



## A Good Day

Today started as a very good day. The sun was out. The tarmac on the drive at the front of the house was warm to lie on. Buster could see his entire Patch. A sort of morning when the sun has its hands in its pockets and Mr Breeze had gone on his holidays.

Sometimes, if the sun was fully out it was very hot, too hot to wear a fur coat. Especially such a posh ginger and white fur coat that Buster had. Today was just right.

Next door had gone out, leaving the coast clear to use the bench. An hour or two stretched out, if possible on his back, legs in the air, on their (sorry Buster's) bench would be fan-dabi-doe-so. That is simply just *purrfect*.

The bench is sort of old fashioned. Like those you can see in a park. It is trying to look old, but really is rather new - and comfortable. It has five pieces of wood to sit on and four across the top to make the back. The bench has heavy metal ends. These, Buster thinks are good for leaning against, as they always seem to be nice and warm.

At this point the day took a massive downturn. In other words a *purrfect* day was now like having a cold bucket of water thrown over Buster's beautiful fur coat! A matter that would take hours to lick clean.

The reason for this. Kittens! Two of them. Next door have arrived home with a carry box holding, kittens! Two of them. What is a Buster to do? This is a **Cat**-as-trophy - one with a capital 'C'!

Kittens, although generally considered to be lovely, cuddly, and even cute, do not fall into Buster's thoughts as a good idea. In short, kittens are a pain. They rush about, take bites out of a tail that could be nearby and eat your food. Not good - especially for such a distinguished person as Buster!

The BIG question is what to do about this? They will not be outside - on Buster's Patch - for a little while. Time for a BIG think about this. Any suggestions?

