

Ginny

By J. Cole

Ginny the cat lay on the pile of cushions in the verandah chair, basking in the warm spring sun.

The purring stopped abruptly as something interfered with her nap. It took several moments to figure what it was, then she was suddenly alert. Something was sliding out of the clump of flowers at edge of the verandah.

A snake.

A hated snake was daring to entering her domain. Silently she rose and crouched ready to spring. She slowly moved towards it with her belly low on the ground as she approached from the side. Then she pounced, plunging her claws into it halfway along it's length and savagely biting the snake. Immediately the snake whipped round and tried to strike her but Ginny was too quick and patting the strike away with her paws as she danced away. Immediately she returned to the attack, sinking her fangs into it's body, closer to the head this time making it hard for the snake to strike at her. She whipped her head round and flung the snake high into the air and again struck with her claws as it landed. The wounded snake reared up and struck. the cat squarely on the foreleg.

The slight sudden pain caused the cat to falter in her attack, but only for a second.

She was now in a killing frenzy. Savagely she clawed and bit the snake until it lay dead on the ground. Although it was dead, the head and tail still moved and would continue to do so for several minutes. An old story was that it would not be still until the sun went down, but Ginny was satisfied.

"Mummy, mummy. Ginny's got a snake." Screamed one of the five year old twins playing nearby.

Mummy rushed out to see what was going on. "Good grief." She exclaimed. "it's a Taipan.. Hey Bill. Come and have a look at this. Our Ginny's killed a Taipan."

Bill raced outside to see for himself.

"Oh God. Thank the Lord for Ginny, It might bitten got one of the children if she wasn't around."

They gathered round to fuss over Ginny and praise her for her brave fight to save the children, but she wanted to hurry back to her chair and cushion in the sun

She couldn't work it out why she felt so ill. Her heart was racing and her legs felt like lead as the poison took hold. Slowly against the increasing paralysis in her chest, she struggled to her chair. .She found it hard to scramble up, but at last she made it and more or less collapsed on the cushion and curled up to sleep off the strange sensation she felt.

It was several hours later that they discovered Ginny cold and stiff in the cool evening air.

With one arm around his wife and a liitle girl in the other, Bill said. "Poor Ginny. There'll never be another cat like Ginny. We probably have to thank her for the children's lives."