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Die Katze namens Mülltonne

The cat named Dustbin



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*The Cat named Dustbin, an
almost true story, written in
two languages*

English

Prologue

Carla and Walter live near of the city of Perth. A cat belongs to their household. It is a cat who likes to wander through the area and rummages in dustbins to find there delicacies, people have thrown away.

The cat is not only the favorite of Carla and Walter, but also of the woman next door. Why the cat likes to rummage in dustbins to find there delicacies nobody knows. The cat, a female creature, gets enough to eat, every now and then a treat, so that it doesn't need to eat rubbish. But it does it with preference. That's the reason too that it is called Dustbin.



The cat named Dustbin

1

It's summer time. Carla and Walter are enjoying the day. They are sitting in the garden of their house, which is near Perth. The shade of a grass tree, a tree-like lily plant with tufts of grass leaves at the end of the branches, protects them from the sun's rays. When they hear a rustling not far from the bench on which they are sitting, they are shocked. Their blood freezes in their veins when they see a brown snake, one of the most venomous snakes in Western Australia, crawling towards them. There is a sandy spot in the garden just three meters behind them that the snake creeps towards to sunbathe. They didn't know that this spot has always been a favorite spot for the almost five foot long snake. They couldn't have known either, because the bench they are sitting on had always been in a different place.

Carla knows this type of snake, one of which is now in her garden. She knows that the poison of this snake, if she were bitten, can lead to death. Now such a species is moving towards them. Carla nudges Walter with the elbow and gets up slowly from the bench. Walter gets up now too. They can both clearly see the 17 dark rows of scales in the middle of the snake's body and watch its head, which looks like an elongated body from which a long double-sided tongue flicks out. They continue to watch the snake, which changes direction just a few meters in front of them and crawls past at a distance of about 4 meters to reach the sandy spot. Carla and Walter take a deep breath then they slowly move away. "It wasn't a good idea to put the bench in the shade of a grass tree", says Carla to Walter. Walter nods and says: "You're right. We will change that again

and put the bench on the terrace in front of our house and buy a cat that drives away such critters as we just saw one." "I wouldn't have thought of that. But I agree with that", replies Carla.

They buy a kitten from a woman who breeds cats. They don't have a name for the new resident yet. "A suitable name for this little creature that we like will come to mind", says Carla. Walter only replies: "I think so too."

The little cat cautiously sneaks through the garden, as if it suspects that something might come towards it, which means danger. As it sneaks through the herb garden that belongs to its new master's house, it smells the various herbs that grow there. It spends a particularly long time on an herb plant. This plant seems to give off a scent that it likes. Since the herb garden is on the border with the neighboring property, it is being watched by the neighbor. "You are a cute kitten. I've never seen you here before. You are new here I think. It's a shame I can't climb the fence that separates my property from the garden in which you are in right now." The cat does not react although it hears the neighbor's voice. The scent of the herbs is too fascinating for it. That's why it sniffs each herb for longer until it is called by Carla. "Hello kitten, where are you?" "In front of my garden fence in your herb garden", the neighbor answered loudly and then she said quietly to the cat: "You can't answer, that's why I did it for you." "Thank you", Carla calls back loudly, goes into the herb garden, takes hold of the cat and reproachfully says to it: "You're a stray. But you mustn't be that." "But it behaved well. I've been watching it. It is a lovely, cute creature that you can love",

says the neighbor, while Carla just nods and walks away the little cat in her arms.

The little cat, which is still nameless, cannot stop strolling around. Carla always got upset about it. While Walter was cautious, never saying a word when the cat was discovered and could not be found, Carla always scolded. "That little useless bungler, I always have to run after it, because I'm worried that it might not be able to find the way back to the house." "My dear", Walter replied always, "... you don't have to. Cats always find their way home." They were words that Carla could not calm down. *As it gets older, it will certainly stop wandering around* Carla said to herself whenever she had to look for the cat again.

2

The still nameless cat is now two years and prefers to rummage around in dustbins that are in front of the houses and are often not locked. On such a day, Carla comes up with a suitable name for her pet, the cat. "We call it Dustbin because it is always rummaging around in dustbins", she says to Walter in the evening when he comes home from work. "My dear, I've already thought of such a name", replies Walter. Thus this solved the problem of finding a name for the cat.

Dustbin has become the couple's favorite. It no longer wants to do without the cat. Whenever it moves away from the house, crawls through the garden fence to hang around in other realms, Carla, who is worried about her pet, looks for it. She rarely finds it, but it always comes back to the house, even when it is already dark.

Dustbin is prowling around the neighborhood, which Carla doesn't know. Walter drove to work in the morning, as always. Carla has the time she uses to write a letter. She sits down at the desk and writes to friends in Germany.

Hello friends,

Well here I am writing another letter and haven't sent the last one! Our cat that we gave the name Dustbin, because it loves doing rummage in dustbins, just not crawls around my feet, what it likes to do. Thus I can take the time for writing.

Walter is well. Early in the morning he left the house to go to work. At home he is sitting much time in order to work on com-

puter. He is better on the computer than me. I know he has talked a long time on the phone with you but I do not get so much news. I have to squeeze him like a lemon but eventual he comes out with something around the next days. I am rather his waitress. Yesterday I have been applying for food and beverage attendant positions.

The weather is hot in Perth and I avoid walking in the sun as it just stings. It is 29°C in the house now that is sort of cool. We don't need air conditioning anymore but we still use the fans. You are drinking glueh wine at the Weihnachtsmarkt now, while we are sweating in Western Australia.

Not much else to report, write more when a miracle happens and the weather gets cool.

Best regards

Carla

As soon as Carla has finished the letter, she hears a noise behind her. She turns to see the cat sneaking in through the open door that leads to the garden. She doesn't know what it did during its absence, but soon finds out.

Dustbin came across a snake while wandering the neighborhood gardens. It is the notorious Death Adder, a venomous snake with a thin wormlike tail that it uses to lure birds and other prey. The lazy reptile, not even 50 cm long and actually living further south of Perth, can kill it quickly with a bite behind the head, so that there is no fight for life and death. Dustbin was caught by the movement of the snake's wormlike tail. It had probably spotted a prey

and wanted to attract it by the movements of its tail, as is customary with its species. After the death bite, Dustbin takes the dead snake between its teeth, brings it to the neighbor's front door and puts it there. Then it runs back to the garden, crawls under the garden fence, sees the open door and runs towards it. Just arrived in the room in which Carla wrote the letter, it is greeted warmly. "Well, my little pet, you've done a good deed when I see you sneaking up on me so contentedly." The last word has just been said when Carla hears a loud cry for help from the street. She jumps up, runs to the front door, pulls it open, runs out into the street and looks where the cry is coming from. At first it's quiet; then from the right she hears her neighbor calling out loud: "Help, help, a snake." "I help you. Don't do anything; it might be too dangerous for you." With these words Carla runs to the neighboring house to help the neighbor, who is terrified and who only stares at the dead snake, which does not seem dead to her. "I can see", says Carla when she reaches the neighbor, "... it's a Death Adder, but it's already dead. This reptile wanted to get into your house safely and died on your doorstep overnight when it saw no way to do so." How nice that Carla does not suspect Dustbin of having put the venomous snake dead here.

With a large sheet of a newspaper that the neighbor gives Carla, she brings the little dead reptile into her garden to bury it there. Dustbin watches her without feeling guilty. It also just wanted to show that it protects people by killing animals that are threat to them. And such little creatures as now are not a problem for it. They're quick to kill you just have to know how to do it properly.

3

It's March, the sun is shining and it's not as hot as it was in February. "Dear, I have a few days off next week. We could then drive south with our caravan to spend the days somewhere. Dustbin gets to know then our spacious caravan and gets a breath of other fresh air too." "I agree", Carla replies to Walter's suggestion. "... I will take care of the necessary errands." Thus a trip to Cape Leeuwin is planned. The highway leads to Augusta and from there to the Cape it's only a few kilometers. In Augusta there is also a campsite that meets their needs and that they therefore want to visit.

It is early in the morning when they leave Perth. Carla had packed the car and mobile home the day before. The caravan contains the groceries that she bought for a few days of vacation and Dustbin, who has taken a seat by one of the windows of the caravan to see what is going on outside while driving. They are driving on Highway 1 to Bunbury. In Mandurah they make a short stopover, although they have not yet driven 100 kilometers. Carla had forgotten to buy something that she wants to buy now. After she ran the shopping on her own and came back with a full bag, Walter asks her: "What do you think if we leave the coastal road, go to Pinjarra, and from there take the Western Highway to get Bunbury?" "My dear husband, you know I love the ocean, so I'd like to stay on the Perth Bunbury Highway, which passes Lake Clifton and Lake Preston and grazes Yalgorup National Park. Maybe we can take a quick drive through the park to take a short break in Preston Beach." "You forgot that we want to arrive in Au-

gusta today”, Walter replies. “Oh, I really haven’t thought about that anymore. But let’s stop it in Margaret River. You know I love this place by the river. It is only a few kilometers from Augusta. So it should be possible.” “I agree. But let’s not waste any time and drive off, because there is still a long way to go.” And what Walter said is true.

They continue on Highway 1 to Bunbury. Here they leave this highway and continue south on the Bussell Highway. Dustbin enjoys the journey by sitting at the window in the caravan as before and watching everything that can be seen outside.

From Busselton, Carla would have liked to drive past the coast to take a short rest in Dunsborough, Yallingup or Prevelly. But Walter manages to persuade her to continue driving the Bussell Highway from Busselton in order to reach Augusta directly via Margaret River. – Behind Bunbury is the next larger town Capel and 10 kilometers further is Ludlow, the place that is directly on the Tuart Forest National Park. When they get here, Carla says: “I want you to stop for a moment so I can take some pictures.” “Dear, wait until Wonnerup; we can turn to Wonnerup House and you can take as much photos as you want. It’s worth taking pictures of the bush there, I promise you.” “Woe if that’s not true”, Carla replies with a smile. Walter doesn’t answer.

In Wonnerup they turn off the highway and are in a typical forest of the southern part of Western Australia. Walter stops, turns off the engine and gives Carla the opportunity to shoot as much as she wants. Carla gets out and takes this

opportunity. She takes photos and surprisingly sees a kookaburra sitting on a branch not far from her. "Oh how nice to get the Laughing Hans in front of the lens", she says quietly to herself full of joy and photographs this bird. Dustbin is watching her while looking out the window of the trailer. It would have liked to have taken the kookaburra between its paws, which it is denied because it has to sit by the window in the trailer and can only watch what is going on outside.



The southern area of the Tuart Forest National Park

The kookaburra, also called the Laughing Hans, is a bird from the kingfisher family. The Aborigines say that the tooth grows crookedly out of the mouth if you insult a kookaburra whose distinguishing mark is a loud laughter reminiscent of a distinctive voice that it uses to defend its territory. It starts its regular laughter in the early morning and late in the evening, which is why it now just sits quiet-

ly on a branch and does not make a sound. In the morning and in the evening it is always a quiet call from it that ends with a loud hysterical laugh. Then it waits with its tail erect for other nearby kookaburras to answer. But Carla does not see this spectacle now. *It's a shame*, she says to herself, and goes back to the car that is only a few steps away with Walter, to get back in and continue the trip via Busselton towards Margaret River.

Busselton is behind them and they stay on the Bussell Highway, even though Carla would have loved to drive along the coast again. They drive through Vasse with the Newton House and the place Carburnup River, which lies on the river of the same name. – The Newton House, a limestone and iron house in the garden setting has cultural heritage significance as a fine example of one of the early farmhouses designed in Victorian Georgian style in the district. As one of small number remaining farmhouses from the 19th century, it is valued for both its historic and aesthetic significance. It has close associations with the Abbey family who were early Colonial arrivals and farmers in the district. – On the further trip they see kangaroos. Of these jumping marsupials with small heads, weak front legs and long tails, which they use to lift their bodies while lingering, are located to the right and left of the highway. Some jump over the road using their very strong, elongated hind limbs, so that Walter suddenly has to brake. “What do you do? I almost crashed into the front window, because you braked so hard and suddenly”, says Carla loudly and angry after the sudden braking. “My dear, I had to do it, otherwise we would have collided with a kangaroo and that would have been uncomfortable for us, but also for the

kangaroo.” “And Dustbin? Don’t you think of it?” “Dustbin will have survived the sudden slowdown. Maybe it already saw that I had to brake and acted accordingly.” Walter guesses correctly. Out of an inner feeling, Dustbin had moved away from the window and was already on the floor when Walter brought the car with the trailer to a stop.

After the village of Cowaramup, they reach Margaret River, where they make another stop, although Augusta is not far. The Margaret River region is known for its wines. Carla knows that. She often vacationed here with her parents, kayaking with them on the Blackwood River or visiting a winery with them, and her father liked to have a glass of premium wine then. Walter doesn’t like wine. He prefers to drink beer, and there is a Craft Brewery in Margaret River that he now plans to visit. The river and the town of the same name, which is 9 kilometers from the Indian Ocean, were named after Margaret Whicher, a cousin of John Garrett Bussell, who founded Busselton in 1832. In that year he was the first European settler in this area. Aborigines of the Noongar tribe lived here, who were actually not a single tribe, but consisted of 13 groups that shared a common culture and a similar language with some dialectal differences.

Jewel Cave Augusta with the longest stalactites in the world is a cave open to tourists and the largest show cave in Australia, which is located in the Margaret River region. It is 37 kilometers from Margaret River town, but only 9 kilometers north from Augusta along Caves Road. Carla visited the cave with her parents, Walter is now not interested in visiting. He is not at all interested in geological matters, although the Jewel Cave could also be of interest

to him, because the rock formations in the cave, which are illuminated with soft light, are incredibly impressive for visitors. And that's what he loves. A descent would also lead him through a long and narrow tunnel to the first huge cave and be a breathtaking start to the rest of the cave tour. He would also learn that an extraordinary find was once made in the Jewel Cave: the fossil of a Tasmanian tiger. But he doesn't want to know any of that now when he drives into the small town of Margaret River.

From the Bussell Highway, near Memorial Park, Walter drives into the Willmott Ave and stops near Riverview Tourist Park at Warperup Creek. "So, my dear, we're going to take a break here and have a beer in the brewery that I like while Dustbin stays in the trailer. But before we go we will give it a treat and pour water into a bowl so that it has something and doesn't have to languish."

Carla and Walter get out of their car, take a few steps to the trailer and Walter opens the door. Dustbin has already been waiting, sits in front of the door and meows when the door is opened. Walter pats Dustbin, goes to the window, where it likes to be and pours some water from a bottle into the bowl that is there, puts a treat on the floor and says softly: "So, my dear little animal that should be enough for you for now." "Do you think so?" asks Carla, who has also entered the trailer to see whether Dustbin is well looked after. "Yes, my dear", Walter replies, "... I think so, because we won't be away for long and Dustbin has time to look at everything that is going on outside, from the window, its favorite place while driving, as I suspect." "Still, poor kit-