

Extract :Diary of a Killer Cat



Monday

Okay. Okay. So hang me. I killed the bird. For pity's sake, I'm a *cat*. It's practically my *job* to go creeping around the garden after sweet little eensy-weensy birdy-pies that can hardly fly from one hedge to another. So what am I supposed to do when one of the poor feathery butterballs just about throws itself into my mouth? I mean, it practically landed on my paws. It could of *hurt* me.

Okay, *okay*. So I biffed it. Is that any reason for Ellie to cry in my fur so hard I almost *drown*?

Dear Diary,

GRRRRRRRRI'm SO hungry! I thought I was going to grab my favourite snack from the deep dark wood today, but then something really scary happened and I had to run away. I was so afraid that my terrible tusks were trembling and all of the purple prickles on my back stood on end. I had come face to face with the meanest creature in the wood the big bad mouse!! Even the cunning fox was scared of him! I think I was lucky to escape. Tomorrow I will hunt for snacks somewhere else.

GRUF xx