

Gingers Wood
Terrible Tommy-Tom Cat



By
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Dedicated to my Father,
Gareth Owen Seal.

Terrible Tommy-Tom Cat

I remember when I was small and visiting Benny Badger's sett in Gingers Wood one morning. Gingers Wood was visited by a very unwelcome cat, who had a very awful urge to hunt the poor mice of the Wood, but not to worry, all was well children, Benny helped to save the day again, and this is how ...

I was sitting in a small arm-chair, by a warm fire, in the dusty and small but comfortable sett, watching Benny pouring some blackberry tea. I often borrowed books from his library of badger history books in those days and was just about to ask if I could take a couple home with me that evening, when suddenly Tyler rushed in from under the wooden front door.

“OH NO no no no no !”

He scurried quickly back and forth and spoke with a worrying panic until Benny asked :-

“What on earth is wrong Tyler ?”

“A CAT ! There's a cat, here in this wood.”

He jumped up onto my lap and told us what had happened that morning :-

“Tommy Tumble Mouse and I were taking our morning stroll through the wood when we were suddenly dived on, he tried to catch us but we got away luckily, we stood back and watched him put Tommy's shoe that had been left behind inside his coat.”



“But there where other items there, shoes, socks, jumpers, what he has collected over time, he is a mouse hunter, and he won't leave this wood until he has found every single mouse”.

“It's alright Tyler, I will think of something, but in the meantime you wait here I am going to fetch the other mice, I will hide them in my

wheelbarrow under a sheet so they are not discovered”.

Benny told him.

“Be careful Benny, Tommy and I followed him and watched him through our binoculars from a distance”.



“He was sharpening his claws, standing next to a boiling pot ready to cook with, he was very frightening”.



Benny then put on his little coat and headed out with his wheelbarrow, he returned soon enough however.

I had never seen so many mice in one room, if my mother had been there she would have been terrified, how could anyone find them scary ? To me they where so friendly and sweet, there where baby mice and mother mice, uncle and aunt mice, brother and sister mice, and Grandfather and Grandmother mice with tiny reading glasses and walking sticks, telling their old tales of youth as the little ones listened.



Benny sat quietly trying to think of a way to frighten of the nasty cat.

Suddenly the front door opened and Freddy Fox entered looking rather shocked, we later found out that he had tried to ask the cat to leave but all he had got was a sharp and unfriendly ...

Hhsssssssst.

“I told him there were no mice hear but he said clearly
in his hissy slow voice ...
You think you can fool me but you are wrong,
my sense of smell is far to strong.”

“He speaks in rhyme ?” Benny asked and Freddy nodded nervously,

“he also said ...
Tonight I shall be sat in a most comfortable seat,
to give myself a delicious treat,
a most delightful sort of meat,
after all, Stranger Fox I am at my happiest when I eat.”

Benny then told me of the evil mouse hunters that went back generations, they would hunt all mice and were taught to speak only in rhyme, it seems there are still these hunters around today using the old rhyme, but Gingers Wood had never seen one until that day, Benny had to find a way to get rid of him, and fast.

After another 10 minutes or so, a sly scary knock came at the door and we all stood quiet until suddenly a strange voice spoke,

“I know your hear I followed your scent,
and if you ask me it was time well spent.”



“What shall we do ?” Tyler asked as the mice began to panic and shake with worry.

“I've got it” Benny said happily

“Freddy come with me I have to see blossom bundle bumble bee.”

They left through the back of the sett, as the mean cat tried to get in through the front.

“I've worked out a simple sum,
it will take 50 mice to fill my empty tum,
hand them over now and I won't get nasty,
I may even give you one of my special home made pasties.” He said clawing the door.

“Now you may think I'm bad and sly,
but I can't wait I won't tell a lie,
to make myself a nice round pie.”

His sharp claws where scratching at the wood, he was getting more and more desperate to get in.

“What's that sound ? Too calm to be someone's tumble,
it's more like a soft sort of rumble ?”

The front door opened quickly and 100 bees flew straight at him, I think it is safe to say I have never seen a cat run as fast before or since, he ran out of the wood screeching loudly as the bee's all flew fast behind him.

“No mice,
not for any rich price,
your silly scare,
was easy to bear,
now it's our turn to scare and tease,
have some moody bees,
if you jolly well please.”

Benny said, giving us all a cheerful laugh, as the mice danced around feeling relieved.



Soon the day was over, the sun was setting and everyone began heading home, I borrowed some books of Benny first of course, I remember in those days when I took the books home to my parent's house my mother always wanted to know where I had got the strange Badger books that were very small, dusty and delicate, I always said the same thing ...

“From a friend Mother.”

I could never tell her just who that friend was however, she never would have believed me ...



The End

