

Midnight Magic

Dedicated to my beautiful black cat, Pepper,
whose paw prints are forever on my heart
— MH

For Ferg and Hannah, who found
lost little kitten, Pippin
— EE

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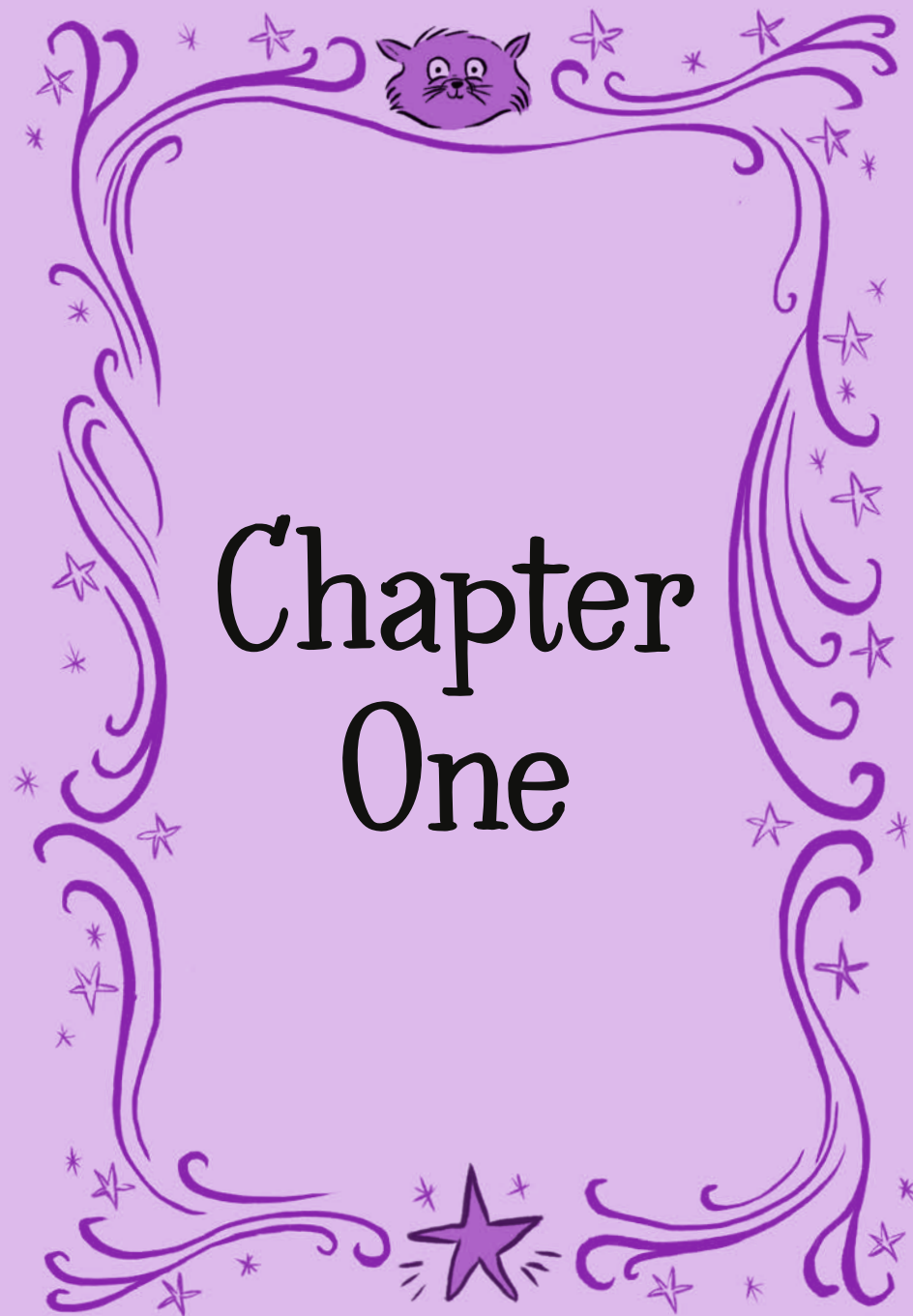
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Michelle Harrison ★ Elissa Elwick

Midnight Magic



LITTLE TIGER
LONDON





One frosty evening,
A tabby cat prowled
Through white winter fields
While a bitter wind howled.

Led by the moonlight
She slunk up a hill
And crept in a barn,
Escaping the chill.

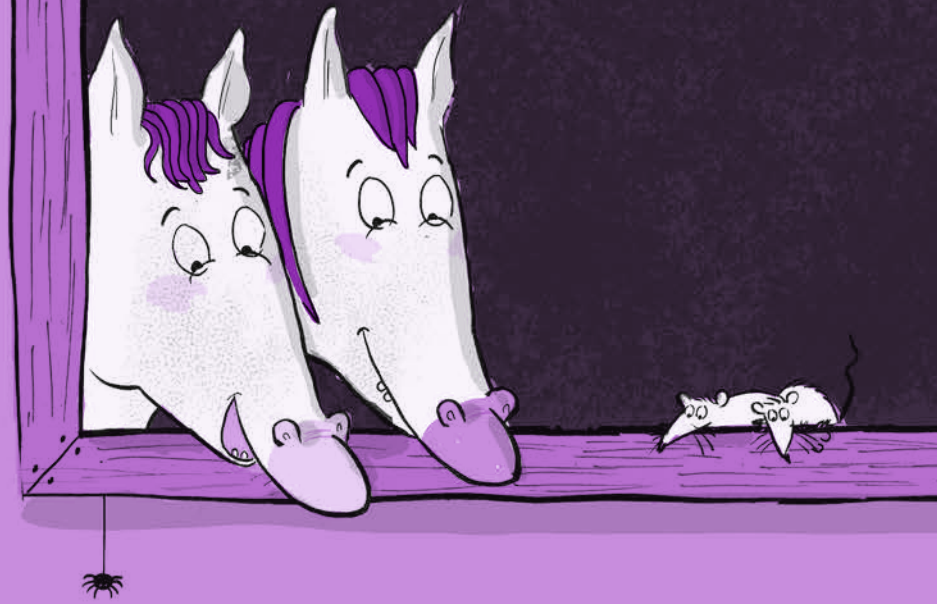
Her tummy was heavy,
Each step made it jiggle
And there deep inside it
She felt something wriggle.

The horses stood by
As she fluffed up some straw
Then curled up and had
A good wash with her paw.

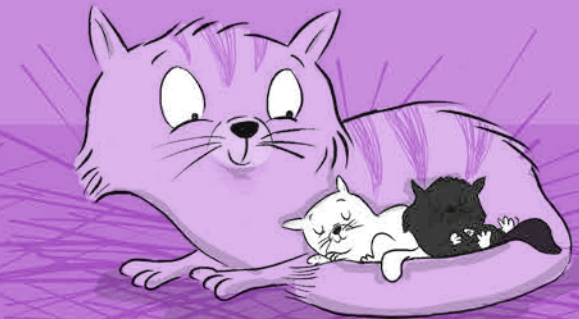
With that, she was ready
And so, with a mew,
Appeared a white kitten
All downy and new.

The mother cat licked it,
Outside the wind blew
And in the next heartbeat
One kitten was two.

The second was black
With four snow-white socks
And a big bushy tail
A bit like a fox.



The two furry bundles
Nuzzling and dozy
Burrowed down into
The straw, snug and cosy.



“Snowdrop’s your name,”
Mum proudly said,
Swatting a flea
From the white kitten’s head.

“And you I’ll call Foxy,”
She said to the other.
“Snowdrop, my darling,
Meet your new brother!”

Outside, thunder rumbled
And rain pounded the door.
As midnight arrived
So did one kitten more.

Her purr was melodic,
Her claws tiny crescents
All wrapped in black fur —
A velvety present.

Eyes **green** and **rascally**!
Thoughts that were **cheeky**!
Paws full of **pounces**,
And plans **smart** and **sneaky**!



"I'll call you *Midnight*,"
Mum said in a whisper
Then gasped as smoke puffed
Out of black kitty's whiskers.



It curled into corners
And swept through the barn,
Twisting and turning
Like long purple yarn.

It looped round a broom
With a strong horsy smell,
Ruffling its bristles,
Casting a spell...





The broom started moving!
It shot in the air
As though it were normal
For it to be there.

It swooped in the rafters,
It danced with the rats,
It did loop the loop
With a trio of bats.

The horses were puzzled
But mother cat guessed
That one of her kittens
Was not like the rest.

Black cats born at midnight
Are different indeed,
A mischievous, odd
And peculiar breed.

For in every whisker
And each tuft of fur,
In every pounce
And every purr...

There's magic (yes, **MAGIC!**)
And strong stuff at that!



And Midnight was one
Of these rare types of cat.

She watched with delight
As the bumbling broom
Blasted straight up through
The roof to the moon.

It circled the stars
And danced till first light
And only came back
After picking a fight...

With a scarecrow nearby
(A bit of a grump —
Though rogue brooms could
Surely make anyone jump).



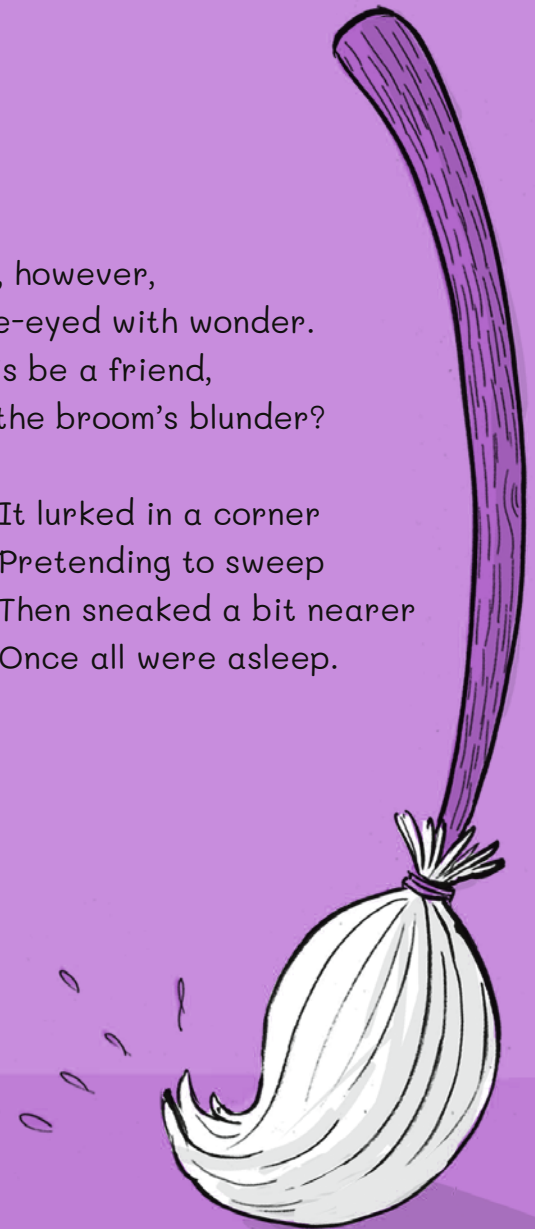
The hole in the roof
That the broomstick had ripped
Began leaking water —
It dribbled and dripped!

Snowdrop and Foxy
Both shivered and sneezed
While mother cat *hissed* at
The broom, far from pleased!



Midnight, however,
Was wide-eyed with wonder.
Could this be a friend,
Despite the broom's blunder?

It lurked in a corner
Pretending to sweep
Then sneaked a bit nearer
Once all were asleep.



The kittens slept late,
Not stirring till noon,
Two with their mother
And one with the broom.

Mother cat knew then
What she had to do
But kept it a secret...
She'd wait till they grew.

While Foxy and Snowdrop
Were learning to hunt,
Midnight would practise
Her latest broom stunt.

"Oh, Snowdrop! Foxy!"
She'd call from up high.
"This is such fun!
Won't you please learn to fly?"



But try as they might
They found that they couldn't

While mother cat frowned,
Hissing, "**Good kittens shouldn't!**"





The kittens chased tails
Or played hide-and-seek
But Midnight could easily
Hide for a week.

She'd vanish completely
Or shrink like a pea.
(Not cheating exactly
But still hard to see.)

