 **Winston’s Blog (December)**

Okay, the silly season is back. Earlier than ever this year, welcome to Christmas. I thought something was afoot when I saw *him* acting suspiciously behind the conifer in the garden – you know, the one they festoon with tiny lights each time December comes around. Today my suspicions were confirmed when, with great ceremony, the attic door was opened. I had a bit of a panic at first because up there is where they keep the portable cage, used to take me to the vets and the cattery. But it was not the cage that came down. It was all that other stuff they keep up there. The stuff they bring down every year, then scatter around the house for no apparent reason.

Amongst this lot are a couple of trees, can you believe, both with this irritating habit of twinkling their lights in your face, every time you look at them. Then there are some smaller, frosted, knick-knacks that are dotted about the furniture. Most are harmless enough – bells and baubles, and such – but two of them, and I kid you not, are birds. That’s right, birds! One of them is a baby penguin that wears a scarf (looks like Rupert bear in fancy dress). The other is a snowy owl. Both are quite dead (being dipped in glitter then locked in an attic for twelve months, with nothing to eat, will do that for you) but I must say, they do look impressive in a wintry/Christmassy sort of way. I always said dead birds were more useful than live ones.

Another thing making its annual appearance today is this gold-coloured, metal star with pockets. They hang it on the dining-room door then fill it up with all those coloured bits of cardboard that come through the letterbox. It might look good, but each time someone opens the door it rattles like a bag of spanners and wakens me up.

My favourite Christmas decoration is the holly wreath. Not the wreath itself, but for the sheer joy of watching him attempt to secure it to the front door without having his fingers shredded by the holly. He has this contraption that hangs from the top of the door. It has a three-pronged hook that has to be threaded through the wire frame, a task almost impossible to achieve without sustaining multiple stab wounds to the hands and fingers. I have to say, the language generated by this annual contest is far more colourful than any decorated tree I have ever seen.

Oh, the simple joys of Christmas.

Speak soon Kittens.

Did I mention turkey? There’s another bird, more useful dead than it ever was alive.