

Kiri and Jingle

There was a noise. It was coming from the street outside Kiri's house.

Kiri went to have a look. She stood still for a moment. There it was again, a sort of squeak. Or was it a wail? Kiri looked high. Kiri looked low. Kiri looked high again. Then she spied him.

It was Jingle, next door's cat. He was sitting on a branch of a tree.



“Hello, what are you doing up there?” she said.

Kiri stretched up but it was no good. She looked at the smooth tree trunk and sighed. Then, she clicked her fingers and smiled.

A few minutes later, she came back with a ladder. She placed it up against the tree and started to climb. Soon she was sitting on Jingle's branch. Jingle wailed at her. Kiri edged towards Jingle. Jingle moved away. Kiri edged a little closer. Jingle moved away again.



Kiri stretched out her arm. As she did so, her leg kicked the ladder and it crashed to the floor.

“Oh no!” cried Kiri. She clung onto the branch and look down. It was a long way to the ground. Kiri clung on even tighter.

Jingle walked further along the branch. It got lower and lower the further he went. Soon it was so low that he could jump off the end and land safely on a garage roof. From there he could hop down onto a fence, a bin and finally the floor.



Jingle slipped in through his cat flap and ate his tea. Then, he tried to settle down for a snooze but there was a noise. Jingle went to have a look. It was Kiri wailing in the tree. Jingle turned tail and went back inside to look for a quiet spot. There was no way he wanted to be disturbed by that awful wailing noise. Cats are like that.