 **Winston’s Blog**

Here we are again

as happy as can be

all locked down and

heading for tier three. (sung to the old music hall tune)

One of my duties as a pet, seemingly, is to bring joy and pleasure to my ‘people’ (I have heard them called ‘owners’, but only by cats who do not know any better.) Locked down once again, these two of mine have spent the last four weeks moaning and groaning like someone with terminal toothache. So I decided to do something to cheer them up.

I wrote them a little ditty to sing (see above). It is topical, and it is short enough, even, for them to remember the words. Singing, apparently, makes people happy. Having said that, people don’t seem so damned happy when I’m out performing, with the local cat’s chorus. But that’s people for you – all *‘do as I say, not as I do’.*

Talking cats chorus, there are enough cats around here, now, to put on an Andrew Lloyd Webber show. Honestly! They can’t all be refugees from Oldham? I think someone around here is feeding them. I wish knew who it is, I never turn down a good meal.

Just across the road lives a black and ginger thing called Debbie’s cat. I remember the day she arrived. She had obviously got herself lost and had the bottle to come knocking on our door. Couldn’t have that! So I sent her across to number six. Told her they were a soft touch, and if she sat on their doorstep looking all sad and pathetic, they would take her in. I was right. Now she comes into our garden, using it as a toilet. Cheeky sod!

Speak soon, kittens

They’ve bought me a new bed. It is warm, it is roomy, it is draught-proof, and it is comfortable beyond belief. Not often these two get it right? They must be after something.