

I wrote this with a massive grin across my chops.

The same day, Duncan Ferguson was the proudest man on this earth, a grin similarly across his chops, walking onto the hallowed Goodison Park turf for his first game in charge as Everton manager.

It was, from the start, only a temporary appointment, but that was never going to spoil the proudest moment of his life.

I have to share this, as I have a massive grin across my chops, remembering the name of CanaryBlue's favourite place in that London. It is an area he stumbled across while out doing The Knowledge, and for someone of his mindset, his sensibilities, which were certainly not those of the usual knowledge boy or cabbie, this place was a hidden gem, somewhere he had been so lucky to find, and to stop and talk with people there.

They were, by nature of their squatting, wary of any stranger, let alone one in a high viz jacket (something CB quickly learned not to wear in certain districts), but after a few minutes they let their guards down and it was without a doubt one of the most memorable experiences of his Knowledge days.

He often returned there, and loved it every time. He was at home. Were he in a position to go there now, I think he would be saddened to see its probable over-development, but in that window of a few years when it was left effectively abandoned, it had the heart and the character, and the people, that every city needs.

The name of that place? I'm still grinning at this.

Fish Island.

This will have resonated with anyone in The Caff familiar with me and with my antics. Namely, forever begging for fish. Fish Island. What a place for a cat to call home! In a small cul-de-sac, perhaps. Fish Close, maybe. Marvellous!

Back in his Knowledge days, there was a close CanaryBlue used to pass most days. Hurry Close. He thought it the most romantic thing. Unlike Angel Passage, which had a rather more James Bond ring to it. Memory Lane always tickled him too.

Imagine actually living down Memory Lane. In some ways, of course, we all do.

I was in very good spirits on account of my Fish Island realisation when I made that post, and I was in even better spirits when I visited Goodison Park later that day, witnessing a rousing, roof-raising 3-1 home win.

Yes, I am a match-going cat. And I drove there too. With Puss Puss and friends working the pedals, while I steered and kept an eye out for the rozzers.

We arrived home safely, and I made the following post that evening. I reproduce it here as I think it says much about me and about my sensibilities.

Fabulous banner in the Gwladys Street today, which probably won't be seen on MOTD due to *purrdah* (sorry)

SUPPORT EVERTON ON THE PITCH AND LABOUR IN THE ELECTION
AND IT'LL ALL BE SOUND

I love Liverpool and its people.