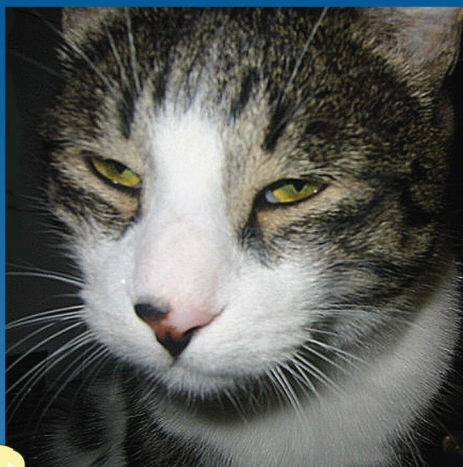




The latest masterpiece from the author who brought you
'Getting Out Excerpts from a Cat's Diary'
whether you asked for it or not!



The Cat's Travelogue

Written by The Cat

Translated from the original Cat by John Woodcock



Published by The Cat's Company

THE CAT'S TRAVELOGUE

The Cat has been described (accurately) as a genius, good looking, generous, caring and best of all a 'great writer.' The great writer bit is handy because he writes books. His first book 'Getting Out Excerpts From A Cat's Diary' is a bestseller and feline literary masterpiece, which was described as – unputdownable – by more than one sober critic.

This is his second book and it's called 'The Cat's Travelogue.' It is the first travelogue written by a Cat or indeed any member of the feline genus and will have you rolling in the aisles if you browse it in a bookshop, so be warned and before you read it take it home, that will save a lot of public embarrassment and odd looks from your fellow shoppers.

The Cat is confident that everyone who enjoyed his first book will kill for his second and anyone who reads the second book first will not hesitate to buy the first book – but don't stop there, buy as many copies as you like and make this Cat very happy.

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The Cat's Travelogue

As endured by a wonderful, talented,
clever, extremely patient, good looking
and kind feline aka

THE CAT

Translated from the original Cat by

JOHN WOODCOCK

DEDICATION

I am sure there are a lot of people who would like me to thank them for helping me create this masterpiece of feline literature, but then I have to ask myself where were they when I really needed them? When I was stuck in some of the world's tightest spots, that I had managed to squeeze myself into, you couldn't see them for dust, I got myself into any trouble I encountered and managed, at great personal cost, to get out again on my own without using any of my nine lives.

So with the above in mind there is only one person, as well as my good self 'The Cat, who I want to thank and that is the rather wonderful Lena Nee who is an inspiration and has helped this Cat probably more than he deserves. I'm just lucky that Santa isn't in the market for little helpers at the moment and so I can rely on her selflessness and amazing support for many books to come – oh and by the way my litter tray needs emptying again!

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AUTHOR'S NOTE AND A BIT OF A PREAMBLE BUT NO WAFFLE

They tell me that terrible things happen to Cat's in far off lands they eat them in some uncivilised countries. They serve odd and indigestible food to them in others. While in third party countries they busily create spell checkers that tell this Cat that 'uncivilised' should be spelt with a 'z.' Then these clever spell checkers can't even recognise the word 'spelt,' and then to add insult to injury these spell checkers will tell one that 'recognised' should have a 'z' in it – what a good job this Cat doesn't swear or blame America in anyway whatsoever for mugging his adopted language.

With all of this in mind, you can imagine what feelings of dread I had when I decided to think about writing a Travelogue while warming myself in the sun on my favourite windowsill – yes this Cat has learned to multitask with ease.

And there was another problem that caused its own small amount of dread, and that was that Cats as a rule are not great travellers, as any humans who 'keep' Cats will attest! We hate trains, we loathe aeroplanes, unless they are private jets; of course, and where possible we avoid cars and road travel in general.

If, by some unfortunate set of circumstances we are duped into travelling by car against our will we will scream at the top of our considerable voices for the entire journey just to get our feelings across to deaf humans.

But, just to bring a smile to the face of my loyal, cuddly, and generally adorable readers I have written a Travelogue and as you will see as the pages turn, things didn't quite work out as I imagined they were going to at the beginning.

Then horror of horrors I get to see the book I have written for the first time and I hate it, well not the book itself but the cover.

I have mentioned (at length) in my other books just how awful Cats look when they are asked to try to and smile and I may also have mentioned that sadly this Cat is no different to any other Cat in that respect.

Now with that well-known fact in mind, imagine my surprise when, after turning my back for a moment (while recovering from writing this Travelogue), what do I see? The publishers of this wonderful book have ruined it and used a picture of me 'smiling' on the cover of this, my latest, soon to be, multimillion selling book!

I mean, really, what are Humans like? Why couldn't they have used one of my more charming and attractive unsmiling pictures on the cover, you know, one that would make me look both intelligent and debonair, or at a push either with a backdrop of some amazing city view added in Photoshop? I know why because some people obviously don't like this brilliant and ravishingly attractive best selling feline author that is why!

There are some who are obviously jealous of my success and want to take some revenge, well little do they know I have their number and I am about to add them to my next book which has a working title of 'People I Really Hate!' Initially, this next bestselling work of genius was going to be called 'People I Really Hate And Why!' But, then I thought, 'I don't have to explain why I hate some people do I?'

Still, there is one consolation, though it's a little remote at the moment, and that is that I will be able to change the cover of the book as soon as the first print run is sold out. In fact this will be very good for those of you who are lucky enough to have bought my amazing Travelogue now because the 'dreadful picture edition,' as it will be known, will become very collectable indeed!

Of course the comment above doesn't apply to people who didn't buy the incredibly valuable 'dreadful picture edition' of my wonderful book and are now reading this bit and probably feeling a little foolish because they didn't buy the book when it first came out. All I can offer to comfort those unfortunate people

is to say that they really should get to the bookshop earlier next time and be prepared to queue longer.

Well that is quite enough complaining because simply complaining is not the best way to start writing another multi-million selling masterpiece of a book is it?

I should really write about the book here I suppose, and to start with a disappointment is never a good idea, and then to add a complaint is not the best way to begin, but I will say that 'The Travelogue' looks quite good even though I do say truthfully so myself.

Not only that, I think I have an idea for a brand new book about complaining or at least the way it should and shouldn't be done, of course.

In my opinion complaining should be 'done' loudly at all times in fact I believe that we all know that, but there are certain techniques that can be employed to ensure that you get so much more than just a replacement, and an apology for what ever has caused the complaint.

Still, you, my cuddly reader, are not here to read about my future books you're here to read this one and what an excellent choice you have made I must say! Of course I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your taste in choosing books it's almost as good as your looks. Yes you read that correctly, a survey found that only good looking humans read my books, doesn't that make you feel great? I know I feel good about it because my book is now perched on the lap of a really good looking human, as it should be they compliment each other.

One quick last comment though, if you have borrowed this book from a friend then can you kindly do me a favour? Please go and buy your own copy and don't forget to return this book to the person who lent it to you. I have to say I hate it when people forget to return books they borrow, but worse I don't like people who don't buy their own copy in the first place.

So here we are at the beginning of another book and I suppose I should thank a few people for their help, support etc., etc., but frankly I can't think of anyone who has done more than me I have to say, although I suppose I will be forced to thank my translator John Woodcock for 'being there for me!' Actually quite often I wish he 'were' somewhere else and not right 'there,' if you know what I mean!

Then in this list of 'thank yous,' that I seem to have started, by mistake really, I suppose I should include all of the people who helped me compile this

Travelogue, but publishers get a little jittery when there are large blank spaces where the acknowledgements and thanks are concerned.

I imagine I will be 'encouraged' to thank all of the international airlines for carrying me and then thank everyone for the 'unusual' hospitality that I received in so many 'interesting' countries, but then again who likes to do what 'they' say you 'should' do? And frankly, most if not all of the airlines, train companies, taxis and the rest of the transport industry that I travelled with, had no idea that I was travelling with them.

Of course now that my Travelogue is fabulously successful the airlines and other carriers think that they can get some free advertising and want to be associated with it! Mmh! Even though their letters are full of compliments and contain amazing offers of free travel, they don't impress me.

If I need to I of course refer them to my lawyer's last letter, which clearly stated "no cash – no mention" so as you 'wade' (if that is the right word) through this wonder of a book you will see who coughed up and who didn't.

Just out of interest - or is that, in my defence? All the information regarding 'The Most – whatever,' such as 'The Most Corrupt Country on the Planet,' has been obtained from a nice little website called www.nationmaster.com, so if anyone anywhere isn't happy with their country's position as the 45th Most Trigger Happy Nation in the World for instance, then please take it up with them and not me!

So without much more ado as they might say if they played with the saying "without further ado!" Here is my 'Travelogue', which is an honest recollection of the places I mistakenly ended up visiting on my travels, in their defence they didn't know I was coming, which may or may not have made a difference.

I know when the old queen of England Liz 2 visits parts of her realm or the tired old Commonwealth they have plenty of notice and so they spring clean and paint everything, which of course means that the poor old gal thinks that her realm and the Commonwealth is a bright, tidy, clean place that is really nice to live in, it is a nice thing to do I suppose but has deceived one old lady for a very long time.

I have to say they this travelogue is not actually a complete list of the places that I ended up in and that is because some of the places I visited have already paid me to "keep my big mouth shut" as most of their public relations bods put

it or they will have implemented banning orders preventing me from mentioning what awful dumps they really were!

In fact this book could be the first one in history that actually gets smaller over time because if other countries that I visited come up with what could only be described as a “very tempting” offer I would, of course, be obliged legally to remove their entry and line my pockets with some more ill gotten lucre, I have to say in this respect my pockets are very deep so you have been warned Israel, China and Russia!

Actually Iceland was the first country to cough up and pay me a sizable hush money bung and that was I thought rather odd really because I have never been there; I just mentioned that I may write about Iceland and the next thing you know a nice big fat cheque arrived with a note saying that they hoped I would do the ‘right thing’ and get rid of the “damning” chapter on Iceland or there might be a furry mess on the carpet!

It was signed “an admirer!” I thought to myself at the time as I banked the cheque ‘goodness knows what someone with a grudge would do to me, if an admirer would turn me into a nasty stain on the carpet?’

Anyway that is enough of a preamble or it may become an amble and where would we be there then?

Kisses (or to be more Catlike ‘Noses’)

The Cat

A TRUCK TOO FAR

You know it was a stroke of luck that meant that I began this Travelogue in this particular way!

Mmh! Let me clarify that if I may! It was the worst sort of luck and a complete accident - or as a more dramatic soul would say – it was an absolute disaster that caused me to be in the back of a container lorry on its way to...? And that was my first problem I had no idea where I was on my way to! Gosh what an absolute disaster!

My idea of writing a Travelogue was to be in complete control of what was going on and to have some extremely comfortable trips abroad, which I could then write about. Jollies, I think they are called! The plan was that the ‘jollies’ were to be littered with plenty of exotic food, first class flights, premier hotels, loads of presents and enormous treats.

‘Chance’ is a fine thing unfortunately, and in my case chance seems to serve up nothing but the wrong sort of luck, ‘bad’ luck, and so without much effort whatsoever on my part, I was on my travels before I had chance to even organise the half a dozen or so flunkies who were going to carry my extensive luggage, provide executive limousines, book the finest hotels, and generally smooth my passage in every way possible.

Mind you on a literary note - I do wish I could have come up with a better way of describing what I was thinking of because “smoothing my passage in every way possible,” sounds positively gross! But happily I think that you, my dear

cuddly reader, know exactly what I mean. I simply wanted to be comfortable in a plush 'Venice Simpleton - Orient Express' sort of a way.

You could say that it was a mistake that found me being bounced around in the back of a container lorry and you would be right! Unfortunately I don't think, on this occasion, I can wriggle out of the blame either, because, sadly there was no one else around to blame.

Yes it's an all new experience for me to have to accept the blame and what's worse I seem to be having so many new experiences at the same time and frankly I am not enjoying any of them.

In short, none of this was what I'd planned and I want to go home and start again, but I am confident, knowing my luck, that going home isn't going to be very simple to achieve - at all.

You know to tell you the truth I can't think what else might go wrong, still this is the beginning of the book which as the title accurately says is a Travelogue and I am travelling, so it still is a Travelogue, just a Travelogue with a greater expectation of arriving home than anyone could have possibly imagined, including yours truly.

Why do I say that? Well you can almost guarantee that so much more is going to go a little wrong and then a lot more is going to go terribly wrong and then as a bonus I will probably encounter quite a few mishaps, the odd and not so odd missteps and then a couple of full scale disasters. It's just the way these things work, isn't it?

The problem, I see now, was that I fell asleep! Or was it that I climbed into a container that was, to my surprise, attached to a truck parked neatly in the car park of a motorway service station!

All I had wanted to do was to escape the attention of a rather large and growing number of autograph hunters, or 'Paw Stampers' as they like to call themselves.

Humans are odd they really don't think that they actually stamp on my paws when they crowd around me if I happen, like this time to be on the floor.

I am sure that the Paw Stampers don't mean to tread heavily on my poor old paws but like all humans in a crowd or is that herd, when they get excited they push, shove and in their excitement they tread on my paws.

So why do 'Paw Stampers' like to call themselves Paw Stampers? Well I am sure it isn't because they tread on their hero's paws, it's for a totally different reason actually!

The publishers of my books in their limited wisdom, bless them – if only for their regular royalty cheques - thought that it would be a great idea to have an ink pad for me to dip my paw into and then autograph copies of my book by smearing my paw all over the nice clean title page of my book instead of getting me to hold a pen, which is very difficult even for one of the most talented and gifted Cats on the planet – that's me, silly!

I have to say here that Cat's paws are not designed to hold pens and as I have said even this clever and extremely talented Cat can't hold a pen for long which in the beginning proved quite a disappointment for all of the fans who didn't get my autograph or a dedication when they came to a book signing and indeed seemed to think that I, yes me was somehow swindling them because they were told that they had to buy a fresh copy of my book to have signed at my book signing events and then when I developed a severe case of sore paw and had to leave before I had signed many books there were one or two bookshop riots.

Anyway where was I? Oh yes in a motorway service station - surely I can't be held responsible for my fans spotting me stretching my legs while I am in the middle of a long journey between book pawings can I?

Mind you I was a little surprised that a group of my fans which seemed rather too large had manage to spot me because at the time I was walking alone in the car park, and I am pretty sure that I could have easily been mistaken for any ordinary, though good looking, Tabby and White Cat especially as it was getting dark.

But having said that any old Tabby and White Cat would probably not have had his picture adorning gigantic billboards and advertising hoardings plastered all over the place, announcing that he was going to be signing books here there and everywhere and that everyone was welcome to come along and get a paw print (usually smudged) on the title page of their new purchase or purchases, adding enormous value to their first editions, (some still available at marginally inflated prices, check eBay for details).

Tonight the crowd of people in the car park seemed not only want a paw print but also a stroke of the silky fur belonging to the author.

Honestly they were all just too big to cope with! That's the numbers of people and not their height! Although I have to say, in the past there have been some very big and scary people lurking around in some of the bookshops I have visited on my book signing tour!

Something had to be done! I am sure you will agree! Rightly or as it turned out wrongly I needed a breather and to get away from all of this patting and pawing, in fact that is why I was planning to write a Travelogue, I thought doing that would provide a very comfortable break from all of the Stampers, pushers and shovers.

As I tried to avoid this crowd of well wishes in the car park I thought wistfully why did my adoring public want to pat, poke and stroke this author at book pawings? After all if you go to any other author's book signing you don't expect to stroke the author, do you?

I ask you what would Ruth Rendell think if you patted her on the head and stroked all the way along her back after she had signed the latest copy of her book for you? Not much is the answer! Although I have heard that J. K. Rowling doesn't mind a bit of 'that' sort of thing!

I knew I had to have a little 'me time' and this was the chance – well they say there is no time like the present, don't they?

We had stopped on route to another massive bookshop which I knew would be filled to the brim with my fans bless them and that is Ok I like my fans if they are in an orderly queue, but I don't know what it's about me or the way that humans act and react when they are in a crowd they seem to go a bit mad and act strangely, become pushy and let's face it in a crowd of large people milling, shoving and the rest what chance does a vertically challenged Cat stand? Even a good looking and very famous one. I needed some peace and quiet, just a few minutes, that was all, and I was determined to get it.

The first part of my plan had gone smoothly – I was in the car park and looking for somewhere to get a bit of peace and quiet together with some fresh air if that is possible in a busy car park next to a motorway.

I had already given my extremely large and basically stupid minders the slip. As usual getting away from them was just a little too easy. I promise you I think that you could shout "Look, what's that over there!", point a paw in the opposite direction to the one that you want to run in and you would have ages to escape

while the pair of 'brawn brains' (that's a description of someone who has 'brawn' for brains of course, if you are just a little hard of understanding) tried to work out what indeed was 'over there!'

So I had managed to leave the warm fried food atmosphere of Motorway Services Café on the pretext of nipping out for a moment to the Cat's room (similar to the men's room but with a larger amount of damp floor space and in this case cars parked in it).

Well I don't need to tell you that I did what I had to do and it did successfully and quickly, do I? I had to do 'it' quickly because I was being followed by a large group of well wishers. I was sure that some would have cameras and any pictures they took tonight would not be ones to cherish in my family album.

After my 'private moment' I looked up at the crowds thronging the reception area of the motorway service station and thought to myself, 'no I can't face them, I need a breather.'

The only opportunity for a bit of peace and quiet was the large truck above my head, it had, I remembered, an enormous photograph of me on the side and I have to say I thought that it was just part of my entourage which is why it was the perfect place for a minute or two's peace. Mind you I have to admit that I hadn't seen this truck in the convoy of vehicles that accompanied my travels.

Still I didn't think about it that much, the large truck was very conveniently parked and I had used the cover of its enormous rear wheels to have a 'private moment,' if you see what I mean!

So I quickly climbed into the back of the large truck thinking to myself what a relief it was to have five minutes peace.

Well five minutes peace was probably accurate because I had no sooner closed my eyes than I was either being thrown or bounced (I couldn't decide which) from one side of the truck to the other, or when that eventually stopped I was being bounced up and down so hard that I thought my teeth were going to accidentally and involuntarily eat my tongue.

Don't think that I didn't try shouting at the driver to let him know I was unwillingly travelling with him. I did, but he was some sort of Heavy Metal Head and all I could hear in between the noises of the road and the creaking of the load was Jon Bon Jovi howling at the top of his digitally enhanced voice, hitting

marginally less bum notes than the truck driver, who was singing along, but a verse behind the blonde god of rock.

It was sadly only too obvious that my nightmare had begun! I just hoped that it would end soon! 'Hope,' I have discovered is a word that describes a very overvalued emotion because you can 'hope' that something happens forever and it won't – the second coming strikes me as a good example here, though sadly I can think of dozens more examples and I am sure you can!