

## Slinky Malinki

by Lynley Dodd

Slinky Malinki was blacker than black,  
A stalking and lurking  
Adventurous cat.  
He had bright yellow eyes,  
A warbling wail  
And a kink at the end  
Of his very long tail.

He was cheeky and cheerful,  
Friendly and fun,  
He'd chase after leaves  
And he'd roll in the sun.

But at night he was wicked  
And fiendish and sly.  
Through moonlight and shadow  
He'd prowl and he'd pry.

He crept along fences,  
He leaped over walls,  
He poked into corners  
And sneaked into halls.  
What was he up to?  
At night, to be brief,  
Slinky Malinki  
Turned into a THIEF.

All over town,  
From basket and bowl,  
He pilfered and pillaged,  
He snitched and he stole  
Slippers and sausages,  
Biscuits, balloons,  
Brushes and bandages,  
Pencils and spoons.

He pulled them,  
He dragged them,  
He HEAVED them until...  
He'd carried them home  
To his house on the hill.

One rascally night  
Between midnight and four,  
Slinky Malinki stole MORE than before.  
Some pegs and a teddy bear  
Dressed up in lace,  
A gardening glove  
From MacCafferty's place.

A tatty old sneaker,  
A smelly old sock  
And Jennifer Turkington's  
Pottery smock.

A squishy banana,  
Some glue and a pen,  
A cushion from  
Oliver Tulliver's den.

A clock and some bottles,  
A pair of blue jeans,  
A half-knitted jersey,  
A packet of beans.

He pulled them,  
He dragged them,  
He HEAVED them until...  
He'd carried them home  
To his house on the hill.

Then Slinky Malinki,  
Rapscaillon cat,  
Piled them up high  
In a heap on a mat.

The glue toppled over  
And gummed up the pegs,  
The jersey unravelled  
And tangled his legs.  
He tripped on the bottles  
And slipped on the sock,  
He tipped over sideways  
And set off the clock.

CRASH went the bottles,  
BEE-BEEP went the clock,  
RO-RO-RO-RO  
Went the dogs on the block.  
On went the lights,  
BANG went the door  
And out came the family,  
One, two, three, four.

"Oh NO!" they all said,  
"What a criminal cat!  
Tomorrow we'll have to take  
EVERYTHING back."  
With a tangled-up middle  
And glue on his face,  
Slinky Malinki  
Was deep in disgrace.

NEVER again  
Did he answer the call,  
When moon shadows danced  
Over garden and wall.  
When whispers of wickedness  
Stirred in his head,  
He adjusted his whiskers  
And stayed home instead.

Please note that attempts have been made to obtain permission to use this poem as a training piece with no response. If requested by a competent authority we will, of course, remove it.