

From the Dream Diary 2023.01.18

Cat Rescue

It was an item about a good deed, a cat rescue. I was listening to the radio, BBC Radio 4, in bed. I do that a lot when it gets too cold. I haven't had my central heating on all winter. Well it's only half way through January so I don't know how much longer I can keep it up if it gets much colder. Have the back door open I have. I like to air the room at least once a day. If the Inuits can do it, so can I! After all, they can't have a fire in an igloo, can they? I mean, it would melt the walls, wouldn't it?

Enough about me! More about the good deed. The cat was somewhere and for some reason was homeless. The appeal went out to find it a home. Where it originally was, I can't remember but it had to be flown to Athens. The next flight it had to take was to Amsterdam. Its journey didn't end there. Its destination was Stockholm. There were no direct flights you understand. It was a very friendly cat, adorable the courier said. It took the flight to Stockholm and it was said that the new owner was delighted.

So many people going to food banks So many people sleeping rough. Not that I have anything against cats. Good luck to them. My partner had four, Margaret, Angel, Fatty and Salvador who looked a little like Salvador Dali. Not that she knew it! Fatty was Angel's brother. When Angel was giving birth, her brother was helping her to wash her kittens. They used to sit on the tea-trolley, two on the top, two on the lower shelf, if that's what it's called. But I digress. After all, it's what effect did the travelling cat have on me. Nothing that day so I went to bed as usual. Around midnight! After researching a talk I want to give on African

carvings, Masks and figures to be precise. In a seated area, I was. I had a cat basket between my legs. the cat inside was scratching at the bottom of the cat basket. Instinctively I knew what I needed to do. I needed something for it to do its business on. There was a man reading a newspaper. I wanted to grab it out of his hands so the cat could deposit what it needed to do on it.

I remembered a European I met in India. We called him Herman the German, not because he was German but because he spoke German. He was Austrian. He told us that he got arrested in Istanbul for smoking hashish. He was in prison or detention. He managed to escape. Don't ask me how, it was fifty-two years ago. The point of this digression is that he was on a train going eastwards. The man sitting opposite him was reading a newspaper. On the back page was a photograph of Herman with the caption, ESCAPED, in Turkish above his photograph. Herman grabbed the newspaper out of the Turkish man's hands, screwed it up and threw it out of the window. Could I grab the newspaper?

I was in such a panic that I woke up. I eventually calmed down. I tried to get to sleep again. After a while, I fell into a deep sleep. I was in an airport department lounge. I lifted the lid of the cat basket and stroked the cat. It started to scratch the bottom of it. The cat needed to do its business. I looked up, someone had left a newspaper on a seat. I grabbed hold of it and I put it on the floor by the cat basket and put the cat on it. I scratched the newspaper with my finger nails to suggest that it was O K to do its business there. It did. I put the cat back in its basket. What a smell! Other travelers were looking at me. I screwed the newspaper up as carefully as I could so its contents wouldn't run out. I

took hold of the cat basket and the screwed package and went to look for a toilet. I couldn't find one at first. The flight was called just as I entered the public convenience. I was in a panic again, I couldn't think of a way to flush the package down the loo. I was in such a state that I woke up shaking. From then on, I was too afraid to fall asleep in case I ended up in another departure lounge.

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