



BOOK EXTRACT

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Tuesday:

6.35am Another unearthly wake-up call. I did not feel in the least like getting up this morning and refused to budge when Peter wanted to try his usual trick of bunging me out through the cat flap. I think he must have some kind of perverted sense of humour in seeing me tip-pawing through the wet morning grass. Anyway, it didn't work today.

7.45am As soon as I heard him leaving the house I got up and made my own way through the cat flap. By this time the bright sunlight had dried up the grass so it was no hardship walking over it. There was no point in using my litter tray as I wouldn't have the pleasure of watching him collect up the granules, so I performed my morning ablutions and toilet in my private spot at the back of the garden. Even that loutish Bob wasn't around to spy on me and I felt rather content with my lot and at peace with myself. I sat and just drank in the nice sunlight for ten minutes or so and then returned to have my breakfast before Sheila appeared on the scene.

10.30am I dozed in the sun. It being such a lovely day, Sheila was avoiding her duties and she spent most of the day sitting on the patio leafing through various celebrity magazines, though I knew when Peter returned home she would tell him how busy she had been doing housework all day! I told you that she and I have a good rapport so I would never give her away, but as you know, dear reader, cats are always very crafty so I could probably somehow contrive to spill the beans on her if she ever really upset me!

1.30pm Lunch in the garden. Very nice. Sheila had some ham sandwiches and I enjoyed some off cuts of the ham. I must say that she is a soft touch when it comes to giving titbits. Although my own food is generally very acceptable, as ever, humans' food seems so much tastier. I especially like that rather odd stuff they call cheese. Now, I have heard of a Cheshire cat, but I was unaware that there is also a Cheshire cheese - and very nice it is too!

2.15pm Whilst we were still lazing on the patio, Pandy arrived, though he took care not to position himself too close to me. In some ways I wish he did have a little more 'oomph' but I think he's never forgotten how I growled and spat at him when he first ventured into my space. I wouldn't really do anything nasty to him, but he must be kept in his place. I think I may have a 'Be nice to Pandy day' tomorrow. That will surprise him! I may even let him

get to within just two patio slabs away from me. He will then be able to admire me from quite close - the lucky lad! I have noticed that recently he has taken a chance and entered our kitchen through the back door when Sheila's left it open. (As I said before, if it's closed he can't make it through the cat flap because of his bad leg.) If I've been sitting inside the kitchen when he's got in, one fixed stare from me and he's backed out again. Once or twice, though, he's got in when I've been in the garden. He has at least had the nerve to explore a bit and once even found time apparently to have a kip as Sheila found incriminating black and white hairs on one of their beds! So I respect Pandy for proving that even he can be crafty when he wants to be - and, of course, the daily food scam with Peter proves that!

4.00pm I took a stroll round the garden. There is a nice little flower bed in the centre where the plants are embedded in slate chippings. In the sun these warm up nicely and are rather delightful to lie on. So, after the ritual of flexing my front claws on the log surround to this bed, I flopped onto it and made myself lovely and comfortable with the sun still pouring down. Throughout the garden there are lots of statues of we cats - a way the humans have of showing just how much they worship us. I must say it is a nice feeling to be adored and, credit where credit's due, I haven't had much to complain about with Peter and Sheila as they've looked after my every whim. They have tried hard to meet my exacting standards and, if I am honest, I couldn't have found a better human family, but don't tell them that as it will make them swollen headed! Dear me, I am getting very sentimental now, it must be the sun relaxing me! So ... time to have a nap once more.

6.15pm I headed back to the kitchen. With a bit of miaow talk I managed to get Sheila to understand that my supper was needed promptly. All that sun had made me feel rather peckish. In Sheila's case, all that sun had made her feel rather lethargic. Anyway, she eventually understood and a full dish was put on the mat; something I like very much today - mackerel in jelly. Peter and Sheila also had a fish meal - nothing like fish to keep you healthy I say - but Peter had to collect theirs from the fish and chip shop in the village. Sheila's lazy day was still continuing.

6.45-8.45pm No silver box this evening - they sat in the garden with me. All in all it was very pleasant. The birdsong sounded lovely, the evening sun still shone and all was quiet and peaceful. What more could a cat want?

11.10pm Well, another day over - a day full of nothing really but somehow I felt even more tired at the end of it than usual. I looked forward to a good night's rest and hoped it wouldn't be too hot. The one snag with wearing a fur catsuit is that you can't unzip it when you want to. Humans' outer coverings seem to come undone and can be removed if they get too hot - that is about the only advantage they have over we cats!