

Six Ossity Woozle
and all.

By
Haretson.

With help from Missus.

Ossity Woozle.

Suzie was a stray pussy who was looked after by Missus for eight eventful months. She climbed a very tall fir tree in February and couldn't get down. Missus asked the R.S.P.C.A. inspector to get ~~her~~^{er} down and he said he would in the morning if she was still there. It snowed 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 cat flu just before her two kittens were born so they got it too. One of them died but the other one took milk

from a little bottle and lived.

Missus didn't know what to call him because he was such a funny little "ossity". Suzie's whole name was Suzie Woozle so he became Ossity Woozle.

Then in August Suzie was run over. This didn't worry Ossity very much because he was very friendly with Misty who was a Labrador dog and all the other cats loved Ossity because he was so good-tempered.

When he was five months old he didn't come home one night and Missus and Misty 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

fields. He must have followed someone and then got lost. So 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.

Ossity 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, "Huyo evybody, I's been sloopin'" (he meant sleeping). He liked everybody and everybody liked him and talked to him. Hiesus made the rule with him then that he mustn't speak when she wasn't there because it

might be taken down and used⁺
in evidence against him.
He wrote letters to lots of his friends
and they wrote back to him. The
postman must have been very
surprised to see letters addressed
to Sir Ossity Woozle. He was called
'sir' because he was such a good
boy, I think.

Missus 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
window and he could see everyone
who came up the drive so he
could tell Missus when she came
home.

We were all very sad when Ossity
died at the age of fourteen. I had to
take over all the letter writing and
poem writing because he told me
to do this and to look after Missus
when he had gone.

Phouquey & Jabifa.

I think I had better just tell you what I've heard about these two.

Phouquey was Missus' first cat. He was a seal point Siamese and he must have been very, very clever. Missus showed me a book that he wrote. You ought to read it, it is called "I, Phouquey."

Phouquey 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.

Jabifa was Missus' second pussy. Phouquey had taught her to write and she taught Ossity.

Frifow

Frifow says that she was bought to be a friend for Ossity Woozle. 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 Harry, who used to come to visit, was the father of all Frifow'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.

Grubby.

Or to be more precise, Grueblin, because she had one grey eye and one blue one. When she was only a kitten she sat in a sooty box and came out grey, so she was called Grubby and the name stuck, like the soot. Her father, Black Harry, came to visit the kittens several times when they were small but, unfortunately, left his calling card.

Grubby 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.

Kaleelah.

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Kaleelah was a seal point Siamese. She came here when she was very young and was the same age as Trifow.

When she was little she was mothered by a tabby cat called Perry and she went everywhere with her.

Kaleelah was supposed to have lots of kittens so that Missus could sell them. She had one lot but didn't want to look after them herself. In fact, she was frightened of them. Perry wanted to feed them but, unfortunately, Kaleelah 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 Kaleelah was not going to like any other kittens which she might have so she had her spayed.

Kaleelah was probably a bit simple. She used to go out hunting and bring home things like cooked chicken bones and lumps of pork fat which she told us she had caught.

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

Kaleelah had to be put to sleep when she was twelve so she was quite old for a Siamese.

is called Wubly, while Etta was looking after her kittens Missus bought a little Siamese kitten and Etta let it feed from her with her kittens. Her name was Tahda and there will be a chapter about her soon.

Etta had a second litter of kittens and while she was looking after those Safran and Abba 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 Etta said she would like to feed them and let them live with her kittens.

The next year Etta had four more kittens but she gave them all cat flu. Three of them died but the other sucked the food

which Missus gave him and he^{.51}
stayed alive and got better. That
was me. There will be a chapter
about me later.

Etta used to go across the
road and once 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 Etta was top
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Yahda 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 Passo and Pasda who were Penny's kittens. Yahda's mother was called Yira (that's where the T came from). The A is for ard, H for Hadrian, who was her father, then DA for daughter. Yahda only ever went outside in very hot weather, otherwise, rather like Kaleelah, she had to curl up with or lie on top of another cat. She usually chose to curl up with Bhadrakim and me. There will be chapters about us a bit later on.

Yahda had a yowly 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 Jahda was put to sleep when she was ten years old. I liked her and always tried to keep her warm.

... to look after and then ...
 ... to bring them up with her ...
 ... the name Japan comes from ...
 ... from a needle, Japan ...
 ... always been very nervous ...
 ... he doesn't really know ...
 ... when he was about two, during ...
 ... very cold winter, he went out ...
 ... across the road and was ...
 ... by a car. The dog had some ...
 ... bones but he managed ...
 ... home. He had to lie in ...
 ... till the bones had ...
 ...

Safran and Aba:

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

The name Safran comes from saved from a needle. Safran has always been very nervous but even he doesn't 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.

Aba means short for abandoned.
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She is smaller than her brother and is tortoiseshell, though not quite the same as Etta. She has the same white feet and bib as Safran. They don't seem to like each other very much now.

Aba 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 H. Anders. You'll hear about him in a chapter soon.

Bhaduwhim.

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Bhaduwhim was born in the house of a friend of ours called Anne 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. Boasty, who was a Labrador dog liked him and so did I so his name came from Boasty and Haretson are delighted with him. Actually, one day he annoyed us a bit so I told Missus that we wanted to change his name to Boasty and Haretson 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.

Bhadurhim 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 Bhadurhim didn't come home but Missus managed to find him shut in an empty house. Our friend Philip went with her to get him out. A few days later Bhadurhim was missing again but this time he was not in the empty house. Missus spent two whole 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.

Sardal.

.PI.

Sardal was found by Alison, who used to live in a room in this house, in a cardboard box in Sandford Park. That's why he is called Sand Al. Alison wanted to keep him but Missus said this would not do because Alison was out all day and Sardal needed feeding often because he was so tiny, so he had better live with us. He was very pleased because then he had someone to play with. I looked after him and let him suck my tummy although he couldn't get any milk from me.

He has long black fur with a white bib and paws. He has a very loud purr and is a very happy cat. He is usually very quiet and not a bit pushy.

Jagins is a non-pedigree red-point Siamese. He was born just down the road from here, and Missus asked if she could have him. When 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 bag. In fact he doesn't even like being picked up.

His name comes from Gemima, his mother, and a ginger cat, who was his father, and he is their son.

When he came here I told Bhadwhim it was his turn to look after a kitten, so he did. Bhadwhim made a very good mother and after washing Jagins they would often fall asleep in each other's arms with Jagins sucking Bhadwhim's chin.

Jagins likes to go outside every¹⁵ 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 flaps.

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

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

McAndors hasn't been here very long. He was a stray cat in Scotland, which is a very long way from here. He 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 Mc because he came from Scotland, AND is short for St. Andrew of Scotland, OR is for or and S for Stuart.

For a long time McAndors 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. He still does this sometimes although he often has water squirted at him outside when he is nasty to the other cats. He is big and tabby with long fur and he is only young. He likes me and never tries to fight me.

Only ten days after M^cAndors came here, some more friends of ours, who live in Scotland, came to see us and one of them called Mark brought a little kitten and gave her to Missus. She said that I could look after this kitten because I am very good at that. Missus said that Vita ought to be another M^c something but it sounded clumsy for a little girl, so as Vita had been in a biscuit box and M^cVities make biscuits she called her Vita.

Vita is black with a white bib and socks 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 Jagins and doesn't like to be shut indoors in the daytime. She loves the snow and plays around in it with

Boys

Jagins.

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.

Babypuss.

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

was not lived in but there was 25
someone in a shed on top of another
shed. This person kept him up
there all night although Hissus
went there lots of times to call
him. When Hissus went again in
the morning Babypuss was in a
different place in the garden just
sitting as though he had seen a
ghost. She brought him back home
but he behaved in a funny way
all day.

Another day he had a fight
with Safran and Safran 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 sat
in the garden all day till Hissus
found him and brought him home
again.

Since then Babypuss has decided
to be happy here and he likes going

for walks across the fields with
Jesus and the dogs. He is very
thin under his long ginger and
white fur. (He is nearly all ginger
with a big white bib and socks)
Now he has a pill every day to
make him hungry. He is several
years ~~younger~~^{older} than I am and he
got his name when he lived across
the road because his "mum" always
called him her baby.

Other Cats.

Lots of other cats have lived here long before I was born. These are some I've heard of.

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

There was Yaza who was a Blue Burmese. Her registered name was Pya Zarina. Then there were Repha, Yaije and Yepi who were all Seal-point Siamese, Yabern who was Blue point Siamese and Penny (I've already mentioned that she was Kaleelah's friend). She was Yepi's daughter but was tabby. She had two Tabby-point Siamese kittens called Passo and Pasda because

Perry was their mother and Sean was their father, Passo was the son and Pasda was the daughter. Both Passo and Pasda were run over on the road.

A friend of ours called Fanny 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, Whimsey and Huffin, William, Suzie and Pharaoh. (Whimsey is Chadwhim's sister).

There have been lots and lots of kittens 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 kittens.

Yaza had five, Taije about seven, Tepi about fourteen, Tabern two, Penny about fifteen, Pasda about five, Suzie two, Frifow about eight, Kaleelah five and ^{Etta} about twelve.

Dogs.

Boret is the same age as I am - well - just a little bit younger because when he first came I was bigger than he was. He is partly collie and partly Retriever. When he came we had a dog here called boasty and she, boasty, liked him and so did I, Haretson. Boret was brought here by our friend Judy because no one else wanted him when he was eight weeks old. He didn't like not to be with Missus, in fact, he still doesn't. Anyway, when he was little he was shut in a cage in the kitchen when Missus 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 cleaner 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 Bonet 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. McKenna's, the vets with a broken leg and her home

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

Kissus carried her about in a little bag 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 cruel to her and broke her leg and she's never been able to properly forget it. She is a very kind dog, like Boret, 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 bairn
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 a
fuss of, but she growls if I try to
wash her face like I do for Loret
and Kenna.

Other Dogs.

There have been other dogs here, so I've heard. Misty was Ossity Woozle's friend. Her real name was the Marchioness Mistico because (I think I've got this right) Missus's first two animals were Phouquey and Tabifa so 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 Xebecca was a sort of boat. She wanted a name starting with "Mis" because she had just got the black cat I've told you about called Mistletoe. So she found that a Mistico was a cross between a felucca and a Xebecca. Missus had just had a new cooker called a Tricity Marquis, so she called the puppy, who was a golden Labrador the Marchioness Mistico and Misty for

short.

Kisty had two lots of puppies and she had a little friend called Harri. Harri 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 Kisty died when she was about thirteen Missus had another puppy like her. She called this one Boasty to use the co from Kistico and a Kistico is a boat called a boaster. Boasty was still here when Bonet 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 Brindy who still lives with our friend Janet and often comes over here.

Other Animals.

Down the garden live two pygmy goats called Podger and Plodge.

Missus always names her goats after the people or places she gets them from. This time she couldn't think of names quite like this but, apparently, the lady who had them before, has people for bed and breakfast who would be Paying guests or lodgers and pygmy goats are PG's so they are P lodger s, one with the first letter of lodger missing and the other with the last letter missing.

They are all right to look at or to sniff noses with but it is nasty if they push you with their horns.

They live with Rosemary who is a brown donkey who belongs to our friend Judy. Both Podger and Plodge jump on to Rosemary's back and sometimes jump over the fence.

Podger is the best one at this, I expect,

because he is the boy. 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 donkeys, etc.

A long time ago Missus had a grey donkey called Mena. She had been called Billy Boy but she was a girl so Missus thought of Wilhelmena because Billy is short for William (I know this because our friend Bill lives next door and his real name is William) so she was called Mena. First she had two lambs for company. They were called Treble and Bass because they were two Bass. They grew into sheep so they went to live somewhere else. Mena's next friend was a white goat called Achey because she came from Mrs. Pare. Then she had

a black and white goat called Sinto who came from Mrs. Wicket (and sounds like Wicked). 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 Imp. Brimpy had a baby one day while Missus was in bed with a bad migraine but our friend Philip Weaving was here so he helped her. So that meant that Brimpy and Philip gave him to Missus so he was called Blip.

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 puddles all over the floor.

Once, we had one lamb 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 Boasty and Missus to dog training classes. He seemed to quite enjoy this and behaved better than some of the dogs.

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

Squib.

Squib 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 bun (Bejun) and the other is white (Wybun). Bejun 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 Sandal and often sits on the door mat nestling up against him. She likes Wybun too and often sits by his cage which is just next to hers.

When he goes 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 some others come to stay here for a bit. One rabbit and guinea-pig belonging to our friend Christopher came to stay because he went away for a few days.

Prils.

Prils 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. We had her from our friend Patti. Someone's dog, a doberman, 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. Then 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 carries Prils around the town. This is to give her something to think about because she can't be loose any more. There are lots of wild foxes around but Missus says that they

would not be nice to Prils 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 crazy paving 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 extra that I'm writing after I've finished the book.

Prils has had her picture in two papers, with Missus. Then she was on the television. I just caught sight of myself with Vita, Sardal and Babypuss but there were lots of pictures of Prils and Missus. It was good.

Harvetson.

My name is Harvetson 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 tiny 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 Etta. So my name is Harry and Etta'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 shoulders in the car so

that I could see out of the window. I used to go shopping or for picnics and once I went to Stow Fair (Missus used to call it Tow Stair). 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 even 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 dog biscuit 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 horrified 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

enjoyed some of the time there but of course, I could not talk at all because Missus always says we must never talk when she is not there because what we say might be taken down and used in evidence against us. She is very strict about this rule. Also we must not speak to strangers unless she says we may which makes it very difficult sometimes when strangers look me straight in the eyes and say things like, "Hullo, aren't you beautiful?"

Anyway, at last Missus and our friend Paula came to fetch me from Bristol and brought me home in Paula's car. That was a wonderful journey. I had never travelled in the dark before and I wanted to look at all the lights and at everything else I could see. I was so pleased to be with Missus again that I kept on bunting her face and kissing her and then we had chocolate biscuits. When we got home I was delighted

to see Vita 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 Ossity Woozle is not here and I am responsible for making sure that Missus gets a card and present for Christmas, her birthday and on Missus's day. I have to ask one of our friends like Jakki or Philip to help me. I give lots of other people Christmas presents too on behalf of all of us animals. In turn lots of people give us presents like crisps, Maltesers, Karathons or ginger biscuits.

Ossity Woozle always used to sleep in Missus's bedroom when she slept upstairs and after the house was converted into flats and she sleeps in the Small Room now. While there were lots of workmen in the house Missus and all us cats and dogs lived in two rooms joined

together upstairs. Jagins 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 on 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 Jagins does or Vita or Aba. The others are shut in the kitchen at night.

We like the summer best because then it is warmer outside.

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We 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
Caroline 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 Haretson
Son of Etta and of Harry.
Haretson is good and lovely
Haretson loves everybody.

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

Haretson needs to drink a pinta every
day
To make him perfect in every way.

This was written by our friend
Anne Diaper when I was very small

Haretson is round and furry
Every evening soft and purry
For his milk he's always greedy
For his food he's always ready,
Always climbing shirt or trouser,
Do you think he'll be a mouser?
Walks and picnics are a pleasure
Rides and carries in full measure.
Picnics in the woods are fun
For our little Haretson.

Somebody wrote this when I was
very small.

Haretson is a little kitten
who is rather fond of sittin'
upon people's soulders.

A greedy little puss is he
who likes to stick his claws in me.

When it comes to running water
Haretson's there. "It's milk I oughta

Have you see

'cos I'm going to be like Uncle Ossity."

This was written by Ossity Woozle
before I was born. It's like he spoke.

Me and My Fwens (Poem)

I has two pink^{*1} fwens called Furfow
and Gwubby

And Gween^{*2} Harry used to be
Furfow's hubby.

Etta and Brunette are all funny
culers^{*3}

And Yada and Buddles can never
be muvers.

Kaleela luvves me best of all.

She yusly comes when Missus call.

Fret and Tufa^{*4} and Jerdy^{*5} are all
quite nice

P.T.O.

*¹ Ossity didn't know his colours. They
were white

*² Black. *³ colours - they were
tortoiseshell.

*⁴ Tutha
*⁵ Our friend Franny's cat. 53.

But little 'Jonagen'^{*} is butiful
He's just like me.

(Sorry I cudent make the last bit
wymm.) Ossity W'oozle.

I forgot to say this about Ossity in
his chapter. He used to say, "If
you wants a give me somefing
for Kissmas or my barfday I
likes cowmuck and snottub."

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

*' Jonathan - another cat belonging
to our friend Franny.

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

Ossity Woozle's a friend of mine,
He tries so hard to talk.

Every night when he comes home
He says he's been to walk.

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

Ossity Woozle's a friend of mine
Says Mena and Sinto too.
He talks of red and blue horkeys^{*1}
When he means the things that moo.
P.T.O

*1 He knew horses and donkeys so when he first saw a cow he called it a hor-key. He meant black and white cows but never got his colours right.

Ossity Woozle's a friend of mine
says the poor old hoppity dog.*¹
I've always thought him lots of fun
And a very affectionate mog.

Ossity Woozle's a friend of mine
say the people who live nearby.
He visits us and plays with our cat
Though we're sure we don't know why.

Ossity Woozle's a friend of mine
Everyone seems to say.
We all love him and hope that he
will speak to us every day.

*¹ This was Kisty who had a bad
leg when she got old and when she
was very bad Missus put a sort of
harness on her and helped her to
walk on three legs. 56.

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

There was a little donkey
Came to Hill House once
She was a girl and we called her
Mena.

She cried as she stood
On the croquet lawn*¹
She was sad to have left her friends
Was Mena.

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

*¹
She gave all the children rides round
the lawn the first day and Hissus
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*¹
With Mena.

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

Jane bought a foal
At an Autumn horse sale.
So Hoj spent his winter days
With Mena.

P.T.O.

*¹ 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.

*1
Hoj grew too big
so the following year
we procured a goat kid called Sinto
for Hera.

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

* Hoj was not his real name but our
friend Jane wouldn't give him one so
Hesus called him Horse of Jane.

Missus wrote this poem about Histy.

Histy is a Labrador
And very large at that,
She wouldn't touch a tiny kit
Or even hurt a cat.

By nature she's a soft old dog,
With everyone a friend.
She'd let a burglar in, I'm sure
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,
She clothes her weight in gold.*1

*1 Histy was a golden Labrador.

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

There's a hush in the house.
The garden's the same.
Susie looks mournful.
Does she think she's to blame?

The linen room is like a morgue^{*1}
The poor things are so ill.
Pasda's lying in a box
She's lying very still.

Perry Pesty's^{*2} in there too
Although she's not as bad.
They are so thin and weak
And everyone is sad.

P.T.O.

*1 The most ill ones were in the warmest room - the linen room.

*2 Perry used to be called a pesty puss.

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

They are so thin and light,
Stoney,*¹ Anne and I are tired
From sitting up ~~at~~ each night.

Now this thing has struck again,
This time it's Passo 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.

*¹
Stoney is what a lot of people call
Missus.

At last we have a ray of hope.
For Pasda's had 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.
Susie's playing in the sun
'Cos her friends are back.

Kissus wrote this one about Yepi.

Yepi dear,
What have we here?
Eight charming tabby kits.

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

Six grew apace
And won the race
To leave and find new homes.

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

To Mrs. Rowe^{*1}
The one did go
Macavity he's called.

P.T.O.

*1 Mrs. Rowe is our friend Beryl

Then Bobby went
with Anne's ^{*1,} parent.
Penny lives here still.

*2.
Tepi's had more
a litter of four
But this time they're all Siamese.

*1 Anne was someone who lived here
for a bit

*2 Tepi later went to live with our
friend Kay. Tepi was Siamese.

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

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

Her brothers and sisters were tabby
And Penny was tabby too
She grew to be a nice cat
And joined the Hill House zoo.

As most queens do she called
And Shawn 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
Missus about me when I was small.

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

Haretson, fortunately, pulled right through
A thing the others failed to do.
His milk from a bottle he always
drank,
Though for a time his eyes looked blank.
His nose was sore and his coat was lank.
His health improved almost every day
He was constantly getting in the way.
And when he was older
He'd ride on a shoulder.

This little black kitten with an orange
collar

Hopes one day to become a great
scholar.

He likes to travel on foot or by car,
In fact to go anywhere where humans
are.

He thinks that he should be on a par
with Ossity Woozle, the human puss
who lives in the house with the
rest of us,

And we hope indeed

That he will succeed.

I wrote this one.

Poor Missus, I know she cried
When her darling Ossity Woozle died.
He'd been everyone's friend for so
long

We couldn't believe there was
something wrong.

But Uncle Ossity said

He would soon be dead.

Missus had told him what to expect
After the lump on his head had been
checked.

So he wasn't afraid or very sad,
To go to Heaven can't be bad.

One day we'll all go to join him
And see our friends Kaleelah
and Bhadwhim.

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

I wrote this on Jan. 24th 1986.

It's happened again!
Yahda is dead.
She wasn't in pain
But she wouldn't be fed.

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

I remember Kaleelah and Bhadwhim
And Sir Ossity Woozle darling.
Now Yahda's gone to join them.
What will the future bring?

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

P. T. O.

She says God looks after them
Much better than she ever could.
Our turns will all come to join
them

And there we won't need any food.

a little longer stay.

and my other fellow friends
the dogs who live here too
the horses and the goats
the rabbits with their funny
conco.

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 donkey and the goats
And the rabbits with their furry
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 bed.

I stayed there for a great many
days

And thought perhaps I was there
for always.

Uncle Ossity went there and went
on to Heaven.

He was fourteen and I'm not ten
or eleven.

From my legs they cut some fur
The needle hurt and I did not hurt.

They took a photo of my nose
When I was asleep and could not
pose.

I wrote this too.

Winter 1985-1986.

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.

Missus 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.

We catch more mice in summer
And wander in the garden.
I like to smell the flowers.
I want to play with Vita
And help her down from trees.
We'll play for hours and hours.

Haretson by Haretson.
1986.

I had some tests in Bristol.

Because of my cataract.

Then Missus came to fetch me

And we came home by car.

Grubby died on Nov. 28th 1986.

so I wrote this.

I heard my Missus saying,
Don't you worry, Grubby 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 Jagins and Vita to write, they might be able to help me or perhaps we shall have some other new kittens here. Anyway, I've enjoyed writing

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

So

With love
from,
Haretson.

x x x

P.S Don't forget to read
"G Phouquey."