

THE MUST-SEE MUSICAL EVENT

JAMES CORDEN JUDI DENCH JASON DERULO JORRIS ELBA STEPHEN HUDSON

TOM MCCLELLAN TAYLOR SWIFT RORAL WILSON PRINCESSA HAYWARD

CATS

MUSIC BY TOM HOOPER
BOOK BY AND LYRICS BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
T. S. ELIOT STORIES

IN CINEMAS DECEMBER 20

→ FABER CLASSICS ←

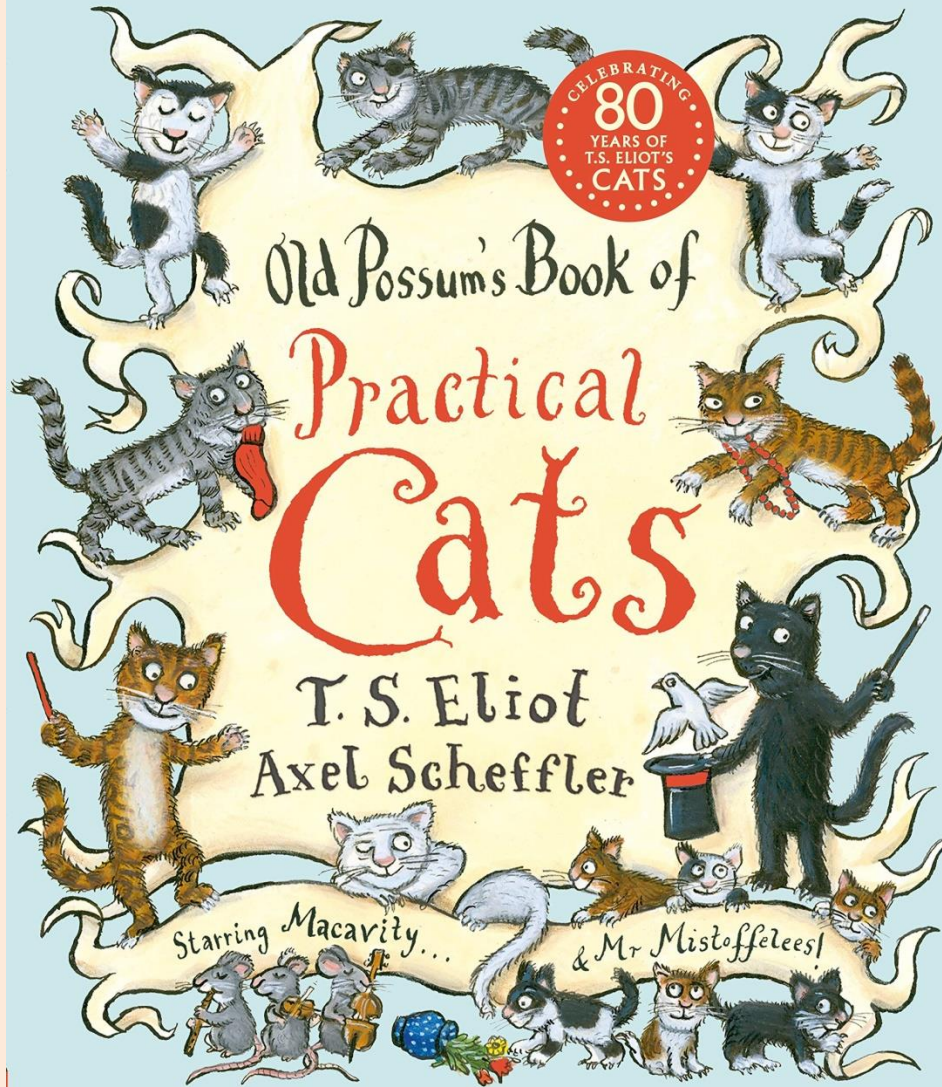
CELEBRATING
80
YEARS OF
T.S. ELIOT'S
CATS

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats

T. S. Eliot
Axel Scheffler

Starring Macavity...

& Mr Mistoffelees!



T.S. Eliot (1888 – 1965)

- T.S. Eliot was a British-American poet and writer.
- He was born in the USA but moved to England when he was 25.
- His most famous work of children's literature is his collection of cat poems, known as Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.



THE NAMING OF CATS

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT
NAMES.

First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—
All of them sensible everyday names.



There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—
But all of them sensible everyday names.
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum—
Names that never belong to more than one cat.





But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover—
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.





MUNGOJERRIE AND RUMPELTEAZER

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer were a very notorious couple of cats.

As knockabout clowns, quick-change comedians, tight-rope walkers and acrobats

They had an extensive reputation. They made their home in Victoria Grove—

That was merely their centre of operation, for they were incurably given to rove.

They were very well known in Cornwall Gardens, in Launceston Place and in Kensington Square—

They had really a little more reputation than a couple of cats can very well bear.

If the area window was found ajar
And the basement looked like a field of war,
If a tile or two came loose on the roof,
Which presently ceased to be waterproof,
If the drawers were pulled out from the bedroom chests,
And you couldn't find one of your winter vests,
Or after supper one of the girls
Suddenly missed her Woolworth pearls;
Then the family would say: 'It's that horrible cat!
It was Mungojerrie—or Rumpelteazer!'—And most of the
time they left it at that.



Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer had a very unusual gift of the gab.

They were highly efficient cat-burglars as well, and remarkably smart at a smash-and-grab.

They made their home in Victoria Grove. They had no regular occupation.

They were plausible fellows, and liked to engage a friendly policeman in conversation.



When the family assembled for Sunday dinner,
With their minds made up that they wouldn't get thinner

On Argentine joint, potatoes and greens,

And the cook would appear from behind the scenes

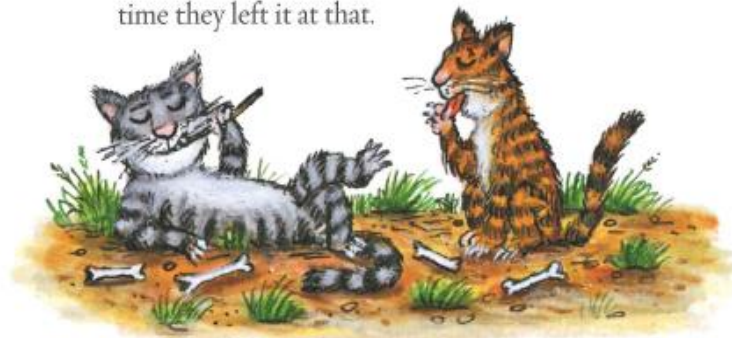
And say in a voice that was broken with sorrow:

'I'm afraid you must wait and have dinner *tomorrow*!

For the joint has gone from the oven—like that!

Then the family would say: 'It's that horrible cat!

It was Mungojerrie—or Rumpelteazer!'—And most of the
time they left it at that.



Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer had a wonderful way of
working together.

And some of the time you would say it was luck, and some
of the time you would say it was weather.

They would go through the house like a hurricane, and no
sober person could take his oath

Was it Mungojerrie—or Rumpelteazer? or could you have
sworn that it mightn't be both?



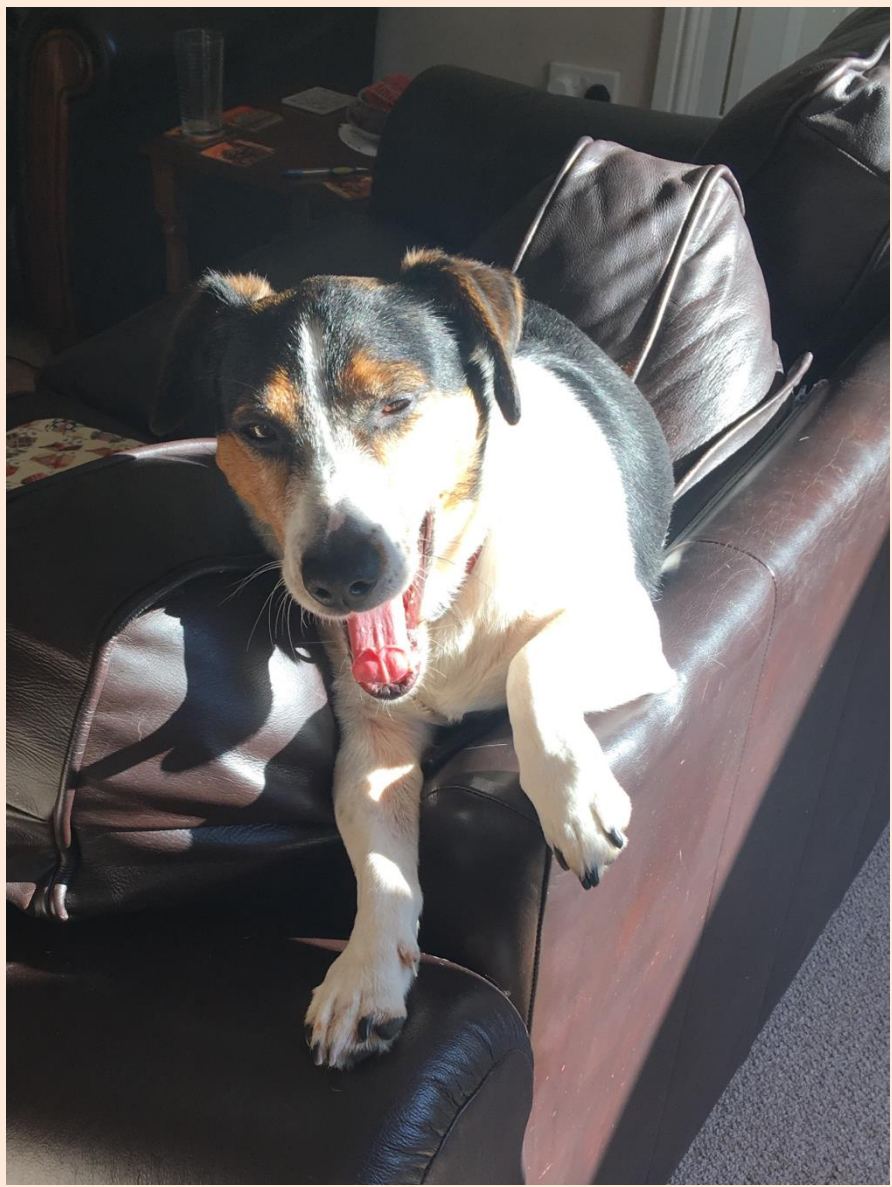
And when you heard a dining-room smash
Or up from the pantry there came a loud crash
Or down from the library came a loud *ping*
From a vase which was commonly said to be Ming—
Then the family would say: 'Now which was which cat?
It was Mungojerrie! AND Rumpelteazer!'—And there's
nothing at all to be done about that!

Questions to answer.

- What does the animal do?
- Why do you like it?
- What could you compare it to?
- Can you think of a funny anecdote?
- Find a photo of your animal that 'sums it up'.

Your Assignment

- In both these poems, the poet uses personification – giving the cats human traits.
- Choose an animal (your pet?) and describe its traits/character.
- You could think of an anecdote about your animal, or do a day in the life.
- You could use rhyme like T.S. Eliot.



The Woodysaurus Rex

In the morning, he wakes up, after a ten hour nap. I still don't know what he loves more, food or walkies (definitely not me). On the park, his football skills impress some passing kids, who think he is the dog equivalent of Ronaldo or Messi (Dog Messi?). The Woodysaurus Rex ignores them – he doesn't really like children!

Whenever he receives a new toy, rather than appreciating it, he decides he is going to tear it to shreds straightaway. Like a velociraptor in the tall grass, he stalks the poor stuffed toy, before pouncing and sinking his teeth in. The toy lets out one final squeak.

The Woodysaurus Rex thinks he is tough, but he has a sworn enemy, a nemesis, his very own Kryptonite – the mighty frying pan. One sight of this deadly kitchen utensil sends the frightened pooch to the safety of his bed. Here, he will fall asleep, ready to do it all again the next day.