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Cats, eh? Bloody hell.

This is all quite weird; for the first time in months, posting in The Caff. Albeit using someone else's, *something* else's, log in.

At least TheCatScooby had the good grace and sentiment to include some Blue in her revised Monica. I'll give her that.

Has she been behaving herself? I can't imagine she could have ruffled too many feathers, just sitting quietly in the corner, enjoying an ear rub every now and again.

I jest, of course.

There was internet access in the hospital, and it is obvious she has been a right old nuisance. Those poor modulators.

I picked up that word from reading Scooby's posts, and I'm sure you know to whom I am referring.

I was not impressed with her 22.30 "cannot of massive proportions" post which stood for a little while before being taken to the naughty step for a lie down.

Not impressed at all. There are better ways than that to skin a cat. Though you will appreciate she never likes to see or hear me use that expression.

As I have watched on, she has made me cringe many times. Never more so than when she's obviously had a few lagers on a Friday or a Saturday night, and had the Daleks of Love up to '3'.

"Oh, do shut up, Scooby," I often mouthed at the laptop. Sentiments no doubt shared, for different reasons, by the neighbours.

At other times, when she has properly had her whiskers up? Go girl!

She is certainly a cat to split opinion. Mine on her has certainly been split at times.

I did not enjoy my flight down the stairs.

It really did hurt rather a lot.

Anyone who has broken most every bone in their body, each within a split second of the last, will Shirley agree. Something like that does rather hurt a lot. It does smart.

It truly wouldn't have been hard for me to forgive her that though.

I have always loved Scooby. And she was, after all, over-excited at having a voice in The Caff. And distressed at the prospect of having it taken away.

She was impetuous. She lashed out.

What really hurt, though, was the way she gloated about it; CanaryBlue's "flight" down the stairs, ha ha ha, jolly japes, "I got a Guardian Pick in one month, to match his one in 15 years" and "Aren't cats great?" nonsense and bravado.

It seemed she forgot to remember that she used to live in the park. Under-loved. Under-fed. Bin-raiding.

Until, that is, soppychops here came along and gave her a warm, safe place to sleep, an endless supply of food, and more love than any cat could possibly ever wish for.

*Well, he can fuck off, take a trip down the stairs, if he dares to take away my Caff log in ...*

Seemed a bit harsh to me.

I didn't like the cat she was turning into. So far removed from the cat I thought she was, and the one she had the potential to be.

I watched on, as she continued to gloat, and to take no responsibility whatsoever for the situation she had created, namely my long-term hospitalisation.

The only way I could demonstrate my true love for her was to lead her to believe of my demise, and just hope that one day, preferably prior to my release from hospital, she would recognise what she had lost.

It made me laugh, it really did, when I read her recent post referring to an "authentic-looking Coroner's Report". What on earth is a five-year old cat to know of a Coroner's Report, to judge whether one put in front of its whiskers is genuine or not?

Her pomposity and sheer self-belief, her *Scoobiness*, astound me at times.

That document took two minutes to knock up in Word, and another two to brief Josh, an actor friend, as to his brief. As a brief.

*Just Joshing*, as he is affectionately known to his dear, dear, lovely, lovely, though increasingly fewer, friends in the profession, undertook the role of solicitor, every bit as well as could be expected. Admirably. He was a triumph.

He pulled it off!

Well, that's one way to celebrate a success I suppose.

And a major reason behind his being rather less in demand on stage and screen than he once was. And for having fewer dear, dear, lovely, lovely friends than he once had.

One of his trademarks we all thought he had put behind him. Terrific actor, but pathologically unable to help himself from bursting into unseemly celebrations of majestic performances.

Right up until the interval, his King Lear had been to die for, until, well ... the ladies in the front row were far from amused. And probably wished they'd had tickets less pricy. Or at least a dry cleaner less expensive.

On this occasion, just when it was thought safe to start booking him again, Garston Park.

In full public view.

Still. Job done.

While Josh was taken in for questioning, Scooby was taken in by not questioning why a solicitor would be hand-delivering a Coroner's Report to a cat.

Let alone why said solicitor would subsequently repair to the park opposite for some self-indulgence that could at best be described as unbecoming. And, at the very least, Not Safe For Kittens.

She is normally pretty good at sniffing out herring, of any hue, and indeed fish of any description, so hats off to Josh for pulling that one off. But not *that* one.

Eventually, as did Josh's, the consequences of Scooby's actions began to dawn.

Watching her posts, I could see that remorse, regret, love even, thoughts of a love lost, were starting to seep through. And when they did, I knew that when the time came to leave hospital, I could return to Flat 2, and once again cradle her in my arms.

My Bradley, how I missed her! Being away for so long damn near broke my heart.

It was so tough, looking on, watching her make a complete arse of herself at times, making me proud at others, and longing to wake with her on the bed beside me. And for her to have that comfort too.

But knowing she couldn't, not until lessons had been learned.

As I write this, she is by the bedside.

Alert, serious-faced, ready for any command thrown her way, as though awaiting direction from **mrs m**.

She is a good girl, she really is. As I've always told her, from our very first meeting in the park. And a much nicer girl for what she has been through.

I hated misdirecting her in that way. It did not come naturally. But sometimes, as it is said, you have to be cruel to be kind.

She is not an entirely reformed character. I overheard her recently boasting not only of having back the best butler in town, but a mighty fine chauffeur too.

As long as she doesn't try killing either of them, I suppose I can live with her self-centred "aren't cats great" ways. She's a cat, those things will never change.

Any time she's been at the lager though, or the purrsecco, or, worse still, both, and has the Daleks on, I'll try to stop her from posting. Tie her paws together, perhaps, maybe chain her to the radiator. Whatever it takes.

She'll hate it, but she'll find herself much easier to live with the next morning. Alternatively, I may just put a lock on the Frigidaire, and get her into rehab.

She's finished Chocolate's stash, and I'll be keeping her Dreamies locked up and rationed too, in case she's minded to go swapping her savouries in the park for something less savoury.

It's a slippery slope for Scooby, that one, as she has shown in my absence, and I will endeavour to keep her on the straight and narrow, providing her with a ready supply of Temptations of an entirely different kind.

At the end of the day, it's the end of the day, and she's going to do whatever she wants. I will be trying to rein her in though.

With my blessing, and my stairs-based fear, I will be keeping a low profile and leaving the login in Scooby's hands.

Good luck with that.

I do like to tease her. I know they're paws really.

Thank you to all in The Caff who have taken such good care of her, and showered her with so many treats and lovely words. It has been a comfort to see her in such good hands.

Much as I have always enjoyed my time in The Caff, it does feel weird being here right now, as I said at the start.

Just these two posts, fully four months on from my last, and already it feels like I've never been away.

It's good to be home.

A very happy 2020 to all.

CanaryBlue xx