

Our Ossity Woogle
and all.

By
Korretson.

With help from Misses.

Ossity blouffe

burgie was a strong busy into
was looked after by Missus for
eight wonderful months. She
climbed a very tall fir tree
in February and couldn't get
down. Missus asked the R.S.P.C.A.
inspecter to get ~~her~~ down and
he said he would in the
morning if she was still there.
He answered that night and Missus
kept going out and talking to her.
Next morning the R.S.P.C.A. man
came with the fire brigade and
got her down.
In May she had cut the first
before her two kittens were born
so they got it too. One of them
died but the other one took milk

2. from a little bottle and lived.
Missus didn't know what to
call him because he was such
a funny little "osity". Bugie's whole
name was Bugie Hoople so he
became Oosity Hoople.
Then in August Bugie was very
over. This didn't worry Oosity very
much because he was very
friendly with Missy who was a
tabby cat dog and all the other
cats loved Oosity because he
was so good-tempered.
When he was five months old
he didn't come home one night
and Missus and Missy went out
for hours looking for him. They
found him next morning at the
bottom of the right of way.
which is a footpath that goes
between our garden and the

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fields, the must have followed
someone and then got lost. do
always after that he had to
wear a label on his collar
saying "Please do not let me
follow you," so that everyone
could read it.

Osity was a very clever cat and
he learned to talk and to write.
It was he who taught me.

Unfortunately, he had an
impediment in his speech so he
talked in a funny way like this
"Thys everybody, I've been sleeping"
(he meant sleeping) he liked
everybody and everybody liked
him and talked to him. His
name the rule with him then
that he mustn't speak when
it wasn't there because it

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might be taken down and used
in evidence against him.
The writer to let of his friends
and they wrote back to him. The
petition must have been very
surprised to see letters addressed
to Sir Ossity Hoops. It was called
"Sir" because he was such a good

boy, I think.
was used to leave him in charge
of everything when she went out
and he used to sit in a basket
on the table in her bedroom
where she could see everyone
who came up the drive as he
could tell Missus when she came
home.

He was all very sad when Ossity
died at the age of fourteen. I had to
take over all the letter writing and
from writing because he told me
to do this and to look after Missus
when he had gone.
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Thompson & Tolpa

I think I had better just tell you what I've heard about these two. Thompson was Missus' first cat. He was a beautiful business and he must have been very, very clever. Missus showed me a book that he wrote. You ought to read it, it is called "Thompson".

Thompson used to go to school with Missus when she was a teacher. He used to sit on a high cupboard behind the blackboard so he could see everything she wrote through the blackboard. This is why he wrote backwards.

Tolpa was Missus' second pussy. Thompson had taught her to write and she taught Cassidy.

Trifon

Trifon says that she was brought to be a friend for Quality Woods. She is a very clean looking white pussy who has always been very nervous. and is now fifteen years old.

She has always protected the other cats if the dogs try to chase them but really she is frightened of nearly all the other cats.

Black thorn, who used to come to visit, was the father of all Trifon's kittens. In the first litter she had three black kittens and one white one and in the second she had three white and one black. The next chapter is about one of these.

Guppy.

Or to be more precise, Guppy,
 because she had one grey eye
 and one blue one. When she
 was only a kitten she sat in a
 baby's bed and came out grey,
 as she was called Guppy and
 the name stuck, like the cat.
 Her father, Black Star, came to
 visit the kittens several times when
 they were small but, unfortunately,
 left his calling card.
 Guppy used to like to be held in
 people's arms so that she could
 have a paw on each shoulder and
 lick the person's nose or she liked
 to sit on someone's shoulders
 and knead with her front paws,
 she usually did this to Missus
 and sometimes she dribbled down
 her neck.

Kalalala

Kalalala was a local point disease
she came here when she was very
young and was the same age as
Tajifow.

When she was little she was
mastered by a tabby cat called Jerry
and she went everywhere with her.
Kalalala was supposed to have
lots of kittens as that disease could
kill them. She had one but
didn't want to look after them for
self. In fact, she was frightened of
them. Jerry wanted to feed them
but, unfortunately, Kalalala had cat
flu which she gave to all the
kittens and although Missus tried
to feed them with a dropper and
stayed up night after night to
nurse them, they all died. Missus
felt that Kalalala was not going
to like any other kittens which she
might have so she had her
spayed.

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The label was probably a bit simple
but used to go out hunting and
bring home things like cooked
chicken bones and lumps of pork
fat which she took in she had
ought.

After Jerry died she transferred
her affections to Cassy. Poor
Cassy could never sleep by himself
if she was in the room because
she would lie all over him.

The label had to be put to
sleep when she was twelve
so she was quite old for a
diamond.

11. now the little, white puppy, is called puppy, while the mother is called bitch. After looking after her bitch Missus brought a little bitch and she let it feed from her with the bitch, the name was Jada and there will be a chapter about her soon.

The had a second litter of bitch and while she was looking after those before and after arrived. They were three weeks old and had been taken to the vet. to be put to sleep but our friend Judy who is a vet. brought them to Missus. Missus was going to look after them but she said she would like to feed them and let them live with the bitch. The next year the had four more bitch but she gave them all cat flu. Three of them died but the other bunched the food

12. which tissues gave him and he
stayed alive and got better. That
was me. There will be a chapter
about me later.

It was used to go across the
road and over she was hit by
a car and had a bad back for
several weeks. During this time she
had to stay in a small cage and
not move about much.

For some time she was top
cat here but now she is quite
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Tobda

Tobda always was rather a weak little pussy. She was a small tabby point Siamese whom Missus bought because she once had two tabby points called Pass and Tobda who were Perry's kittens. Tobda's mother was called Tina (that's where the T came from). The A is for and, A for Habrian, who was her father, then DA for daughter. Tobda only ever went outside in very hot weather, otherwise, rather like Katalak, she had to cut up with or lie on top of another cat. She usually chose to cut up with Habrian and me. There will be chapters about us a bit later on. Tobda had a growly voice and was always talking. When she was ill before she died she

used to call Missus in the
 middle of the night saying she
 was hungry but she couldn't
 eat much at a time. So poor little
 Tabba was put to sleep when she
 was ten years old. I liked her
 and always tried to keep her
 warm.

Dafon and Dba.

Dafon is a beautifully marked grey boy with white bits and feet, who was taken to the vet with his sister to be put to sleep when he was three weeks old. Our friend Gudy brought them both here for Missus to look after and Etta wanted to bring them up with her.

biters.

The name Dafon comes from sounded from a needle. Dafon has always been very nervous but even the doctor really know

why.

When he was about two, during a very cold winter, he went out to go across the road and was hit by a car. His leg had some broken bones but he managed to get home. He had to live in a little cage till the bones had mended. Dba means short for disembarked.

16. He is smaller than her brother
and is taller than she is. She has
quite the same as her brother.
The same white teeth and hair as
before. They don't seem to like
each other very much now.
She is a quiet cat and never
fights if she can help it. She
likes to be indoors but not often
in the kitchen because she is
frightened of the broom. You'll
hear about him in a chapter
soon.

Abraham.

Abraham was born in the house
of a friend of ours called Lane and
I went to see him before he could
walk. When he came here I had
to look after him. I played with
him, washed him and slept with
him. He was a bit of a menace to
the other cats and some of them
didn't like him much to start with.
Booby, who was a tabby cat dog
liked him and so did I so his name
came from Booby and tharston
are delighted with him. Actually
one day he conveyed us a bit so I
told Missus that we wanted to
change his name to Booby and
tharston are disgusted with him.
I couldn't spell very well then and
didn't understand the joke when
Missus said it wouldn't make any
difference.

& Habutim was black all over
 just like me and we made a
 beautiful pair, he with his red
 collar and me with my yellow one.
 We had great games together and
 sometimes we both went out in the
 car together and then we had to
 decide who should sit on Missus's
 shoulders.

One evening & Habutim didn't
 come home but Missus managed to
 find him about in an empty house.
 Our friend Philip went with her to
 get him out. A few days later
 & Habutim was missing again but
 this time he was not in the empty
 house. Missus spent two weeks
 days looking for him and when she
 found him he was dead. He had
 been hit by a car. I was very sad
 to lose my best friend.

Bardal.

Bardal was found by Alison, who used to live in a room in this

house, in a cardboard box in

Bardford Park. That's why he is

called Bard Al. Alison wanted to

keep him but Alison said this would

not be because Alison was out all

day and Bardal needed feeding

often because he was so tiny, so he

had better live with us. He was very

pleased because then he had some

one to play with. I looked after

him and let him suck my thumb

although he couldn't get any

milk from me.

He has long black fur with a

white tip and paws. He has a

very loud purr and is a very

happy cat. He is usually very

quiet and not a bit playful.

Papirus.

Papirus is a man-birdlike red-bird
 Bismarck. He was born just down the
 road from there, and his name asked if
 she could have him. Later he was
 seven and a half weeks old a boy of
 about eight brought him here in a
 sports hold all. Ever since then
 he has been terrified of being caught
 by a human person because he
 was so frightened in that dog. In
 fact he doesn't even like being
 picked up.

This name comes from Papirus, his
 mother, and a ginger cat, who was
 his father, and he is their son.
 When he came here I told Stabutin
 it was his turn to look after a letter
 so he did, Stabutin made a
 very good mother and after working
 Papirus they would often fall asleep
 in each other's arms with Papirus
 sucking Stabutin's chin.

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Fogies likes to go outside every
day and he often comes home late
in the evening. He usually comes
to a window and asks to be let in
but if there is anyone about whom
he doesn't know he often won't come
in. Sometimes he comes in our way
through the cat flap.

The car talk because I thought
him when he was little but he
always sounds rather rude. I think
his rather shy because he says don't
tell her that he can talk. That's rude
too because he shouldn't call Miss
"her". He can write too but he's not
very good at it. He won't try very hard
the says he's tired because he's been
out all day.

Everyone seems to like fogies and
they say he is a beautiful cat.

M. Anderson.

M. Anderson team't been here very

long. the was a stray cat in

Scotland which is a very long

way from here. the can't remember where he lived before or what his name was. A friend

of ours called Stuart brought

him here and he's called M because

he came from Scotland, AND is

short for St. Andrew of Scotland,

or is for or and 2 for Stuart.

For a long time M. Anderson had

to live in a cage to get used to us but when he was let out he

tried to fight with most of us. the

still does this sometimes although

he often has water splashed at him

outside when he is noisy to the other

cats. the is big and talky with

long fur and he is only young.

the likes me and never tries to fight me.

Only ten days after Mr. Lindbergh came
 here, some more friends of ours,
 who live in Scotland, came to
 see us and one of them called
 back brought a little kitten and
 gave her to Missus. He said that
 I could look after this kitten because
 I am very good at that. Missus
 said that Vita ought to be another
 name for it because it sounded clumsy
 for a little girl, so as Vita had
 been in a biscuit box and the kitten
 makes biscuits she called her Vita.
 Vita is black with a white bib
 and ears and she is very loving.
 She is more than a year old now
 but she still likes to suck my
 tummy while I wash her.
 She is a bit like fagins and
 doesn't like to be shut indoors in
 the daytime. She loves the snow
 and plays around in it with

papers.

I have taught her to talk but
 unfortunately, she has a lisp.
 Otherwise she speaks very clearly.
 is very polite and learns new
 words easily. She finds writing
 a bit more difficult. She wants to
 write some of this herself but I'm
 not letting her because it's got to be
 very neat.

Bobby

Bobby used to live just down the road on the other side. His 'mum' and 'dad' were quite old. Every year when they went away for a holiday Bobby came here to stay. Usually, he stayed in one of the outside cat cages where lots of other cats stay when their people go away, but one time Missus brought him in because he had bad legs. He was very ill because he had been given much too much liver to eat and he couldn't walk at all. He went to the vet and he soon got better and then he went home again but a year later he was back again because his 'dad' had died and his 'mum' was going

away. He the best living here but two or three times he decided to call at his old home. Once, the house

26. was not lived in but there was
someone in a shed on top of another
shed. This person kept him up
there all night although this
went there lots of times to call
him. When this man went again in
the morning Bobby was in a
different place in the garden just
sitting as though he had seen a
ghost. He brought him back home
but he behaved in a funny way
all day.

Another day he had a fight
with Saffron and Saffron told him
to go away so he went to his
old home but a car hit his foot
when he was crossing the road.
He was very frightened and
in the garden all day till this
found him and brought him home
again.
Since then Bobby has decided
to be happy here and he likes going

for walks across the fields with
Bessie and the dog. It is very
thin under his long ginger and
white fur. (It is nearly all ginger
with a big white bit and some
now he has a bill every day to
make him hungry. It is several
years ~~ago~~ ^{ago} that I saw one and he
got his name when he lived across
the road because his "mum" always
called him her baby.

lots of other cats have lived here
long before I was born. There are
some live head of.

There was Mistletoe who came
at Christmas time. He was black
and was called Jossy for short. He
would chase big dogs out of
the garden.

There was Jags who was a
Blue Burmese. Her registered name
was Pya Zanna. Then there were
Rapha, Taji and Japi who were
all seal-point Siamese, Jaben who
was Blue point Siamese and Penny
(I've already mentioned that she was
Kalelah's friend). She was Japi's
daughter but was tabby. She had
two tabby-point Siamese kittens
called Pass and Padda because

Jenny was their mother and Joan
was their father, Boss was the
son and Jordan was the daughter.
Both Boss and Jordan were run
over on the road.

A friend of ours called Tommy
had some cats when she lived
here and another friend of ours
called Jane used to live in a
room upstairs and she had two
cats. Two other people who lived
here had cats too. One of these
cats now lives with someone else,
is called Lucy and sometimes
comes to stay in a cat cage.
Other cats come to stay and we
get to know some of them quite
well, like Tibby, Pippy, Whimsy
and Buffy, William, Bugie and
Pharaoh. (Whimsy is Pharaoh's
sister).

There have been lots and lots of
bitters born here too. Most of them
went to live in other homes before
they were very old. These are
some of the cats who had bitters.

Jaga had five, Jaja about seven,
Jepi about fourteen, Jaban two,
Pany about fifteen, Jada about
five, Bugis two, Trifow about
eight, Kalebah five and ^{the} about
twelve.

Bugs.

Bobert is the same age as I am -
well - just a little bit younger he
was when he first came I was
bigger than he was. He is partly
Bobbie and partly Retriever. When
he came we had a dog ter called
Booby and she, Booby, liked him
and so did I, Harriet. Bobert was
brought here by our friend Judy
because no one else wanted him
when he was eight weeks old.
He didn't like me to be with Miss
in fact, he still doesn't. Anyway,
when he was little he was shut in
a cage in the kitchen when Miss
went upstairs to bed at night and
he cried and cried and chewed
and chewed and sometimes got
out. He had to be in the cage
so that he wouldn't make

puddles and messes all round
the kitchen. Then, when he was
clearer he was loose in the kitchen.
This was fun because we could
play better, but he still didn't like
it. Then Missus started taking him
to her room with her and he was
happy. He nearly always goes out
in the car with her but if he
doesn't go he always cries. He is
black like me but his fur is a
bit curly. His legs are greyish and
so is his face. He has always
been a great friend of mine.
Kenna is only half the size of
Baret and is mostly white with
a black patch on her back and a
brown head. Our friend Judy told
us about her. She was five weeks
old and was at Mr. Kenna's, the
vet with a broken leg and her name

didn't want her. Who did. You see
where she got her name from,
don't you?

This was carried for about in a little
dog hung round her neck because
she didn't want her to try to walk
too much on her leg till it was
mended.

She is a noisy little dog and is
always the first to bark. She is
not often allowed out in the car
because she barks so much and
won't sit still.

Kenna often goes to bite people's
feet when they step close to her
while she is lying on the floor, this
is because when she was tiny
the people where she lived were
used to her and broke her leg and
she's never been able to properly
forget it. She is a very kind dog,
like heret, and often plays with me.
She likes all the little children who
come here and tries to lick their
faces.

Perry is a fifteen year old dain
 and has been blind for some time.
 When she came here nearly two years
 ago she was very thin and didn't have
 much fur. She was very smelly
 because she had a big patch on her
 back which she had chewed. She
 had to go to the vet. Now she is
 quite fat and has very long fur all
 over her but she still can't see
 where she is going and often bumps
 into things. She loves chewing
 bones, going for walks, sitting in front
 of the fire, eating and being made
 fuss of, but she grows if I try to
 wash her face like I do for Janet
 and Rena.

Other dogs.

There have been other dogs here, so
 I've heard. Misty was Cassidy's
 friend. Her real name was the
 Harbinger. Misty because I think I've
 got this right) Miss's first two animals
 were Phoebe and Tabby as she
 counted the letters from P to T in the
 alphabet and then the same amount
 on from T and came to X but she
 didn't think she wanted a name
 beginning with X so she looked in
 a big book and found that a Rebecca
 was a sort of book. She wanted
 a name starting with 'R' because
 she had just got the black cat
 I've told you about called Misty.
 So she found that a Misty was a
 cross between a felucca and a
 Xebec. Miss had just had a
 new cooker called a 'Misty'
 Phoebe, so she called the puppy
 who was a golden Labrador the
 Harbinger. Misty and Misty for

short.
 thirty had two lots of puppies
 and she had a little friend called
 Houri. Houri was a tiny black
 poodle who used to belong to
 someone else before Missus had her
 and then she gave her away to an
 old lady who wanted her.
 After thirty died when she was
 about thirteen Missus had another
 puppy like her. She called this one
 Dooty to use the co from Dootie
 and a Dootie is a boat called a
 doater. Dooty was still here when
 Doot came but she was rather a
 stupid dog and wouldn't learn
 things so she got run over.
 There have been people in other
 rooms in the house who had dogs
 here for a bit, there was an Alsatian,
 a white poodle, a mongrel, a Norfolk
 terrier and a spaniel called Binky
 who still lives with our friend
 Janet and often comes over here.

I expect the best one of this, I expect
 and sometimes jump over the fence.
 Podge jump on to Rosemary's back
 friend Judy. Both Jodger and
 brown dandy who belongs to our
 they live with Rosemary who is a
 if they feed you with their horns,
 to sniff noses with but it is nasty
 they are all right to look at or
 other with the last letter missing,
 letter of Jodger missing and the
 I Jodger, one with the first
 and Podge's are P's as they are
 would be saying guests or Jodgers
 people for bed and breakfast who
 the lady who had them before, has
 of names quite like this but, apparently,
 from. This time she couldn't think
 the people or places she gets them
 Missus always names her goats after
 goats called Jodger and Podge.
 Down the garden live two pygmy
 Other animals.

because he is the dog. Missus got
tired of putting him back in so she
put a table by the fence so now he
puts himself back in.

These goats are very fat little things
but they eat uninteresting things like
grass, hay, apples and carrots.

Other goats and bantams, etc.

A long time ago Missus had a grey
bantam called Rena. She had been
called Billy Boy but she was a girl so
Missus thought of Libellula because
Billy is short for Libellula (I know
this because our friend Bill lives next
door and his real name is Libellula) so
she was called Rena. That she had
two tanks for company. They were
called Tomble and Bos because they
were two Bos. They grew into
sheep so they went to live somewhere.
Rena's next friend was a white
goat called Betty because she
came from Mrs. Jones. Then she had

a black and white goat called Binta
she came from Mrs. Wicket (and
sounds like Wicket), then she had
another white goat friend called
Brimpy. Missus fetched her from
somewhere near Birmingham and on
the way home she ate part of a map
and when Missus got out of the car
she sat in the driving seat so she
called her a Birmingham or Brummy
Bump. Brimpy had a baby one day
while Missus was in bed with a
bad migraine but our friend Philip
was here so she helped her.
So that meant that Brimpy and
Philip gave him to Missus so he was
called Bipi.

We have had lots and lots of
little lambs. When they first come
they are usually not much bigger
than I am. They gallop about the
kitchen when they come in to drink
milk from bottles and make big
pubbles all over the floor.

Once we had our tank all by
himself and I think he thought he
was a dog. When Missus called him
he would get up and run after her
and he used to go out in the car
with her. Once he went with beauty
and Missus to dog training classes.
He seemed to quite enjoy this and
behaved better than some of the
dogs.

When another tank came here
he did not like it at all. There is
a lovely photo of him on our
mantelpiece. He was called Tank
because he was a little toughy.

Philip.
Philip was a grey squirrel who must
have been brought home by a cat but
fell into a drain and could not get
out because he was so tiny. He
lived in a little cage and ate

bread and milk until he was old
 enough to eat nuts and things.
 He used to go about inside Missus's
 jumper or coat. When he was about a
 year old he did a very naughty thing.
 He bit Missus so she took him a long
 way from here and left him in a
 big wood where she hoped he would
 be happy and wouldn't see anyone
 to bite.

Rabbits.

At present we have two rabbits here,
 one is light brownish or a beige fur
 (Beyun) and the other is white (Wylow).
 Beyun has been here for sometime and
 she lives just outside the kitchen door
 in the cat cage and when the door
 is opened she often comes in. She
 likes us and best of all she likes
 Barbara and often sits on the door
 mat resting up against him. She
 likes Wylow too and often sits by
 his cage which is just next to hers.

When the gas upstairs to his
bedroom we can see him through
his window.

There have been lots of other
rabbits and guinea-pigs here long
before I was born and sometimes
come other come to stay here for a
bit. One rabbit and guinea-pig
belonging to our friend Dr. [unclear]
came to stay because he went
away for a few days.

Girls.

Girls is a fox who is not yet one year old. Actually, Missus said I could have her as a birthday present last April but I didn't like her that much. She had her from our friend Patti. Doinerover's dog, a baberman, had brought her home when she was about two weeks old, so she, Patti, fed her with a little bottle but didn't think she could keep her. So we had her to start with she was in the kitchen with us in the day time and in a little cage in the conservatory at night. Her Missus made her a big cage outside where she lives most of the time. She goes in a little cage in the car and when Missus stops the car she comes out around the town. This is to give her something to think about because she can't be bored any more. There are lots of wild foxes around but Missus says that they

would not be nice to girls and she
wouldn't know how to feed herself
so we must look after her. In the
summer she had a hammock to
play in and a big thing of water
to paddle in. Now she's got crabs
growing in her cage so that it
will not be so muddy. Lots of
people like to see her when they
come here.

This is a bit earlier than the
writing after she finished the book.

Girls has had her picture in
two papers with Misses. Then she
was on the television. I just
caught sight of myself with Miss
Bardal and Ebdopas but there
were lots of pictures of girls and
Misses. It was good.

Starbuck

My name is Starbuck and this chapter is going to be about me. I was born in the kitchen but as my mother had cat flu she soon gave it to me and to my three brothers and sisters. When my kittens have cat flu they can't suck the milk from their mother's tummies because they can't breathe properly. So Missus had to try to feed us with a little bottle. Lots of times in the day and at night. One by one the others died but I didn't. My father was a black cat who used to visit this house. Two other black tom cats used to visit too so they were called Tom, Dick and Harry. Then the other two stopped coming. My mother's name is Ethel. So my name is Harry and Ethel's son. While I was still quite small Harry was hit by a car and died in the greenhouse. I liked to go out with Missus and would sit on her shoulder in the car so

that I could see out of the window
I used to go shopping or for pictures
and once I went to draw their (County)
used to call it (now draw). Now I'm
not so keen on going out but I can
enjoy it when I have to. I still
like to have my bottle of milk every
though I'm nearly ten years old.
Actually, at the moment, I'm not
allowed to drink milk because Missus
thinks it might make my catarrh
worse, so when I would be having
milk I have a large bag discreet
instead. I like someone to hold it
for me so that I can chew it.
Not long ago I had to go to Bristol
to see a different vet. about my catarrh.
Missus had said that I might have
to stay but I was terrified when I
had to stay for nine days and nights.
The vet did lots of tests on me and
cut some fur off both my front legs.
I wished I could have spoken to
Missus on the phone to ask her when
she was coming to fetch me. I quite

When we got home I was delighted
to see that chocolate biscuits
were waiting for me and
kissing her face and kissing her
with Missus again that I kept on
could see. I was so pleased to be
all the lights and at everything else I
dark before and I wanted to look at
journey. I had never travelled in the
Paula's car. That was a wonderful
Bristol and brought me home in
friend Paula came to fetch me from
anyway, at last Missus and our
aren't you beautiful?"
eyes and say things like, "kiss,
when strangers look me straight in the
makes it very difficult sometimes
unless she says we may not which
we must not speak to strangers
she is very strict about this rule. Also
down and used in evidence against us.
because what we say might be taken
never talk when she is not there
because Missus always says we must
of course, I could not talk at all
enjoyed some of the time there but

to see Rita and all my other friends
and I think they were all pleased
to see me.

Because I can write I have to
write letters and poems and things now

that Unity League is not here and I
am responsible for making sure that Miss
gets a card and present for Christmas, for
birthday and on Miss's day. I have
to ask one of our friends like folks
or Philip to help me. I give lots of
other people Christmas presents too or
belong to all of us animals. Or turn
lots of people give us presents like
crisps, Maltines, Marmalades or ginger
biscuits.

Unity League always used to
sleep in Miss's bedroom when she
left upstairs and after the house
was converted into flats and she
sleeps in the small room now.
While there were lots of women
in the house Miss and all us cats
and dogs lived in two rooms joined

together upstairs. Fogin was allowed
out every day because he was too
frightened to go near the workmen
but the rest of us had to stay in
except on Sundays. I did get out
one day and climbed up a ladder
to some scaffolding and was just
going up another ladder when a
workman brought me down. We had
lots of beds up there but any of us
could sleep on Missus's bed. Now
I often sleep on her bed and sometimes
Fogin does or Vito or Obo. The other
are shut in the kitchen at night.
He like the summer best because
then it is warmer outside.

I'm now going to write down
some poems and things that you
might like.

This one was written by our friend
Katherine when I was very small.

Half a cat sings very loudly
Half a cat stands, sometimes proudly
Half a cat sits on a shoulder
Half a cat every day bolder.

Half a cat is Katerina
Half of the end of Henry.
Katerina is good and lovely
Katerina loves everybody.

Katerina is beautiful and black
There is nothing that Katerina lacks,
Except

Katerina needs to drink a pint every
day
to make him perfect in every way.

Somebody wrote this when I was
very small.

There is a little kitten
who is rather fond of sitting
upon people's shoulders.

I greedy little peas in the
bush likes to stick his claws in me

When it comes to running water
there's "It's milk I ought to

have you see
"I'm going to be like Uncle Sam."

This was written by Oasity Hoofo
before I was born. It's like the space.

He and My Thers (Tom)

I has two pink furs called Turfaw
and Gumbby

and furs *dary used to be
Turfaw's huppy

the and blunette are all funny
color *

and Jada and Bubbles can never
be numbers.

Kalala times me best of all

the guffy comes when this is call.

Jet and Jufa and Jedy are all
quite nice

P.T.O.

*Oasity didn't know his colors. They
were white
*Black
*catons - they were
*tortoiseshell. *Hutter
*Our friend Thurny's cat. 23.

But little 'tanager' is beautiful
it's just like me.

(Sorry I couldn't make the last bit

clearer.)
Sorry bludge.

I forgot to say this about Quilty in
his chapter. He used to say "If
you want to give me something
for Christmas or my birthday I
like cornucopia and another."

(In English, he meant that he liked
cornucopia and chocolate buttons.)

* Genet - another cat belonging
to our friend Henry.

Missus wrote this one a long time ago and I think it was very true.

Ossity Woodge's a friend of mine,
the trees so hard to talk.
Every night when he comes home
the boys he's been to walk.

Ossity Woodge's a friend of mine,
All the other cats seem to say.
It's never nasty to any of us,
Even if we're in his way.

Ossity Woodge's a friend of mine
boys then and hints too.
*
He talks of red and blue harkings
when he means the things that mean.
O.T.A

*
The new horses and barks so when
he first saw a cow he called it a
hot-ty. He meant black and white
cows but never got his colour right.

And a very affectionate dog.
I've always thought him lots of fun
days the poor old happy dog.
Cassidy Woodley's a friend of mine

though we're sure we don't know why
he visits us and plays with our cat
boy the people who live nearby.
Cassidy Woodley's a friend of mine

will speak to us every day.
He all love him and hope that he
everyone seems to say.
Cassidy Woodley's a friend of mine

* This was history into had a bad
leg when she got old and when she
was very bad then put a sort of
firmness on her and helped her to
walk on three legs. 26.

This is another poem that Missus wrote a long time ago.

There was a little dorky
came to Mill House once
She was a girl and we called her
Mena.

She cried as she stood
On the croquet lawn*
She was sad to have left her friends
Was Mena.

She had for company
Two woolly sheep
And these two, Treble and Boss
Liked Mena.

* She gave all the children rides round
the lawn the first day and Missus
said she cried real tears which
rolled down her face and dropped on
the ground.

The winter was cold
and these two animals shared
the back drive and stable*
with them.

Two years went by
and the sheep were sold.
Then all alone in the small field was
Poor them.

John bought a foal
at an autumn horse sale
so they spent his winter days
with them.

P.T.O.

*This was before the stable in the field
was built, so they had the garage in
the back drive. Missus said the funniest
thing was one day she found three
sheep down there. One had run away
from a farmer and joined them.

It's given too big
do the following year
we procured a goat kid called Binta
for them.

They seem to be a happy pair
and sometimes they go for walks.
I'm very glad to have Binta
and them.

* It was not his real name but our
friend gave wouldn't give him one so
others called him Itor of Itor.

please note this form about thirty.

Thirty is a tabernacle
and very large at that,
the wouldn't touch a tiny bit
Or even find a cat.

By nature she's a soft old dog,
with everyone a friend.
She'd let a burglar in, 'tis true
and never bite his end.

"What use to have a dog, you'd say,
"All fat and six years old."
"I'll tell you what I think of her,
"The clothes her weight in gold."
* * *

*Thirty was a golden tabernacle.

Our friend Janet wrote this letter a
lot of cats had cat flu. We think it
must have been at about the time
Daisy was born.

There's a bush in the house
The garden's the same.
Daisy looks wonderful
Does she think she's to blame?

* The linen room is like a magic
The feet things are so ill.
Jordan's lying in a box
She's lying very still.

Very best's* in there too
Although she's not so bad.
They are so thin and weak
And everyone is sad.

P.T.O.

* The most ill ones were in the worst
room - the linen room.
* Jenny used to be called a pretty puss.

It's been a week since they've had
food,

They are so thin and light,
Stoney, Lane and I are tired
from sitting up ~~at~~ each night.

Now this thing has struck again,
This time it's Boss and Biffy
But they are not so very bad
Just runny-nosed and sniffy.

Now the illness has reached its peak,
Will they live or die?
We pray that we can save their lives
But we can only try.

P.T.O.

*Stoney is what a lot of people call
Missus.

At last we have a way of escape
for Tasha's head a drink.
Now she's sitting up,
she will get well, we think.

All of them are getting well
and food they do not lack.
Daisy's playing in the sun
for her friends are back.

Missus wrote this one about Jeki.

Jeki dear
What have we here?
Eight charming tabby kits.

Some girls, some boys,
And what a noise
When all mixed together!

Big grew space
And won the race.
To leave and find new homes.

Except for one
Who stayed here on
The one with two small brothers.

*
To Mrs. Row
The one did go
Necessity he's called.

P.T.O.

* Mrs. Row is our friend Betty

Then Bobby went
with Gene's parent.
Gene lives here still.

*2. Japi had more
A litter of four
But this time theirs all diseased.

*1 Gene was someone who lived here
for a bit
*2 Japi later went to live with our
friend Kay. Japi was diseased.

This is another poem which was
written by Misses. I wonder why
she doesn't write many more.

There once was a cat called Penny
and she was only half brown
her mother got out and met a tom
and produced eight kittens with ease.

Her brother and sister were tabby
and Penny was tabby too
she grew to be a nice cat
and joined the Mill House Zoo.

As most poems do she called
and brown became her mate,
her kits arrived one evening
and she felt that life was great.

The kittens numbered five in all,
two were tabby and two were black,
one was lynx with tabby mask
and rings round its legs and its tail
at the back.

This lovely poem was written by
Bliss about me when I was small.

Four bottles were born at the end of May,
It was an extremely happy day
But later had a poorly cold
And before the bottles were very old
They succumbed to the cold.
They came here every day
And helped the bottles in a way.
She gave them injections
And they raised objections.

Thereafter, fortunately, pulled right through
A thing the other failed to do.
This milk from a bottle he always
drank,
Although for a time his eyes looked blank.
His nose was sore and his coat was dark.
His health improved almost every day
It was constantly getting in the way.
And when he was older
The ride on a shoulder.

This little black kitten with an orange collar

It takes one day to become a great scholar.

It likes to travel on foot or by car, or foot to go anywhere where humans are.

It thinks that it should be on a par with Oscar Wilde, the human press who lives in the house with the rest of us,

And we hope indeed that he will succeed.

I wrote this one.

But Missus, I know she cried
When her darling Cassidy Wolfe died.
It'd been everyone's friend for so
long

We couldn't believe there was
something wrong.

But Uncle Cassidy said
The world soon be dead,
Missus had told him what to expect
After the bump on his head had been
checked.

To go to Heaven can't be bad,
So he wasn't afraid or very sad,
One day we'll all go to join him
And see our friends Kalebah
and Shabutin.

(But Missus has helped me,
But I've done my best, you see
I'm not very good at poetry)

I wrote this on Jan. 24th 1986.

It's happened again!
Lolba is dead.
The woman's in pain
But she wouldn't be fed.

Miss is very upset
And I overheard her say,
"If you choose to have a pet,
You must face the day."

I remember Kaleel and Shabatin
And the Casity bloodie darling.
Now Lolba's gone to join them.
What will the future bring?

I don't know where they go
But I guess it's somewhere nice.
Miss has told us so
Not once but more than twice.

P.T.O.

the boys get back after them
back better than she ever could.
Our turns will all come to join
them

and there we won't need any food.

This is another poem by me.

My Friends.

I love my Missus and my home
And all my human friends.
Some come to see us in the day,
Some, a little longer stay.

I love my other feline friends
And the dogs who live here too.
I like the barker and the goat
And the rabbits with their funny
coats.

And I wrote this one.

About Me.

I went to Bristol to see a vet.
A man whom Missus had never met.
He looked at my nose and he looked
at my head
And shut me in a cage that he
said was bad.

I stayed there for a great many
days
And thought perhaps I was there
for always.
That Ossity went there and went
on to Heaven.
The was fourteen and I'm not ten
or eleven.

From my legs they cut some fur.
The needle hurt and I did not put.
They took a photo of my nose
When I was asleep and could not
move.

I wrote this too.

Winter 1982-1986.

I don't like the winter
I'm looking forward to summer.
There was snow again to-day
It makes the ground so cold
We mostly stay indoors
And sleep our days away.

Miss says that spring is coming,
The days are getting longer.
I like it when she eats outside
And the grass is long and green,
When the sun shines to warm the air
And the doors are opened wide.

He catches more mice in summer
And wanders in the garden.
I like to smell the flowers.
I want to play with Lita
And help her down from trees.
We'll play for hours and hours.

Character by character.
1986.

I had some tests in Bristol
Because of my catarrh.
Then Missen came to fetch me
And we came home by car.

frubby did on Nov 28th 1886
as I wrote this

I heard my Missus saying,
Don't you worry, frubby love,
for to-morrow you'll be better dear,
Back home or up above.

last chapter.

I hope you like my book. I've written most of the things that I can remember. I'd like to thank all the other cats who have told me things which happened before I was born but most of all I'd like to thank Missus for helping me with the writing, the spelling and the numbers at the bottom of the pages and of course, for telling me things which she remembers and none of us knew anything about. If lots of people like this book perhaps I'll try to write another one one day or at least some more poems. Perhaps if I can get Rogers and Rita to write they might be able to help me or perhaps we shall have some other new writers here. Anyway, I've enjoyed writing

but need it's been hard
work. I've got to stop here
anyway because this is the last
page.

do

With love
from
the
xxxx

I don't forget to read
"A Journey"