

Dylan Williams

Mrs Chippy log aboard the big floaty thing.

Day 1

Mrs Chippy? Really? Do I look or smell like female deep-fried grease? I have been put “aboard” - I mean, come on, “aboard”? - a big floaty wooden *thing*. It is no place for a cat of such high importance as I. There are lots of dogs, but they leave me alone, although one in particular makes me uncomfortable...

Day 2

It turns out, I am on a “ship”, a big thing that floats. I am loving it, endless tummy rubs and food, hominid feeders respect me, and I can do anything I please. I could get used to this.

Day 3

The feeders are called men apparently. There is a big brown dog with floppy ears – Jane, I think – she tried to steal my food today but I'm too catly and scratched her nose so badly it bled; I think she was impressed. There is a man called John, he is my favourite feeder at the moment. He is the only one who hasn't called me couthy-couthy-coo. First you get my gender wrong (I was neutered!) and name me after food, then this?! He also is the only one who hasn't nearly stepped on me.

Day 4

An average day of belly rubs and food. Eat, sleep, repeat 5 times daily, until, during my pre-evening-late-mid-morning-sleep, I am woken to shouting, something about a leak? I wasn't interested, so went back to sleep. I also caused quite a commotion about coming on deck, they kept asking me if I wanted to go in or out. What kind of question is that? Obviously, I just wanted to lay in the middle to keep warm from below decks but smell the sea breeze! Is that too much to ask?

Day 5

It is now getting cold; there is a layer of frost covering the deck. I never realised hominids were such scaredy dogs. They keep moaning about the cold and putting on *more* layers. Just brave it with what little fur you have! Honestly!

Day 6

It didn't last.

The bliss of tummy rubs and food has been lost, it's a miracle my ribs aren't broken the number of times I've been kicked! The scolding mamma cat would give them... They've rationed my food and nobody has enough spare time to attend to me which is ridiculous because I am *obviously* the most important thing here. I've half a mind to leave this boat and therefore leave them without the honour of having *me* aboard, but I won't for the time being because they have been good servants until now; *plus the fact that we're in the middle of the ocean* (but we don't talk about that).

Day 7

Disaster has struck! A sailor has started humming Dean Martin's "baby it's cold outside" very, very badly.

Side note: we've hit an iceberg and have had to get off. It doesn't matter because I have been put in my very own chariot fit for a king – well, sledge really but there's no need to be pedantic. It is being pulled by the dogs, they've finally realised I'm the most important thing here so given me all the spare coats and blankets – not much but I'm getting desperate.

(I have filled the book. This is an absolute nightmare because now nobody can see how I completely saved the lives of everyone here. The sailors may tell you otherwise but take my word for it. Also, days get muddled up in my brain - why keep track? - so I've just written when I want to; this might mean the days aren't precisely historically accurate).

Dylan this is great! I really enjoyed reading it – you have created Mrs Chippy and the voice of a cat perfectly – brilliant work, well done.