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Opening extract from **The Tobermory Cat**

Written by
Debi Gliori

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Please print off and read at your leisure.



To the people of Mull who gave this book their blessing ~ this is for you



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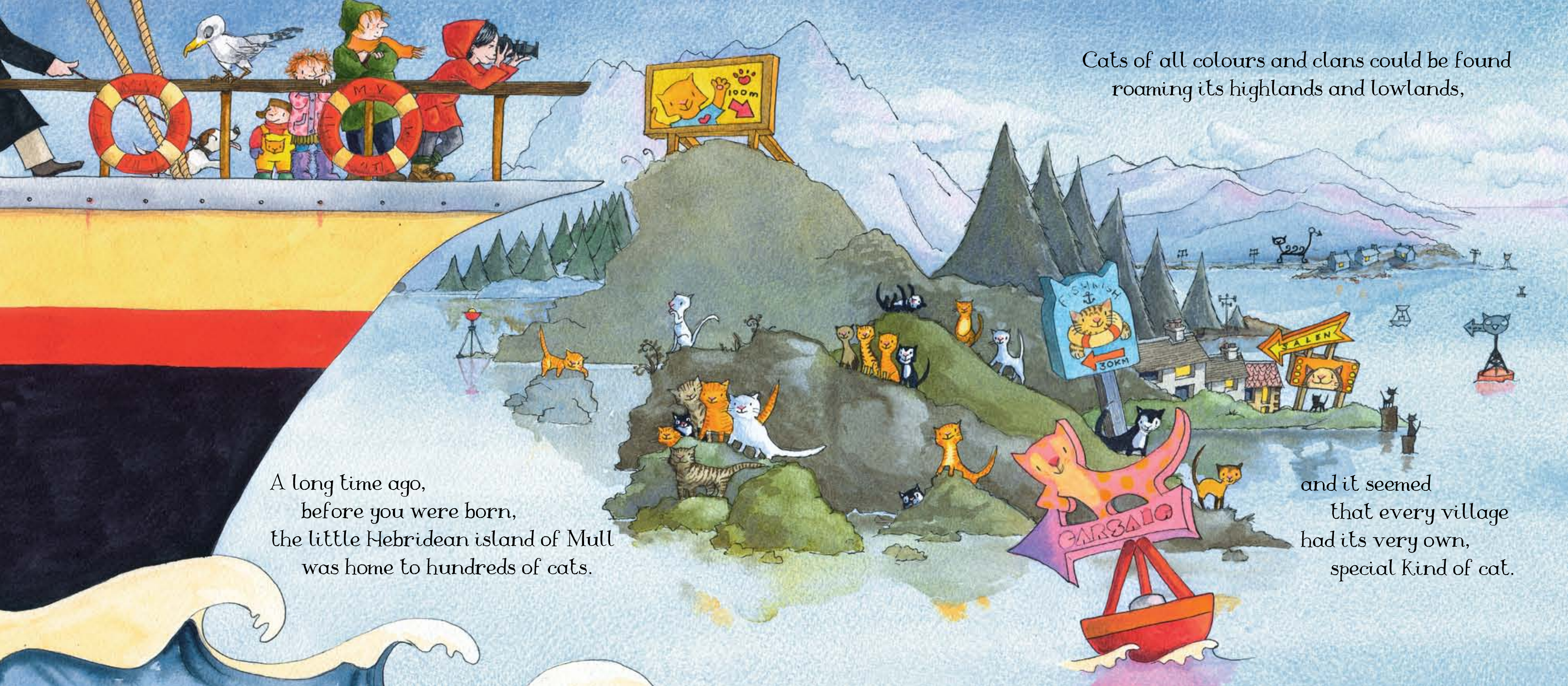
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Cats of all colours and clans could be found
roaming its highlands and lowlands,

A long time ago,
before you were born,
the little Hebridean island of Mull
was home to hundreds of cats.

and it seemed
that every village
had its very own,
special kind of cat.

The people of Loch Ba
were proud to tell visitors
that there was *nothing* on earth
as soft as the woolly cats
of Loch Ba.



The Staffa boatman
swore he'd never heard
a sweeter sound
than the song of the
cats of Staffa.



The villagers
of Salen boasted that
there hadn't been
a beastie born
more sullen than
the sulky cats of Salen,



and the Fishnish
sailors said that
there wasn't a creature
alive, alive-o
could hook a haddock
like the sea-faring cats
of Fishnish.



The people of Loch Ba,
Staffa, Salen and Fishnish
were only too delighted to show
visitors round their villages
and sell them
their cat postcards

and cat t-shirts

and cat soap

and cat chocolates.

Everyone agreed that
cats were a very good thing
to bring in the visitors.

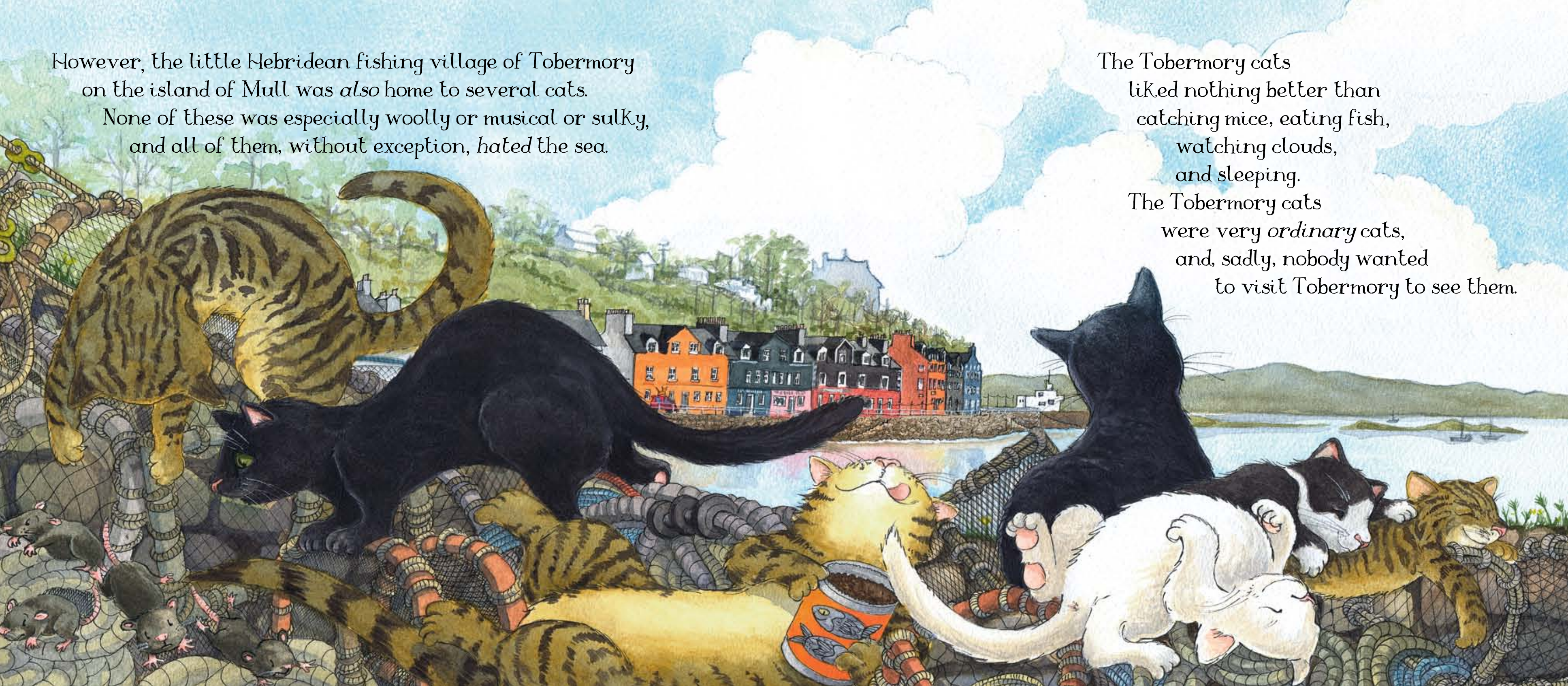


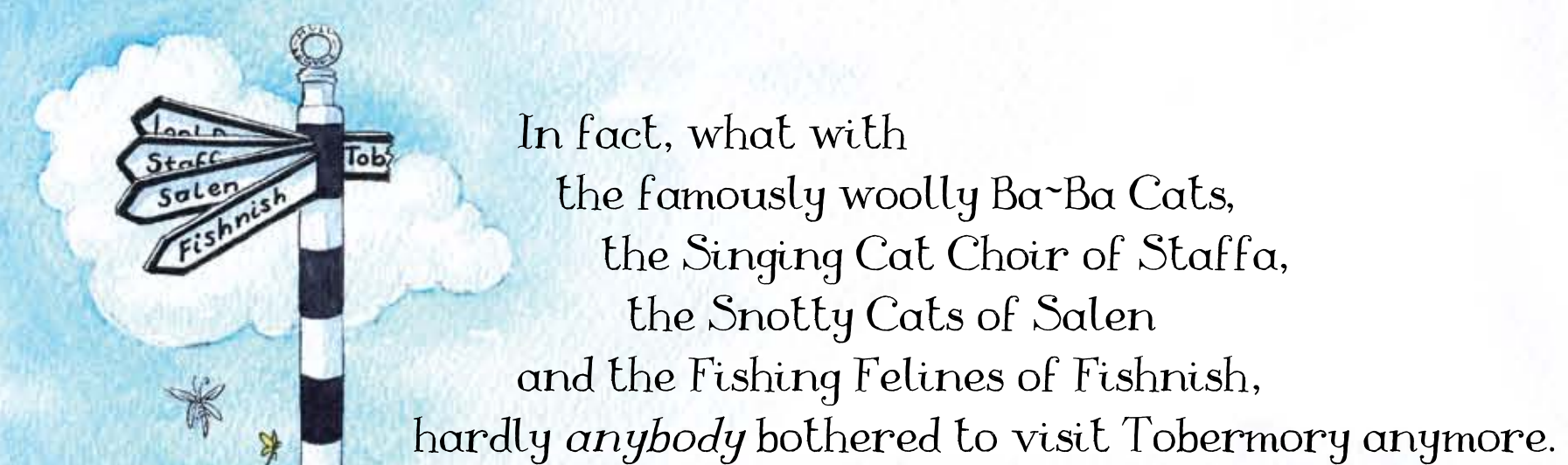
However, the little Hebridean fishing village of Tobermory on the island of Mull was *also* home to several cats.

None of these was especially woolly or musical or sulky, and all of them, without exception, *hated* the sea.

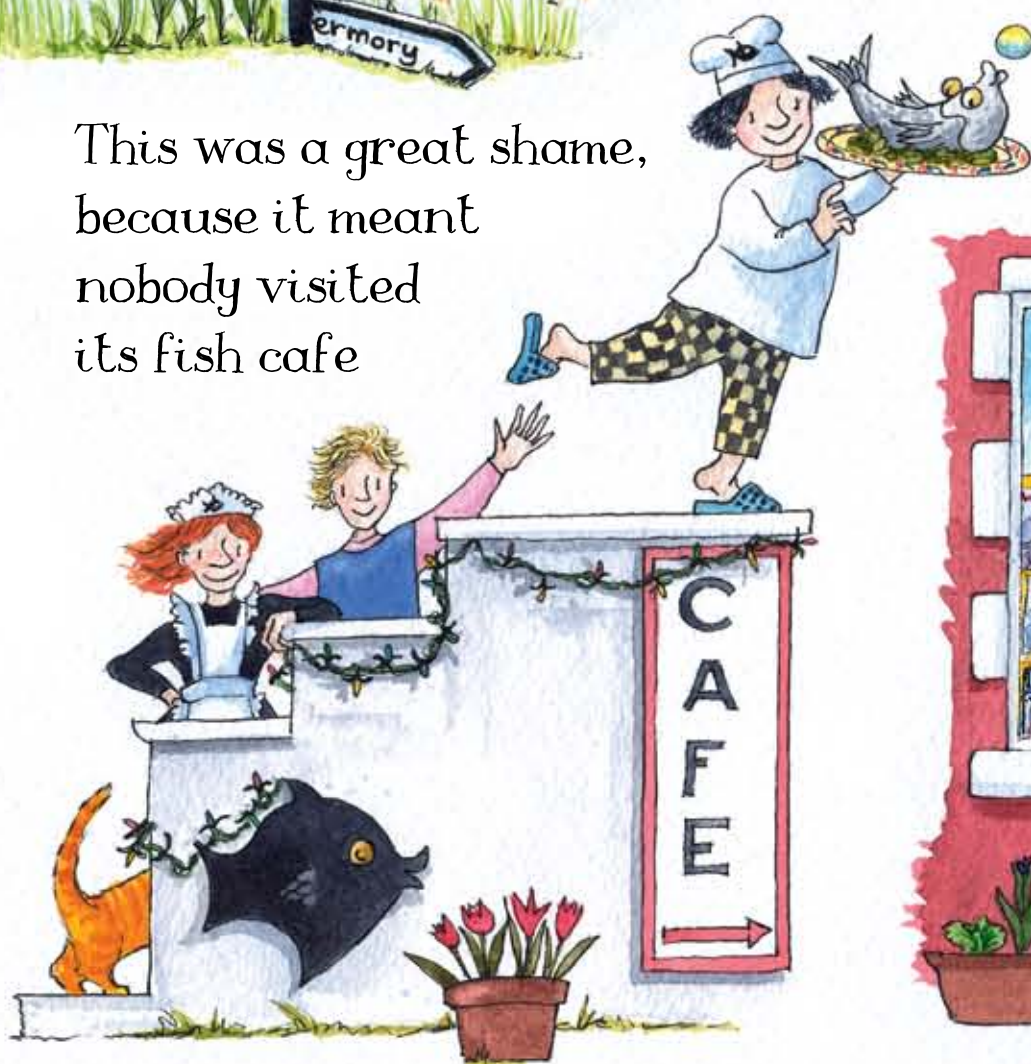
The Tobermory cats liked nothing better than catching mice, eating fish, watching clouds, and sleeping.

The Tobermory cats were very *ordinary* cats, and, sadly, nobody wanted to visit Tobermory to see them.





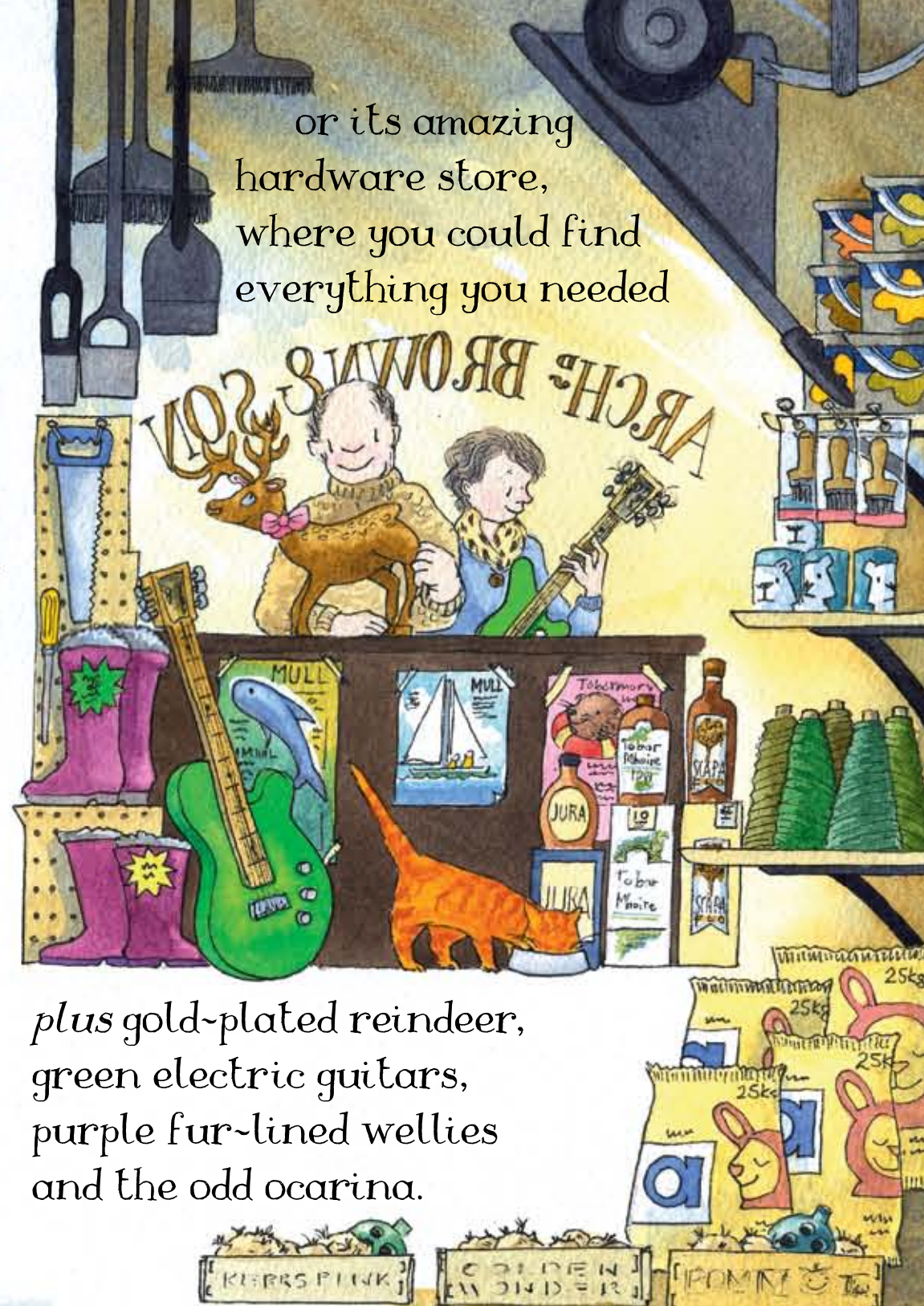
This was a great shame,
because it meant
nobody visited
its fish cafe



or its bookshop



or its beautiful
laundrette



or its amazing
hardware store,
where you could find
everything you needed



Without visitors,
the people of Tobermory grew desperate.
They had a meeting in the village hall.

Our fish
are
floundering.

Our books
are
mouldering.

Our
launderette
is
folding.

Our reindeer, guitars,
wellies and ocarinas are
becoming antiques.

I know.

Something *had* to be done.
'I Know,' said a very small
person, 'let's teach *our* cats
how to be special.'



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