I suppose they all thought that if we couldn't have a Christmas of our own, we could share in their festivities."

Neighbours rallied around and brought oranges, presents, turkey, plates, cutlery and bags of food to share.

What has Mog learned from her near-death experience?

"Well," she giggles, "I'll certainly stay away from that hot machine that cooks the food! Why the humans can't just eat boiled eggs or mice is quite beyond me! But no, darling, on a serious note, I have learned that Christmas certainly is for sharing."

Mog's new book, *"How I survived Christmas and other tails"* is out now.

This interview is based on the touching, hilarious advert 'Mog's Christmas Calamity' which can be found here: <http://www.literacyshed.com/mog.html>