

Kittens



It must be said that kittens are all very well in their right place, and let's face it, they can be thought of as rather cute. However, to Buster they do cause some rather unhappy shivers to run to the tip of his ringed tail from his golden pointy ears.

A long, long time ago Buster was born on a farm. This was massive fun as there was so much to do and play in the barns. He had many brothers and sisters, all of whom were OK, but were basically dull. It was all very well tumbling and chasing and leaping and falling and diving and bouncing on each other, but there must be more to life than this!

Buster learnt a great deal from this play and still loved his brothers and sisters very much but felt he could do so much more. The question was what? To a young cat much needed to be thought about for his future. In the meantime Buster carried on as normal with his mum and dad and brothers and sisters. Life on the farm had its own pace with certain events through each day, week, month and year falling into a happy routine.

One coolish autumn day, with not much happening, a van turned up in the farmyard to deliver something. It was very much warmer in the van and there were so many interesting boxes and packages in the back of the van, into which Buster simply *had* to take a look. It was a long way to the back and there were some very interesting smells coming from that direction; these obviously needed far more investigation! Being a cat he

could not read the print on the outside of the box, but it really smelt very good. Buster made a mental note that the funny squiggles on the box said to him “this stuff smells good” and a few moments later after breaking into the box, Buster added to his mental note “this stuff is really good to eat as well”! After invading several other boxes it is not clear that Buster could actually read ‘LOCAL FRESH FISH’, but he certainly understood the meaning.



After eating as much of the fish that he could manage he found a few blankets in the far back corner of the van and went over to sit on them. He set about the clean-up operation of his face, his legs, his body and lastly his tail.

Curling up in a smallish ball Buster decided to sleep off his delicious meal. It was at this point that Buster’s day went seriously downhill.

Being at the very back of the van and behind many boxes the van driver did not see Buster, or the half-eaten damaged boxes. The driver just pulled down the van roller-door at the back and secured the lock. This woke Buster. He was in darkness and the blankets started to move about in rather a sick-making way!

Buster was worried. He started shouting but he was not heard because the van engine was making a lot of noise, not to mention the loud bangs from the wheels as they went across the holes in the road, and the very squeaky springs. This went on for ages and ages. Buster was feeling shattered by all this, not to mention a little sick after eating all the fish! Eventually the van came to a stop and the rattily van roller-door was pushed up. Buster is usually a very friendly cat but in this case he was not hanging around to meet the driver. He launched himself off the van tail-gate, across a path, through a gate, into a garden and through a handy hole in the door of a shed. Buster was so fast the driver did not even see

him, although a few minutes later the driver did see some of the boxes with curious holes in them.

Catching his breath Buster looked about the shed that was full of gardening stuff. One item, a spade had fallen across the door hole when Buster banged into it when speeding through the hole. He was now trapped for the second time today. He started shouting and shouting and surprise upon surprise a face peered at him through the grubby shed window; then it went away. More shouting, but nothing further happened. Buster thought this was getting very tiring and decided to have a cat-nap on the wooden shed floor; besides it is now starting to get dark.

The next morning Buster was woken by the shed door opening. He was suddenly grabbed around his middle by two huge human hands and it must be said, rather unceremoniously, dumped into a largish plastic box before he could really get his wits about him. Buster's life then started to repeat itself as he now in the back of another van. More banging, squeaking and general disruption to his personage as the van is driven along other bumpy roads!

In a short while a human in a white shirt with strange pads on his shoulders and owner of the huge hands, picked up Buster in the box and carried him into a house. In a large room with chairs and carpets Buster was let out of the box into this space. There must have been over fifty kittens running around! The smell was not too good either – frankly appalling!

Buster noticed there were several bowls of cat food around the room and it had been ages since he last ate that rather pleasant fish. Pushing some kittens out of the way Buster settled down to eat, despite the chaos going on behind him. After a drink of some water Buster turned around and found a convenient corner where he had a commanding view of the room. There were no other full size cats there; that was strange. Buster then decided that he needed to get some control in this room, in other words take some action.