

Donald, David and the cat.

I remember this picture. You can see I was just a young Kitten then. A bit bemused by what was happening. It was Donald & Davids Christmas party. Donald's brother David was a sailor, and this was a rare Christmas that David was home on leave.

It's a shame it's not in colour as it means you can't see my beautiful colouring but trust me I was stunning. Still am. Soft silky fur, I'm not a fighter so no ears ripped, eyes bright and I keep myself well groomed.

Donald had rescued me from the river bank and gave me a lovely home. I live in a nice roomy house with a garden that people say is wonderful. I think it's wonderful too, with trees to climb, a shed to sharpen my claws and a fish pond where I'm allowed to watch but not touch. There are hedges to hide in, and benches to stretch out on in the sun, and my own house if it rains and I don't want to go in. I have my own door to go indoors too, where the house is warm and cosy. I've been here 18 years they tell me but I don't know what that means.

I love it here. I have my own chair by the fire in the lounge but I prefer to sit on Donald's lap as it's warmer but not so soft, so sacrifices have to be made. He sits watching TV, tickling my ear which lovely. But, when he stands up, it's a great effort for me not to fall off as I can't quite get all my claws to dig in no matter how much I sharpen them. So I sit where he sat, it's softer but not so warm, until he returns.

I can't see so well now so Donald got me some larger mice to play with, and I have fun with these each morning but it does wear me out sooner now, not like when I was a kitten in that picture. I go to the vets more often now too which I could do without. Each time I go it's a thermometer up my jacksee and it's not nice. They always fool me too with a cat treat or something, and then wahey there it is. I fall for it every time. So I register my protests all the way home, and sit with my back to Donald when we get there, but I forgive him when the fresh fish appears.

When I was younger, I tried bringing gifts a couple of times. I remember, there was a large grey mouse it took me days to catch.....

I sat still watching it for hours on end and then I got him! I was so proud. They'll love it I thought, and set off for the cat flap. He was so big I had difficulty getting him through so his head was a bit squished, and his eye was falling out, but his leg wasn't quite fully off and they could see he was fresh from the blood still gushing, but did they appreciate my efforts? No they did not. No appreciation at all for my patience and skill. David screamed Donald passed out and nobody patted my head as I dropped it on the coffee table. Ungrateful I thought, and then, I considered, maybe they don't like mice?

So gift number two. Now birds are so difficult to catch and their feathers are not great on the teeth but Donald was worth it I thought. I also decided alive might be best so in I went with a lovely looking sparrow.

I had no idea Donald could reach that high in his pitch. Quite hurt my ears. Then the entertainment started. They started running round the room after the bird. Fifteen minutes later the bird was still way out ahead and had managed to poop on David's head! Then they opened the window and left the room. Chairs had been upturned, cushions abandoned, I scratched at the door to come too. Honestly, they'd had no thought about where was I going to lay.

So I took to just putting my toy mice at their feet unexpectedly, and they loved it, well it was a lot less effort for me too so I stuck with that. Mind you entertainment can still be found by leaving one of my balls in an unexpected place or dangling off the Christmas tree.

What's happened? Oh Must've dropped off, it's a bit of a rude awakening falling off the back of the chair like that, but it happens now and again. I'll give myself a good clean I think.

Ooooh That's odd. My head feels a bit stiff. I'll stretch.....Ooooooh I can't stand up. My meow isn't working properly what's happening?

Donald is running towards me and scoops me up. Kissing me on the head.

Donald looks worried but I can't take it all in as I feel foggy and so tired. I wake in the vets. I hear the vet say I have had a stroke but I've been stroked before and it's never done this. I try to stand up but I can't, my back legs aren't working and I wet myself. Oh the indignity of it. Donald scoops me up and tells me not to worry. I go to sleep again in his arms. I wake up back home and they look so pleased I'm awake. I think I've avoided the thermometer!

David is feeding me sardines by hand which is good as I still can't move my head properly or stand up.

I'm so tired I'm not sure I can finish them.

I wake up on Donald's lap and he's cuddling me tightly. I feel so secure I purr loudly but it sounds so shallow. Is that a butterfly? I feel Donald's tear drip on my ear but sleep is calling. Sleep is calling. Is that a butterfly?