

Chloe Potts

Shackleton work – Mrs Chippy diary entry

26.01.21

Dear diary,

I have been unwillingly seized from my nice warm comfy rug in front the roaring open fire in the Shackleton drawing room and been dropped (not literally) into a smelly disgusting cold wet and bumpy boat. Yuk! **Excuse** me but do they even know who I am? I am a house cat; I am too majestic and important to even be seen on a boat with horrible mutts let alone float for days on end on this so-called boat. Listening to the constant chatter of those humanoids around me this is going to be such an 'adventure' and we should all be oh so excited. Not me. No. **NEVER!** We are surrounded by the evil devil = water! How am I supposed to enjoy this?

Sorry for the break there I **actually** managed to get some shelter and found a nice fur coat to curl up in, but its owner decided their need was much greater than mine, **AS IF!** Now back to this so-called adventure. One can only describe the conditions on board as fit for a dog. I have NEVER in my life had to live in such *squalor!* ... and with actual *dogs*. Now for those of you who have never had the pleasure dogs are truly *awful*. The smell – both ends, and the yapping is nonstop. They bark for: attention, they bark when they see their human, they bark when their human leaves, they bark when they are hungry, tired, bored, excited... you get the message. And did I mention the smell?!

Now a house cat like myself should not be expected to live on such conditions but it seems that Mr S simply could not be away for such a long period without me. Now **that** is something I can understand. I can only hope that in the next few days he will arrange for me to have my own quarters with a log fire, cat nip and plenty of time to rest. Hopefully he will manage to keep the sea calm, especially when I am sleeping.



Mrs Chippy 😊