

A Lucky Escape

Gutentag! Let me introduce myself. I am one of the residents of the Gastov Hotel. My name is Gunter Ground and I live here permanently with my wife, Unter Ground and our many children.

We have lived here for quite a few years. I took over this room from my parents who unfortunately met a most dreadful demise by mouse trap!

Last Saturday we had a dreadful experience! I was washing my whiskers having breakfasted royally on breadcrumbs and cheese left over from the previous occupants of the room. They were a wonderful old couple, who must have been having problems with their eyesight as they never noticed me scurrying quietly round the skirting boards.

A couple of young *frauleins* were given our room. Unfortunately, they spotted me as I was making a hasty exit under their beds. You have never heard such a screech they made! They leapt onto the beds screaming for help. You would think they were about to be murdered. My poor heart was thumping madly, I feared the worst.

Meanwhile Unter crept out from behind the wardrobe to see what was going on. She was spotted too... more screams and caterwauling prevailed. At which point the youngsters came out from under the dressing table to see what was happening. It was mayhem! We put our paws over our ears and the children were terrified.

Suddenly one of the managers burst into the room to see what was going on. He was not amused and told the girls to get off the beds and leave the room. Peace at last!

Later someone came and took all their belongings away... That was the last we heard of them. Good riddance!