

CHAPTER 2

That was anywhere.....apart from the room under the house – the cellar! The doorway into this room had a metal chain secured around it and five extensive locks: two at the top, two at the bottom and one in the middle to secure the chain. Old Rufus always wore the five keys on a rusty chain around his left ankle and wouldn't let anyone, but himself, into the room. Every evening without fail, he would spend one hour in this room. The noises that came from under this door would **intrigue** even the least nosy of humans.

When Kasper searched the house for somewhere comfortable and free of dust to sleep, he often sat in front of the locked door staring up at it, checking every centimetre of the flat white surface, trying to imagine a way in. He had to keep a careful look out for Old Rufus though, as he had been warned many times not to go anywhere near the door. But Kasper believed he was a brave, curious and naughty feline who liked dangerous adventures!

So one wintery evening, Kasper lay by the roaring open fire beside his owner's feet, pretending to be fast asleep. He had devised a cunning plan to get into the secret cellar. Rather than relying on his poor memory or paper to showcase his ingenious idea - he drew a clever map of his plan on his left paw.

Old Rufus rose from his chair at the usual time of twenty past seven, bent to his feet and untied the key chain; walking slowly to the locked door at the back of the house next to the rickety fridge.

As soon as Old Rufus was out of sight, Kasper opened one of his eyes to check that the old man had left the room. As spritely as a hefty cat could: he jumped from the floor to the chair, onwards to the ancient chandelier and then the wooden plinth above the door that led to the kitchen where Old Rufus was halfway through unlocking the five different locks. Kasper stood there still, flat against the wall so that he wouldn't be spotted. The plinth displayed Old Rufus' ghastly plate and teapot collection from the four corners of the world.

As the final lock snapped open, Old Rufus tugged at the stubborn door. It creaked open slowly allowing the light from the kitchen to penetrate the black abyss of the cellar, casting a long shadow of Rufus down the stone stairway. Three seconds to wait....2 seconds..... and just at the right moment as Rufus stepped into the blackness, Kasper nudged the favoured teapot from Sri Lanka with his wet sniffy nose. The teapot rocked backwards and forwards on the plinth until it could rock no more; tipping silently over the edge where gravity took control pulling the teapot to the solid oak floor below. Energetically Kasper pounced from the plinth to the kitchen worktop behind the toaster and crouched low, watching the teapot fall to its resting place with an almighty smash!

The sound echoed in Rufus' ears and he turned his head, stepping backwards out of the dark stairwell. He ran with thunderous strides to the shattered pieces of his teapot and fell to his knees – a sad sobbing noise emitting from his chest. Simultaneously, Kasper took the opportunity to jump silently to the floor and crept slowly into the darkness.

Old Rufus stared at the pieces of broken teapot, picking up the largest section tears rolling down his weathered face, memories of his time in Sri Lanka flooding back.

Questions:

Use evidence from the text when answering. PEE- point, evidence and explain.

1. In the first like the author uses a What is this called and can you explain why?
2. The cellar door was very secure. Do you agree? How do you know?
3. What does the word 'intrigued' mean?
4. What did Casper use his paw for?
5. Describe Casper's plan or movements to get inside the cellar.