 **Winston**

Here’s a thing! I haven’t heard the H-word mentioned recently. You know the one – **Holidays**! Not that I’m complaining. I just don’t want them to suddenly spring it on me one fine morning when I might have other plans – ‘*C’mon Winnie! You’re off on your hols today.’* (She will insist on calling me *Winnie*! Doesn’t she know Winnie is a girl’s name? Mind you, he calls me *That Thing.* What sort of a name isthat?)

So, where was I – oh yes, holidays. Usually around this time of year there is lots of talk about far off places. Places like Liverpool – no, not Liverpool (that’s that football place isn’t it) – Limassol, that’s the one I was thinking about, and Marbella, and the Algarve, oh, and that Greek place Cleckheatonia (not sure about that one, but it sounds Greek and begins with a C)

And which exotic corner of the world do I get to see? Bacup. Flippin’ Bacup! Every year, while they are off sunning themselves in exotic-sounding places, I am packed off to Bacup cats’ happy holiday camp, where I can join all the other inmates/guests playing ‘*Count the rain-drops’* or *‘Guess what time it is’* or ‘*What’s for lunch,’* and other wildly exciting games like these. Oh joy! You have no idea how much I look forward to this.

When I return home my friends ask ‘Where did you get to this year, Winston?’ I try not to lie. ‘South Lancashire!’ I’ll say, or ‘The Rossendale Peak District.’ I’m not being snobbish and I’m sure Bacup is a wonderful place to live, but unless you are a resident of North Korea, it is not a place you would want to go to for your holidays, is it?

Talking of jet-setting, there has been a noticeable absence of aircraft flying around, these past weeks. Personally, I don’t mind them. They are not too noisy and they don’t seem to bother anybody, except the birds, and who cares about them. But have you noticed that with the reduction of traffic in general (both air and road), there has been a remarkable increase in the presence of those squawking, twittering, pests.

We had two nests in our garden this year. Two! What a liberty. One of them belongs to those cheeky robins. Can’t stand those creatures. Just because they do a bit of modelling for Christmas cards, they think themselves super-stars. I’ll super-star them. It’ll be supper -star if I got hold of them. They built a nest in one of our conifers. Fairly low to the ground, but in too deep for me to reach. Didn’t stop me trying, though. Those pine needles really hurt, don’t they?

The other nesting birds are called twits, or something like that. If it isn’t twits, then it ought to be. These two lunatics actually built their nest on top of the security light attached to the bungalow. There is a 500watt halogen lamp in there that comes on every time a worm sticks his head above ground. The only eggs they were ever going to come up with in there, were the ready-poached variety.

Speak soon, kittens.

Just received a post card from that black and white thing up the street.

Post-marked Facit. Really?