

LO: To identify setting and atmosphere description.



*A*t the far end of England, a land of rocks and moorland stretches itself out into a blue-green sea. Between its high headlands lie tiny sheltering harbours where the fishing boats hide when the winter storms are blowing.

One of these harbours is so small and the entrance between its great stone breakwaters is so narrow that fishermen called it "the Mousehole".

The people who lived in the cottages around the harbour grew fond of the name and they call their village Mousehole to this day.



They say it in the Cornish way, "Mowzel", but you may say it as you choose.

Once there lived in the village a cat whose name was Mowzer.

She had an old cottage with a window overlooking the harbour, an old rocking-chair with patchwork cushions and an old fisherman named Tom.



Howling through the streets like a banshee, the invisible enemy pummels the windows and shrieks down the chimneys. Rolling dustbins clatter down the cobbled streets, leaving a trail of whirling, debris in their wake, while the squat houses crouch against the cliff side, bracing themselves against the onslaught of the gale, their doors and windows firmly locked.

Far below, the angry sea explodes against the cliffs, the water boiling and heaving; swelling and surging, whipped up by the force of the storm. Down in the harbour, the fishing boats tug angrily at their moorings, the ropes on their masts chattering angrily. Over the noise of the wind, the sound of the church bell can be heard tolling erratically as the gale gusts through the bell tower.