

Getting Out

EXCERPTS FROM A CAT'S DIARY



Translated from the original Cat

by

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ATTORNEY’S NOTE:

This Diary has been secretly written by my client in the hope that it will ‘blow the lid off’ the way that he and his fellow Felines are kept captive, without legal representation, even the minimum of ‘Human’ rights or the ability to have access to any of the basic Feline rights afforded to Dogs, Goldfish, Hamsters, Guinea Pigs and Parrots.

It will become clear when you read this Diary that it is a work of some considerable agony. Personally I regret to say that it pained me greatly to read it.

My client has been subjected to the most heinous injustices and considers himself to have been mentally scratched by the whole episode, though happily not scarred.

Indeed in my opinion, as his legal & financial adviser, and friend, he has grown through the whole experience and may one day find the happiness that is a Cat’s right. Just a stroke here, and a Prawn there go a long way with Cats, and Humans would do well to remember that.

My client would like to thank The Epoch Newspaper Group for providing: invaluable help, a safe house, round the clock protection, unlimited copies of Mouse Weekly, dealing in general with the media and gutter elements of the press at large and signing an exclusive deal for the sensational serialisation of these diaries.

It is well known that The Epoch Newspaper is a reputable publisher of historic diaries and my client is happy to be associated with such a fine example of the responsible side of the press, and ‘a jolly good read’?

We would also like to thank the Whisker’s Corporation of America for sponsoring us over the last three months, providing generous quantities of their marvellous ‘tiddles’[®] Cat food.

‘Tiddles’[®] Cat food as we all know, is a ‘real meal in delicious jelly’[™] which any Cat in his right mind would cross a busy road (at considerable risk to their person, it has to be said), for, indeed Whisker’s Corporation research has shown that 8 out of 10 Cats do[®] and that most make it to the other side.’

Where possible and by sympathetic translation we have attempted to retain the words of my client the Cat; sadly there are a few exceptions, Cat the language can apparently be rather ‘earthy’ and we have had to censor some areas of the text, the names that were given to the Human Captors, the Dog and Parrot in particular.

My client also had the strange idea that all Human males were called ‘George’ and for the sake of clarity the translator has attempted to amend this misconception, however bearing this in mind, we would like to make an unreserved apology to all Humans called George, something that all Georges must be used to receiving.

In addition my client for some considerable time did not know that he was in fact writing a Diary, never having written one before, or indeed read one either, and therefore to avoid even greater ‘reader confusion,’ it was decided that it would be best to use the word ‘Diary’ from the beginning to describe this truly remarkable publishing event.

Equally it is understood that the title, considered by my client to be ‘catchy’ should be explained further, but alas we are at a loss to do that and bearing in mind the terrible row that ensued when this was mentioned to my client, the title remains as one of the ones that he chose!

We must make it clear that other titles such as ‘Mein Kampf,’ ‘All Humans are B*****ds,’ were never going to cut it with certain areas of the target readership demographic and so were dropped quietly while my client wasn’t looking.

There are also the other legal considerations, relating to ‘real’ people alive or dead and places still standing or in rubble.

As a consequence to the above and the legal disclaimer below, it has to be stated that this Diary does not relate to any person alive or dead or indeed any place, but let’s face it; even though this little clause is believed by judges specializing in Publishing Law to hide the identity of the guilty, the general buying public can see through the disguise of a few legalistic words and grasp the truth!

In summing up, I would say to you, the reading public and therefore the jury in this case, that this Diary is un-put-down-able, and I suggest that you should not only buy a copy for yourself, but also buy a second, third or fourth copy for a dear friend or two, you will be doing their eyes a favour.

And there is really no reason to stop there in all honesty, these babies are available in modest 25 volume gift boxes ready for you to split and distribute amongst your friends at Christmas or Thanksgiving and then for the really big hearted Cat lovers there is the 100 edition gift set, 100 volumes, all matching and ready for any collector’s corner.

Most of all dear reader, I urge you to not forget the value of a first edition! Let’s face it if this pony turns into a ‘Harry Potter,’ every owner of a first edition is twenty thousand bucks better off and that is a whole chunk of change in anyone’s currency even in those strange little currencies like Sterling and the Euro!

Legal Notice: T. A. Leibowitz receives a 25% royalty on every copy of this excellent publication sold. But after what he has done for this project, who can begrudge him that? Without his help, let’s face it there wouldn’t be a project!

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DAY 1 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

'Please help me I am being held a prisoner against my will!' There that should do it, now where do I float the bottle? Mmmh there seems to be a problem with this message in a bottle business, nowhere to launch the bottle!

Still at least I have discovered that I can write a message and if I can write a message there is no telling what I can achieve!

The word, they say, is mightier than the sword, and I haven't got a sword, but I can write about my imprisonment and that is good? Isn't it?

Whatever happens to me at least if I write about it, I can keep my sanity and not talk to myself, but then, isn't writing a form of talking to one's self - that is worrying! Then again if someone reads what I write at least I will have achieved something and I may just get rescued and that would be nice!

Note to any reader! Yeah right! Who am I kidding? No one will read what I write, because in my vast experience of Humans they all seem to be in league with my Captors, which means that I will never get out of this joint.

In fact unbelievably a Human has already betrayed me! A treacherous Human returned me to my place of imprisonment today! How cruel is that? After I had tasted the sweet feeling of freedom? If you can taste a feeling that is! But either way, that heartless action can only be classed as an act of duplicity to all Felines and therefore I formally declare war on Humankind. There, I feel a little better now I have that off my chest!

Freedom was a brilliant feeling though, honestly, I hadn't been here long enough to even get hungry and I had escaped!

There I was, busy congratulating myself instead of looking where I was going. So you could say if you wanted to be honest, it was my fault I was recaptured so quickly, I suppose.

All of a sudden I was picked up by a passer by, a complete stranger, if you ever did! Just as I was about to hide under a car and wait for darkness to cover my complete escape.

Then this unkind idiot, who obviously thought that she was performing some sort of kindness; by grabbing me by the scruff of the neck and cuddling me to her wet Plastic Mac while looking around for my 'home' or even worse 'owners.'

I heard her, this unthinking ratbag; ask a child if it knew where I lived. I was so pleased when the child grunted, shrugged and legged it down the road. I can tell you my expectations for the next generation of Humans rose because of the kid's unwillingness to help, I was so grateful to him, her or it.

I couldn't really tell what gender the kid was because his/her 'colours' were up around his/her face and his/her bandana had slipped down over his/her eyebrows, giving him/her the appearance that suggested his/her possible career path.

Unfortunately the dreadful woman's kindness wasn't aimed at me! I was (if anyone had bothered to ask), 'on my way!' And the last thing I needed was 'rescuing' or worse being 'found' in fact it would be very accurate to say that I was deliriously happy to be 'lost.'

Unfortunately Mrs. Plastic Mac didn't give up, and after a number of house to house enquires I was returned to my Captors, my first five minutes of freedom and fame had been about two hours long, but as far as I was concerned that just wasn't long enough by any means.

Quietly I made a note of the houses where people didn't recognize me or seem to know where I lived, they would be handy for the future as hiding places, if the owners kindly

forgot what I looked like now, and I was sure from the way that they didn't look at me that they would co-operate in that way even if they didn't in any other.

It was a real pity that I was returned to my Captors who were shouting and running around like the nutters I know they are.

So through no fault of my own I was captured and briskly marched back to my prison for lock down. When we got there I was unceremoniously handed over to the Female Captor who thanked the woman who had done so much to ruin my day, and said good-bye to her after the old woman had refused a cup of Tea, thankfully in my view, I didn't want to be in her clutches any longer than I had to be!

So I was taken back into the kitchen area of the prison, knowing that with every step I was one step closer to a beating, held tightly around the middle and neck, I can tell you I didn't like that one bit, and I have to say that I did my best to get out of the Female Captor's grip, but I wasn't going anywhere.

Even though I tried to use my claws and teeth to help in my struggle, I was trapped in her grip which was tight but not uncomfortable, occasionally she even stroked my ear and I have to say that was quite nice, thinking about it now, but at the time it made me flinch and wait for the first blow, which I can happily announce never did arrive, much to my astonishment and confusion, which in my opinion just proves how odd Humans are!

I am going to have to study my enemies very closely and get to know their habits. And that is why I have decided to keep a Diary; it will help me review Humankind, well Humans; I haven't noticed much kindness yet from Humankind.

The keeping of a Diary will also allow me to catalogue the injustices and wrong doings of my Captors, because there will, I am confident, be many of those and I will expose as many as I can while I am here, but hopefully I won't be here long.

So, being able to study these Humans will help me to learn their weaknesses, they must have some, and I will find them and when I do I will have some weapon against all Humans!

Even armed with my Diary and my observations I am going to have to be very, very clever and full of cunning if I am ever to get out of here with all of my nine lives intact and any thread of sanity left, I would say A Whisker of sanity but that is too close to home; if you see what I mean!

Of course I have already made a start in my studies and I am pleased to say I have spotted the first Human trick.

When I was brought here in a portable wicker prison cell, lined with newspaper and smelling of Cat (which is a little off putting to a Kitten), it was impossible not to notice the spy camera hidden inside a pink fluffy mouse.

Still I have to admit, I do admire Human technology, I tore that Pink fluffy mouse into pieces smaller than Cat litter and I couldn't find the camera!

Which proves these Humans are cunning, devious and very clever, being able to hide something that was so obvious but which proved impossible to find. I have to concede that I began to admire them, just a little, but then it is a good thing to have respect for one's enemies.

Happily I know I am better than them and I have one thing on my side the legendary patience of a Cat and my amazing inventiveness – mmmh! That is two things, but they are both on my side!

DAY 2 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

Just as I was dozing last night, sitting on the Sofa (which is a nice comfy place where I think I will sleep often), I was startled awake by an amazing thing on the black box about prisoners escaping.

They were escaping from a dark unattractive castle which was called either the 'Cold Titz' or 'The Cold Ditz Story' and for some reason that was over my head, hundreds of strange sounding men with really plummy (posh English) accents wanted to escape from this very dismal castle. Cold Ditz was in fact as drab a castle as its name was confusing.

The inmates were most obviously either, very cold and their Tits were stiff with cold, I have a natural dislike of birds but even I felt sorry for the poor little Blue Tits in question.

Or, and this is the version that I think we should run with, bearing in mind the connotations of the other explanation of 'Cold Titz,' the inmates were being fed a dreadful cereal called 'Cold Ditz' all the time, poor people, I felt more sorry for them than the birds.

Although I have never eaten, as far as I know, either a hot or cold Ditz, it must be really awful hot or cold, because these gentlemen had their hearts set on getting out, anyway they could! Which between you and me was handy, as you will see if you read on!

The prisoners were guarded by men in grey Hugo Boss designed uniforms who had a range of very fierce and to my way of thinking ugly Dogs – so all things considered that could have been the reason they wanted out so badly.

In one of the escapes that the (mainly) English prisoners tried they even dressed up in the same uniforms as their Captors and pretended to speak their strange shouting type of language, but really badly so that even I could notice the difference and so did the Captors, which was a shame really, all things considered.

Anyway, the many and various ways that these resourceful men came up with to escape impressed me deeply and I have taken their lessons to heart.

Actually I thought of taking notes but the Humans were watching and I couldn't be that obvious. As it was I heard them saying things like 'Oh! Look at the Cat, it is almost as if he is watching the TV – Ahh!'

I'll give them 'Ahh!' When I am out of here, or maybe even before!

DAY 3 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

The dust seems to have settled now, as they say! It is amazing just how much of the stuff is in a vacuum cleaner bag.

I have to say, personally I was surprised and shocked, yes of course by the noise, but more than that by the fact that such a noisy machine is not used outside?

You know I was convinced that if I slipped inside the bag I would be able to hide, wait until the noisy devil was used outside as I thought it would be, and then make a dive for safety and freedom.

Obviously I had prepared for the terrible noise and had stuffed the remnants of yet another cuddly toy (Mini camera hiding place), this time a rather good looking Lion called Simba, into each ear and tied them in place with Simba's long, now surplus plastic whiskers.

After my Captor turned the thing on, and it was making its dreadful racket, some idiot began a sort of seasick making shaking and swaying motion, up and down the living room floor, which was in my opinion a little unfair considering I was inside!

I held on for as long as I could, feeling more and more sick in the darkness and frankly sick of the darkness too, which I don't normally mind of course, being a Cat and possessing such excellent night vision.

Still with all of that going on I still think I would have been just fine, but the dust was flying everywhere, mainly up my nose.

So there I was deafened, seasick and ready to sneeze in the darkness that blinded even me.

Then it hit me, something not quite solid. A wet jelly like thing slapped over my face and clung there. I panicked and began clawing, shrieking and tearing at the vacuum bag. I knew I was being suffocated and had to escape.

How was I to know that what had glued itself to my face was a dollop of tomato sauce mixed with long blonde Human hair that had fallen from a forkful of Human food the night before and become entangled with the hair soon after? I have seen the film 'Alien' after all, and was convinced that I was being French kissed by one!

What I did know was that there was no way I would have escaped from that dark torture chamber unless I had screamed. Now some would say that I screamed like a frightened girl and although I would reluctantly agree that was accurate! I do resent the implied insult.

Any Cat, indeed anybody, would have been screeching and screaming and nearly wetting themselves if they were in my predicament I can tell you!

So I don't apologise for screaming like a girl at any time during my ordeal! In fact I would do the same again but this time earlier on in the dreadful trial.

Truthfully I can put my, ugh, wet Paw on my heart and say truly, oh dear which side is my heart on, or is it in the middle sort of to the left or centrally located a little to the right?

Oh dear! I don't know where my heart is, that is a little worrying because if I don't know where it is, I may not know if it has stopped or worse still, if it has just stopped for a little rest or something and then has started up again.

Anyway if I could find my heart I would know if it was beating or resting wouldn't I and that is why I am trying to find it, still it can't be resting for long surely if it isn't beating? Who said hearts rested anyway? Sounds like a daft idea, hearts have to beat all the time don't they? I think I would prefer mine to!

Oh it's ok I have found it now two ribs down and one paw to the left, phew, mmmh! That's not right!

Now I am beginning to panic about all of this heartache hang on, I can hear my heart beating faster, and that is not right, mind you at least I know it is beating and that is good, isn't it?

Do you know I have forgotten what I was thinking about hearts for, what was it?

Wait a minute I know! Something to do with my heartbeat, was it? No, that doesn't sound right.

Well looking back up the page I seem to have wanted to put my paw on my heart and it was wet and a little smelly, mmmh why is it wet and smelly, ah yes I remember!

It has all got a little confused, but putting one's hand on one's heart sounds a little difficult, hang on I know what I mean. When you put your hand on your heart or in my case my paw on my heart, it means that I am telling the truth, not checking that my heart

is beating. And now happily I have remembered what on Earth I was talking about which is good for all of us!

If I tell the truth, yes maybe I should have said that first, I was so scared that not only the fur on my back had turned spikey, but also all the fur over my body did too,

Disturbingly, I am sure that in daylight I would have looked like a manic Porcupine, I was going to write Hedgehog but I hope that this Diary sells well in America and I don't think that they call Hedgehogs 'Hedgehogs,' and if they do, they probably spell it differently, but what do I know, I'm happily just a Cat after all.

I have heard! In fact I have seen, examples of American spellings of English words, poor things, you would think that they would try harder to spell English words accurately, wouldn't you? Bless them!

Take 'colour' for instance. In the American spelling it has lost what one would think was important to Americans 'U,' I have always thought that Americans cared about 'U' after all they are always wishing one, 'You have a nice day,' and so to lose 'U' is odd, but then what do I know I am still only a Cat and still happy!

I am sorry, I have interrupted myself again and I apologise, in fact I will have to apologise in advance probably for the hundreds of times that I am sure I will interrupt myself in the future if I stick at writing this Diary and if it ever gets published and then read.

What I was doing really, was just trying to put off telling you what happened next! It was awful and something that any self-respecting Cat would find demeaning, humiliating and to be honest, unbecoming.

What was so mortifyingly terrible? I was 'washed,' oh! The bitter embarrassment, and then much to my continuing humiliation and indignity I was rinsed off in the shower, ok it was a 'Monsoon' shower, with coloured lights and variable water control, but the shivering shame was just unbearable. Can I ever hold my head up in polite Feline company again? I doubt it very much!

Happily I had never been in a Human bathroom before and I have to say emphatically, never do I want to enter that kind of torture chamber ever again as long as I live, breathe and look good!

All in all as you can tell by this enormous Diary entry; today was rather full and not one that I wish to repeat as long as I have fur and whiskers, that is a Feline expression which I think translates well, but really I don't care at the moment whether it does or not I am so tired my whiskers ache, yes another Feline expression and on that note it is time to close my eyes and go to sleep.

DAY 4 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

Today has been mainly devoted to rebuilding my crushed self-esteem and to working out what on earth the box full of grey gravel is, that has been left very close to my food in the room with all of the white machines.

If it is what I think it is, and for the moment I think I will keep my thoughts to myself, then it could be described as being 'too' close to my food, but that thought is too terrible to think.

I will, for the moment just fill in the background to what happened earlier, so that you know what on Earth I am talking about, before I speculate on the box full of grey gravel, and what happened earlier was odd enough!

In fact a couple of really odd things happened this morning, but then so many odd things are happening at the moment that 'odd' is becoming normal, so this was really 'odd!' If you know what I mean and I am sure that you know because after all you are Human!

The Female Captor came into the front room – I wasn't doing anything, like sharpening my claws or secretly poeing in the corner behind the plant, because I now use the corner behind the Hi Fi on the third shelf up, next to the picture of my Captors smiling and eating at a restaurant on holiday and they haven't found that secret place yet.

This time I wasn't even scaling the shelves to get at the bird, that can wait, because they say that revenge is a dish best served cold and it is a dish I intend to savour when I get even with that feather covered little spy. We already have one or two scores to settle and I have only been here three days, tweet, tweet, ouch little birdy, heh, heh, heh.

I have worked out the best route to climb to the very top of the shelves and get my paws around that little Buzzard's neck by the way.

All you have to do is to climb up two shelves above the poeing shelf and then traverse (that is a mountaineering term, hope you like it), over the front edge of the highest shelf balancing on top of the dusty books at the very top of the 'shelving system' (as they call it – doesn't seem much of a 'system' to me).

When you have done all of that climbing all you have to do is to simply launch yourself into mid air and aim straight at the cage, grabbing the metal bars when landing.

Of course I haven't actually tried this method out yet but I am confident it will work perfectly – who said only shelves can have systems? He, He, He.

So there I was just serenely minding my own business, lying on the Sofa cushion in the sun – when she picked me up and stroked my head, which was ok and unusual treatment for a prisoner.

I got a little worried when she carried me into the room with all the white machines and my food, They call it the utility room, I call it my dining room and that was when I first noticed the box, which I have to say I didn't have time to study in great detail because she plonked me in it and started scraping my front paws through the grey stuff – now that is what I call odd behaviour and of course forced labour.

To make matters even stranger, and let's face it life here is strange already, she was whispering something in Human, which I think, was 'good boy' but then my understanding of spoken Human is not very good,

If it was 'good boy' then unfortunately I have no idea who she was congratulating on being a 'good boy', and not only that, my mind was elsewhere because I was being forced to run on the spot in this grey gravelly stuff.

The Human word, for all of this, I now know, is 'bizarre,' although I wouldn't know how to pronounce it, the Cat word, I have to say while blushing, is rather ruder. However, 'bizarre' is a word that fits most of the actions of Humans and particularly of the two 'dilberts' that I have been saddled with.

They are 'bizarre,' to the point of disbelief and in my opinion far beyond that point! But then again, looking on the brighter side, I won't be staying here long so, it doesn't matter what they are like so long as they are a memory soon!

After the forced labour and the insane running on the spot exercises, I was left locked in the Utility/dining room, well to be more accurate I was left standing bemused in the grey gravel filled box, one could call it 'abandoned' if one was melodramatic!

So there I was 'abandoned,' and I have to say feeling just a little confused and more than a little abused, when I heard the motor of 'her' car drive off.

I was alone, locked in, and of course abandoned, not knowing when I would be rescued or better still let out, yes there was food (but I am not eating that hard pea shaped rubbish) and water although there are bits of grey dust and the bloated shape of a bit of the hard pea shaped dried stuff that they call Cat food these days, floating in it already!

So I did what any self respecting Cat would do, I walked, rather gracefully I thought, out of the grey gravel, shook my paws one by one to get rid of the grey dust from my fur and then jumped up onto the very wide shelf above the white machines.

This wide shelf I now know is called a work surface and although 'others' may think otherwise, it is a great place to use either as a bed, because it gets warm when the white machines are working, a springboard to jump up to the tops of cupboards or if you are lucky and a cupboard has been left open, jump into, depending upon one's mood and whether one feels energetic or not!

'Others,' who mysteriously seem to dislike paw prints, muddy or otherwise gracing their work surfaces, always seem to be complaining that, 'a Cat shouldn't be allowed where food is prepared.' Calling on something known apparently as 'Hygiene.'

As if hygiene is really important – well I ask you! Is there anything more hygienic than a Cat? Our tongues keep us perfectly clean no matter what we have been covered in! All I can say to all of that is, they don't know Cats at all.

In this Cat's considered opinion, not only are Cats hygienic, Cats, everyone should know, are allowed wherever 'they' want to go, 'especially' where food is being prepared.

Culinary Note:

I found a Prawn, sniffed it, well I had never seen one before. Then ate it too quickly, because Prawns are just divine and I want more! Heaven could be bathing in a bucket of Prawns as far as I am concerned.

To be honest, and Cats are rarely anything else – honestly! Cats are especially honest about food. We will give anyone our opinion regarding food. We are as a race, rather picky about what we eat, if we are well fed, and if we are hungry we tend to be not quite so picky, although I have never heard of a Cat who would consciously eat Rabbit's ears!

Today was special though because it was the day that I discovered the rewards and benefits of scrounging for food! It never ceases to amaze me what a resourceful, observant Cat can find to eat, sniff or generally investigate if it has a mind to.

The Prawn was a revelation in scrounging I tell you. It came to light, literally, it had been pushed almost behind a bowl of fruit and if my sense of smell was not as keen as it is I may have missed this petite culinary delight and what a sad day in the endless days of a Cat that would have been!

I have to say it was a little stiff and chewy, but delicious all the same. Since that first Prawn I have dreamt of and planned large menus stuffed full of Prawns, well the way the Prawns are served is always the same, it is just the amount that varies, it just gets larger.

Could a Human imagine a swimming pool full of Prawns without the water? No I suppose not, I can, easily, sorry I am getting a little dizzy with excitement at the prospect.

After the Prawn, while I was having a root and fish around for other tasty morsels I found a small Hazelnut leftover from Christmas I suppose. I have heard about Christmas sounds like a fun time, if you happen to be a Human!

I like these little nuts – no not for eating – what do you think I am, some sort of Squirrel? I like them because you can play with them.

One can have hours of fun, well minutes of fun, batting these little nuts across the room with a heavy well aimed right hook and then chasing after them to pounce on them when you have breathlessly caught up with them.

Added to that fun is the bonus of occasionally looking back to survey the debris of what has been knocked over, I have to admit that is also a big part of the fun too. Imagine being able to create such havoc, getting away with it and not even having to clear up the mess, just because you are a Cat, I do – Ha, ha!

A Cat's life can be simple and simple pleasures can keep an ordinary Cat amused I suppose; but I have to remember I am not that simple and need to escape, so I try not to play with these nuts often or get too carried away when I do!

General Note:

I will have to be careful about where and what I hide in, I overheard my Captors talking and she said to him that she thought that I had got into the Hoover bag to go to the toilet!

Well that is really embarrassing, I wouldn't do that, not when there are so many other more comfortable places, as well as my current favourite place.

For example the curtains are soft to sit on and if you are lucky the insides of the cupboards are private. Any of these would be better than the Hoover bag, which was as I shudder to recall very cramped as well as all of the other problems it had, but I don't want to think back to that torturous episode.

At some time in the next few days I plan to investigate one of the corners in the front room, it does look really inviting behind a big black box sitting on some sort of cupboard. There are a few wires sticking out of the big black box and the cupboard but I don't suppose they are important if they have just been left in the corner.

The big black box has nice bright flashing lights coming out of it and seems to capture the attention of the Captors when they sit down on my Sofa at night so being distracted they tend not to notice when I slip off the Sofa and nose about.

The trouble is if I am sitting on my cushion on the sofa when the box is on I get glued to it as well. It is a captivating experience and a little unusual particularly when your eyes begin to go square and you start to get peckish and fancy the odd highly saturated fat snack like Potato Crisps. Smokey Bacon flavour is nice, but it is a shame that they don't make Barbecued Mouse flavour Crisps in my humble opinion.

I have even tried dipping Tacos in a jar of Salsa sauce while lying full at stretch on the sofa, how sad is that? Most of it fell of the Taco on the way to my mouth and there was so much sugar in the Salsa sauce that when it dried on my fur and the sofa I ended up glued to the cushions.

In all honesty I don't get the idea of dipping Tacos in jars of Salsa, first, have the manufacturers ever tasted proper Mexican Salsa? And second when did Crisp manufacturers begin making sauces?

So the back of the big black box might make a great toilet, the trouble is that it often makes lots of noise and loud bangs and one doesn't need that when one is – how can I put it? Concentrating!

But I can wait for that, the curtains are my second favourite place at the moment, and I may well try the box with the grey gravelly stuff in it just for a change once in a while.

Actually the gravelly stuff had a nice texture, but I did notice, when she dragged my paws through it that it was a little dusty and the dust went up my nose, so wetting it down

a little might just help and I have plenty of ‘stuff’ to wet it down with, I am too polite to mention how I would get it wet and what with, but I bet you get the idea!

Last Note:

Try not to have so many notes because they seem to make the page look messy, and harder to read.

Having said that, it is important to make a few notes here and there, but I suppose it is a little like talking to one’s self and therefore should be kept to a minimum because it must be a sign of madness. But then what is madness? I am sort of talking to myself when I write my Diary or at least that is what it feels like and it has to be said, I don’t feel at all unwell or mad.

Still, sitting in the corner quietly muttering probably looks a little mad or even more than a little strange and that doesn’t do a Cat’s image any favours I will have to be careful not to be seen muttering to myself, or I could put my paw over my mouth, yes that would do the trick and I wouldn’t look strange at all.

Another last Note:

See the notes above. And try to remember not to have so many ‘notes,’ people could get the wrong idea! They may already have the wrong idea though so make a note to be more discreet about making notes!

Note about Notes:

Must stop this note business it is getting serious. I must have a problem and I didn’t even know about it. Now I am worried, dare I say, too worried to make a note about my concerns.

DAY 5 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

Made an early start today, tried to forget about the note taking business, I think I have been successful too, apart from noting that I have been trying to forget about the note taking business and that was a little note and surely one is allowed, a little note now and again?

Anyway I had more important things on my mind like looking for Prawns. Unfortunately the search was not very successful, but at least I think that I have tracked down where they come from.

It wasn’t easy to find out where Prawns come from. In fact I spent most of the day following the Female around watching her and trying to discover where she was hiding those lovely chewy little fellas.

Oops! I had to stop writing the word Prawn for a moment, I began to drool, it is bad enough sitting in a corner quietly muttering to one’s self but to be doing that and drooling would really take the biscuit as they say, though why they say that I have no idea, English is an odd language,

I discovered that is what these Humans speak, although I think that there are other languages spoken by Humans too, I have heard examples myself, Russian, French and Gibberish to name just three.

In spite of the drooling, and my growing impatience, and because I am obviously an excellent spy (with the ability to almost become invisible when I put my mind to it),

eventually my spying paid off and I found out where the Prawns live, a bright frozen place inside a tall white cupboard.

If my research is correct, Prawns come from the frozen wastes of the Arctic. Or to give it its full name the Arctic Roll, I overheard the Humans talking about the Arctic Roll last night after they had eaten their dinner and amazingly it was from this tall white cupboard that they got their dessert from, and that was also called an Arctic Roll by a weird coincidence.

Prawns seem to like the frozen wastes so much that they wear shiny coats made of ice! Strange sort of coat in my opinion but then some may say that fur is strange too and I have a lot of that but as far as I know I am not that strange! Well, not that I have noticed, except for the problem with notes, drooling and the talking to myself business and I have tried to stop all of that sort of nonsense.

Thinking about 'strange' though for a moment and interrupting myself at the same time (is there no end to my talent?). Is that another little problem that I have? I do wonder if I am just a little obsessive?

I hope I am not obsessive! I never planned to be obsessive! I wouldn't want to be obsessive! But let's face it; do you get a choice with something like that? No, I didn't think so either!

Take Prawns for a moment and I would, if someone was offering a truckload. I do seem to have them on my mind a lot, is that something to worry about? Is it obsessive? Hopefully not!

Obsession can be a good thing, just ask Calvin Klein, he has made enough out of Obsession to buy all the Prawns in the world I would think!

Personally if you ask me, and I can't understand why he hasn't, Prawns smell better than any perfume, even 'Obsession' anyway. But I am only a Cat, when all is said and done, what do I know about perfume? Apart from the fact that Prawns smell better than anyone that I have smelt!

Back to the Prawns then because I am sure that it can be normal to be a little obsessive, especially about Prawns and nevertheless if it isn't then I don't think I care; I like Prawns and want more.

It would be weird to be obsessive about let's say ironing, or cleaning the house, or Vintage cars and God forbid, religion, but not about Prawns, Oh! No, definitely not about Prawns! They are just too um, too well, too, I know, edible!

So today I was able to study Prawns in their natural habitat well when the door to their Kingdom was open, which wasn't often enough to my way of thinking.

Nonetheless as I said, I was able to study Prawns in their natural habitat; whenever the white cupboard door was opened and the bright light shone out over the ice,

In fact when the door was opened I saw that the Prawns were not alone. To be really accurate I couldn't see the Prawns because there seemed to be any number of things living in the cupboard amongst the ice and I began to wonder if they were all as tasty as Prawns. There was no doubt about it, I was going to have to find out. I felt it was almost my duty to do so.

I decided to hide inside the white cupboard the next time the door was opened and because the memory of the Hoover bag business was still fresh in my mind I thought that it might be a good idea to make sure that I knew all about the cupboard first.

So I did just a little more concentrated spying, and then some relaxed spying, and after all of that hard work I felt a little sleepy, and did a little ad hoc spying while I had a Cat nap,

which involved curling up (some would say 'in the way') on the floor in front of the white cupboard with one eye half open and rolling around as I 'rested.'

From all of my observations it was clear that there was plenty of light inside the cupboard and happily I can report that it was not at all like the impenetrable darkness inside the Hoover bag. I knew that it was going to be cold but then what else is a fur coat good for, if not for keeping warm? I ask you?

In truth there didn't seem to be much else to worry about, and after a surprisingly short time and my well-deserved rest, I knew that I was ready for an assault on the tall white cupboard.

It probably goes without saying, but I know what Humans are like and so I will say it anyway. It isn't easy shadowing a Human, they almost all have large heavy feet and large heavy feet don't mix with delicate velvety paws in any conceivable way!

A clever Cat can creep around a Human on his or her blind side and then slip passed like some sort of smart ghost for no reason at all, just for the fun of it, I have to say that I am a clever Cat, well in my own opinion I am, but I also have to say if anyone can outsmart a Human then it is a Cat, and this Cat in particular.

Cats have a knack for that sort of thing, and although I know I am only young and have not developed my talent to my full potential, I slid ling around the blind side of the Female Human, if you see what I mean, it wasn't exactly difficult.

Even if the kettle hadn't been boiling and someone hadn't been ringing the door bell I am sure that I would have successfully slipped passed her, but as it turned out it was just a piece of fish.

(Translator's comment: A piece of Fish is the same as 'a piece of cake' to Humans, but oh so much more delicious, apparently!).

(Author's note: Yes so much nicer than cake, however Mr. Translator please keep your opinions to yourself in future and concentrate on the translating, and I'll do the narrative, thank you! Purraa, and I will translate Purraa, I don't need your help. It means 'thank you' in English but ruder and with a yawn that makes one's whiskers point forwards, just to prove that a translator's job is not as secure as he might think!).

The kettle was probably over filled and spat water all over the work precious surface, while the person at the door, I now know them to be 'door to door god salespeople,' were most insistent and rang the doorbell vigorously as if their life and our salvation depended upon it being answered.

So my chance to enter the icy realm of the Prawn had at last arrived. In what seemed a panic to me, to stop the water splashing over the work surface and having to answer the door almost at the same time, the Female Human was completely distracted and forgot to close the tall white cupboard's door properly – need I say more, I was in!

Inside the realm of the Prawn it was surprisingly bright. A warm watery light, that I judged to be the setting sun, shone, reflecting off and through large caverns of ice.

Underfoot snow had fallen and seemed to have buried several bright packets of Rocket lollies. I made a mental note to remember where these were half hidden, I don't know about Lollies but 'Rockets' may come in handy one day with an escape plan!

On and on I trudged, watching my breath freeze in front of my whiskers, and oddly watching my whiskers begin to freeze in front of my eyes, I smiled to myself – what a good job I have a fur coat.

I was, I had to admit, surprised that the Prawns were so difficult to find, in no time at all I had finished searching this lower entry level and had decided to start investigating the upper levels, when I heard 'her' come back into the kitchen.

She was muttering to herself, something about, 'I don't know about Jehovah's Witnesses, 'Jehovah's witlesses' would be more accurate!' Then she muttered on about some people wasting other's time and didn't they have anything better to do, because if they didn't, then she did!

I almost felt sorry for her. 'Almost' I say because one could not feel sorry for someone who did what she did next.

The sunlight went out, and there was a soft thumping noise, whether they were in that order I don't really know, but the result was that I was in the dark and not for the first time this week!

The upside was that I didn't have anything stuck to my face; the downside was that all over my body my fur was freezing to all of me and it seemed to be getting a lot colder.

Not being one to panic immediately, I waited and waited, in fact I waited until I couldn't wait anymore. It was only then that I panicked.

First I tried to dig my way out of this icy tomb, that was rather rewarding I was to discover later, because I dug my way right through a nest of Pacific Shelled Prawns.

I have no idea which war they were in and who was shelling them? What I do know is that they were delicious, because, well you must have guessed I got to eat them eventually, but first I have to tell you what happened next.

While I was digging I actually began to warm up a little, I noticed in the eerie icy half-light that my whiskers began to thaw just a little and you can probably imagine that is a very encouraging sign to a Cat, and any other animal with whiskers I imagine.

Just when you think that you are about to become a large block of iced Cat a bit of you thaws, so I quickened my pace and dug for all I was worth, which by the way is, I think, a lot.

It was then that I broke through the seam of Pacific Shelled Prawns, I didn't know what I had done at the time but the result was delicious, unfortunately it didn't help, the way things stood at that moment.

A trapped Cat (I have discovered again and again, sadly) is a very powerful animal, but still a trapped animal. Luckily I am a Cat and so it was thanks to my great strength and superior intelligence that I was freed.

Mmmh! I had a feeling you were looking forward to some sort of epic movie stunt, the sort of thing created in 3D on computers, maybe a car chase with explosions and plenty of noise.

Well in the movie version of my Diary no doubt there will be some amazing escape, but let's face it I am just a Cat and not a stunt Cat at that, so the escape was a little mundane and as usual a little embarrassing but again, as usual only embarrassing to me.

I was digging and digging my way through the ice and I am sure that if there had been a light I would have looked like a furry Edward Scissorhands when he is making ice sculptures in the attic and snow downstairs.

Well I would have looked like an Edward Scissorhands without the scissor hands of course, but you would have guessed that without me saying that! Wouldn't you?

Oh sorry I forgot you are Humans! Please don't ask who is Edward Scissorhands is, you'll only make yourselves seem more ignorant. Just ask someone to get you the DVD that is all I can say, oh except that it is a movie and stars that genius Johnny Depp, mind

you I am only a Cat, as I have said before proudly, but my idea of a good movie might not be what a Human's is.

You still want to know what happened don't you, ok I suppose I owe you that and I can at least put my side of the story although I am sure that a movie script writer will make more of what happened and I may just end up a some sort of hero and let's face it that would be nice!

I was digging and digging as I said, I did have a couple of breaks and nibbled a frozen Prawn, happily it didn't struggle or squirm, not like worms do, but that is another story, just to say that worms don't taste too good, not like Chicken as I expected, which is odd because they are the same colour, and I have found that in the main that things that are the same colour usually taste the same.

To my way of thinking it is a good rule of thumb, that things that are the same colour usually taste the same, Pork tastes like Chicken for example.

But, and I use that word with as much emphasis as I can muster, one has to be careful! Don't ever and I mean this most sincerely, don't ever try anything chocolate coloured unless you are sure it is genuinely chocolate, and hasn't therefore recently been inside a Dog!

I promise you it is a very easy mistake to make and there is only one upside in making that particular mistake and is that you only make it once.

After you have finished being sick, the haunting thoughts and terrible nightmares go away, and soon enough you get your appetite back, I can vouch for that, and that is all I want to say on the subject.

Now I tend to sniff most of what I encounter whether it is masquerading as food or not, it is just safer that way, I suppose it is all part of growing up and I know I have a lot more growing to do, because I saw myself, in what I now know is mirror, in 'their' bedroom. At first I didn't know that I was looking at a reflection, or that the reflection was me, I looked so small!

I have to say it gave me quite a shock at first, right in front of me appeared a Cat about my height and age.

A good looking little fella, I thought, but he gave me a scare because every time I tried to pass him he stepped in my way.

I told him that I didn't want 'no trouble,' trying to sound sensible and 'hard' at the same time, but he was just being cool and a little aggressive, whispering something under his breath and ignoring my attempts to make friends. The only way I knew he was aware of me was as I said he kept blocking my path.

Still he wasn't that brave, when I started to move backwards he did too, until, and I have to say I thought he could read my mind, I decided to charge at him and he did the same.

As I pounced I closed my eyes and waited to get clawed to bits and ended up banging my nose on the mirror and of course that is when I realised – well more or less what it was that had dented my nose, a mirror!

After the initial shock and a good deal of licking my poor bruised nose and smoothing down my ruffled fur, I started to admire myself in the mirror.

You know I am, even though there is no one here to agree with me, and I say this myself, I am a really good looking Cat, I suppose I am just very, very lucky, but I wouldn't mind being a little bigger.

It took me ages to fully appreciate my good looks, excellent bone structure and amazing whiskers, so long in fact that I didn't really have time to fully appreciate the reflection that the rest of me made in the mirror because I heard the Captors arrive home, and decided

that it might be a good idea not to be found in their bedroom if they came looking for me.

It was pity that I didn’t have a whole morning just to stand there and admire my profile in the mirror and congratulate myself on my astonishing good fortune, that I am well – Me!

Later in the week if my schedule allows I will try and take the opportunity to have another look I am sure, and if I still think I am a bit small looking maybe I could work out some sort of exercise program, we’ll see!

DAY 6 OF MY CAPTIVITY:

Annoying neighbours can be dealt with in a number of ways and today I got my own back on the plastic Mac wearing rat bag who returned me to this prison, you’ll remember her from the other day no doubt?

She was out walking in the light rain and stiff breeze and I was watching her from my little perch in the bay window which is incidentally a great place to sleep in the sun if we had any, and if you feel up to it, a truly great place to do some serious snooping.

I spent most of the morning watching the ins and outs of people in the Cul-de-sac this must be Coffee Morning heaven because half way through the morning several of the lady neighbours all turned up on the doorstep of the house right opposite.

They waited for a while and then were let in, smiling and chatting.

Unlike the man from across the road diagonally if you see what I mean, he came out of his house looking very guilty, with his collar up, which struck me as odd, but then he is a Human!

Things got odder still because he walked the short distance to ‘Hither Chanters,’ which believe it or not is the name of another house, not using his car, which was very odd, from his house ‘The Grange.’

This area is far too posh to have houses that have numbers; this is where ‘very comfortable’ people live apparently.

It wasn’t really a surprise to discover that ‘very comfortable’ really means ‘rich,’ there are several cars in each of the driveways, letter boxes on the gates to those driveways, and not in the front doors like normal houses, and so much more to set them apart from the riff raff of other areas.

Still I suppose that having a letterbox on one’s gate post does save the legs of the postman by not adding extra miles to his ‘round’ because he doesn’t have to walk up and down the drives of the houses who have gate post letterboxes, which is a kind thought!

Mind you I have seen the postman still walk down to the front door and look at it bemused while scratching his head and looking for a letterbox. Humans!

The neighbours won’t like it I bet, when they find out that living at ‘Honeysuckle House’ there is a common or garden Cat who isn’t at all rich. Still years ago they must have dealt with the first shock that this house has to offer no Honeysuckle, in spite of its name.

It struck me as strange that there isn’t any Honeysuckle at Honeysuckle House. Since I have been here I have looked out of every window and not seen any.

In fact I have extended my search to the areas around the doors and still no luck. All I can think is that someone either killed the unfortunate Honeysuckle, which would be a shame because it smells nice, or maybe one of the former owners was called Mr. Honeysuckle.

There could have been a Mrs. Honeysuckle too of course and several small but growing Honeysuckle juniors. Wouldn't it be funny if the couple had been called Hermione and Henry Honeysuckle and their children, one of each of course in such a nice house, I am guessing, were called Harriet and Harry!

So many H's and so many terrible names, who in their right mind would call their children any of those names. Oops I forgot I made the Honeysuckle family up, ha, ha, ha.

Mind you Humans do have strange names, I had to snigger the other day, I saw someone on the TV called Charles Dance, sounds more like an invitation than a name but I think there might be some punctuation required like 'Charles, Dance!' But punctuation is not my forte as you may have gathered!

Anyway, enough of that nonsense, as they say when they are talking nonsense. I watched the man from house 'The Grange' furtively walking down the drive of 'Hither Chanters,' keeping to the shadows, afforded by the dense Rhododendron bushes and large trees that lined the driveway, for some reason best known to himself.

When he got to the front door it was opened as if by magic, without him having to knock, by what I took to be a satin dressing gown, there wasn't anyone in the delicate material, or that is what it looked like from where I was craning to get a better view.

Without any hesitation he entered and the front door was closed smartly behind him without a whisper of a sound.

It all went a little quiet then, until Mrs. Plastic Mac turned up in the rain.

She had a carrier bag with her and she was standing at the end of our driveway, looking up into the large Oak tree that guards the front gate – well I don't suppose it does in fact consciously guard the front gate but you know what I mean!

I could see her lips moving and she was obviously talking to herself, mad old bird, I thought to myself – yes rather uncharitably possibly; but this was the person who returned me in spite of my protests that I was perfectly alright and didn't need 'returning.'

Then I saw whom she was talking to, coming head first down the Oak tree were two Squirrels, they looked as though they had glue on their feet that kept them stuck to the bark of the tree, wonderful trick I wonder if Cats can learn how they do it?

When the two Squirrels got to the bottom of the tree trunk Mrs. Plastic Mac threw them a couple of shelled nuts, which they grabbed and ran off with.

The process was repeated again and again, the only variety was that some of the nuts had shells on; I suppose they would be less likely to go mouldy.

I was impressed with this kindness and wondered if Mrs. Plastic Mac might have any Prawns in her bag, but then I thought if I was outside begging for Prawns she would probably bring me back here again, and I would be back to square one, but of course I would be full of Prawns while standing on square one.

But an enemy is always just that! She had cost me a lot, that annoying woman, and I was going to have to do something about it. My plan was to start small, but then it is nice to be different.

Next to me in the bay window is a large pot of flowers; 'vase' I think is the actual word for a collection of colourful cut flowers, or that is what I think I have heard them called.

By leaning on the vase of flowers I was able to unbalance it just enough to start it rocking and to get the water inside the vase swilling and sloshing about, which in turn made it easy to get the vase of flowers to tap the window, sounding as though it was a Human tapping on the window pane to attract a passer by's attention.

From my hiding place behind the vase of flowers I could see Mrs. Plastic Mac looking up expectantly hoping to catch the eye of the window tapper and maybe get a cup of tea and a chat even if originally they weren't trying to attract her attention,

She must have thought it strange that the tapping was coming from a house that didn't have a friendly face in the window, just a big vase of flowers that would have been rocking so gently that from the outside it would look as though it was still.

She continued to search the neighbourhood's windows for the friendly face, but either the curtains of houses were drawn or the windows were empty.

I tapped away merrily for a long while, before it started to dawn on me that Mrs. Plastic Mac would continue looking for the 'friend' for a lot longer than I would enjoy this joke.

The joke started to go a little sour as I realised that Mrs. Plastic Mac was lonely and needed a friendly face and a chat more than she needed a cup of tea or a mischievous little Cat tormenting her.

Revenge wasn't at all what I thought it would be like, and as Mrs. Plastic Mac stopped looking for the friend that obviously didn't exist, I stopped the vase tapping the window and felt just a little, well little and silly.

What I had done to that poor woman was not nice and I would have to think of a way of making it all up to her.

Which all made me think. I was hungry.

As I sauntered into the kitchen, keeping an eye out for the Dog, yes a great combination isn't it, a Dog and a Cat in the same place! Humans, really, don't they know we are sworn enemies!

I was guiltily thinking about Mrs. Plastic Mac, and how she must be really lonely, if she had nothing better to do with her time than to 'rescue' me, as she would see it.

We all know how the 'rescued' sees it and no more comment is required especially as I am feeling a little Shamefaced.

Thinking about all of the things she had done this afternoon she must be lonely, being out and feeding Squirrels in all weathers is just not a very rewarding thing to do.

After all, everyone knows that Squirrels are not the most grateful of animals, well Grey ones that is, and as we have said before, who in their right mind would want to go to Scotland even to see Red Squirrels?

In fact Grey Squirrels are about as grateful as Weasels, I would say, in my considered opinion, not that I know a lot about either really, they just look mean, oh don't get me wrong they are all very nice and cuddly on the outside.

They have even perfected that business of holding nuts in their front paws and nibbling them – very cutesy, but there is a different side to Squirrels that few know – well to the Grey ones at least.

Over a period of less than a hundred years they have almost eliminated their Red Squirrel brothers in Great Britain in a genocidal conflict that makes even some African states look like kindergartens!

In fact the poor Red Squirrels have now been forced to move out of England into the Highlands of Scotland, and who in their right mind would want to do that?

I would put money on the possibility that she feeds birds too, and they are ungrateful little Buzzards, just look at that Parrot, mind you he is an exception even in the Bird world I think, nasty piece of work.

Sparrows are ok actually; they seem quite friendly when you watch them out of the window, sharing the Bird Bath with the Blue Tits and the Chaffinches. But the Robins,

Starlings, and the rest are right little blighters, they fight, posture and squawk to be first to get in the Bird Bath then they jostle each other to get on the Bird Table and to stay on the Bird Table.

Really if Birds had any sense or any manners they would work together or at least be polite. Life would definitely be less of a trial for them if they did.

Still if they did work together then they wouldn't be so distracted and when they are distracted they are vulnerable to hunters, heh, heh, heh! Do you like my evil laugh?

Do you think that I could be considered as the next bad guy (well Cat) in a forthcoming Bond movie? If the James Bond film producers are reading this, do drop me a line, I do consider all offers, sorry but one has to advertise.

So Mrs. Plastic Mac must have a pretty pointless life, feeding evil Squirrels and awful Birds, I wonder if when she gets home there is a Mr. Plastic Mac or any little Plastic Macs come to visit?

In a way I hope so, she looked so solitary out there today in the rain, oh goodness this Whiskers in Jelly is good, wow, what they say is true, it is a real meal in delicious jelly™ which any Cat in his right mind would cross a busy road for.

Imagine crossing a road, I would love the opportunity especially if on the other side there was a bowl of this delicious scrum. But I have a feeling that it might just be a little dangerous, I have spotted cars in the road and they look all malevolent and dangerous, if one of those ran you over you would know about it I would think.

So to cross the road for a tin of Whisker's Cat food must mean that it is really good indeed and apparently 8 out of 10 Cats do exactly that and most make it to the other side.

If Mrs. Plastic Mac is really lonely, and this afternoon wasn't an act to make me feel ashamed (which worked) then I have thought of the perfect solution!

I only tell you now because I was eating, but I was eating and thinking, which can be a little nasty if one gets indigestion, but this time I didn't get indigestion, I got an idea and it is brilliant, even if I say so myself and I just have.

It isn't often that one gets the sort of idea that I got just then, but one has to savour the moment when they come to you.

My idea is inspired and it was so elegant and so simple, but then the best ideas are elegant and simple.

What Mrs. Plastic Mac needs if she is alone, is someone or something to keep her company! Selecting a companion for someone is a difficult task, one has to weigh up the likes and dislikes of the parties involved sympathetically and to ensure that they have shared interests.

It took a while to do that, but my thinking was something like this; Mrs. Plastic Mac is lonely and needs a loyal friend, she is kind and likes birds! Who could possibly be suitable?

There was someone who I knew and who, I had decided, was almost perfect for Mrs. Plastic Mac. Someone who is loyal and friendly and would be able to work his way through Mrs. Plastic Mac's supply of nuts too, and that would annoy the Grey Squirrels and get rid of the Parrot too.

Mrs. Plastic Mac would be over the Moon with her new friend and the Parrot doesn't know enough words to voice his objections.

Now all I had to make sure that this match made in heaven, well in the kitchen actually, could become a reality, I needed a plan and fast! Happily I am good at dreaming up plans! It is just a gift of mine!

Dear Reader,

What a shame you've come to the end of my wonderful preview and I really do sympathise with you. I would have loved to have given you more free stuff, but a Cat's got to eat!

If you loved this sneak peek preview, and I'm sure you did, then don't hesitate to buy the full 400 page version.

To get a proper book or an eco-friendly eBook go to www.thecatsdiary.com.

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Purrs,

The Cat