

BEATRICE
A Reading for Story Telling

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The adventure of “Beatrice” was written at the request of the author’s granddaughter who had a little cat of the same name. It has been used in Iowa competition in the areas of Story Telling and Humorous Acting.

Miss Beatrice was a fine cat. Miss Beatrice was, in fact, so fine she was adopted shortly after being born by the Lord and Lady Howdo.

Miss Beatrice lived with Lord and Lady Howdo in the grand house overlooking Plymouth Harbor in England. The Howdos fed Miss Beatrice the finest cuts of venison, which is deer meat, beef and fresh fish caught in the seas that surrounded England. She had a soft, satin bed, daily combings and would often be taken for drives in the Howdo’s golden carriage.

Now one would think that such a life would be worth any number of lives, but Miss Beatrice often felt that her life was not complete. Somewhere within her, there was often a restless feeling. Something told her that she lacked adventure in her life--a hidden urge to hunt and eat the foods of common cats. So, when she could slip away from home, she often padded her way to the ocean dock where great ships were anchored as big cargoes of goods were loaded and unloaded.

It was there that she played with common cats and, joy of joys, chased, caught and enjoyed mice and rats that infested the water front. For, after all, that’s what cats are best at doing. The ship owners were delighted to have cats hunting on the wharf, for rats often chewed through packages, destroyed cargo and would too often carry diseases that could make the sailors sick.

One day while prowling the wharf, Beatrice’s eyes fell upon the largest, plumpest rat she had ever seen! Well, without a second thought, Beatrice entered a chase. Down the dock they raced, over crates, barrels, rope coils and even a sleeping dog or two!

Finally, the rat scurried onto a rope leading to a ship. Did this stop Beatrice? No! Across the rope she went, hot on the tail of the ugly rat. Down the deck, across stacks of crates and nets they ran until Beatrice was able to corner and put an end to the rodent. Beatrice dined well that afternoon and, feeling contented, found a pile of spare sails and promptly fell into a sound sleep.

Sometime later, Beatrice awoke, stretched, licked her whiskers and headed for the ship’s rail. After all, it was time to head home. Lord and Lady Howdo might worry if she were not there for the evening dinner.

Lazily, she sauntered toward the rail and the rope leading to the shore. She looked--there was the rail--but where was the rope? Thinking she might have walked to the wrong side of the boat, Beatrice crossed the deck only to find that there was no shore to be seen. There was no shore!