

## ***The Cat Menagerie: Script for Narrator***

I am going to tell you about some cat friends of mine. One is very, very old. In his day, never a more elegant creature tread upon a ballroom floor. He could pounce from a second story balcony without missing a step: a sleek cloud of white fur. But now he spends most days lying about contemplating how unmannerly the younger generation is. His constant thought: “The Jellicle Ball is not what it was.”

[play: “Old Tom”]

Have you ever watched a cat sleeping? Here is a cat that sleeps as soundly as you or me, but if you speak to him his tail flops and shivers. I think that if he had a phone, his voicemail would say, “I’m off visiting cabbages and kings, but my tail will take a message.”

[play: “The Dreamer”]

“When you only have three legs, it is a far, far better thing to stay in one place.” That is the motto of our next fellow, and I don’t blame him. I am sorry to report that after a run-in with a fan belt he is minus a leg and a tail. But a kind veterinarian stitched him up, and now he kalumphs around the house with the grand girth of a king. (He especially likes to kalumph to the food bowl.) I am afraid he hisses if you poke at him after he has nestled into his comfy bed.

[play: “Three Legs, No Tail”]

I love to pick up a warm fat cat, but they don’t all love to be picked up. I know a cat that can’t decide. With him it is always, “To run, or not to run,—hmmm...” I guess we know what happens to him!

[play: “He Who Hesitates Is Caught”]

Some cats are so thoroughbred they look like toys. With fur so poufy and fine, no one could ever expect their little flat tongues to bathe it all. They require humans with brushes and blowers. And if the humans ever fall behind, then comes that reproachful look that says, “Out of the depths of hair I cry to you—Brush Me!”

[play: “Blue Blood”]

They’re everywhere! Downstairs, upstairs, out the window, across the mattress, under the bed, in the closet. None may escape. Their low voices echo his piercing calls, and he chases every last one out. “It’s a tough job, but somebody has to do it!” he cries as he leaps away once again in hot pursuit.

[play: “Chasing Phantoms”]