



Buster's Bench

There it was, gone. Or rather, there it wasn't. Buster was really, really sure it was there yesterday – and the day before. And, Buster was pretty sure even **pawsitively** it was there before that! But, not now.

It was Buster's very special bench. It was in front of the house next door to catch the warmth from the afternoon sun. Technically, it was not Buster's bench but as it was in Buster's Patch, it naturally came into the category of Buster's.

Benches don't just vanish – they are simply too big. But, this bench has managed what would seem to be a difficult thing for a bench to do. Evaporate. Disappear. It was rather a nice bench for Buster to doze upon. Buster did not hear about a missing bench in the **meows** today! Or who was the **purrr**petrator taking the bench? Such a **cat**alogue of questions and it is really hard to come up with a **purrr**fect answer. After all Buster is a mere cat!



That is where the matter remained. A big mystery. So from then on, day after day, Buster went about his usual business of watching over his Patch. Only sometimes, when passing the spot where it used to stand did Buster think about his lovely warm bench. Nobody let that **cat** out of the bag about whom or what made the bench vanish. Further

investigation is needed to find out how benches – Buster’s in particular can vanish.

It happened one day, when Buster was passing the place where the bench used to be and he noticed that the flower bed behind where the bench had stood had now become available. There had been a spell of really nice weather and the soil had dried out allowing a gentle hollow to form. This hollow, warm in the sun, is exactly curled up Buster size. Even better, a line of bricks at the front of the flower bed makes a **purr**fect pillow. This had the extra bonus for Buster as he found he could see a large part of his Patch, by looking under the bushes in front of him; when he wasn’t **cat**napping of course.

There is a downside to this hollow when it rains. The nice soft, if rather dusty hollow, in the flower bed turns into a Buster-sized bowl of soft, gloopy mud. Not good for lying in when you have a posh fur coat like Buster. The search for the missing bench must be stepped (pawed) up.

It so happened that the owner of the house next door (the real owner of Buster’s bench) went away on holiday with her children. Buster heard it said they were going to **Paw**tugal for 10 days. This one fact allowed Buster to think about expanding his Patch (if only temporarily) into their back garden. This back garden area was known to Buster but he did not go in that often as the children played there. As much as Buster liked the children (two girls and a boy) and they liked him it was always a worry as there was much running about and chasing. This did not fit well for a dignified Buster!

The route to the back garden was well known to Buster. Up his back gate, onto the wall post, along the wooden fence bit between the posts and then onto the shed roof next door. From the shed roof a leap onto the trampoline (nice bounce) and onto the grass.

It's there. It's been moved. Buster's bench. In all its glory. In the sunshine, by the big garden wall. Buster's bench. Wow! This is worth a few hours in the sun asleep.

What about when the family return from their holiday. How will Buster be able to use his bench? Please tell Buster any ideas how to use his bench more often when the children are about.

This getting urgent now!

