

# CHIP



28 MAY, HOME, ENGLAND

**B**lissful to be back in the sanctuary that is home. The kids are unsuccessful in their attempts to lure me to the pool. How many times do I have to tell them this cat doesn't go swimming? Rolled over and managed to snatch another few hours shut-eye. I emerge just before elevenses to find the fattest cat of the West End sitting at the kitchen table. I stop in my tracks. I can't resist a good musical – who can? They're my Achilles paw. I gather myself, and hurdle the chaise-longue, humming 'Memories' as I skip onto the kitchen island and come to a graceful halt atop a case of 1994 Chablis. You could see the applause in his eyes. Lovely to snuggle up with a fellow connoisseur, his double cashmere cardigan is perfect networking knitwear. He is talking about *Cats* (of course) and I'm sure he has just alluded to an open role.

This could be my big chance! I shall remain cool, but there's no harm in a quick WhatsApp to my agent... I hear plans to re-launch his feline masterpiece: first in the West End, a quick transfer to Broadway followed by a global tour. My whiskers twitch, I've never been to Sydney in Spring...