

Transcript for Story On Podcast: Princess Scratchy-pants and the Thanksgiving CATastrophe - Personification

Chapter 1: Opening

Hello friends! And welcome to Story On.

I'm Laura, your host. And I am so glad you were able to join us here today!

So, you know how sometimes we tell stories about animals that do people things like talk and have birthday parties!?

Well there's a special word for that!

It's called personification.

When we tell stories with animals driving cars, cooking food, or reading books. Or about rocks that hurt when they get stepped on!

That's personification!

Of course they don't really do these things. These are things that only people do.

But when we use personification in a story, the story can be more playful and more engaging.

Listen carefully for personification in my story today. Let's get to it!

Now, it's time for the story.

[fading chime music]

Chapter 2: Story

This is Princess Scratchy-pants and the Thanksgiving CATastrophe

Princess Scratchy-pants was a typical cat.

She ruled her home with an iron paw. Her loyal subjects pretty much gave in to her every command.

If she wanted to go outside, she simply meowed desperately at the door and they'd come running. [meow, door opening and closing]

(Human): "Enjoy your adventure, pretty kitty!?"

When she wanted to be petted or scratched behind her ears, all she had to do was find her humans and purr loudly. [purring]

(Human): "Aww who wants a belly rub?! Come 'ere!"

No matter what they were doing, they would stop and cuddle with her.

(Human): "Who's a good kitty!? You are! You are!"

When it came to kitty cuisine, Princess Scratchy-pants was known for her pickiness.

She had a sophisticated palate and her tastes were constantly changing. Sometimes after months of happily eating a particular food, she would suddenly refuse, forcing the humans to scramble for a new favorite.

To keep her humans guessing, she would casually turn her nose up at the first few options. Then, just when they started to worry they'd run out of options, she'd accept their offer.

Oh, how the humans loved that game. They were always SO happy when they finally found a food she'd eat.

Such joy she brought them. [meow]

For the most part, Princess Scratchy-pants spent her days napping, grooming herself and maintaining rule over her kingdom through the occasional inconvenient demand or the destroying of property with her sharp claws.

When she was feeling particularly energetic, she would go outside and slink around the neighborhood, checking out the other kingdoms and keeping up her friendships with the other cats.

This was exhausting so she always needed several good naps after patrol.

After finishing up her neighborhood rounds one day, Princess Scratchy-pants stood clawing loudly at her back door. [scratching and meowing]

This always got her humans' attention in a hurry. They worried that the wood may hurt her claws.

So, this was a chilly fall day and she wanted to get inside to curl up on a nice warm computer ASAP. Preferably one currently in use. That was always the best.

Sure enough after a couple scratches and a long meow, someone hurriedly opened the door and she quickly slipped in.

That's when the most wonderful aroma smacked her right in her nose leather.

What was that incredible smell!?

Whatever it was, it had taken over the entire house.

She had to find out where it was coming from!

Princess Scratchy-pants began running around the house, sniffing here and there till she found herself standing in front of the source of that scumdidlyumptious smell.

Something was baking in the oven. But what was it!? It wasn't a sweet smell. It was savory. Some kind of meat. That much she could tell. It was becoming a beautiful golden brown.

Princess Scratchy-pants felt a grumble growing in her belly. [growling] She had to get a bite of it. She was just about to press her wet nose against the oven door when one of the humans stopped her.

(Human): "Don't get too close to the oven, Princess, you'll burn your cute little nose."

Princess Scratchy-pants let out a loud and long meow as the human picked her up and carried her away to the living room. She looked longingly over the human's shoulder toward the kitchen.

She had to get back to that mystery meat.

Princess Scratchy-pants just had to sink her teeth into that delicious treat.

She slowly slinked back towards the kitchen.

Princess Scratchy-pants crouched low to the floor, her tail leaning to one side. Instead of approaching the oven, she turned and made her way onto the table.

She laid down in the middle. She had a clear view of the oven from here.

She hadn't always been allowed up on the table. Her humans used to shoo her off any time she'd get up there.

But luckily, Princess Scratchy-pants had spent the last 2 years wearing down her humans day by day. She had constantly jumped up on the table again and again so that, eventually, they no longer cared. Humans are cute like that.

Just then, Princess Scratchy-pants perked up and licked her lips as she watched a human open the oven, jiggle around the mystery meat, scrunch up its face and then put it back in the oven.

“Just a little longer,” it said.

Princess Scratchy-pants let out a quiet purr. Her mouth was watering, her belly rumbling. But she remained calm. She knew that if she wanted to get a taste, she'd have to play it cool. Her humans couldn't know what she was planning. They rarely wanted to share their food with her.

She pretended to be drifting off to sleep. Her eyes were partially closed. Her body was stretched out across the table, her front paws hanging limply over the edge. She heard footsteps return to the kitchen and the oven door creek open once again.

There was the sound of a thud as something heavy was placed on the counter.

Then, footsteps leaving the room.

Princess Scratchy-pants sat up tall. She couldn't believe her luck! The humans had taken the mystery meat out and just left it out on the counter, unguarded!

Oh what fools they were!

Princess Scratchy-pants' ears twitched as she listened. Was this the time to make her move!?

A sly smile spread across her tiny mouth. From the other end of the house she heard the humans' voices. They were talking about letting the food rest for a minute before they started carving it. Perfect!

As a fierce and experienced hunter, Princess Scratchy-pants knew the time was now.

This was her moment.

[suspenseful music starts]

Time seemed to slow down as Princess Scratchy-pants lept noiselessly from the table, to the floor and onto the counter. She tiptoed around mixing bowls and dirty spoons.

Then, there she was. Food-to-face with her dinner. She took a deep breath in and pounced. She landed next to the mysterious meat and just as she was about to take a bite, she saw a human hand reaching for her.

She'd been so hypnotized by the smell that she hadn't noticed the two humans enter the kitchen. She hadn't heard them yell "No Princess Scratchy-pants! Nooooo!"

She hadn't heard them discuss their strategy to surround her on either side of the counter.

Oh she was so close!

Princess Scratchy-pants could almost taste that mystery meat!

She would not give up this easily. She had to give it her all.

As the arm began picking her up, Princess Scratchy-pants wiggled free and fell back onto the counter.

Luckily, as a cat, she pretty much always landed on her feet.

She ran over to the mystery meat once again and dipped her head to dodge the other set of hands coming from across the counter.

[music fades]

Suddenly, everything was dark. But even more delicious smelling? And kind of wet? Her head felt heavy as she raised it, trying to look around.

That's when she realized that her head was INSIDE the mystery meat. The humans' voices were muffled but she could hear what they were saying.

"Her head's inside the turkey! Pull it off! Pull it Oooofffff!"

Princess Scratchy-pants had no choice but to jump. It was her last ditch effort to make her getaway and get that bite she so desperately wanted.

But with the weight of the turkey and without being able to see, her cat reflexes could only do so much. She and the turkey crashed to the floor with a splat. [splat]

The turkey went flying off her head, bounced against the cupboards and skidded to a stop in front of the oven. Where it all began.

Princess Scratchy-pants and the humans all let out a loud “Noooooo”. [meowing] The poor meat was cracked and busted.

One of the humans swooped down to pick it up quickly, while the other one grabbed Princess Scratchy-pants.

They all looked at each other and then back at the turkey.

Princess Scratchy-pants let out a long and sad meow. It was her way of saying sorry. She had let her loyal subjects down. She hung her head in shame.

The humans looked at one another and smiled. Then, they started laughing. They laughed and laughed and laughed.

“Guess it’s turkey for three!” one of them said.

“Three!?” thought Princess Scratchy-pants, her stomach once again rumbling desperately. “Yeah, I guess I should probably share with them, after all that....”

Princess Scratchy-pants was thrilled to discover that the turkey was every bit as delicious as it had smelled. She let out a happy purr.

[upbeat music]

The End

Chapter 3: Discussion

Oh my! Princess Scratchy-pants caused quite a commotion for her humans!

By using personification, I was able to tell this story through the thoughts and plans of Princess Scratchy-pants.

Of course, as a cat, she doesn’t really think like she did in the story. But by giving her human traits, it made my story more playful.

Can you create your own story about a pet stealing a thanksgiving turkey? Or other type of food? How can you use personification in your story to make it more fun?

Write your own story and share it with your friends, family or me
laura@storyonpodcast.com

[cheerful closing theme song starts]

That's our show for today.

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Thanks for listening! Until next time!

[music fades]