Reading!

LO: To understand narration techniques



Brief outline of the text:

We have read the prologue of our book, we are now going to look at chapter one. This chapter is where we meet 'Poop' the cat.

Discussion question:

Why do you think the author has chosen to change the narrator for chapter one?

Glossary:

- formally – What they were before they became what they are.
- residing – Living in.
- catnip – A herb that cats really love
- jumbo-sized – really big
- highly – very
- earth-shatteringly – really
- forthcoming – about to happen
- purchase – buy
- remodelling – decorating
- unceremoniously – roughly and without manners
- burly – someone who is large and strong



Chapter 1

That's a pretty good picture of me. I really am that gorgeous.

You should've seen my kitten pictures. Adorable.

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Poop. Formerly of London. Currently residing in Fairview, USA. And yes, I used to have an, uh, issue. I'm all better now. Thanks for asking. Besides, I love my name. It makes human beans say, "Time to scoop Poop's poop."

Anyway, six months after moving from London to the United States, I could tell that things weren't really working out for me in my first home.

Don't get me wrong. The place was comfy. Plenty of food, a nice fluffy bed, lots of toys (some filled with catnip), a jumbo-sized litter box, and fifteen different rooms for me to romp around in. There were also window shades with strings attached. Love me some string to tug.

But I liked to sleep in front of the TV. I couldn't help it. TVs are warm. The people inside them are often highly entertaining. So I'd just curl up in a ball and snooze, snuggled up against that cozy, toasty screen. I didn't know I was blocking the bottom part of the picture or that the bottom part of the picture was so earth-shatteringly important to the Man's enjoyment of sporting events.

"I can't see if the putt made it into the cup!" he'd shout. "The cat's butt's blocking half the green!"

When he said that, I rolled over—in classic belly rub position. No belly rub was forthcoming.

"Her belly's more bloated than her butt!" the Man growled at the Woman. "This lazy cat cost us four hundred pounds. Now she almost weighs that much!"

Pounds are what people in England—where I was born—use for money. I believe, if what I read in the business section of the newspaper I peed on this morning (the litter box was sooooo far away) is

correct, four hundred British pounds equals about five hundred American dollars.

Why so much? Well, first of all, you saw my picture, right? I am *so* worth it.

Second, the Woman insisted that the Man purchase her a stunning, purebred, imported-from-jolly-old-England British shorthair cat with gray fur to match all the dove-gray furniture in the living room, no matter the cost. She found me online, paid to have me shipped over from England. She kept the name the London vet had given me. (I think she thought *poop* meant something else in jolly old England. You know, like *chips* meaning "French fries.")

Anyhow, that was then, this is now.

"I'm thinking of remodeling" is what the Woman said in reply to the Man when he so rudely complained about my butt and belly blocking his TV.

"What?" he growled.

"Gray is so last year. I want to do the whole house over in crisp blacks and whites." She flapped a magazine at the Man. "A black-and-white tuxedo cat would work much better with our new decor."

"Fine. That means this tubby tabby has to go."

"She's not a tabby, honey. She's a gray British shorthair. But yes. She should go. The sooner the better. The decorator is dropping by tomorrow and I don't want to insult her color scheme or delicate sensibilities…"

"Fine," snarled the Man. "It's worth five times five hundred dollars to have my TV back the way it's supposed to be!"

The Man grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and very unceremoniously, if you ask me, tossed me out the door into the backyard.

I remember it was a cold and drizzly night.

My paws plodded through puddles as I made my way to the garbage cans. What can I say? I was hungry. Emotional distress is a food trigger for me.

But as I approached the trash barrels set out near the curb, I heard a hiss.

Then two orange eyes started glowing in the darkness between the trash bins.

It scared me silly. I would've pooped my pants except cats don't wear pants, so I just pooped on the lawn.

The evil creature hissed again.

I took off running. Okay, I jogged. Fine, it was more of a waddle.

I headed to the nearest clump of trees. I was too terrified to pay attention to where I was going.

And that's how I ended up lost.

The next morning, however, I was found.

Not by my people.

Oh, no. I was hauled away by a burly fellow who worked for something called the Fairview Animal Care Center. It sounded lovely. A place where all they did was take care of animals. I was expecting an endless kibble buffet, dangly things on strings to chase, and constant belly rubs.

I was wrong.

It was a prison.

Discussion question:

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