

## THE TROUBLE WITH BEING A CAT

The trouble with being a cat is... that no one else is as good as you.

Take the other animals around here. My so called friends. First there's Dart. He's so full of himself; he thinks he's a king, ruling over the house. He thinks he should be the one to sit in the warm, sunny spot on the sofa and eat chicken with gravy for dinner. King indeed! Kings don't have their nose to the kitchen floor looking for fallen crumbs to eat? If he was a real king, he'd be able to take what ever he liked from the work surface, or call out, like I do, and someone soon comes running. And what king has to be tied to his bodyguard every time he steps past the gate? He looks so stupid following behind Mum. Sometimes he's even tied to Charlie's buggy!

Next there's that hamster, Popcorn. Thinks he's so clever rushing round all night, believing he's fit and fearless. Doesn't he realize he's in a cage? He can't go out without his pink armour on *and* he has to have Alex to protect him. Such a scaredy-pet! Gives it all the talk but when I caught him alone once in Mum's bedroom, first thing he did was run away.

Me? I can go wherever I want, whenever I want. If I want to go outside I only have to go through my own door. It's more of a squeeze than it used to be but I can still push myself through when I want to go into the garden. *King* Dart can't even get his head through. And scardey *Prince* Popcorn would quake at the first sign of a battle.

My favourite place to sleep is curled up on Kate's bed. She always leaves her covers in a heap for me to snuggle into. I like to soften them down with my paws, pushing them into place until they are just comfy enough. It's so annoying when Mum comes in and tries to straighten the bed out. She always throws me off without the

slightest regard for how long it's taken me to get those covers just right, or how tired I am.

You'd think I'd done something wrong the time I took a small mouse I'd caught in the back garden upstairs for a quiet snack. Mum let out such a loud screech, I dropped the mouse and it escaped. It took me ages of sitting like a statue to find it again. Even then I couldn't quite squeeze underneath the bed to retrieve it, however much I tried with my paw. In between the boxes, dolls and puzzles under Kate's bed it was hard to find the tiny creature snuck in its hiding place in the cup of an old tea set. In the end I had to wait until Mum pulled everything out. Even then she wouldn't let me have it. I dashed in, quick as a flash, as soon as the mouse made its move. I caught it in my mouth only to be grabbed by the scruff of my neck until I let go. Mum wouldn't have managed to catch it without me. It had stopped wriggling as well.

I don't need any of them. I don't need friends. What can they do for me that I can't do for myself? I'm not frightened of going out in the dark on my own. I don't need to rely on someone to fill my bowl. Why there's a whole world of take - away snacks out there in the garden if I can be bothered to chase them. I don't need someone to clean out my cage or take me for walks. Anyway, if Dart was a real friend he'd let me sit in the warm, sunny spot every time instead of fighting me for it. I don't need their friendship. I can take care of myself.

Just before teatime I settled down for a short nap, making sure I'd got the best spot on the sofa when Charley rushed over. I don't know why she hasn't learnt after the last time. She tries to dress me up like Dart. I say! How humiliated can you be? As soon as I saw that blue bonnet coming down above me, I reached to clean my ear. Not my fault if my claws are sharp and her arm got in the way.