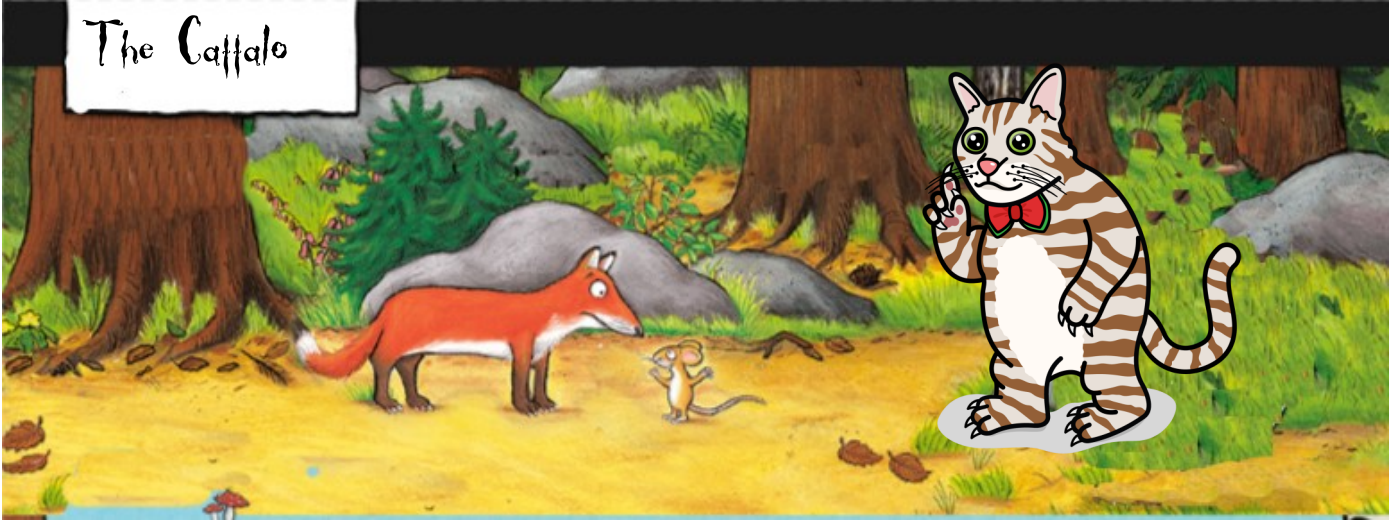


The Cattalo



A vole took a stroll through the Donich wood.

There were lots of things in the deep dark wood

Some looked nasty, some looked good.

There were squirrels watching from a tree

On the flowers he saw a bumble bee

There were toadstools growing in the ground

And rabbits frolicked all around

A robin sang from the skies above

And from the bushes cooed a dove

Invertebrates he saw in pots

Snails and Caterpillars lots and lots

A badger saw the vole, and the vole looked good.

Where are you going to, little Gray vole?

Come and have lunch in my underground hole."

"It's terribly kind of you, Badger, but no —

I'm going to have lunch with a Cattalo."

"A Cattalo? What's a Cattalo?"

"A Cattalo! Why, didn't you know?"

He has terrible ears, and terrible claws,

And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws."

"Where are you meeting him?"

"Here, by this rock,

And his favourite food is Mr Brock."

"Mr Brock! the Badger said

"Goodbye, little vole," and away he sped.

"Silly old Badger! Doesn't he know,

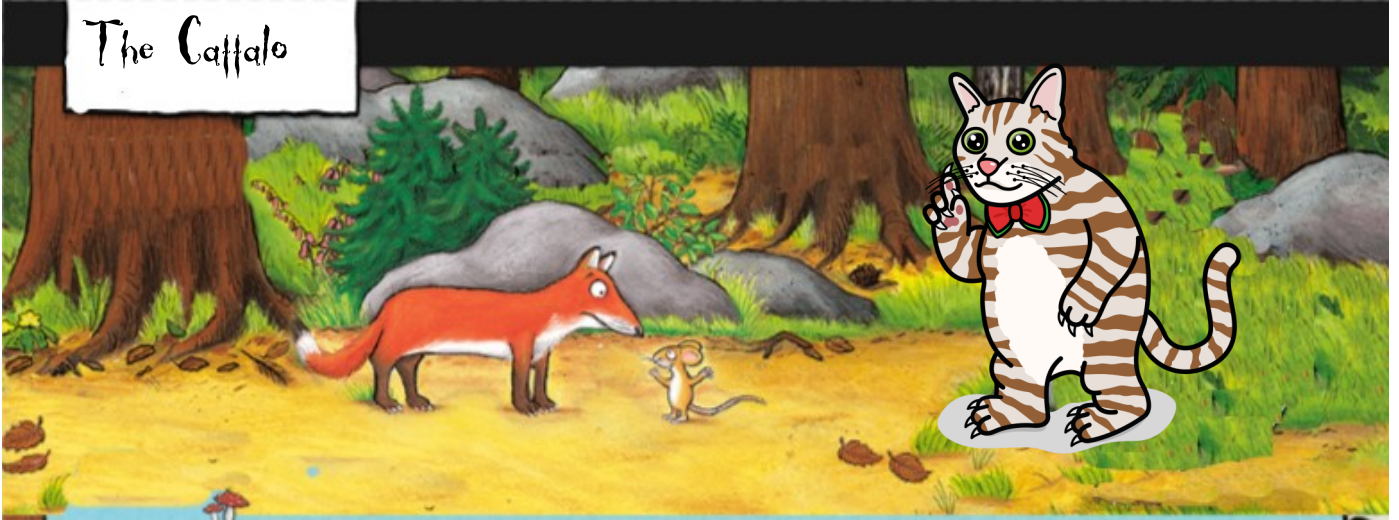
There's no such thing as a Cattalo?"

On went the vole through the deep dark wood.

A Marten saw the vole, and the vole looked good.



The Cattalo



"Where are you going to, little grey vole?
Come and have tea in my tree side hole."

"It's terribly kind of you, Marten, but no —
I'm going to have tea with a Cattalo."

"A Cattalo? What's a Cattalo?"
"A Cattalo! Why, didn't you know?"

He has fearsome paws, jelly beans on his toes,
And a monstrous looking orange nose."

"Where are you meeting him?"
"Right at this river by and by
And his favourite food is Marten Pie"

"Marten pie!" The marten said
"Goodbye, little vole," and away he sped.

Silly old Marten! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a Cattalo?"
On went the vole through the Donich wood.

A buzzard saw the vole, and the vole looked good.

"Where are you going to, little gray vole
Come for a feast in my cliff top hole

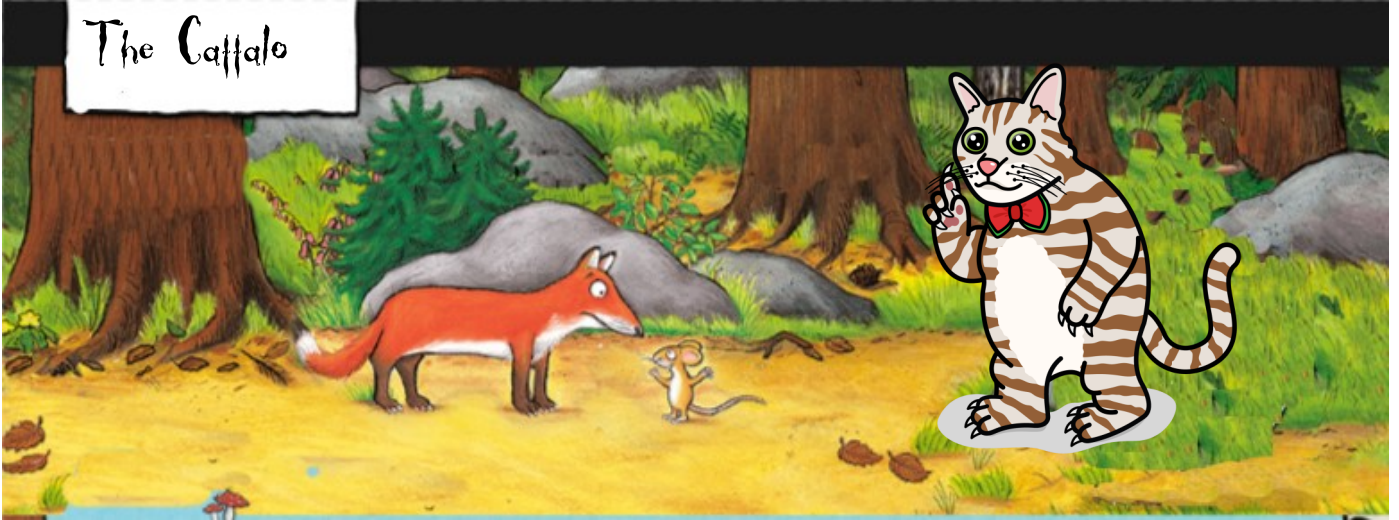
"It's terribly kind of you, buzzard, but no —
I'm having a feast with a Cattalo."

"A Cattalo? What's a Cattalo?"
"A Cattalo! Why, didn't you know?"

His eyes are blue, He has spotty fur
Catching birds just makes him purr"



The Cattalo



"Where are you meeting him?"

"Right here as you have well inferred,
And his favourite food is sauteed bird."

"Sauteed Bird ! It's time I left!"

Don't worry vole about being my guest.

"Silly old buzzard! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a Cattalo...?"

...Off!"

But who is this creature with terrible paws
And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws?
He has fearsome ears, jelly beans on his toes,
And a monstrous looking orange nose

"Oh help! Oh no!
It's a Cattalo!"

"My favourite food! A lovely vole.

"You'll taste good with some guacamole"

"Good?" said the vole. "Don't call me good!"

I'm the scariest creature in this wood.

Just walk behind me and soon you'll see,

Everyone is afraid of me."

"All right," said the Cattalo, purring with laughter.

"You go ahead and I'll follow after."

They walked and walked till the Cattalo said,

"I hear a squawk from the cliff ahead."

"It's buzzard," said the vole. "Why, buzzard, hello!"

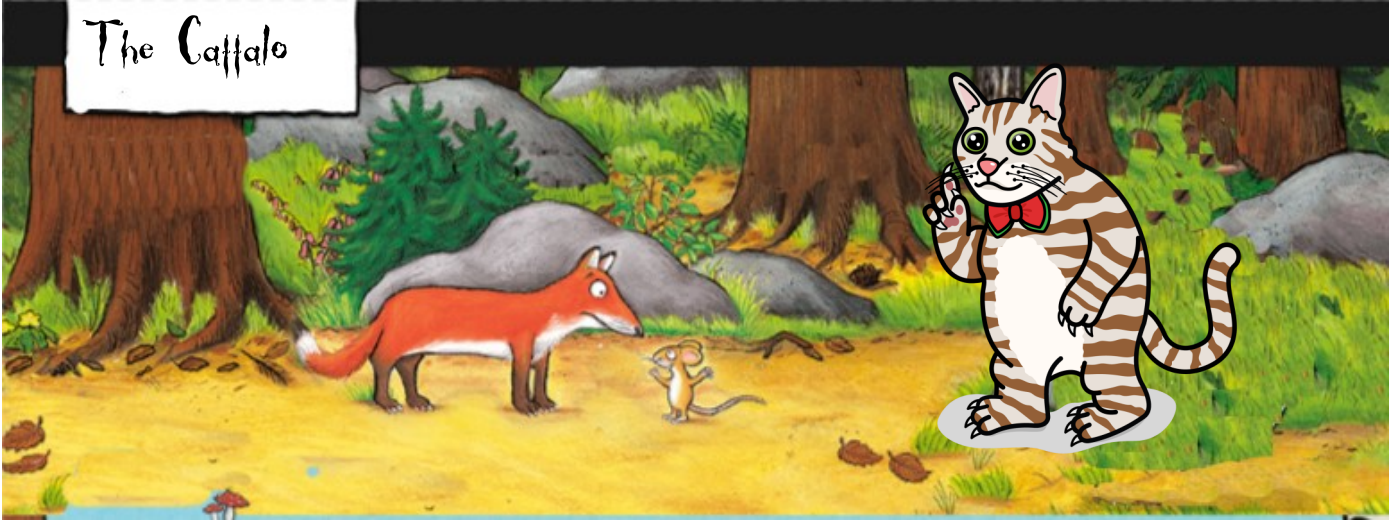
The buzzard took one look at the Cattalo.

"Oh crumbs!" he said. "Goodbye, little vole!"

And off he flew to his cliff top hole.



The Cattalo



"You see?" said the vole. "I told you so."

"Amazing!" said the Cattalo.

They walked some more till the Cattalo said,

"I hear some claws in the trees ahead."

"It's Marten," said the vole. "Marten hello!"

Marten took one look at the Cattalo.

"Oh dear!" he said, "Goodbye, little vole!"

And off he sped to his tree side hole.

"You see?" said the vole. "I told you so."

"Astounding!" said the Cattalo.

They walked some more till the Cattalo said,

"I can hear feet on the path ahead."

"It's Badger," said the vole. "Why, Broct, hello!"

Badger took one look at the Cattalo.

"Oh help!" he said, "Goodbye, little vole!"

And off he ran to his underground hole.

"Well, Cattalo," said the vole. "You see?"

Everyone is afraid of me!

One thing I've learned walking through this wood

Is Cattalo soufflé is very good

"Cattalo soufflé!" the Cattalo said,

And quick as the wind he turned and fled.

Went through his flap and curled up in his bed

All was quiet in the Donich wood.

The vole found a nut and the nut was good.

But the Cattalo had prawns for tea

And the prawns were as good as good can be

