



Winston on People

I like people. Couldn't eat a full one, as the old joke goes, although I did have a distant cousin in India who once tried. Not that it did him any good! He died of lead poisoning three days later, after being cornered eating Frosties in a Hyderabad breakfast bar.

But I digress. Joking apart, I really do like people. I like them for their easy compliance whenever I am hungry or thirsty, or when I need to go outside to do my rounds. I like them for the thoughtful comforts they provide - the cooling fans in summer, the central heating in winter, and the fluffy bed they cram me into each night (I could just as easily sleep on the floor, but I wouldn't want to hurt their feelings). I even like them for that simple, self-deception they possess which, against all evidence, still manages to persuade them that they are in charge of everything they observe, when it is so eminently clear that they are not.

It's not their fault, of course. They are too busy viewing the bigger picture to take a serious look at themselves. They don't notice that they are forever at the beck and call of every Feline on the block, plus every Dog (pardon my French), Gecko, and yummy little Hampster in captivity - not to mention those particularly demanding little people who live in amazing numbers behind the big, bright, screen in the corner of the lounge.

And it is not just we animals that keep them on their toes. Their world is full of strange entities that are constantly making demands on their time and energy. **'Er, grass here, Mr Person! You do know that I'm getting a little bit long, don't you?'** and he, like a prat, comes running out with his noisy contraption, tripping over the cable and marching up and down the lawn like some demented clockwork soldier.

Nor is she immune! **'Er, washing machine here Mrs Person! I'm hungry!'** and off she trots, gathering up discarded skins and stuffing them into the machine's great, glass, gob. Not that it does any good. After chewing, slurping and belching for an hour or more, the stupid machine is still unable to swallow them. So then it's - **'Er, washing machine here again, Mrs Person! I'm -'** and off she goes again, shoving her hand down its throat and pulling out the undigested skins (yuk!), only to hang them outside for the whole world to see in what is clearly some colourful, unfathomable, ritual.'

And so it goes on. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year. Never still. Always re-arranging the dust or out hunting for food, grooming the car or stomping about the house with that deranged screaming monster with a weird penchant for carpet dust.

I like people. I really do. But if that is what they call being in charge, then all I can say is that world goes around the sun - which everyone knows is sheer lunacy. But, at the end of the day these people seem more than content to live the illusion. So, who am I to spill cold milk onto their broken eggs? (Is that what they call a mixed metaphor?)

Speak soon, kittens.