

ANNE FINE

The Diary of a
Killer Cat



Illustrated by Steve Cox



PUFFIN BOOKS

1: Monday

OKAY, OKAY. So hang me. I killed the bird. For pity's sake, I'm a *cat*. It's practically my *job* to go creeping round the garden after sweet little eensy-weensy birdy-pies that can hardly fly from one hedge to another. So what am I supposed to do when one of the poor feathery little flutterballs just about throws itself into my mouth? I mean, it practically landed on my paws. It could have *hurt* me.

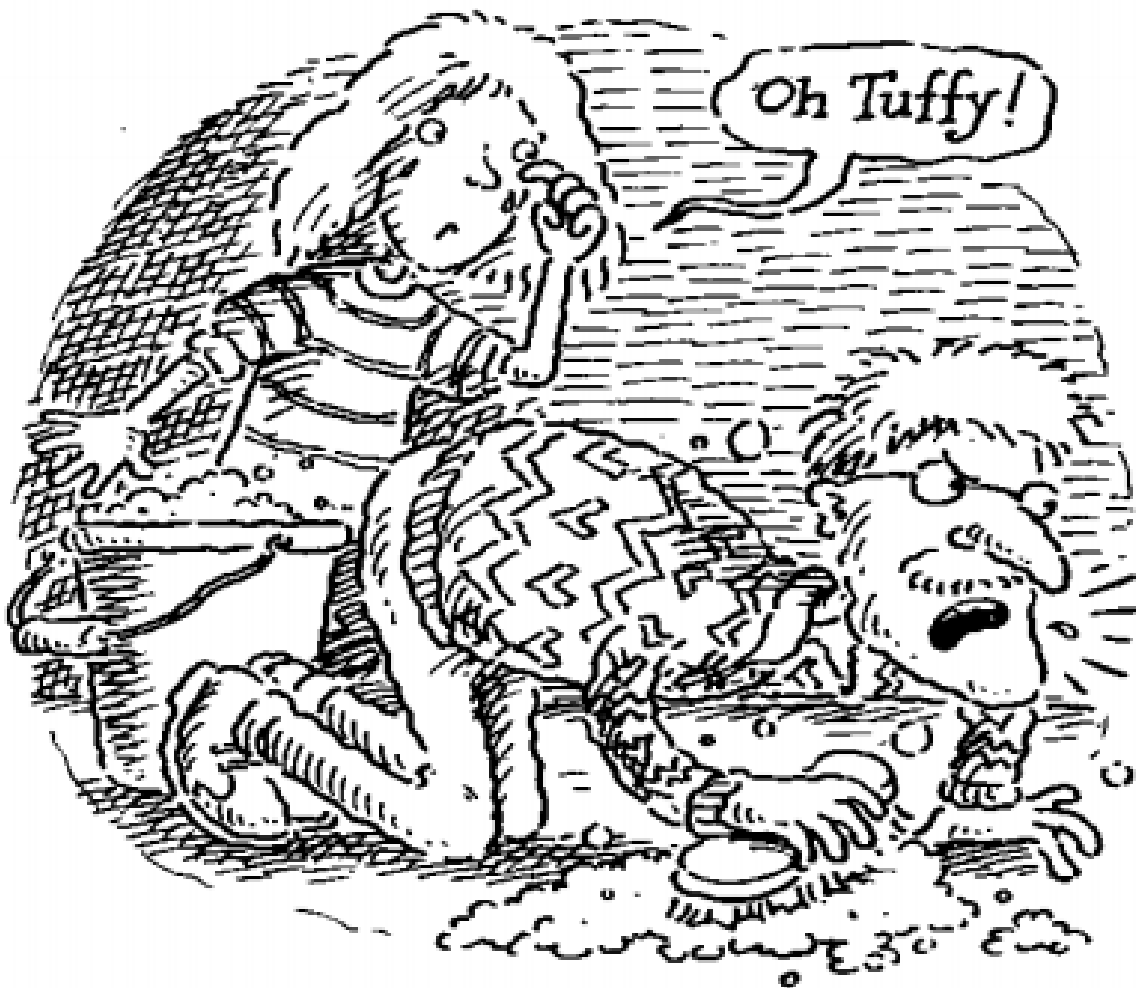
Okay, *okay*. So I biffed it. Is that any reason for Ellie to cry in my fur so hard I almost *drown*, and squeeze me

so hard I almost *choke*?

“Oh, Tuffy!” she says, all sniffles and red eyes and piles of wet tissues.

“Oh, Tuffy. How could you *do* that?”

How could I *do* that? I’m a *cat*. How did I know there was going to be such a giant great fuss, with Ellie’s mother rushing off to fetch sheets of old



newspaper, and Ellie's father filling a bucket with soapy water?

Okay, *okay*. So maybe I shouldn't have dragged it in and left it on the carpet. And maybe the stains won't come out, ever.

So *hang* me.

