

Seamus is Sick by Leslie Monk

Introduction

Before we purchased our present home, we viewed it, and also the four incumbent residents, two humans and two cats.

The adult humans who owned the house were pleased that we liked the cats and explained that one of them would be staying with the house and only one cat would move with them out of the house.

Subsequently we purchased the house and embraced the resident big fat black cat, and in time we learned that he in fact belonged to another household. A lady came searching for our cat lodger and we discovered that he was named Seamus. We handed over Seamus to the lady and said our goodbyes, but within the hour Seamus was back with us and in the house that he had adopted.



Seamus was happily boarded by the former owners and was fed a diet of fresh shrimp. Mrs Monk had continued to feed him but not with shrimp. Even so, he seemed content with the new arrangements, and had no desire to return to the other household where he belonged. One theory is that he did not like the other household because it had a number of other cats in residence, with whom he did not get on.

In time we got to appreciate Seamus and he got to appreciate us. We saw ourselves as foster parents. I spent more time with Seamus because I worked from home while Mrs Monk was teaching in school. Seamus would stare at me all day, every day for over a year. Occasionally he would be recovered by the other woman, his owner, but within an hour he would be staring at me again as I worked on my computer. I was inspired by him and even made up some songs about him, and recorded his sleeping habits and purrings.

One day the husband of the lady that owned Seamus came to the door.

"I have come for Seamus. We are moving," he said.

I was obliged to hand over my best friend and on this occasion Seamus did not return. Mrs Monk was horrified when she came home from school. That night she was unable to sleep with the worry, but then it got worse. 24 hours later the owner of Seamus came to our door. We learned that Seamus had escaped their new home and could not be found. When we were told where they had moved to, we were not surprised that he had not made it back to us, since it was a mile away and would involve crossing two major roads.

Mrs Monk and I walked those streets every night for a month calling his name. Occasionally we would find a black cat on top of a fence, and get excited but in time we began to accept the inevitable that he was lost for ever.

We took a summer holiday in America that year and then returned to Leigh and got back to life without Seamus.

4 months after we had lost him, I got a call from the Cat Protection League. I was told that a very small black cat had been found, even though we had reported losing a big fat black cat.

We crossed the two major roads on to the house of the lady who found the beast. There we found a skeletal Seamus who immediately did a very slow figure of eight around my legs. Mrs Monk was in tears in front of this stranger, who admitted that she could not afford to take this barely recognisable Seamus to the vet, and that is why she telephoned the Cat Protection League.



We thanked her and got Seamus some professional help. The vet did not immediately reassure us that he would survive his ordeal, but in due course he was restored to his former stature, and back where he wanted to be.

However Seamus was still not our property, and we would be tormented once more.

One year after he was lost and then restored to apparent fitness, Seamus went missing once more.

An old lady two doors away recognised Seamus and telephoned the owners who came over and picked him up once more. This was to cause so much distress, that we were obliged to confront them. We were not pleased with them and they were not pleased with us, but they held all the cards and of course Seamus.

They invited us over and we begged them to let us have him back. They turned us down, but twenty four hours later I got the call back I hoped for.

They agreed to let us have Seamus. Mrs Monk and the lady were hugging and crying all the while, as I and the other husband kept ourselves together.

Seamus would no longer be a fugitive and would see out his days with the Monks.

I started Shoestringonline in January 2004 and I began as follows discussing the last days of Seamus.

Seamus Is Sick Part 1

19 Jan 2004

Seamus, the cat is sick. Not terminal, but he does have to get his teeth fixed, possibly pulled. The vet said he doesn't need teeth to eat. Excuse me for asking. New German Vet sounded Scottish to Mrs. Monk, but passed Monk inspection nevertheless, due mainly to her willingness to clean up cat poop with enthusiasm. Sent away to administer antibiotics before big op on Friday. Pray for Seamus.

20 Jan 2004

Seamus is wise to our attempts to administer antibiotics. He now runs for the Cat Flap located in the kitchen door, chased by Mrs. Monk, who seems to know what's good for him. Seamus usually pauses at the kitchen door, for about two minutes actually, checking out what might be on the other side of the flap; maybe a fox be out there, he may be thinking.. But today he made a bolt straight through the flap. Mrs. Monk, maybe confused by this change of cat strategy, opened the door while the poor creature was half way through his personal cat flap door. Try to imagine that sceneIt could have been tragic but we got over it.



21 Jan 2004

Mrs. Monk claims to have mastered the application of antibiotic into cat. What she doesn't know is that two minutes after she "got it down him," I saw the cat walking around with a great white sticky anti biotic gob hanging from his chin hairs. Not a pretty sight. I took over. I wrapped cat in blanket, forced his head back, injected fresh solution and waited, eyeballing the cat for three minutes until he eventually squeaked, indicating that he had indeed swallowed. You have to be cruel.

22 Jan 2004

Crowded waiting room at the Veterinarian. Large excitable German Shepherd, was there to have a leg removed, then a poodle walked in, limping. One man had 3 cats in individual boxes stacked up like a block of flats (apartments). No exotic animals but there was one pampered pedigree cat in a designer wicker cat carrier, who laid there sedately like a feline Barbara Cartland. The lady owner was similarly well turned out.

What happens in these waiting rooms is that people enter and quietly sit down with their pets until someone else passes the time of day with them, thus soliciting the story of the pet's ailment. That's how we learnt about the amputation.

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Someone said to the owner, "Is it still raining outside".

The owner replied, "No, he's having his leg off".

Similarly someone said to the lady with the basket, "What nice wicker?"

The reply, delivered in an estuary tone, turned all heads,....

"Castration".

Thus we learnt that Barbara Cartland was just another naughty boy, with an immaculate pedigree, just like Alan Clark. (refers to another 2004 story)

23 Jan 2004

Vet called. Looks like Seamus might have diabetes. Further blood test on Monday.

26 Jan 2004 Monday

Seamus Vet appointment at 9.30 pm

Mrs. Monk's Doctor Appointment at 10.30 pm

Seamus was due for second blood test so that they can confirm his diabetes or not. They also required a urine sample, but since he was freshly evacuated of both No 1 and No 2 in the front seat of my car, they were unable to get the sample.

If you have a constipated cat, just put him in a small box and take him for a car ride. (How do you know if a cat is constipatednever mind) Seamus was therefore kept in the surgery until he co-operates with pee.



Mrs. Monk had no such problem and came back from the doctor with the good news that she is not as sick as she thought he was. Alleluia! She went off to school with a spring in her step. She even kissed me goodbye.

26 Jan 2004 Monday 5 pm

Vet called. Seamus has got glucose in his blood. Poor old chap.

6 Feb. 2004 Friday

Vet called. Seems that pee-sample suggests that Seamus is only borderline diabetic and that earlier blood tests may have been effected by antibiotics he has taken. Vet wants to see him again on Tuesday.

10 Feb. 2004 Tuesday

Seamus had his teeth pulled. Had to sign him over to the vet, who says he is borderline with diabetes. If we leave it any longer to fix his teeth, then we wont ever be able too if diabetes gets worse. That was the logic but we are

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now worried about the old chap.

10 Feb. 2004 Tuesday 6 pm

His mouth is still bleeding, so they have to keep him in. Now we are worried.

11 Feb. 2004

Seamus OK but Vet tells me he wont eat, so we have to force some liquid goo into him tonight. First thing he did when he got back into the house was go straight for the food bowl. But he knows there is something missing from his mouth, and just walked away. Five minutes later he was back for another attempt to eat. Gave up after a few seconds, so I opened a tin of soft squigee tuna mix. He wants to eat, but just gave up. I offered him some milk which he devoured, then went back to his favourite comfort blanket and curled up for well-earned nap. I keep an eye on. His little pink tongue hangs out weirdly.

13 Feb. 04

Seamus is very pissed off. And off his food. Hides behind couch. Punishes us by drooling on the furniture. He still climbs on my chest while I sleep. Sally says that last night we were nose to nose, both of us asleep. "What about the drool" I asked.

18 Feb. 2004 Wednesday

Further developments on Seamus. Seems that he is now officially diagnosed diabetic; no half way house, but the full Monty. We had just got over the teeth pulling, and the consequential gob drooling. Things seemed to be back to normal. Seamus is as greedy as ever and I swear he almost started smiling. But then they hit us with the revised diagnosis.



We were given a video to learn how to look after a pet. Video feature a dog who was able to give a urine sample in a cup. Yes, we have questions.

We are also on a four day training programme, visiting the vet to learn how to inject insulin and more. I was given charge of his very own bottle of Insulin, but failed to refrigerate it overnight. An expensive mistake, maybe 50 squids. And that's just the insulin We are running up bills.

Mike said, "maybe its time for the one-way visit to the vet."

"No way", I said, "He's our pal"

19 Feb. 2004 12 pm

Practised injection technique today by injecting grapefruit juice into lemon. Watched Sally try the same thing. To say that she is cackhanded, would be to diminish cackhandedness. Looks like I shall be the nominated nurse, Tonight I

inject the beast for the first time.

19 Feb. 2004 6 pm

Gave my first injection to Seamus. The problem is not so much the injection, but more the choosing of the target. Vet has thoughtfully shaved a section of Seamus' neck, to make the target more obvious, to the novice nurse.

Seamus is getting very used to these car trips, but he did disgrace himself in his box. A blessing in disguise because vet was able to do analysis on pee. Poo served no useful purpose. Seamus had good sense not to sit in poo after producing it in confined space.

21 Feb. 2004

Two further visits to vet where I was supervised giving injections to Seamus.

Tomorrow I give first injection at home, unsupervised. We have as yet failed to get a urine sample; something we are supposed to do once a day. This is going to be a problem.

8 Mar 2004

A weekend in the Royal County of Berkshire visiting the family branch not seen for 18 months. Fell arse over face playing tennis. Trying too hard to chase an unreachable ball. Failed to acknowledge athletic shortcomings brought on by advanced age.



First time Seamus had to take his chances with Diabetes (No Injection on Sunday) Ireland beat England, The World Champions, on Saturday. Seamus Monk, as the vet calls him, was pleased to see us, and being Irish....., he gloated all the way to his Whiskas.

10 Mar 2004

Seamus has never been better. Thick black shiny coat. He has it seems become something of a kitten again running up and down the stairs.

Putting on weight. Never seen as a bad thing to Mrs. Monk, but naughty as far as Margaret, our vet, is concerned. He is now on 90 gms. of food, twice a day only, and he does not like the portions. The begging is now into overdrive. He used to amble over to the fridge, if ever someone got near it, but now he stands next to it at all times like a sentry. If anyone pays attention to this, he will rub up against the fridge with the side of his face. Yes, he loves the fridge even though it contains the insulin, and on top.... is the box of needles.

I give him the needle, and Mrs. Monk does the pee testing. I have never seen her do this and I have never actually done it myself. By the very nature of the exercise, it is an opportunistic task, involving being in the right place at the right time. What that says about Mrs. Monk, I'll leave to the reader.

Today he had a little glucose, damn it.

Cat's Pee Part 2

19 Mar 2004

I finally got my first urine sample, from Seamus the cat without Mrs Monk, who normally does this job. I was in the right place at the right time. My technique was as follows.

Step 1. Seamus waits at the kitchen door, looks over his shoulder at me as if to ask me to me to open the door for him. He has a cat flap but prefers to have the door opened for him. Don't ask?

Step 2. Make him wait Make him really want to go.

Step 3. Open Kitchen Door.

Step 4. Follow him out into garden.

Step 5. Watch him sit on Crazy paving and wonder if anything will happen.

Step 6 Joy as he makes progress toward ancient peeing site under the tree

Step 7 Hold back and wait until he gets into mid stream. Then make advance. Lift his tail, and witness for the vary first time the strange backward trajectory of pee. Strange for a boy, I mean.

Step 8 Thrust forward with diagnostic stick and get it wet.

Step 9 Witness Seamus indignant stare.

Step 10 Thrust fist into air.

Step 11 Wait 20 seconds and note that Seamus has negative glucose in his pee.

Lovely.

25-Mar 2004

Seamus has now made some sustained progress with his diabetes. He is now on 1 ml of insulin per day and Doc Margaret told me that if he continues to show negative glucose in his pee, then we might then drop the injections altogether. Alleluia



26 Mar 2004 7 am

Woken this morning by Mrs Monk.' s screaming from the Kitchen. I was out of bed in a flash, ran down stairs to the kitchen in the buff, where hysterical Mrs Monk. is pointing at a plump mouse under the table. I bagged up the poor creature, put him in the bin and went back to bed.

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26 Mar 2004 1 pm

Made myself a sandwich in the kitchen. Seamus is always right there beside me when I prepare my lunch but this time he was particularly lively. Just as I turned around, he tossed a fat mouse into the air.

Second mouse of the day.

27 Mar 2004 9 am

Gave Seamus his morning injection as Mrs Monk. potted into the kitchen.

Noticed another mouse under the Kitchen Table. Pointed it out to Mrs Monk. who was making breakfast. Mrs Monk. started screaming. I bagged up the mouse, who quickly joined the other two in the bin.

27 Mar 2004 4 pm

After the usual Saturday shop we returned home and expected to find more mice, but no, there were none. However Mrs Monk was soon screaming once more. Seamus walked through the Kitchen door with a mouse in his mouth still kicking. I decided to pick him up complete with mouse and put him outside, in order to show him that his gifts were not welcome. Seamus squeaked and dropped the mouse, who continued to genuflect. Seamus was quick to pick him up again and give the poor creature another going over. Again I made him drop the mouse, but this time the mouse had gone to mouse heaven. I was relieved actually and swiftly bagged and binned the creature.



Mrs Monk chastised me for not letting Seamus have the pleasure of giving us the offering.

28 Mar 2004 10 am

Seamus has gone missing. We searched high and low, but cannot find him. Therefore we could not give him his injection before our usual Sunday London trip.

29 Mar 2004

Seamus disappeared again this morning. We are assuming that he is out stalking more mice. Telephoned Margaret, the vet, who agreed that we need not inject him anymore, but we are to continue to monitor his pee.



Honeyed Cat Part 3

4 May 2004

Seamus, our diabetic cat is poorly.

I have to log his intake of food and water, so to be aware of any change in that department. and he has been taking less and less food. Yesterday he did not eat a thing.



Called Margaret, his personal vet, who questioned me about his pee and shots. Pee was negative and yes I gave him a shot this morning. Mistake. I should have read the signs, loss of appetite, and concluded that he may be having a hypo. Yes, we were told what to do, but we messed-up.

Margaret told me to give him some, "Honey", two spoons, and to do this "straight away".

Margaret had obviously lost confidence in me, and asked her nurse to repeat these instructions.

"Yes" I said, "Right away".

I got myself a jar of honey, wrapped Seamus in blanket to disable any escape attempt. Offered up a portion of honey in a tiny tiny spoon, was not surprised by rejection of offering., prised open Seamus' jaw, inserted portion of honey, watched honey ooze out of cat and slide onto hairy chin and beyond., give up, and then repeat all of the above, give up once more, and follow Seamus with Kitchen towel in feeble attempt catch copious flow of honey drippings, onto couch and carpet.

Did I administer 2 spoonfuls of honey, yes, but.....

I had a two hour wait until Mrs. Monk would get home from school, with the car, so we could then get him to the vet. I tried to get on with my work. but found myself constantly looking over at the sorry sight of the honeyed cat.

At this stage the honey had successfully oozed onto his chest hair, and I watched as he made a couple of reasonable attempts to lick it off, which I felt was a good thing, but in due course the poor creature simply accepted the matted goo. I kept looking over at him, but I got really worried when he crept behind the couch. and laid there panting.



I could not wait the half an hour before Mrs. Monk got home, I ordered a taxi and I got him over to the vet.

Turned out that he had a temperature of 104, which is high.

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2 Antibiotic Jabs and a blood test.

New new-world vet, Shelton sent him home but he says he must return tomorrow.

Joined Seamus and Mrs. Monk in Bed. Seamus laid on my chest as he always does when I first go to bed. I pour a saucer of water and watched him lap the whole thing without stopping.

I poured some more and he drank some more.

After something of a vigil we three fell asleep.

5 May 2004

This morning Seamus continued to lay in the same position. Did not follow Mrs. Monk to the Kitchen. No interest in Breakfast.

Mrs. Monk went to school and I took Seamus back to the Vet.

Shelton took his temperature. Temperature was expected to have improved, but it hadn't. Seamus is kept-in by Shelton for further tests.

I had to sign a release form.

It doesn't look good.

On Shelton's table, Seamus looked up at me imploring me to get him out of there.

He just did not want to be in that place where people like Shelton shove thermometers up his bum.

He normally fights back in these circumstances, but the fight had been knocked out of him.

I call Shelton at the end of the day.

He tells me that tests show no problem with vital organs, but white cell count indicates some kind of infection.

He also tells me that he is a "feisty" character. Apparently Seamus had fought back during evening jabs. I told Sean (another vet), that it is good that he is showing some spirit. (Never mind the scratched up vet. Must remember to apologise to Shelton tomorrow) Seamus has to stay in hospital overnight. Should come home tomorrow. Feeling better now.



It doesn't look good for Seamus. He is now on an intravenous drip and is going to stay that way for at least one more night as an in-patient. We just can't imagine how they do that to a cat

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No good news to report. We fear the worse. Still not eating. Margaret thinks that he might not be eating because of his current environment. Wants to send him home but not yet.

8 May 2004

Further blood test this morning which show that his liver is now "within the normal range" We bring him home, but

15 May 2004

Seamus has a respiratory problem. Seems to pant all the time.

Also he is constipated.

I thought I had seen everything but sitting in the garden we watched him prepare the ground for a poop, the usual digging and scraping and then the squatting and then a special kind of cat straining that featured a frantic squeak. But then the giving up and then the walk across the garden for a fresh piece of dirt to prepare and then the squeak, and then the failure to dispatch which he was so desperate to evacuate. We watched four attempts like this and in between each attempt he took a kind of desperate rest for about 30 seconds, panting and somewhat scared.



In fact Seamus was inconsolable and we had no idea what to do. Mrs Monk was as frantic and Seamus and insisted I call the vet.

I am sure that Margaret thought I was quite mad when I explained the problem, which was not so much about how we should help Seamus take a shit, but the bigger problem of his quaking lungs. Tomorrow he will be X-rayed so that they can find out what is wrong.



Siamese Head Butt Part 4

19 May 04

I have to inject Cat Seamus at a certain time of the day so there is some synchronicity between this and his eating and drinking. Thus we control his Diabetes.

During the current warm spell, Seamus is inclined to disappear up cat alleys and into unknown neighbours gardens in search of sunnier spots to lounge the morning away.

Accordingly, we adjust the cat flap master control so that he cannot get out when I have to give him his jab.

There are four settings on the master control. 1: Cat can get in and out, 2: Cat can't get in and out, 3: Cat can get in but Cat can't get out, and 4: Cat can get out but Cat can't get in.

Today at the appropriate time I went to the back door and found not one cat but two. Yes we had an intruder.

Brown Siamese saw me, panicked, head butted the cat flap. Exit strategy failure due to cat flap setting No 3.

Panicked some more and ran through the house like a greyhound. Realised there was only one exit option , Siamese intruder took the longest run up you could possibly imagine, threw himself kami kazi fashion head first at the unmovable fixed cat flap. He bounced off the door and if I were not there to grab him by the scruff, I'm sure he would have had another shot at it. Seamus sat calmly throughout, this spectacle moving only his head to follow the smoke trail of the Siamese Cat in flight first this way, then that way, then back again, then the impressive impact, and then the ignominy of being put outside by the scruff of the neck.

In due course, Seamus calmly walked over to his empty bowl, as if to accuse the Siamese of eating his breakfast.



Cat Heaven Part 5

20 May 04

Seamus caught a mouse and had good report from the Vet It is a nice day on cat planet.

Cat Hell Part 6

25 May 04

Vet visit.

Now on two pills for lungs and heart. Lung pill is a diarrhoetic to get the fluid out of his lungs.

Consequently, a nasty surprise when attempting to get pee sample. If you need any more details, then you need help.



Seamus Has Left The Building Part 7

7 Oct 04

Seamus spent the last week ignoring his food. He would disappear under the tree in the garden, just laying there regardless of the weather. Life was just evaporating out of him. Margaret gave him a steroid shot to promote his appetite, but half way through the day, I realised that all was lost. I called Mrs. Monk and she came home from school to be with him on his last one-way journey to the vet.

Mrs Monk was inconsolable in the waiting room.

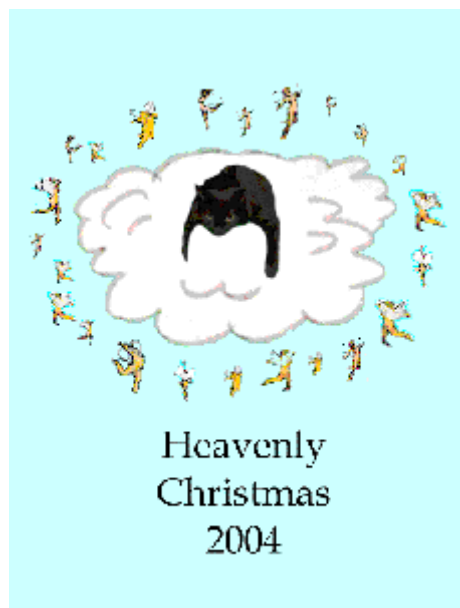
Margaret was unavailable, so another lady vet and a young lady nurse took on the task

They looked to me to express our wishes, Without saying one coherent word of instruction to the vet, she took it as given and handed me a green form to sign.

We were given the option to stay and watch or say our goodbyes and get the hell out of there. We gave different answers simultaneously; Mrs Monk wanted to stay.

The vet and the nurse started to prepare Seamus, but events got the better of me.

Three woman, two of them strangers, had seen my welling eyes. I got out of there without saying goodbye.



Cat and Mouse with Charlie Part 8

12 Jan 2005

Seamus the Cat died last October but before we got his ashes back from Margaret, the vet, a new cat had moved in uninvited. We call him Charlie.

Charlie was a sometime pal, but also a tormentor, and a territorial fascist over Seamus' turf. Seamus belonged here at Beach House. Charlie does not, even now.



Like Seamus, Charlie is a black cat, and as I type he lays in Seamus' Chair in the bay window. He is so similar to Seamus in appearance, that he has been called the ghost of Seamus.

But they are quite different in every other respect.

Seamus made three recordings in his short life. Charlie has yet to impress us with a musical offering. Yes, he can purr just like the rest but that merely shows potential. Seamus did it. Seamus was a natural.

Seamus was always there giving up the love and purrings, in exchange for some pretty disgusting cat food and was, on the whole, a contented friend that made very few demands upon us. He did not consider it his job to entertain us, since he was here in this house before we were. He made us welcome.

Charlie, however, has imposed himself upon us, but then only when he sees fit to put in an appearance. Charlie is a fair-weather friend in reverse. In a cold snap, as of late, and/or if in the need of a nap, Charlie knows that the foolish Monks will provide him with home comforts hitherto offered to Seamus. Thus Charlie will breeze in like he owns the place. However on a warm day, he will bugger off after breakfast without saying goodbye.

Last night, Mrs. Monk, who had a bad day, was missing Charlie. Charlie had gone absent without leave. She took it out on absent Charlie and charged him with being good for nothing, and how he had never even tried to catch a mouse.

This morning I lay in bed as Mrs. Monk got herself ready for school. I was somewhat confused by Mrs. Monk's excited noises from below stairs. First she was delighted, then horrified, then excited, then relieved, then excited some more.

Mrs. Monk reappeared in the bedroom to explain.

Delight, excitement: Charlie had returned to the homestead.

Horror : Charlie had brought a mouse into house. Confused and horrified Mrs. Monk screamed, naturally.

Delight, excitement: Mrs. Monk witnessed Charlie picking up the mouse and tossing it flamboyantly into trash bag which was by the front door ready to put out for the bin men. What a trick?

Charlie has redeemed himself, because for once I did not have to raise myself from bed to deal with early morning mouse in house crisis.

The mighty Seamus never managed that trick. He caught them but never bagged them.

Castration.

Seamus did however have his balls removed, not by us so he had no reason to hold that against us, but I am told that this is what kept him domesticated and less inclined to roam.

Charlie however remains intact, and is not afraid to show us what he has got, particularly when aroused by whatever does it for him. Charlie is no gentleman. He is a show-off and a cad.

One day before Christmas, Charlie turned up wearing a necklace with a would-be tiny barrel attached. Within the barrel was a message written in very tiny



letters. We expected it to be from Charlie's owner, since cats are property. In fact we learnt that Charlie was also visiting another house, a block away, where there is another cat flap, more cat grub, and more to the point, where two lady cats reside.

In my naivety, I assumed that this other couple of cat lovers were in competition for Charlie's loyalties and affections and that they wished to adopt him, as we did. After some time we realised that they were trying to contact the owner in order to tell he or she to get Charlie fixed, so that he will then stop making advances on their girls.

What this exchange did seem to indicate is that Charlie is indeed a stray.

We have been in touch with the cat protection league and Charlie will soon be castrated.

A happy end?



Cat Catcher Part 9

20 June 2005

A stray cat with one closed eye has occupied our garden for some weeks. A lady.

Our very own Cat Flap Charlie has welcomed her but she will not come anywhere near a human being. Mrs monk has consulted with our friend Angie, and they have agreed that this stray is in fact abandoned, but also pregnant.

Cat Flap Charlie has become the surrogate father, since he is no longer able to perform that function, but nevertheless paces about the house restlessly and constantly visits the patient in the garden. Mrs Monk has also been in attendance but expectant mother always makes sure that there is at least 10 yards between Mrs Monk and herself. However, she does get regular meals from the Monks which she devours hurriedly. After two weeks of feeding, the bad eye reopened.

Cat protection league were called in for advice.

A huge trap was delivered to us and we were offered advice on how to set the trap, and catch the mother for her own good.

We failed for two days but on the third day expectant Mother cleverly entered the cage and took the bait so delicately that she failed to trigger the trap door and escaped untroubled.

On the fourth day we caught the wrong cat, but then we subsequently caught the expectant beast.

Mrs Monk was so traumatised and distressed by this that I found myself saying that we should maybe have her back when she has had her kittens.

This excited Mrs Monk, and she said maybe we should also have one of the kittens.

What have I done?



The Amazing Mighty Mouse Part 10

11 June 2005

As we sat in our car outside our house, getting ready for a journey, we noticed Cat Flap Charlie running back and forth on the public footpath in a kind of excited dance; first this way, then that, then this, and so on. We decided to investigate.

Since we live on something of a hill, the public footpath has a number of channel gullies to intercept the rainfall, and within one of these channels a mouse was running up and down, and Charlie was after him.

As we pondered how we might rescue the mouse, the poor creature made a fatal mistake; he left the relative security of the drain and Charlie was onto him like a flash.

Charlie ran across the road with the mouse in his mouth. And over the fence and into a neighbours front garden.

Mr and Mrs Monk ran across the road in order to rescue the mouse, and we were both amazed by what we saw.

Charlie had released the creature apparently unharmed, and was sitting there calmly looking at the brave mouse that was standing tall on two legs and shadow-boxed feverishly with both front legs, as if he were looking for a fight. Charlie was bewildered at this amazing diminutive boxer, but then he came to his senses and dealt with the mouse with one swipe of his left paw.

I am going to resist the temptation to use a pun but I am finding myself wondering about the derivation of the boxing term, "Southpaw"

Answers on a post card please.



THIS IS NOT THE END THIS IS A FELINE SOAP OPERETA
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