

Biscuit



One morning, Biscuit the cat came back from his daily jog and sat-down for breakfast. He opened the newspaper and turned to the jobs page.

"Today I am going to find a job," he decided.

WANTED: SECURITY GUARD
FOR WAREHOUSE.
MUST BE BIG, STRONG
AND TOUGH-LOOKING.

"That sounds interesting," thought Biscuit. "I'm big, for a cat, and quite strong, and I can look tough if I really want to." He put on clothes to make him look extra-tough, and off he went to the warehouse.

"I'm offering the job," said the warehouse owner, a big bulldog. "A tough cat like you is just what we need around here."

All went well... until Biscuit gave some scrap wood to a Do-It-Yourself mouse who came by. The bulldog got very angry.

"Why do you think I hired a cat in the first place?" he shouted. "You're supposed to chase mice in this warehouse, not make friends with them.

Now beat it - and don't set foot in here again!"

Biscuit went back to his newspaper and found another advertisement.

WANTED: ASSISTANT FOR PLEASURE-BOAT RENTALS, RIVERSIDE MARINA. MUST SWIM AND ROW. LIFE-SAVING SKILLS HELPFUL.

Biscuit was a good swimmer and had worked as a lifeguard for a month. He put on clothes to give him an extra-sporty look, and off he went to the riverside marina.

"Congratulations - we want you for the job," said the owner, a beaver. He showed Biscuit around the docks. "A good cat like you is exactly what we need."

All went well... until Biscuit left a family of mice do their fishing on the pier. The people who rented the pleasure-boats didn't like mice, and complained about them to the beaver.

"It's that cat's fault!" Biscuit heard the beaver say. Biscuit left, before the beaver started yelling at him.

"I'm not having much luck," thought Biscuit. Then he remembered another advertisement in the newspaper.

WANTED: WAITER FOR NEW RESTAURANT. MUST BE PRESENTABLE, WITH GOOD MANNERS. KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH ESSENTIAL.

"Perfect!" thought Biscuit. He had done French at school. He put on clothes to make him look extra-presentable, and off he went to the restaurant.

"Congratulations! You've got the new job," said the head waiter, who was a duck. "A cat like you is perfect for this restaurant."

All went well... until a couple of mice came into the restaurant. Biscuit ushered them to the centre table.

"MICE! MICE!" shrieked the ducks, jumping out of their seats. "MICE IN THE RESTAURANT!" squawked a chicken, flapping her wings.

Biscuit didn't even wait to hear what the head waiter would say. He just slipped quickly out of the back door.

"It seems that people who hire cats only want them for chasing mice," thought Biscuit.

"But I don't want to chase mice - after all, they never chase me!"

Just then, he saw a sign in a shop window.

MOUSE & COMPANY CHEESE SHOP

WANTED: ASSISTANT.

"I'd really like that job," thought Biscuit, "but they'd never hire a cat."

Back at home, Biscuit kept thinking of the cheese shop. Perhaps if he didn't look too catty, they might consider him for the job!

He tried on all the kinds of clothes, but no matter how many times he checked in the mirror, he always looked like a cat.

Then he had an idea.

"Perhaps the mice I've met will help me!" and he ran off to the mouse neighbourhood as fast as he could.

The mice were all delighted to see Biscuit again.

"Of course we'll help you, Biscuit," they said. "We'll go with you to the cheese shop straight away and have a word with the manager."

And they did.

"This cat gave me some scrap wood I needed," said the Do-It-Yourself mouse to the cheese shop manager.

"He let us fish from the pier and we caught a huge fish!" said the mice children.

"He gave us the best table in the restaurant," beamed the mouse couple.

"Quiet now, all of you!" said the cheese shop manager. "All right," he agreed finally, shaking hands with Biscuit. "I'll give you a try."

Soon, Biscuit became the most famous cat in town. Mice came from far and wide just to buy cheese from him and shake his hand.

The manager of Mouse&Company Cheese Shop couldn't have been happier.

Best of all - Biscuit never got fired again.



Becky Bloom
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