

Normally, I put Lucky's lead on and he jumps up and down while I open our front gate. But the front gate was open already. Someone had left it open. Then I saw the cat – Mrs Chilton's big tabby cat. She was sitting on the wall in the sunshine, licking herself – on the far side of the road. It all happened so fast after that. Lucky was gone, skittering down the path, his little legs going like crazy underneath him, growling and yapping all at the same time. And I was laughing because he looked so funny. Suddenly I stopped laughing because I saw the danger I should have seen in the first place. I shouted, but it was too late.

Cool! by Michael Morpurgo

- 1. Why was the writer laughing?
.....
.....
- 2. What do you think the danger might be?
.....
.....