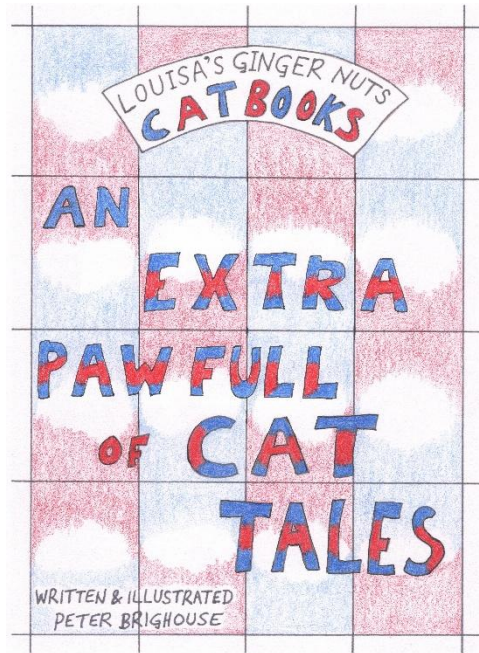




Moppet, Tigger, Simpkin and The Bullpuss

present ...

Tall tales / tails of the Ginger Nuts, illustrated cat stories for children and adults of all ages

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Here Come The Ginger Nuts

More Fun With The Ginger Nuts

Bullpuss And The Ginger Nuts

Cats At The Cottage

The Ginger Nuts And The Rats

Five Furry Tales From The Ginger Nuts

The Ginger Nuts And The Parrot

Ginger Nuts Alphabet

Clawed, The Kit From Red Bank

Ginger Nuts Go Walking

Cats Go Camping

More Tiny Tales

The Ginger Nuts And The Rescue Kittens

The Ginger Nuts And The Pirate Cats

Cats Go Hiking in the Lakes

Catsablanca Quartet

Guinea Pig Gang

Pawfull of Cat Tales

Ribby's Exercise Class

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Tiger Hare

Mungo Takes The "A" Train

Bullpuss Dresses Up

Ginger Nuts Go Walking

These cats are the Ginger Nuts.



Here is Tigtoes.

This is Squimps.



And the large fellow with the bushy tail is Bullpuss.



Moprag is showing them to you.

Here is their Old Master.



Wearing his purple trousers and big boots.

He is going for a walk.

The Ginger Nuts decide to go for a walk as well.

They gather some biscuits for the trip.

Tigtoes has filled a small red spotted handkerchief.



Squimps has a slightly larger handkerchief.



Bullpuss has a red spotted sack.



Which cat do you think is the greediest?

Old Master is waiting for the bus.

He has his bus pass ready to show the driver.



The Ginger Nuts hop on at the last minute.

Bullpuss has a Puss Pass to show the driver.

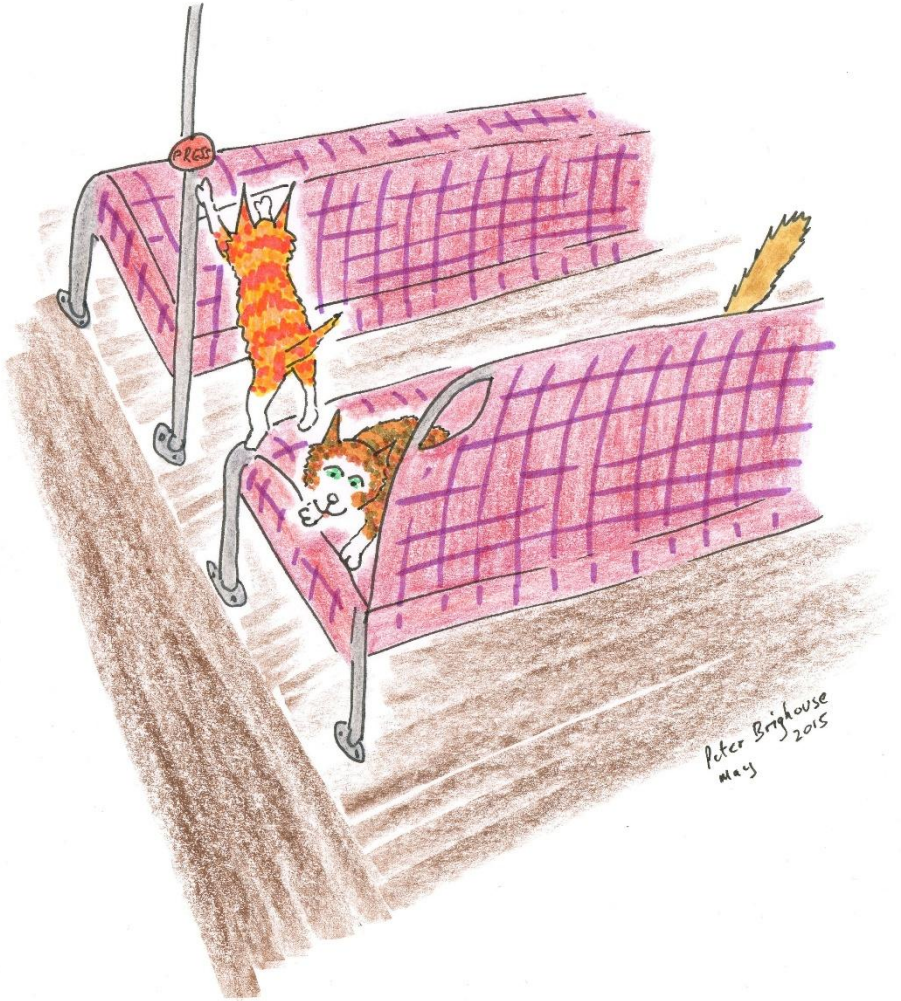


Peter Bright
June 2015

GrandPig's Ruffty Raggy Books

Old Master didn't see the Ginger Nuts get on to the bus.

Where do you think the Ginger Nuts will sit?



Which cat is being a little bit naughty?

Shortly it was time to leave the bus.

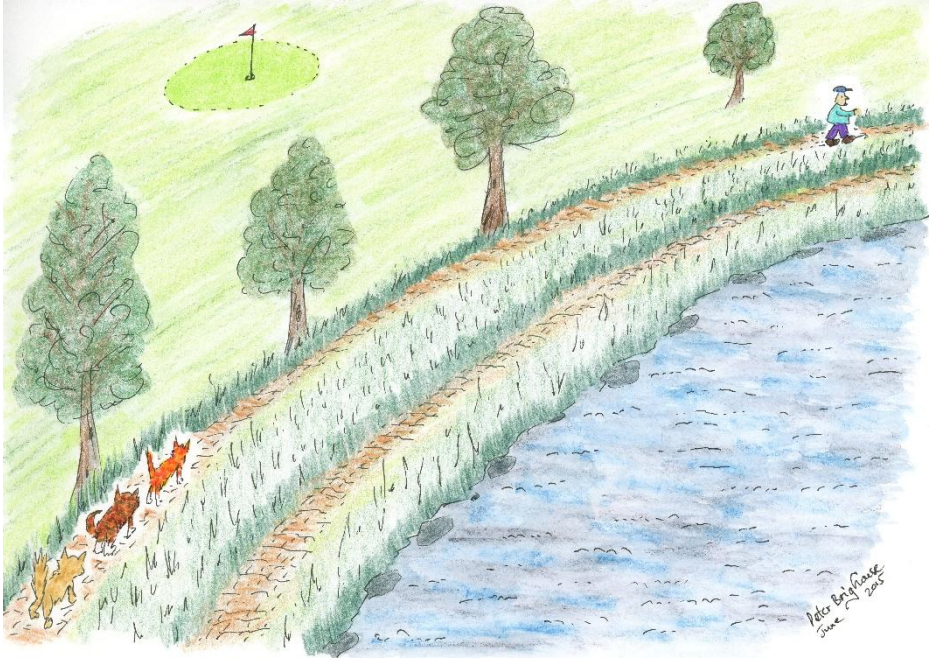
Can you see what the Ginger Nuts have left behind?



*Peter Brighouse
May 2015*

Old Master walked along the top of the riverbank, beside the golf course.

The Ginger Nuts were soon left behind.



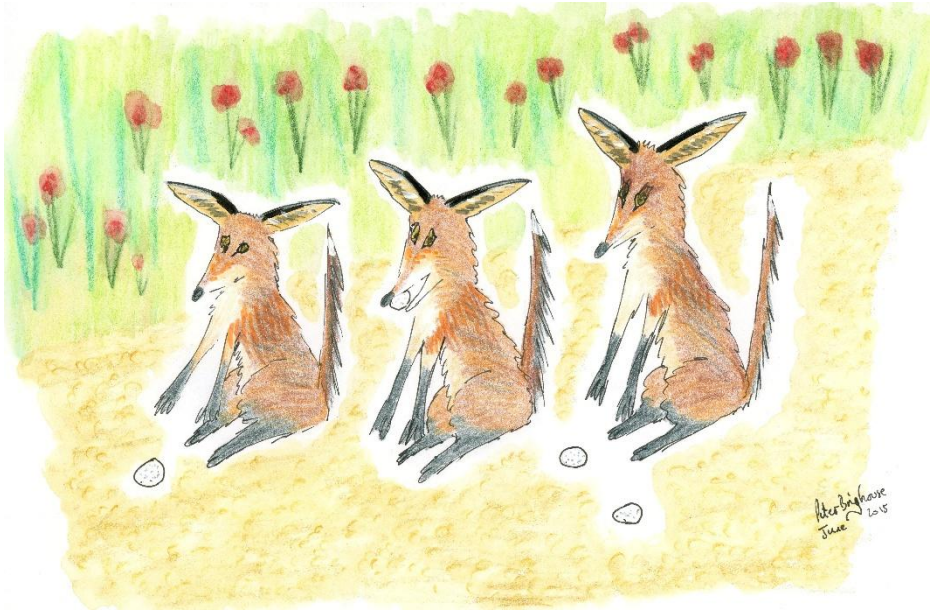
Who do you think the cats will meet first?

Fox cubs were playing with lost golf balls.

"We like to nibble them and leave tiny teeth marks," they said.

How many fox cubs can you see?

How many golf balls can you see?



Old Master walked on and on.

The Ginger Nuts met some bouncy dogs.



"Have you seen our Old Master?" asked Tigtoes.

"He's wearing purple trousers," said Squimps.

"And big boots!" said Bullpuss.

"He's just round that last bend," replied the dogs.



Next the Ginger Nuts met Mr and Mrs Mole by the golf course.

How many mole-hills can you see?



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"Have you seen our Old Master?" asked Squimps.

"He's wearing big boots," said Bullpuss.

"And purple trousers!" added Tigtoes.

"Let me have a look," said Mr Mole, adjusting his spectacles. "Sorry, pussy cats, I haven't seen him."



There was a gap in the hedge, with a stile.

Who is looking over the stile?

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"Miaow!" said Squimps, "who is this?"

"Macow!" said Tigtoes, "I don't know."

"Mirramaroo, it's a Macool!" suggested Bullpuss.

"Moooooooo," said the cow, "I live in this big field with my friends. You must hurry to catch your Old Master with his purple trousers and big boots."



A large tree hung over the river.

How many owls can you see?



"Macowl!" exclaimed Tigtoes, "we're looking for our Old Master."

"Brrrrp, to whit!" said Bullpuss, "have you seen him?"

The owls opened one eye each.

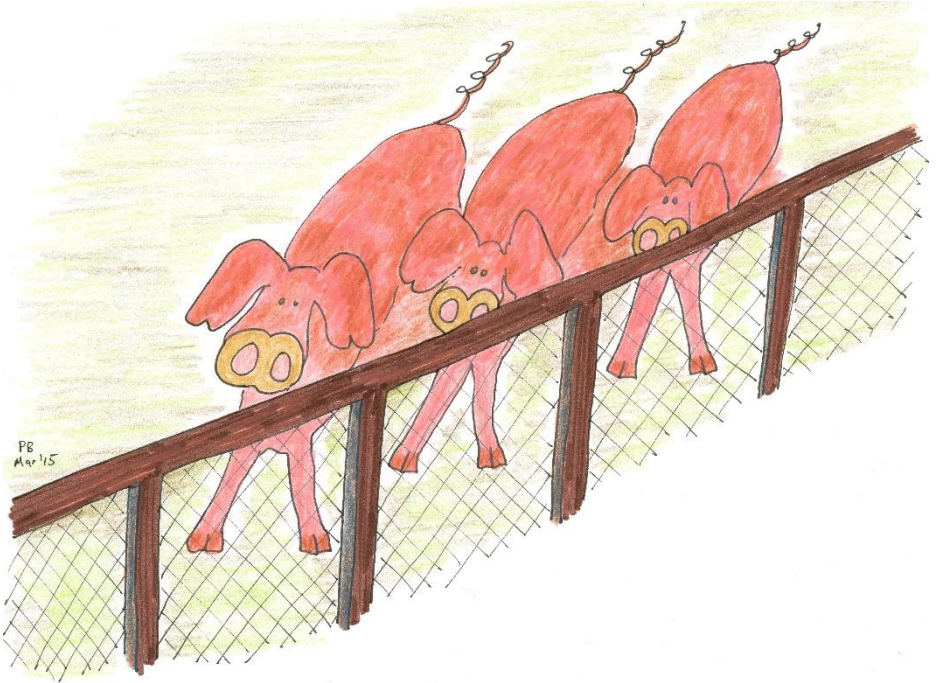


"A man wearing purple trousers and big boots passed by a short time ago," they hooted.

"Mirratowhoo, thanks to you!" said Squimps.

Small holdings came down to the river. People were keeping farm animals in them.

Who is this by the fence?



"Maccoink!" said Tigtoes, "did you see our old Master?"

"Someone with purple trousers tickled my back," said the first little pig.



"His big boots were covered in mud," said the second little pig.

"So we huffed and we puffed and we blew him away," said the third little pig laughing.

Another small holding had a large outdoor run for happy hens who lived in a splendid hen house.



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How many hens can you count in the picture?



A cockerel strutted out from the hen house.

"Mawow!" exclaimed Squimps, "his purple feathers match Old Master's trousers."

"Macockadoodle," said Tigtoes, "have you seen him?"

The cockerel put his beak up to the sky and let out a loud call.

Then he winked one eye and pointed a wing in the direction to take.



Further on, near a bend in the river, the path went downwards and widened towards a sandy shore area which was hidden by grasses and riverside flowers. Bullpuss heard some high-pitched voices and put a paw up to warn Tigtoes and Squimps. They

crawled silently on their tummies and squirmed along until their faces could peep through the grasses.



What do you think they could see?

A party of Long-Tailed Field Mice were helping water voles to launch colourful rowing boats.



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How many colours of boats can you see?

"Brrrrp, don't disturb them," whispered Bullpuss, "they look so happy."

The Ginger Nuts quietly retreated and went on upstream.

A family of Mallard ducks were dabbling among the water weeds.



How many ducklings can you see?

The drake swam over and quacked a warning at the Ginger Nuts.

"Mow, mow," said Squimps gently, "have you seen our Old Master?"

"Quack, quack, an old gentleman fed us some small pieces of fresh bread. His trousers were almost as colourful as my plumage." The drake turned his head from side to side so that the sun shone brightly on the gleaming green.

Who is this swimming nearby?

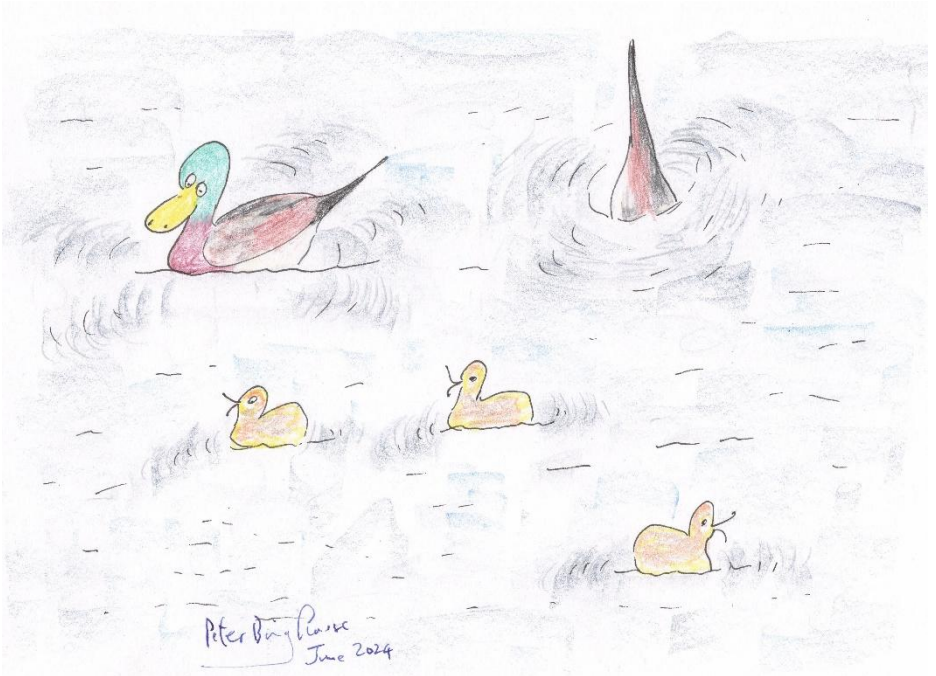
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A smaller black and white pair of Tufted Ducks joined the group of Mallards. Suddenly the Tufted Ducks dived and disappeared.



Where have they gone?

Here they are! They popped up in front of the Ginger Nuts.



"Quack, your Old Master is just up the river," said one.

"Quack, he's sitting having a rest," said the other.

They both dived and disappeared again.

The Ginger Nuts set off quickly, but when they reached the spot, Old Master had already walked on. The spot was a sandy bank with lots of burrows.

Who do you think lives here?



Bunny rabbits!

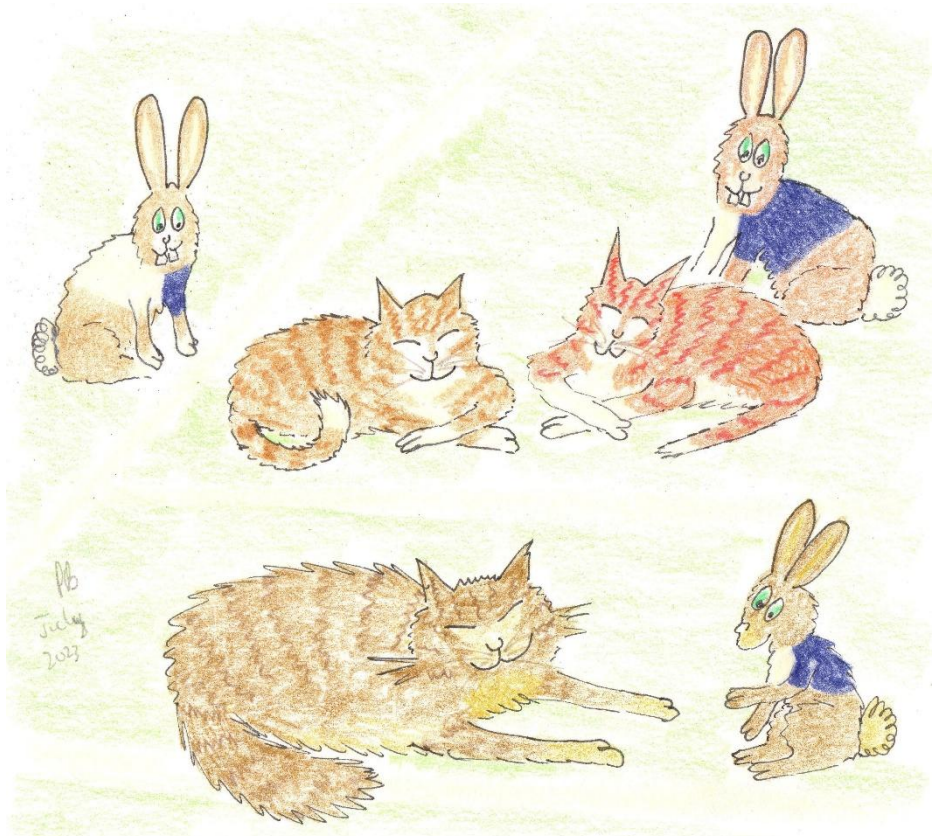
"We believe you are looking for your Old Master," said the first rabbit.

"Does he know you are following him?" asked the second.

"Macow," replied Tigtoes, "no he doesn't, and my braathers are getting rather tired."

"He sat here for a while," said the first rabbit, "it's a lovely sunny spot."

"Why not rest yourselves?" said the second. "Then we can show you the way to go."



Once the Ginger Nuts had rested, the rabbits indicated the footpath to take. It led back towards the park, away from the river.

The path had high hedges and tall fine trees. The Ginger Nuts noticed a blue and orange Kingfisher darting back towards the river.



Peter
Brighouse Apr '15

A colourful Jay peeped down from an Oak tree where he was examining the developing acorns.



A short way further on, the Ginger Nuts could hear some grumbling and mumbling from some overgrown vegetation which hid large holes in a sandy bank. They peeped through the grasses.

Who do you think they saw?

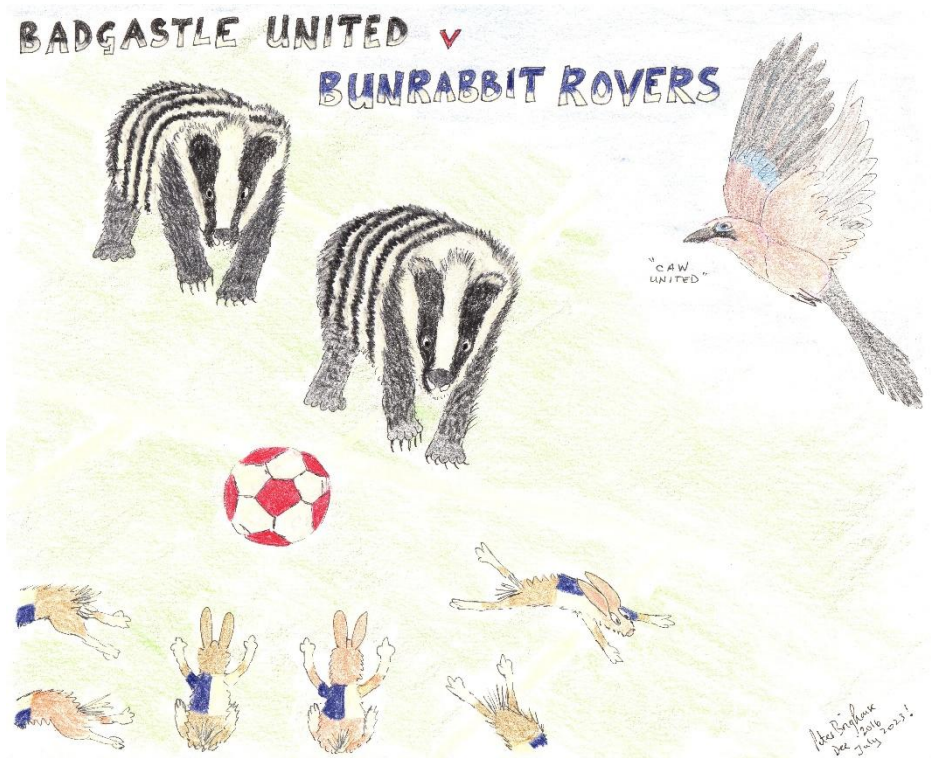


A young black and white stripey person was emerging from a tunnel pushing a large plastic football.

It was an adolescent badger. He stopped when he saw the cats watching.

"We're not normally about at this time," said the badger "but I thought I should return this football to the nearby sports club. We had a great game last night."

The badger explained that his family often found a lost football during their night time forays and had won the last game against a large team of rabbits very easily.



"There's five of us," explained the badger, "and we allow the rabbits to field a team of ten, but even so, our superior trundling power allows us to go straight through to goal. Something to do with steamrollers I believe."

The badger had noticed some purple trousers and big boots passing along the path a short time previously, so the Ginger Nuts knew they were not far behind.

The cats entered a wooded area with some lovely high willow and poplar trees.

Several had fallen and were being left for the wildlife to make use of.

Some colourful parrot people were squawking their excitement at finding holes big enough to make nests.

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YOU KNOW HOW
OLD MASTER KEEPS
SEEING RING
NECKED PARAKEETS
IN STENNER WOODS



PERHAPS WE SHOULD
HAVE A "MIAOW
LIKE A PIRATE DAY"
AND I COULD WEAR
CAPTAIN BULLPUSS'S
EYE PATCH



I CAN'T DO
THE ACCENT
PROPERLY
TABITHA



YOU COULD IF
YOU HAD A
PARAKEET ON
YOUR SHOULDER



Peter Brighouse Nov 2012

These were Ring-Necked Parakeets.

What is their main colour?

Can you see the pink ring round their necks which gives them their name?

Bullpuss wanted to ask after Old Master, but the birds were too far away to hear.



The cats passed through a delightful glade among the trees that they recognised as the one Old Master had spoken about in the past. It held a natural extensive display of colourful flowers, Snake's Head Fritillaries.



Shortly they scampered through the gate to the rock garden.



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Can you see what the sign says?



Luckily no mention of cats!

The rock garden held lots of beautiful flowers and sadly a few weeds.



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The stone steps were very steep and Tigtoes and Squimps had to help Bullpuss with the ascent.



At the top a flatter area opened to show the tennis courts, a cafe full of tasty things to eat and lots of benches some of which were memorial ones.

Who do you think the Ginger nuts found there?

It was Old Master and their family. After all that walking Old Master had taken off his big boots to rest his feet.



And what is this in the three little cat dishes?

Biscuits!

The Story of Nefertweeti's Cat

Or how the Ancient Egyptians missed the opportunities for Social Media

Many moons ago, in ancient Egypt, there lived a remarkable ancestor of The Bullpuss. He was referred to as Nefertweeti's Cat for reasons that shall be explained here.



Nefertweeti's Cat had a sister, called Nefercati and the two were inseparable.

Next door lived a most intellectual person, who, as a scribe, architect and polymath, was revered throughout the land as a fount of wisdom.

Unfortunately, his own cat, Imcatep, was a sphinx of very little brain.

One day, Imcatep was watching his Old Master perusing the latest tablets that had arrived from the stone masons; looking for errors to ensure that, when the proclamations went out,

GrandPig's Ruffty Raggy Books

no-one could complain of inaccuracies. (As you can imagine, these would have been rather difficult to correct! If a lot occurred, then lead times went right down the Nile!)



The stone masons did lots of work for Imcatep's Old Master, usually to the exact specifications required, but on this occasion, they had run out of one of the best stones, and had substituted a rather softer, white, chalky rock that came from the far north.





Imcatep invited his friends Nefertweeti's Cat and Nefercati to call round to see the new tablets, and just as they arrived, Imcatep was reaching up as tall as he could, to slough his claws against the front of the chalky, white stone.



Nefercati noticed Imcatep's claw marks scratched deeply into the face of the chalk.

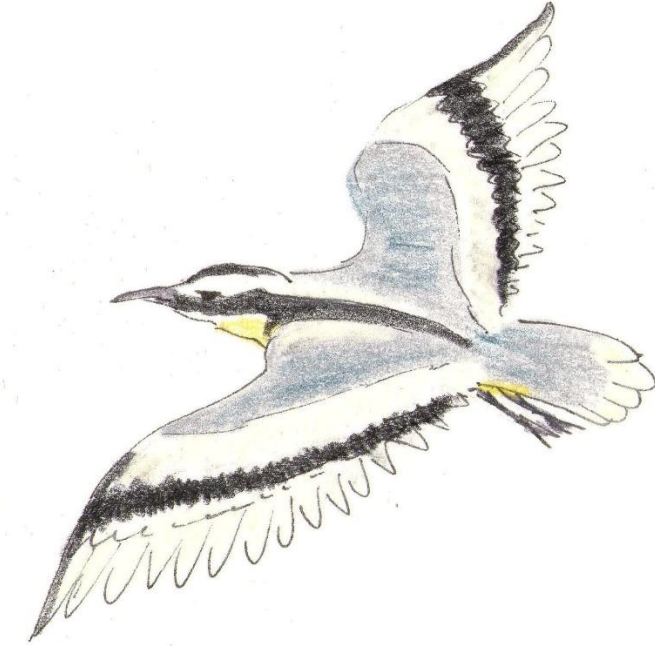
She nudged her brother, and Nefertweeti's Cat stepped up to examine the marks.

"Mirrawacow!" he mewed, "I wonder"

He reached up to the spot where Imcatep had started and spent the next hundred heartbeats making tiny scratches, additions and alterations to the hieroglyphics.



As he finished, he stepped back, turned and smiled at his sister.



Nefercati had been watching with intense concentration. She reached up and made the tiniest of corrections.

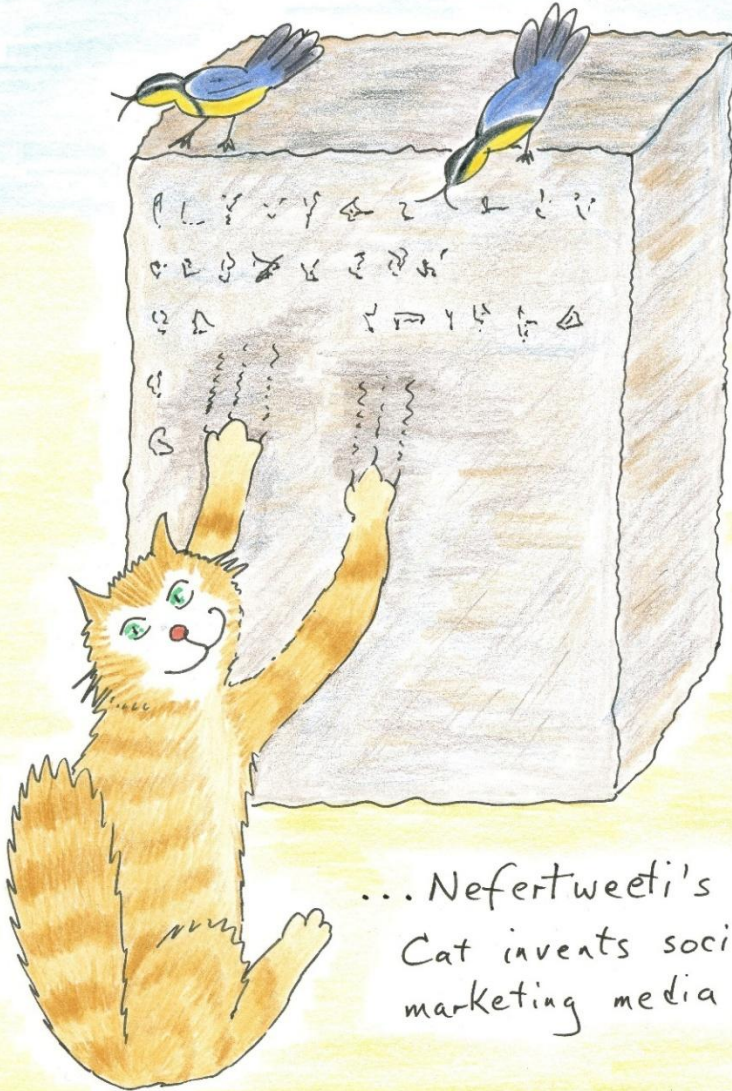
Many centuries later, when these tablets and stones were found buried under desert sands, they were immediately sent to the most learned of modern-day scribes and intellectuals.

Once translated, accurately, they thought, the white chalky tablet was deemed to say:

“For the finest of Pussypaws snacks, check with the Bluebirds and Plovers”.

And thus it could be claimed that Nefertweeti’s Cat had invented social media marketing.

In ancient Egypt...



...Nefertweeti's
Cat invents social
marketing media

Vulpo and Old Speckled Henry

Vulpo the Fox's letter to his old pal

My Dear Old Speckled Henry,

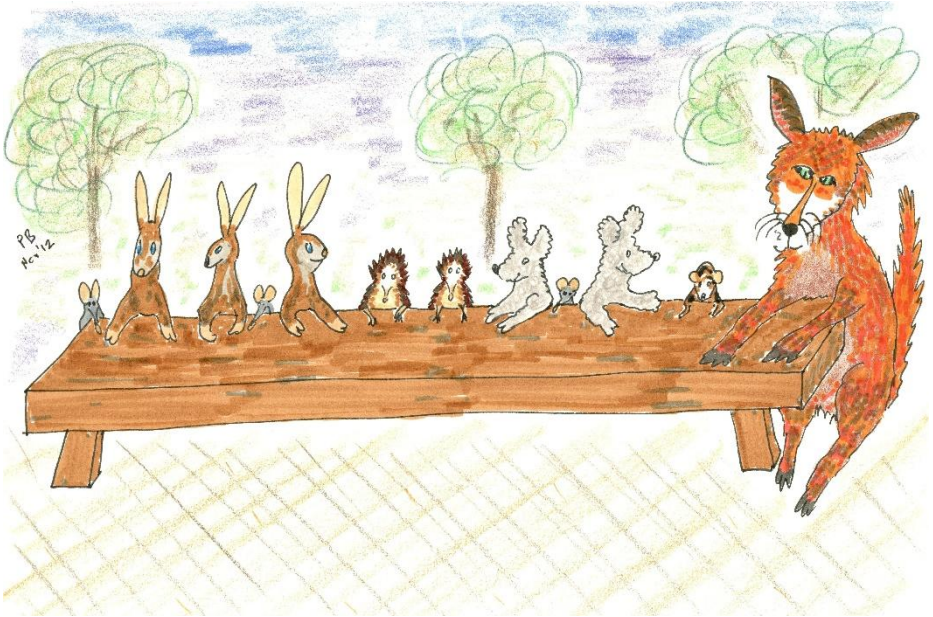
I thought you may like to hear about the time my old cat friend Bullpuss, was in serious trouble with the hedgerow police. Something about a missing rat personage, you'll know how these things happen!



A court was convened, and word went out that a jury would be required; naturally I kept my sensitive ears on full alert. Truce documents were prepared and quite a number of fellows stepped forward.



Eventually a suitable jury was assembled, consisting of two pet rabbits and a wild rabbit, a couple of hedgehogs, the poodles from the next street, a guinea pig, several long-tailed field mice and Yours Truly, Vulpo the Urban Fox, although I was made to sit slightly apart from the others.



The big problem was to find a common language. Dear Old Hedgedog, ever ubiquitous, offered to translate for anyone who didn't understand.

Bullpuss' Ginger Nuts pal Squimps acted as defence attorney and suggested that a character witness should be called to speak out in support of Bullpuss. I immediately leapt to my feet.

"Let me, let me!" I exclaimed, "I know the fellow well."

Hedgedog, counsel for the prosecution, objected to this on the grounds that a chap couldn't be both an impartial jury member and a character witness.

"Don't worry about a thing!" I said, "allow me to introduce myself, the name's Vulpes urbanis, but you can call me Vulpo for short. I'm both partial and impartial. I'm very partial to a chicken dinner or even some ratatouille but whilst I'm sat here among the jury, I shall remain impartial, although I must say I'm tempted by this fine, plump fellow along here, whom I believe is a guinea pig not someone I've met before!"



Hedgedog withdrew his objection, and I continued.

"I've known my good friend Bullpuss for quite some time. When he was originally abandoned by his first people and had to live rough in the gardens, I was the first chap to share some survival techniques with him. He has repaid the favours on several occasions. Once Bullpuss spotted a cast aside takeaway, dumped in a lamppost refuse bin by a full-to-bursting student.

Bullpuss couldn't reach up high enough but with my long front paws and pointed snout, I was able to dislodge the treasure. What a find! – a delectable selection of succulent pieces of chicken, in a crispy coating. We dined extensively. I was so excited, I ate the carton too!"



I resumed my seat, licking my chops at the memory.

Whilst everyone was discussing the punishment, I took the opportunity to nip off with the guinea pig, on the pretext of showing him my collection of antique dinner plates!



The next day, Bullpuss, a newly freed cat, came to visit and together we polished off a delicious Old Golden Hen to celebrate.



Peter Bughave
Aug. 2015

Cats To The Rescue

Bullpuss, Mungojerrie and Wild Bill Hicat heard from their old friend Clawed, that Lyme Regis was suffering and enduring another plague of audacious seagulls.

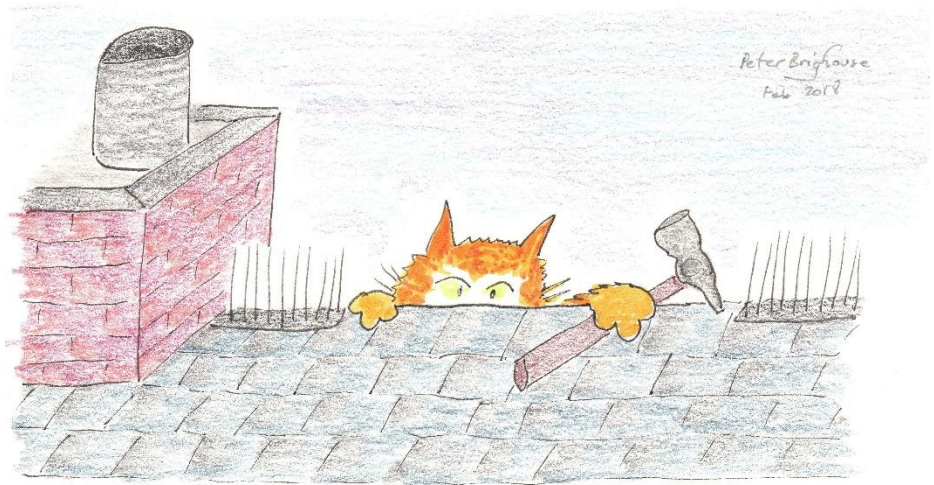


Nearly every time that Clawed returned from an evening saunter around the town, his Old Mistress had to wipe distressing blobs and smears from his fur.



His Old Master had spotted that several of the gull perching deterrents, installed upon their property, had loosened themselves, perhaps under attack from strong yellow beaks.

Clawed reckoned, that under his guidance, his agile friends could scramble up the roofs, locate the damaged sections and replace them.



Bullpuss decided that he would act as foreman for the gang of artisan cats, since this would allow him to wear his favourite overalls.



He would direct operations from ground level, positioning ladders in the safest positions, passing up hammers and nails, and each piece of the plastic strips with their long slender spikes.

Mungo, using his extra long tail to maintain balance, in a manner perfected by gibbons, would operate in the most precarious of positions.



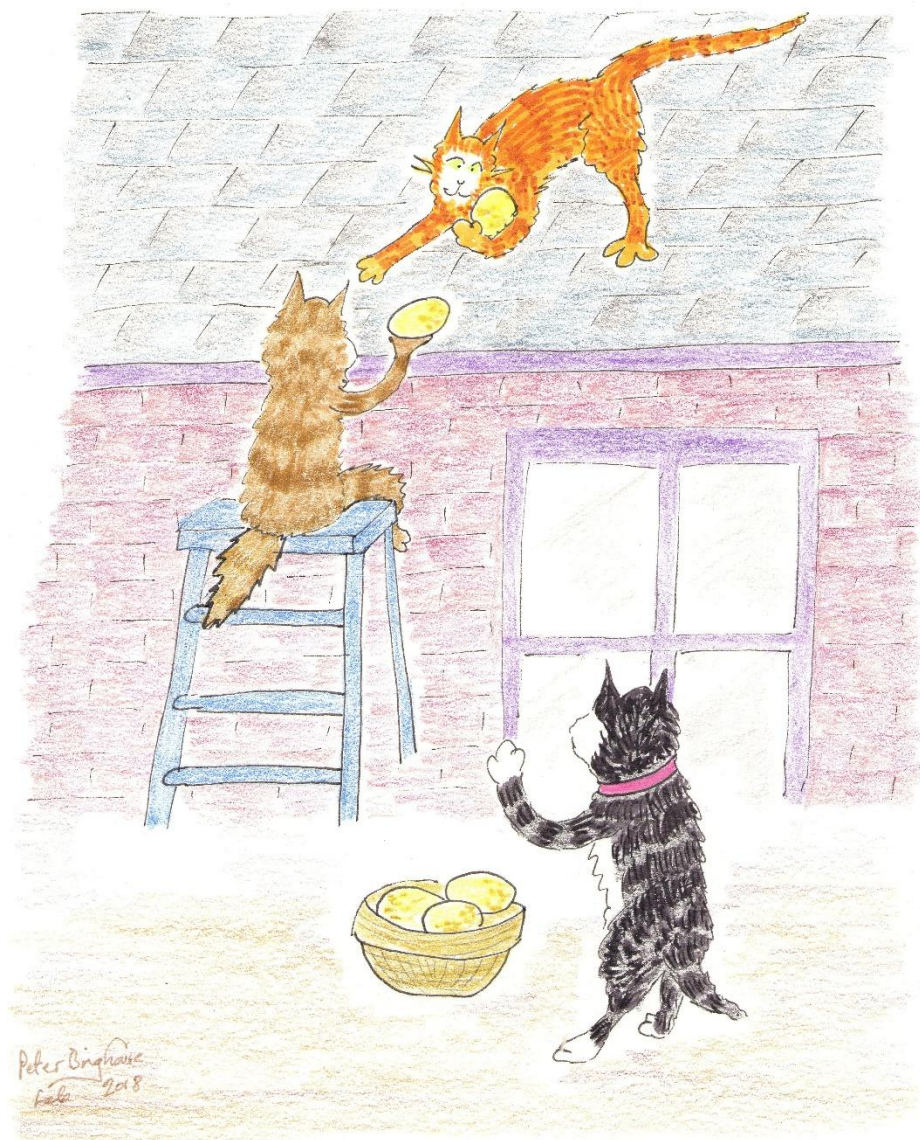
Wild Bill, an expert at scrambling through the heathers of the Scottish glens, would traverse the roof tiles and act as the intermediary between Bullpuss and Mungo.



The day chosen dawned with dappled clouds over the bay and, before any people were about, the cats set about their work.

Squawks and screeches soon showed that the seabirds were also up early and anxious to tell their friends of the intruders advancing carefully up the steeply sloping roofs into their domain.

Wild Bill quickly cleared out a couple of nests, containing reasonably fresh eggs.



Mungo passed these down to Bullpuss, and thus to Clawed, who trotted off to find his culinary hedgehog pals, Oliver and Tom, to arrange a breakfast omelette for later.



A most untidy and evil smelling mess was found by Mungojerrie, tucked into a chimney stack. Together with dried fish scraps, bones and twigs, he pulled out remnants of children's ice cream cones, and the wrappers from sandwiches and fish and chip takeaways, which the Herring Gulls had stolen in their dangerous raids upon the holidaymakers.

This was too much for the seagulls, who dived down upon Mungo from all angles, as he fixed the first set of spikes.



Mungo slid down the cat ladders, and retreated, rubbing his head.



"Mirrawacow, I shall need a helmet for protection!" he cried.

Bullpuss and Clawed conferred and soon appeared with the scooped out halves of yesterday's red grapefruits. One of these was fitted over Mungo's head and tied quite tightly under his chin with dried grasses.



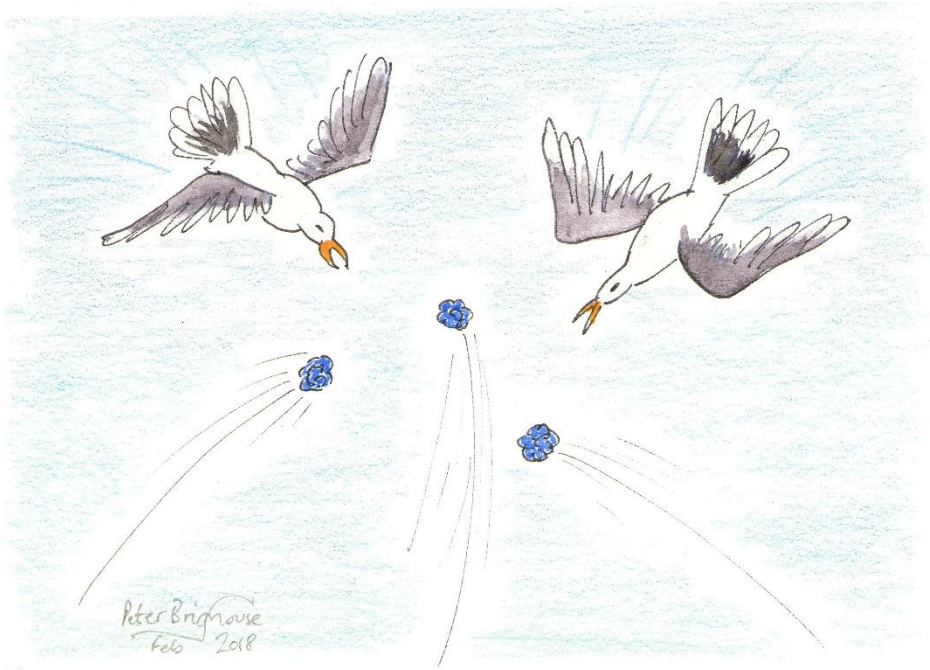
Wild Bill had a great idea for distracting the silly birds. Clawed brought a loaf of brown bread from his kitchen, and he and Bullpuss pulled off small pieces, rolled them up neatly into small, firm spheres, and passed them up to Wild Bill.



“Macai, it’s a guid job I had ma’ catapult with me,” he exclaimed, “I’ll start by firing the pellets in long arcs away from the roof, and over the seagulls, to entice them away. And if that disna’ work, I shall tighten up the elastic and fire the pellets directly at them.”



Luckily the first option proved satisfactory. The seagulls thought it was great fun to have breakfast served up by a feline predator, and they made a graceful display across the morning sky, chasing the savoury nuggets.



Mungo continued tapping away, firmly securing a strip in each place one was missing. He looked very becoming in his protective grapefruit helmet, with his ears poking out.



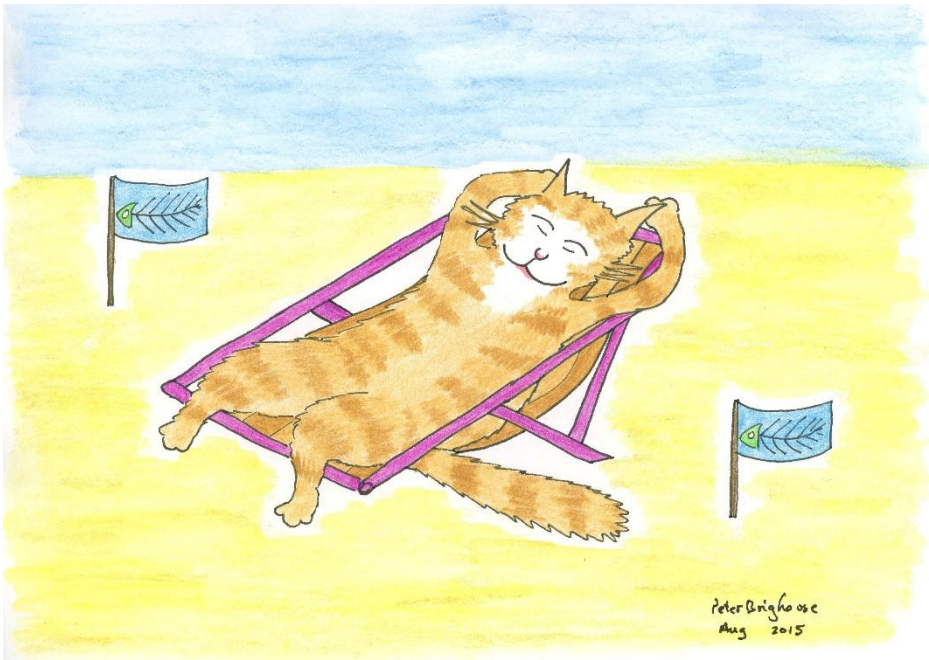
With the job neatly finished, and as the town was starting to awaken, the seagulls were quite happy to relocate to adjoining properties, leaving Clawed's in peace.



Just then the hedgehogs returned, and a breakfast feast of savoury omelettes was enjoyed upon the terrace, with the four cats lounging in the deckchairs, in the restful knowledge that, for a while at least, target practise would be applied elsewhere.



Bullpuss At The Beach



Bullpuss loved a trip to the seaside. His people always hired a beach hut and their friends had hired the adjoining one.

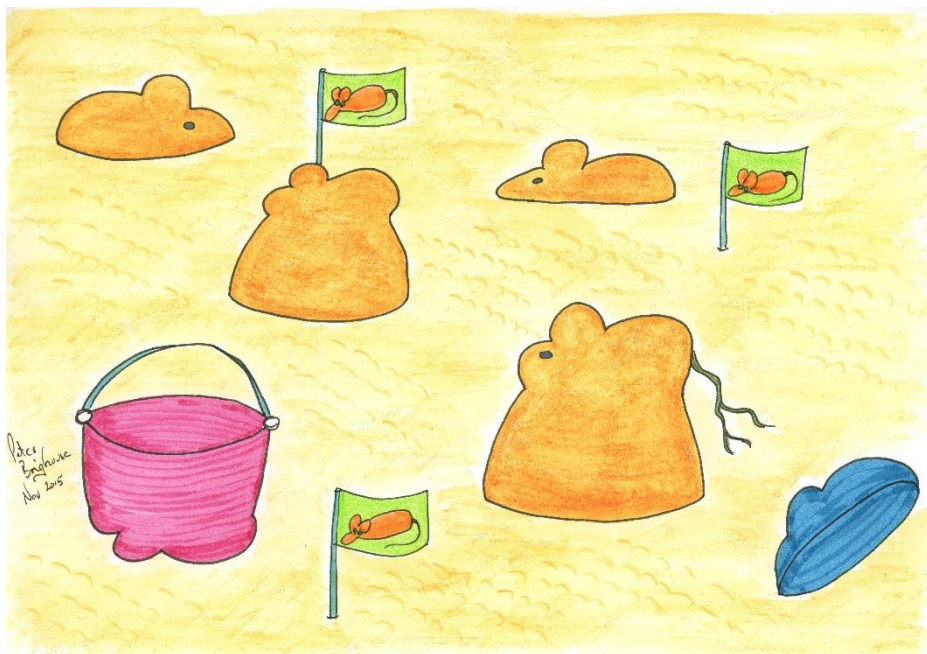
The children found there was just enough room to create a cat sized beach hut specially for Bullpuss.



The inside was fitted out with everything a seaside holidaying cat of refinement could desire.

He had a cat sized deck chair prepared in coloured stripes that matched his fur.

A selection of buckets to cast out mouse shapes in the sand.



His own spade for digging a discrete cat latrine.



The herring bone fish motif above his cat flap was themed and repeated on the cat shaped wet suit, cat snorkel and face mask, although Bullpuss, not originating from Turkey, was not attracted to the idea of swimming, and paddling caused too much sand to get stuck between his claws.

Bullpuss' favourite was a small cat sized rowing boat, decorated in a delightful shade of pea green, and ready for action, just in case an owl turned up and suggested a trip.



Including his dear cat friends.



Le Chat d'Henri Matisse

Once, many, many years ago, there was a cat called Toreau chat, an ancestor of the Bullpuss. He lived in France with his very Old Master, Henri Matisse, in the quaint district of Cimiez near Nice on the French Riviera.



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He was very fond of his Old Master, who was a famous painter.

Unfortunately his Old Master had suffered a serious illness and found it difficult to get around, but this did not stop his artistic endeavours and he had a number of close friends who assisted him in completing his commissions.



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Toreauchat loved the work that was being done. There was invariably lots of differently shaped cut out pieces of coloured paper, some in ordered piles, some just about to slip off the edges of tables and many discarded pieces littering the floor. Toreauchat liked to scamper into the heaps and cause a flutter of wispy shapes to fly around above his head like enormous butterflies and moths.

Often pieces were chosen and carefully pasted into place on to huge canvases that lined the walls of the studio. If things were going badly the cut outs were tacked temporarily into a proposed place, but then were crossly pulled down, crumpled and thrown to the back of the room. Toreauchat loved to flick these from paw to paw and chase them round the studio.



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Occasionally he was so naughty, he was expelled and shut out in the garden, which nevertheless held its own delights and since the weather was balmy, was never an encumbrance to Toreauchat's enjoyment of the day.



One time, towards the end of a difficult day for the studio members, Toreauchat was allowed back into the studio just before tea time. M. Matisse took his cat upon his knee and, whilst stroking and tickling him, explained that nothing would go right with the latest artwork and he had sent everyone away to sleep upon the predicament. Hopefully the next day would bring fresh ideas and inspiration.

Later that evening, with the rays of the setting sun illuminating the studio walls so that the art works shone like stained glass in a cathedral or priory window, Toreauchat, satisfactorily fed and watered, found himself alone and most keen to help his Old Master.

He found some pieces of the coloured paper and placing his large paw print upon it, carefully drew round the paw a certain distance from it, so that he could see where the pencil was going.



Then, using the sharp scissors, he laboriously cut out the paw print. This is rather difficult for a cat to do, but by taking his time and trimming off any false cuts, he produced a most authentic cut out, shaped a little like a lucky clover leaf.

Toreauchat collected together as many differently coloured pieces of paper as he could find and produced a large number of paw print cutouts.



The next bit was easy and remembering how sticky the paste was, he dabbed substantial blobs on the back of each cutout.

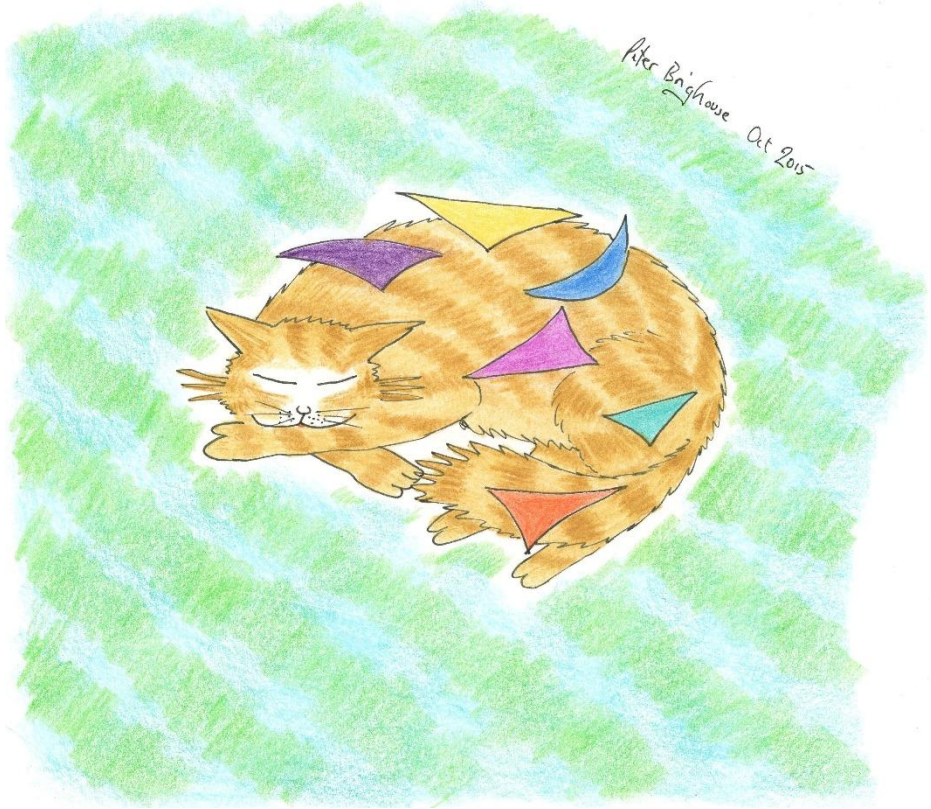
There was no temporary tacking into place for the Toreauchat. He trotted up to the wall and reaching up, quickly placed his paw prints in appealing positions, just below the partially completed work.



Peter Brighouse
Mar 2017

GrandPig's Ruffty Raggy Books

Imagine M. Matisse's astonishment the next morning when the team reassembled. The work was complete, if not quite to the patron's specification, and there was the Toreauchat, curled up, fast asleep, with sticky bits of paste in his bushy tail.



Tiger Hare

One of Mungojerrie's and Bullpuss' special friends, who lived quite some distance from the Ginger Nuts domain, was a lithe, wiry, streetwise, black and grey, striped cat called Tiger Hare.



His Old Mistress was Auntie Suzie Rabbit, who invariably looked after the Ginger Nuts' clan, when their family were away.

GrandPig's Ruffty Raggy Books

Being the largest and bravest of cats, Bullpuss and Mungo had surreptitiously followed her home one evening and taken the opportunity to become acquainted with Tiger.

He had been suffering somewhat from being bullied by other animals in his neighbourhood and by the activities of late-night noisy students. He was delighted to meet Bullpuss and Mungo whose feline air of confidence imbued him with the desire to develop tricks and ideas to combat the oppressive climate.



One day, in the early morning, before any person was awake, Mungo and Bullpuss came round to call, and Tiger quietly lifted his cat flap to allow them into his kitchen.

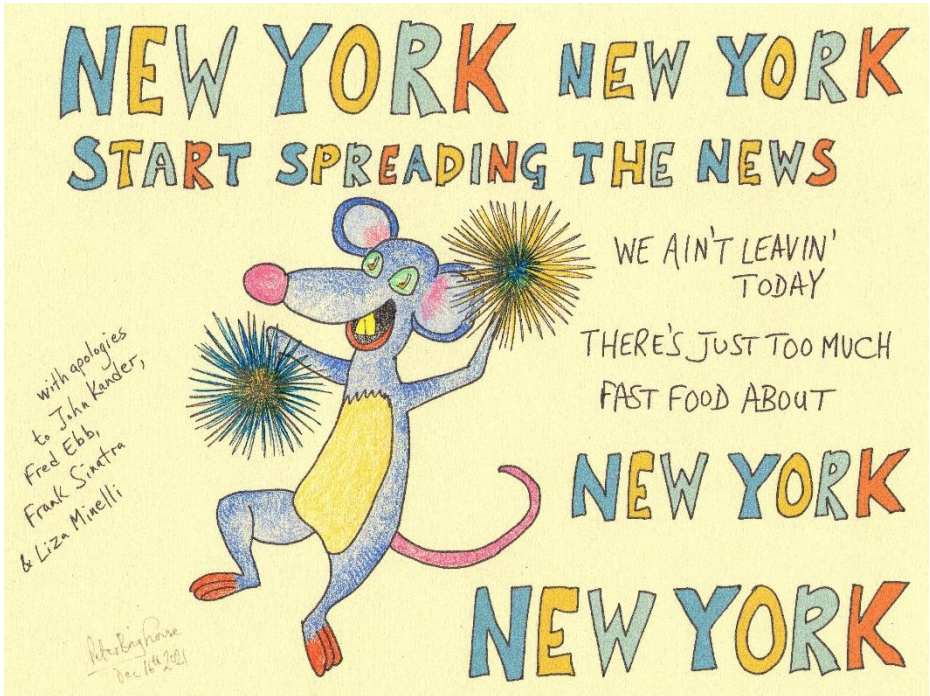
Now, the children, in his own family, had almost all grown up and Tiger was most keen to show his friends the contents of the large dressing up box, long discarded by the children, that he had located in the loft.

The three cats padded quietly upstairs, not wishing to disturb Auntie Suzie Rabbit, although she would probably have been amused to see them.

The box was bigger than anything Mungo and Bullpuss had seen before, probably something to do with the larger number of children in Tiger's family.



Tiger dived into the box and disappeared. It all went rather quiet and Mungo, sitting quietly next to Bullpuss, was reminded to tell him the tale he had overheard his own people discussing. Seemingly, at a pub in Trowbridge, a young couple were enjoying their lunch time meal, when a large rat, full of bravado, had run across the dining room, up the chap's leg and had stolen a fat juicy chip from his plate.



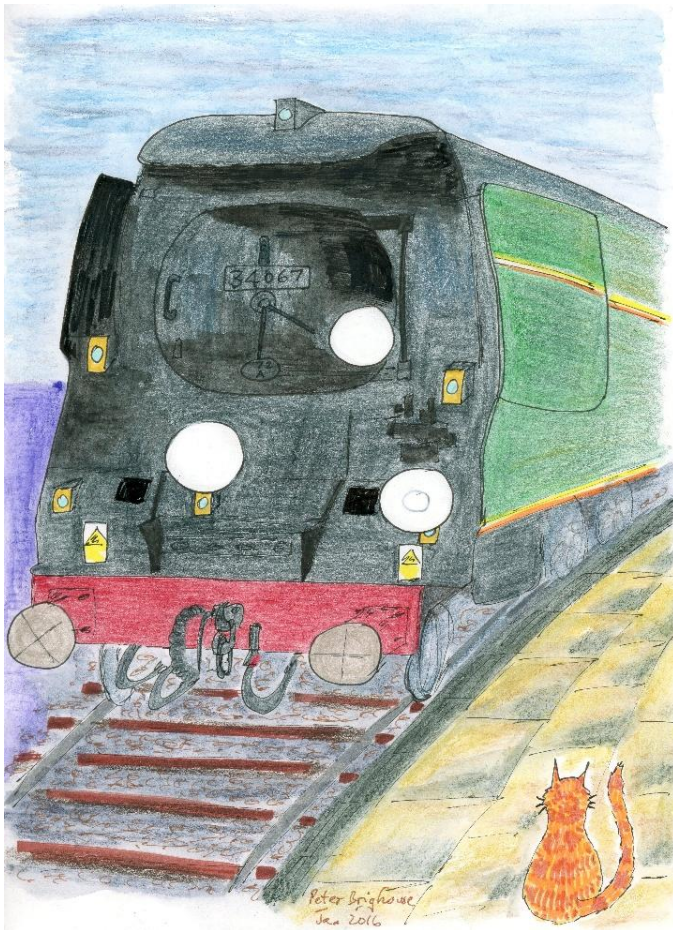
Just as Bullpuss was remarking that "the rat wouldn't have dared show his face if we'd been there", Tiger emerged from the box. He had festooned himself with a long red cape, some neat blue trunks from an Action Cat set and a long pair of rabbit's ears fixed to an Alice band.

"In fact," said Bullpuss quickly, as he spied Tiger, "it could be another job, for the world-famous super cat, Tiger Hare!"



Mungo Takes The 'A' Train

A seaside special steam train excursion, featuring coaches devoted to the "Pets Express" leads to unexpected musical collaborations and a jazz "jam" or should we say "Pussypaws" session ensues.



GrandPig's Ruffty Raggy Books

Mungo had been chosen to accompany his people on a special rail journey, where a wonderful old steam locomotive and its matching coaches hauled a "Pets Seaside Special".

He was taken by his Old Master, on his lead and harness, to see the smoking, steaming and bubbling locomotive, Tangmere, that was ready to depart.

A wide variety of pets were involved, mainly dogs, but several cats, rabbits, guinea pigs and a colourful Amazonian parrot, were seen along the coaches.



Mungo was very pleased to meet Percy the Pug at the adjoining table and remembering Bullpuss' advice, immediately agreed a peace pact.

They stood up together on the table and poked their noses out of the window. The smoke and smuts were something neither had experienced before. They waved back at the numerous children who were excited to see an old locomotive passing through their towns and villages.

Then Mungo, showing off, did a rather silly thing. He did a cat paw stand against the window and let his long fluffy tail slip out of the gap, where it was whisked sideways by the wind.



The steward spotted the danger and pointed out the risks involved. Mungo, chastised, spent the next ten minutes teasing funny tasting smuts out of his tail.



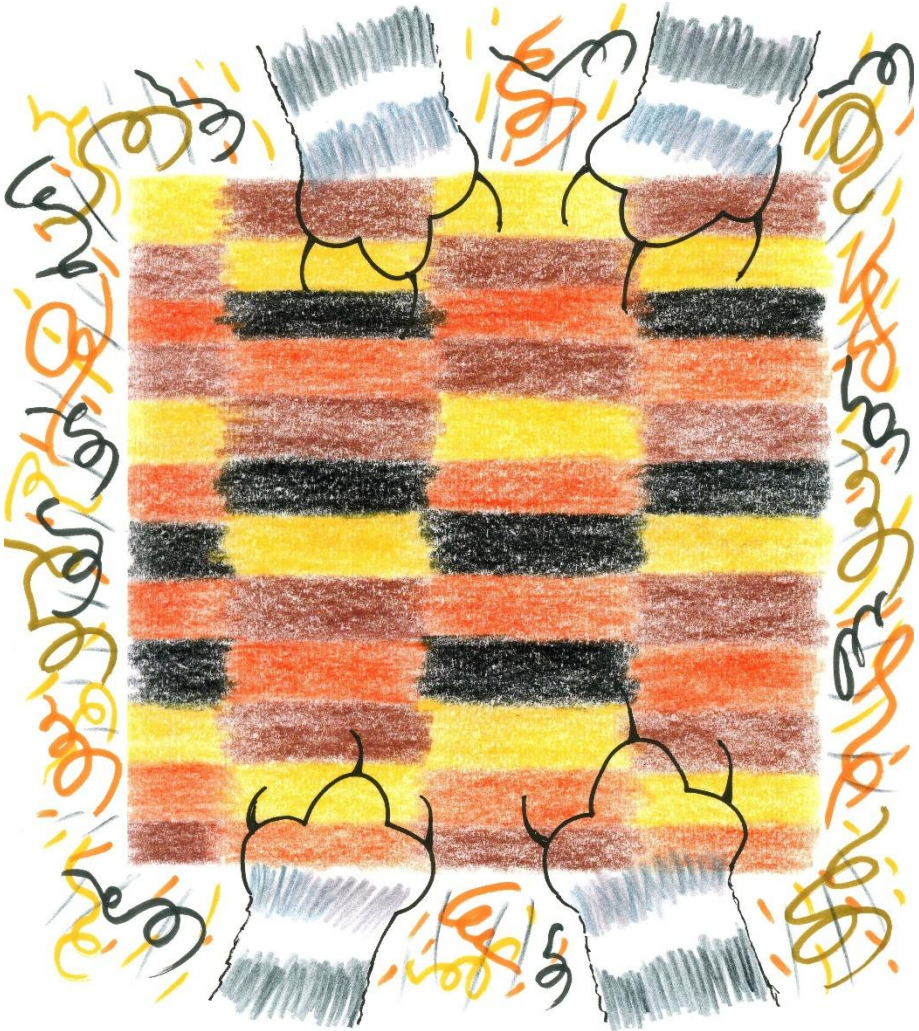


Everyone was astonished at the numbers of keen train spotters who had assembled at bridges, stations and other vantage points along the line. How did they know the train was coming? They were festooned with long lenses on powerful cameras, large bushy beards and capacious tummies. It appeared that their womenfolk had largely been left behind.



When breakfast was served, several Dachshunds followed their pack instinct and arranged a raid upon the sausages.

Some cats, in the next compartment, were reprimanded, having found that the old moquette upholstery formed an admirable claw sharpening material.



Mungo caused an uproar, when he wandered through the cats' compartments, asking after Skimbleshanks, and that, if he cared to call, Mungo had found his thimble.

When Mungo found that Percy the Pug had brought his banjo, plus his Catter Bilk striped waistcoat, he quickly found his cat sized baritone saxophone and, as Mungo Jerrycan, put together a most enjoyable performance of Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn's "Take The A Train".





Bullpuss Dresses Up

Bullpuss had always admired Squimps' uncanny ability to dive into the children's dressing up box and emerge with a fascinating cat sized garment.



The children loved to help with ensuring that the garment was fitted neatly around the cat with no trailing bits which may have caused problems going outside through the cat flap.

Squimps once spent most of a day trotting round in his Action Cat outfit, which, it must be admitted, had been designed and marketed with the Cat About Town in mind.



Another of Squimps' favourites was to find the children's paint boxes and, having fastened a smock around himself, together with a suitable floppy hat, he would set about dabbing his paws in the paint and pressing patterns onto a clean sheet of paper.



Squimps as Toulouse-Lautrec

One day, the children noticed official pictures published to celebrate an anniversary of Prince George and thought how amusing it would be to dress up their Ginger Nuts accordingly. They rummaged through their dressing up boxes and found exactly what they wanted. The apparel was slightly on the large size for Tigtoes, but when they convinced Bullpuss into a trial fitting, with the help of a small dish of cat treats, they found that he looked rather fetching in his rompers and jersey top.

Bullpuss "does" Prince George



Bullpuss put up with the indignity for a while but positively refused to go outside dressed like a toddler.

On another occasion, Young Mistress managed to fit him into a pink dress that belonged to one of her favourite dolls. Having been played with extensively, the dress was on its way to the laundry when she decided to inflict an insult to Bullpuss's self esteem.

pink



Bullpuss looked so upset, that Young Master decided to think of something special for him. He arranged a game of cat football. Bullpuss was delighted.

green



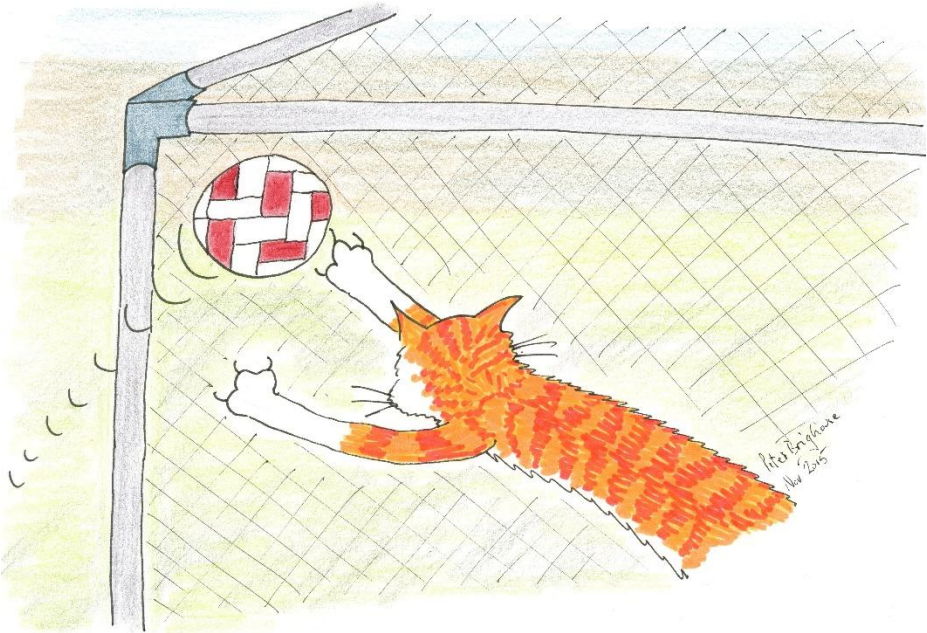
Tabbo and the Mopprag dropped out of the competition in the first round - they never could take it too seriously. Bullpuss beat Squimps in the first semi-final, whilst Tigtoes, ever the nimblest and most agile of cats, narrowly beat Mungojerrie in the other semi-final.

The final was to be held one evening, under floodlights, and once everyone had enjoyed their afternoon naps and eaten tea.

The four earlier losers formed a rather vociferous fan club, changing their allegiance towards whoever had possession of the ball.



An end to end match ensued with lots of goals. Tigtoes's agility and natural dribbling ability proved almost as effective as Bullpuss's awesome steam roller power. At the last kick of the game, the scores were level; the crowd held its collective breath; Bullpuss paused with the ball, looked up at Tigtoes' goal and sent a curling shot towards Tigtoes' far corner goalpost. Tigtoes stretched backwards as far as he could, and his claw tips just brushed the ball, but insufficiently to prevent the last shot of the game becoming a match winner.





"Don't try this at home, Children!"

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