

By Hamilton

& Wignot (rampilw)

Changes.

Since I finished my last book there have been several changes. I shall take them in order - that way I shall not miss any out, I hope.

Trifow, who, if you remember, was white, got very, very thin and then she had a "funny turn" so Missus gave her a nice meal of chicken and then took her to the vet to be put to sleep. I think this was the kindest thing to do because Trifow really was very poorly. Now Trifow is buried in our little graveyard in the wood.

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Aba.

Aba was Safran's sister. She started to breathe in a funny way and sometimes made a lot of noise breathing. For a long time Missus didn't think that Aba was worried but as soon as she did Aba was put to sleep too.

I think Safran missed her a bit at first but then so did some of the rest of us.

Other Bats.

All the other cats that I wrote about in my last book are still alive. They are - Etta, Safran, me (Haretson) Sandal, Jiggins, Babypuss, McAndors and Vita. I know I should really put myself last but Missus always puts us in that order when she is counting us, so I thought it would be easier to do the same.

There have been several new cats too, so you can read about them in the following chapters.

Abooto.

Abooto's name comes from A Bit Out Of The Ordinary. Our friend, Aunty Patti, who works at the vets, phoned Missus one day to say that there was a very nice cat which needed a home. She said he was ginger and had long fur but a lot of fur had to be cut off because it was all knotted. She said he was found on a road and didn't have a home although he was wearing a flea collar and a dog collar. So he came to live with us. He was much better behaved than McAndors

was when he first came here.
Missus thinks he was about
two years old when he came.
His fur soon grew again but
Missus sometimes has to cut or
comb out knots just as she has
to with all the other long
haired cats - Babypuss, Sandal,
McAdams and Yeckawell.

Missus says, for fun, that a
lady we hear about sometimes
on the television must be
A. booto's sister - she is
Berezia Booto or B-booto!
I don't quite understand this
joke but perhaps you do.

Elmudgow.

Elmudgow is pronounced like
Elma Jo. She has some tortoise-
shell smudges on white.

One day Missus went to the vets
and saw our Ainty Patti who was
looking after a little kitten who
had really been taken there to
be put to sleep and was only
thirteen days old. Missus said
she would like to have her.

This was great because I love
kittens so I was able to help
Missus to bring up Elmudgow.
At first she was kept in a
basket with a hot water bottle
and I could only see her

when Missus took her out to
feed her which she did lots of
times a day. Then Missus made
a little cage to go in the
middle of the kitchen where
Elmudgow would be safe. I used
to lie in there with her when
the lid was off and wash
Elmudgow and let her play
with my tail and so on.

"Yeckawel.

When Elmudgow was still very little Missus saw our Auntie Patti again and told me that she was looking after three more kittens who were found in a box behind a h/psub. I asked Missus if we could have those kittens too and was delighted when she said we could have one of them to be a friend for Elmudgow. He came when he was five weeks old and we called him Y for Tom and B for cat or K for kitten, with Elmudgow, which, of course, makes Yeckawel. By the time Yeckawel came here

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Elmudgow didn't have to have her milk from a bottle any more so I was very pleased to find that Yeckawel had to have his that way. You see, as I expect I told you in my first book, I still like to drink milk from a bottle so when the kittens had had some I could have some too.

Yeckawel was, at first, a very strange looking little kitten. He is black and white in uneven sort of patches and his fur is quite long. While he was tiny and spending so much time on a hot water bottle his fur underneath him did not grow so quickly as the fur on his back. Then

as he grew bigger the fur on his legs grew to make him look as though he was wearing big fur boots. Now, he is rather a pretty cat and even with his longer fur he is not such a big cat as Elmudgow. Besides this, he is very good at learning and I've taught him to talk and to write. In fact he is getting so good that I think, when I am gone, he will take over the writing of letters, etc. Although Jagins and Vita both talk, Jagins won't try to write and Vita doesn't like writing very much.

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Wilflea.

A few weeks after Teckawel came here we heard that our friend Patti was looking after another little kitten which had been thrown out before its eyes were open. It was a dear little grey kitten with a loud voice. I asked Missus if we could have this one as well because Elmudgow and Teckawel were getting quite big now. Patti was ever so pleased when Missus said we could have her. The lady who found her thought she was a little boy and had called her Wilfred. Missus said

that she jumped about like a little flea and so she called her Wilflea.

It has been lovely to see three kittens playing together.

Indoors they play hide and seek and things like that or just lie on the floor together and fight. Outside they sometimes run up trees.

Wilflea still has a very loud voice which is useful when she is shut somewhere behind a door but very annoying when we are all waiting for our breakfast or supper and she keeps yelling at Missus to hurry up. It is very rude then.

Gibby

Gibby was sixteen years old when she came here to stay this time. Mind you, she had often been to stay before when her mum went away on holiday. In the summer time she stayed in an outside cage but when she came in the winter she was in a little cage in the passage. This time Missus put the little cage in the conservatory so that Gibby could see out of the window. She had a heated pad in her bed too as it can get very cold in the conservatory.

Gibby told me that her mum was ill and had to go to hospital. When she left the hospital she went to a nursing home and then Missus told us that she had died. Before this, though, Gibby was allowed to walk round and mix with us as long as she didn't go outside and get lost. Then she was not well and had to go to the vets. Then one evening someone rang up to say Gibby was really his cat so he was coming to fetch her and take her miles and miles in a car. Missus wouldn't let her go because she thought Gibby

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might die. Anyway, Gibby's mum
had arranged with Missus a long
time ago that if she died Missus
would look after Gibby. So now
Gibby is one of us. She is a
very sensible pussy and doesn't
really fight with any of the
others but, at the same time, won't
stand any nonsense from them.
She keeps Elmudgow in her
place which is more than
a lot of the others can do. She
is very thin and has to sleep
in a cage with a plateful of
food every night

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Things that have happened to
cats since my last book.

Abooto has been ill. Last summer he was a big, fattish, long-haired ginger cat who loved to run around outside. When anyone was playing croquet he would go and join them and rub against their legs and then roll on his back on the lawn. Suddenly, he seemed to get very thin and he wasn't so heavy so Missus took him to the vet. He had to have special food that he doesn't like very much. Now he is very much better but he still has to have the food he doesn't like.

Now, I'll tell you about Prils and Elmudgow. Well, one evening when Elmudgow was really only a kitten she walked on the top of Prils indoor wire cage and her foot fell in. Prils caught hold of it in her teeth and hung on. Of course, Elmudgow screamed and screamed very loudly but there wasn't anything that we could do about it.

Then Missus came running in and made Prils let go of Elmudgow's foot. After this Missus put some stuff on the top and the sides of Prils cage.

Some months later little Teckawel was going underneath Prils' cage

and, where Prils had torn away a little bit of wood from the bottom of her cage, saw Prils' shadow and reached up with his paw and Prils took hold of his foot. Luckily, Missus was in the kitchen because it was nearly bedtime. So she rushed to help but, worse was to come, because when Missus touched Teckawel, he thought she was Prils and bit her finger. So Missus screamed even louder than Teckawel was screaming. Then she managed to get Teckawel's paw out of Prils' mouth and then he ran off. Missus put some bandages on her finger and another one which

Priels bit then she made sure
that Teckawel was all right.
He was mostly very frightened but
not very hurt but poor Missus
had a bad finger for a long
time and had to go to the doctor
three times.

Dead bats.

Oh dear! Since I started writing this book McAndors has died. Missus says that he must have been hit by a car on the road. It was sad because he was only about five or six years old but we think he had a good life here. He spent quite a lot of his time at our neighbour's house. We feel very sorry for her because she obviously enjoyed his company because she didn't tell him to go home. Also, she used to have a pussy of her own but she was run over too. Anyway, apart from that we all have to die sometime and we don't want to suffer a long illness so

it is probably quite a quick way to die if you are hit by a car. I don't want to try it myself though.

I should have written a little poem for Missus about it as I usually do when someone dies. - I've just written one now, but it doesn't rhyme.

Dear Missus, I'm afraid you're sad
again.

Our friend, McAndors has been run over. He was quite dead when you found him so you hoped he had not suffered.

We're sorry for McAndors' friend whom he visited each day.

She'll be lonely now, we fear
But Missus still has twelve of us.

Dogs.

In my last book I told you about our three dogs. Boret is still my great friend. He is twelve now - the same age as I am.

Kenna who was eight last year, had a bad heart and one summer evening she had a heart attack and died.

Penny is now very nearly nineteen years old. Apart from still being blind she now doesn't hear quite as well as she did. Last year she had a bad eye and then her other eye was bad. Because she kept turning round very quickly and bumping her eyes, Missus made her wear a sun-shield so that that

would bump first and warn Penny. Then, when her eyes got better her ears got worse. This, Kissus thought, ~~made~~ upset her balance, so that she kept on walking round in circles and didn't seem to know where she was. So Kissus put her on a lead which was fastened to a little clothes line so that she wouldn't hurt herself walking round and round and wouldn't go into the drive or anywhere else where she shouldn't go. She didn't really need to go for walks because she walked round nearly all day. In fact Kissus thought she'd never go for another proper walk again so she made her a ^rsort of sledge using

plastic sacks so that she could sometimes go in the fields with the others. This lasted all summer, then Missus realised that Penny was a lot better. She stopped going round in circles and seemed to know where she was again. Now she goes for walks again and Missus can let her outside by herself again. Mind you, she doesn't walk very far and sometimes Missus has to carry her quite a bit.

This is Vita writing now because my best friend Haretson died. He was supposed to be eating the same food as Abooto and he didn't mind it but he was eating less and less then one evening he just died. Missus was with him and then she told us. I could not believe this but I knew Missus wouldn't tell a lie. I promised Haretson that I would finish this book if he died before he'd finished it. Teckawel would teach the kitters to talk because none of the younger generation like me and I'm frightened of them but more about kitters later. Now that I've had some writing practise I can write this.

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Mafuson & Mafudar.

Missus brought home two little kittens who were only two days old and she named them MAFU - meaning Mother And Father Unknown. then one is SON because he's a boy and the other is DAR for DAUGHTER. Everyone says they are beautiful cats but they are nasty to me like Elmudgow, Wilflea and sometimes Teckawel are to me. Missus says it is my fault too because I swear at them when I see them.

Napala & Chaley.

These are two other kittens which Missus brought home a year after Mafuson & Mafudar. They are half Abyssinian, whatever that is. Not A Pedigree Abyssinian and LA which means "the" in French for a girl so Missus says. Cat Half Abyssinian LE - the French "the" for a boy and Y from Abyssinian. They are getting big now and I expect they will be nasty to me too.

When Chaley was about three months old he thought he would play with Pils. Missus heard him screaming (so did everyone

else) and found Pils pulling his leg in and out through the wire of her cage. Missus finally got him free after he had bitten her fingers. They went to the vet. and Chaley had a big bandage on his leg which he dragged about and tripped over. Missus thought he'd have to have his leg cut off then suddenly he began to move it and it was getting better. Now it is quite better. He was very lucky.

Felby.

Soon after Haretson died Patti asked Missus if she would like to look after a little puppy who was just three weeks old. Missus made a playpen for her in the study and a cage in the kitchen. She called her Fat Little (el or L) Beauty (bee or B). She is a nice dog and is mostly brown and she's bigger than Tanshee. She is a good dog and has learnt a lot from Coret.

Chipmunks.

Did Haretson tell you about the chipmunks, I wonder? I don't think he did. There are three of these in a cage outside. Missus made the cage and has added to it. There is a long wire-mesh run which is high up but some of the cats sit on it to play with the chipmunks as they run underneath. Everyone enjoys this - the cats, the chipmunks and the humans.

Lambs.

Last year - 1991 - there were 5 lambs here. 4 of them were all right but the last one was a Spastic. This meant that she was a bit funny and she couldn't always hold her head straight or walk properly. When Missus gave her a bottle she had to hold the lamb's chin as well as the bottle. She was Felby's favourite lamb.

1997 - This is Teckawel
writing now.

(I'm the one there's a chapter
on about 20 pages ago)

I'm sorry to have to tell you
that poor Vita was run over last
year. The other cats didn't mind
because they didn't like her but
I missed her and poor Missus
was VERY upset.

Anyway, luckily, she had taught
me to write and told me what
to do. That is - to write letters and
this book and to teach Hafuson
and Hafudat to write. They
speak very good English because
I taught them.

Please read on.

Cats here now.

Elmudgow, me (Yedawel) Wulflea
 are the oldest now. I think we
 are 8 or 9. Then there's Bificops,
 Hafuson, Hafudar, Kapala, Ekaley,
 Ugigi, Affuk, Yasdi and Twankas.

Bificops is ginger and white and
 very big but he is terrified of
 Ekaley and Hafuson.

Boy from Connamara Pony Stud.
 Ugigi is small and ginger and
 a bit nervous. Unusual ginger
girl - UGG - Ugigi.

She was very tiny when she came.
 She gave lots of us and Hissus
 and some children ringworm, so

we all had to have pills for a month. She had a little brother but he died.

Affuh come when he was eight weeks old. He has long ginger fur. Missus hoped he would be A Friend For Ugigi, Hopefully. Sometimes he is and sometimes he's not.

Yasdi is black and white with short fur and she has grown very big. Her name really is Alyasdi - Affuh Loves You And So Do I, which is what Missus said. Then she thought that was a mouthful so she's just called Yasdi.

Twankas is all white and is

very mischievous. He's very naughty too, and keeps going across the road.

Wigner is writing this in 2013
(Misses says).
Tworkas is old
now, about 1 P. He walks badly,
doesn't see or hear very well so
Misses keeps the kitchen clear for
him. A mug on the draining board
has to be kept very full of water
because he likes to drink from that.
He likes to lie in the sun or near
the radiator. He's a bit frightened
of me.

Pribs and Dogs.

Bonnet died sometime ago and so did Perry.

Then in the summer last year the funniest little thing came here. Felby said it was a present for her and was a "baby dog".

Anyway, it was a puppy called Kelso. K because she has a little bit of Peke in her. E because she has a little bit of Poodle and L.S.A because she is mostly Lhasa Apso. She chases any of us who run and she barks a lot but she's all right really. Pribs is nearly 11 now but Missus still takes her to schools, etc.

Ges Wot - Im WIGNOR.

Mises has a cumpewta and she tawt mee to yews it. I cahnt riyt liyk thee uthas becoz now wun tawt mee. Mowst of thee utha cats downt liyk mee much thay say Im ~~na~~^hstee. Mises awlways blayms mee wen enee thing gows rong. Thee uthas say Im greedee but Im not I just like food. Im veree good at speling and Im veree good at tawking. Im seven yeers old so Mises ses so lyd beter get on and riyt this book. Cahnt doo much at a tym b cos it is hard wurk. Plees. Tern ofer.

The cats heer now ar (in aj order) Chaley, Affuh, Twankas, Spoguls, Canagan, Wignor (thats mee) Salve. I'm copeeying thees from the boyler in the kichin Atchuley, Salve is not the yungist cat, ly am, but Salve was the lahst wun to cum heer becos she yust to liv with Isabel. Isabel wanted Salve to cum heer cos parentlee mises lookt afta her wuns bee for she lived with Isabel. Salve had a bad bak then and coodnt wawk on her bak legs. Layter the vet sed she had been shot wotever that meens. Salve caym heer just aafter Mafudar diyd and

bee cos shes agert she dusnt liv
in the kitchen. She has a bed
and a tray in the bath rum.
She was verree verree fat but
shes not now.

Mafudar diyd sumtiym ago then
her bruther diyd and not long
ago Chaley diyd. Wen Felby
diyd Mises wantid an uther dog
so she got Tasy from the animal
shelta.

Iyl start an uther chapta now
so plees tern ofer.

Wignor.

Wun day Mises went with her
 frens Patti and Stuart to a plays
 wayr thayr wer lots ov ducks
 swons gees donkees, sheep gowts
 rabbits gineepigs and uther animuls.
 Theyr wer sum baybee chikins in
 a plas under a lamp and a litul
 kiten was with them. Mises askt
 if she cood haw the litul kiten and
 she payd sum munee and brawt
 me hoym - yes it was ME.
 I had livd in Wigington Heeth
 wich was beetween Wigington and
 Hook Norton. I say iym cald
 Wignor but I tel peepal iym
 cald Wignor so that I wont bee

ignored. Thow I was verree
 litul I was ditermind to be
 speshul so I told al the uther
 cats that ^{they awt} ~~to~~ be a frayd or mee.
 I liyk sum or the uther cats but
 the blak wurs I dont liyk much
 and wur cat hoo goost to liv
 heer I didnt liyk at all. She
 was mowstlee wiyt and was
 cald Yasdi. She was verree
 verree fat and verree fritend of
 mee then she went to liv with
 Anne. I under stand she is not
 sow fat now and liyks living
 with Anne. I liyk living heer
 and lym geting kwiyt good
 sum tiyms now so Mises sez.

I go on on page 52

Chaley.

Hee diyd a bowt too weeks
 a gow. Hee wos partabee
 sinyan. Iy never did under
 stand that how cud ownlee
 part ov him beebabee sinyan.
 Hee luket ^wal the saym to me.
 Enee way hee wos the owldist
 and hee wosnt verree wel so
 Mises took ~~her~~ ^{him} too the vet
 and brawt ~~her~~ ^{him} bak ded.
 Shee plawnted him in the gardun
 wayr a lot ov uther cats hoo dide
 ar plawnted.

This is quite a long time later. I am 10 now. Mises was teaching Dana to read so I asked Dana to help me with my spelling so we write letters to each other. This started about 3 years ago, so I'm now very good at spelling and Dana is good at reading. She often brings a book and reads to me. She goes to another school but Mises still goes to the same one. She teaches children to read and to learn their tables. I know about tables because we have several here. Turn over to read about Affuh.

I go on on page 52

Affuh.

Misses saw a little ginger kitten with long fur when she went to see someone who rescued cats and found new homes for them. When she was asked if she would like him she said yes please. So she brought him home and called him Affuh (A for a, F for friend, F for fur, U for Ugigi, and H for hopefully) Now Affuh is 14, the same age as Twankas.

Ugigi died a long time ago.

Affuh was 18 when he was very poorly so Misses asked the vet to put him to sleep.

Elmudgeow, Teckawel & Wilflea.

I didn't know these cats but I've heard about them. Elmudgeow had some tortoiseshell smudges on white. Teckawel was black and white and was a boy (tom cat kitten and with Elmudgeow. Then Misses' friend Patti had another little grey kitten that she called Wilfred so Misses called her Wilflea when she had her here because she was not a boy — Wil and she jumped about like a flea.

Mafuson and Mafudar.

These were both black - I didn't like them because I don't like black cats. They were called Mafu from mother and father unknown, son because he was a boy and dar because she was a daughter. When they were very little Misses had a little puppy which she called Felby because she was a fat (FLB) little beauty. She liked the two Mafus.

Bificops, Safran & Aba.

Then Misses rescued a little ginger and white kitten from a place where there were horses. He was called Bificops for boy from Conemara pony stud. He was very good at looking after the next two kittens who came here. They were half Abyssinian and were going to be put to sleep so one was saved from a needle and ^{the other} abandoned.

Chipmunks, chinchillas & lambs.

I can just remember the chipmunks. Misses made a cage for these funny little animals just outside our cage which is outside the kitchen door so we could see them running about in their long run and try to catch them.

The chinchillas are like fluffy balls with noses and tails. They lived in cage, which Misses made in the conservatory. It had long wire mesh runs that were high up.

It is now 2011 so Misses says. (I don't know what that means). Chin, who lived alone for about 4 years after

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her sister died was nearly 16 when Misses took her to the vet. to be put to sleep. Her friend was Tasy. I'll tell you about her next.

Tasy. (x Kelsa)

I remember when Tasy first came here. We already had 2 dogs - Felby and Kelsa (her story comes next).

She used to be called Jessy but Misses said that was a girl's name and she knew 2 girls called that so she couldn't call a dog that.

She came from the Animal shelter so her name would start Tas and to make it sound like Jessy she put a y on the end. One day Tasy

was fetching her ball which had rolled near Kelsa's feet. Kelsa thought Tasy was attacking her so she took hold of Tasy's leg. So Tasy took hold of Kelsa's neck at the back. She

hung on and shook Kelsa about so much that there were holes in Kelsa's skin and she had to go to the vet to be made better. So Misses made a big cage for Kelsa by the window in the Study because Kelsa liked sitting on the window sill. When Kelsa got very old Misses had her put to sleep then Tasy missed her. This is now 2013 so Tasy is probably about 15. She is deaf but she still likes going for walks when Stewart comes to take her. Misses can't take her any more so she doesn't get much exercise.

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more from Wignor.

I'm now 14 so Mises says. She also says this is 2012 whatever that means. Twankas doesn't see very well or hear very well so if Mises sees me in his way or eating his food she tells me off. Now I want to tell you about some of my human friends. My best friend was Dana but I haven't seen her for a long time so she isn't my best friend any more. Her mum Sarah was nice too but I haven't seen her either. I reckon really that my best human friend is Mises. She says that although I'm 15 now I behave more like a kitten. I want to tell you

about some of my other human friends. Tamsin is one of the vets. She talks to me so I talk to her in English. Aldo comes on Saturdays and brings Chicken and chips. Some times he brings Charlotte with him she is about 10 so she is younger than I am, I can't count but Misis told me this. Tulers whose real name is Julian comes on Wednesday evenings and brings Fish and chips then he comes into the kitchen to make some cups of tea so I go into the Study and speak to Phil who comes with Tulers. Then they play a game with letters, I don't play because ~~play because~~ all the letters are capitals and I like small

ones except at the beginning of words. Reg comes sometimes and then he comes into the kitchen in the morning and opens a container and eats some toast and gives some to Tasy and to me. Joy comes on Thursday afternoons. She is nice but a bit deaf so she doesn't hear everything I say. Jeffers, whose name is really Jeffrey comes sometimes. He, once, brought Anna Katrina with him. She was very nice. When she went away to live somewhere the other side of a lot of water she wrote to me and I wrote to her. I wish she would come again.

Spoguls.

Our friend Roger had two cats and a little kitten. He was going to move to a new flat and his cats would have to jump from a window to get outside. The kitten couldn't manage this so Mises had him here. He was a puss from Glos so nearly all these letters were in his name. He was black and white and was very gentle.

Canagan.

He is a black cat who came here as a tiny kitten with his four brothers and sisters, before their eyes were open. They had been rescued from a fire in Gloucester. Misses had to feed them from a tiny bottle. Keeley, who is Janet's daughter, wanted one of these but Janet said she could only borrow him. So Keeley used to come through and take him into their flat for a bit. One day she came with a friend of hers and they chased Canagan round to catch him. Misses says this is why Canagan is frightened of strangers. Oh, I haven't told you yet how Canagan got his name. He was

given the nickname of Buster as a kitten and Keeley liked this but Misses didn't so it came from Cannot agree a name.

Now, in 2013, July, Canagan is hardly eating anything so Misses says he won't be with us for long. He, however, was still with us till March, 2014, then Misses asked Tamsin to put him to sleep. * Now Misses says she and I are alone in this flat unless we have visitors. Lotelie comes sometimes and gets out the Hoover to clean the carpet. I don't like it because it is noisy. I do sit on Misses' lap now because she likes me to now that Canagan is not here. I don't stay long because I don't really like

sitting on anybody's lap. Paul comes on another day and uses the hoover and he washes the floors where there is lino.

This is now 2014 and in 3 weeks it will be 2015 (Misses says) Misses and are both not good on our feet, but I have more feet.

Wignor put to sleep Nov. 30th 2015. Neither Tamsin nor Mike available to come to do the deed so I had to have him put to sleep that day because he did a forward roll across the floor to me & I wanted him to go before I did. So I had to have someone ^{we} didn't know.