

juliet foster photography



Journal of
a cat of Leisure
by Foobyevsky

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Fooby the cat writes under the pen name of Foobyevsky

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The servant has been unfaltering in her attentiveness this past week. I call her servant but in truth she is a slave. She receives no payment for performing her duties although I upon occasion express my thanks by means of showing a certain degree of affection. I do not overstate either thanks or affection, you understand. There must always be an air of distance between Cat and slave. I go only so far as to wash my whiskers appreciatively if she serves food that is agreeable or to brush my face against her leg. The latter, of course, ensures that she bears a mark both of my scent and of my excess fur, and by that there can be no mistake throughout the neighbourhood that she is my slave and no-one else's. But I digress.

I have had of late a bout of trouble with my water. The slave's people often refer to this as honeymoon bladder although there is no so base a definition or explanation in my case. That is not to say I could not have my choice of gentleman caller. I am often told that I am a creature of great beauty, of gentle manner and pleasant countenance. Indeed the slave has frequently photographed me and publicised those photographs to great acclaim of my prettiness. This I approve of as, being a Cat of leisure, I seldom venture into the outside world for Cat or human to praise my powers of attraction. But I am forgetting the story.

During my recent infirmity, the slave was hugely observant and deduced quickly that something was not right with me. She was also able to deduce what that was and take steps to aid my recovery. At first juice of the cranberry in my drinking water, which I confess I quite enjoy although it is very unbecoming of a Cat. The juice had the desired effect and relieved my discomfort almost entirely. However, and I know but do not accept responsibility for this, I stopped partaking of the dilution and the symptoms of the malady returned. The slave was quite despondent at this and began to worry herself again about how she might resolve my problem without creating further ordeal for me. I believe she placed orders for medicinal pastes, especially formulated from natural ingredients, to be delivered at her own expense.

During the night my symptoms grew worse and I became both anxious and miserable. I could think of nothing else to do but wake the slave in her bed and see if she could think of any means to console me. To her credit, she roused from her bed and chose to spend time with me, combing my fur to sooth my anxiousness. I should add that, in all her life, I am the only feline to whom she has ever been allergic and I do recognise that this was quite a personal sacrifice on her part. Nonetheless, I could still have done without the repeated sneezing as she combed. She also gave me more

cranberry juice in fresh water and provided me with beef in a gravy sauce as she had read that the key to my recovery was to re-acidify my system. I ate some of the beef but, despite her pleas, did not drink the juice. My anxiety at least subsided and I was able to sleep and to let the slave return to her bed. It was later that I discovered she had not been able to sleep any further and had spent the remainder of the night about her tasks and in consideration of what more she could do to ease my condition.

Late the following morning, I woke and felt somewhat better and on joining the slave I was presented with a fresh breakfast of salmon in a jelly preparation. This I devoured and retired to my favourite spot in the house – a stack of boxes that catch the sun through the window for most of the day. My symptoms still irked me somewhat and noting this, the slave took it upon herself to bring a dish of drinking water to me in my evening resting spot. This place is quite well hidden and places me snugly above the heating pipes that run below the floor in a space referred to as ‘spare bedroom’. Having spent all day sunning myself on the boxes, which do so hold the heat until the sun goes down, I like my evening spot as it does not require me to relinquish my warmth to any extent. The slave tells me that she is certain this, in her words ‘cooking myself’, can only have contributed to my symptoms as they were rebounding and I had done nothing to aid my own hydration. As night fell she grew tired and having checked in on me she retired to her bed.

By six the following morning my condition was plaguing and distressing me to the point where I felt I must rouse the slave from her bed once again. She has had very little rest throughout this my bout of illness, but it is a slave’s duty to respond to the needs and asks of the Cat and it should not be my concern that she was tired and anxious herself.

This pattern for a couple of days longer persisted and I was at times improved, at times suffering. The slave consulted other humans and realising that she, not being a physician, could do nothing further herself, contacted my doctor and made arrangement both for me to be seen by the doctor and to be transported there. The preparations she had ordered arrived that morning and she was able to give me some drops of valerian tincture to sooth my nerves. This no doubt made it easier for her to grab me up and place me in a special box designed for the safe transportation of felines by humans.

The box is in truth quite capacious and has receptacles for food and drink inside its hinged door. It also has a clear front so that whilst in transit I am still able

to see my surroundings and of course it has arrays of breathing slots throughout its sides so that I am never short of breath. The slave had placed a towel inside the box to both pad the inside and help prevent me slipping and sliding about. On the towel she had thoughtfully added a couple more drops of the valerian tincture to ease my nerves and I admit it did calm me considerably. However, I was not going to let the slave think that she might place me in a box with impunity just because she had supplied soothing herbs. Thinking that I might have caused a scene, which admittedly I have done on occasion in the past, she had placed me in the box forty minutes before our transport was due to arrive. I immediately began to shout my protest and to try and assuage me the slave placed the box with me in it in my window spot so that I could still see the sun and the comings and goings outside. I ceased my protests when she left the room. There is little point nor dignity in making a show with no-one to see or hear it.

The transport arrived a little earlier than expected and I hoped this would speed up the ordeal. I was carried in the box rather bumpily down the stairs and as we stepped through the front door, I shouted loudly enough that the street might know. They should see that although I had a willing army of slaves and expensive, luxuriant, opulent transport, it was under protest that I left my house. My miniature prison was placed in a vehicle and slid across so that the slave could be seated next to it with one hand on top to steady it should we all come to a halt with suddenness or corner sharply. I voiced my protests throughout the journey and continued to do so once we arrived at the premises of my doctor.

I had only a short time to wait before my name was called and I and the box were carried into the consulting room. There I was allowed to be out of the box and while the slave explained the events of the past few days and the symptoms I exhibited, I made good my enquiries and reconnaissance of the place. My doctor agreed with the slave's diagnosis and gave me a thorough check over. I am neither under nor over weight and maintain my figure admirably for a Cat of my years; this the doctor commented on with pleasure. She then checked my teeth. This I hate but understand it to be necessary, especially when one is advancing in years. I shall speak more of this presently. I do not ever suffer the slave to perform such checks and it is quite amusing to observe that when the slave states that I neither like nor allow something done, I supplicate to the doctor's doing just that. It serves the slave right for putting me through the trauma of transportation. They went through these checks

and then decided that I should not only be injected with something they called ‘stair roids’, but also that the doctor should shave me in those areas I had not got round to grooming yet. I will only allow the slave to groom me as far as my waist and it seems they believe me lazy and even conjecture that I may be arthritic and incapable of maintaining my appearance.

I took umbrage at their mutterings and sprang from the table as sprightly as a Kitten a tenth my age and to throw a spanner in their works, I took up a position firmly ensconced behind the fridge. I had not, however, accounted for the presence of a broom and ran with indignation toward the slave when the doctor proceeded to worry at me with the shank. I was at once scooped up and placed back on the table by the slave who now kept a firm grip of my shoulders so that I could no longer escape. The doctor joined us and before I knew what was happening had gathered up the flesh at the back of my neck and jabbed a needle into me. They seem unaware that this part of a Cat’s body is used by its mother to carry the Cat as a Kitten and is a largely insensitive area. Torment by needle can have little effect in this place. I did not let on that it did not hurt a bit and turned to face the slave.

Facing the slave was my mistake as it allowed my doctor the chance to ready the clippers without my seeing and to grab hold of my haunches. Appalled by this I let fly with my claws and got off a scratch to the slave’s hand. My doctor laughed and chided me not to scratch my ‘mammy’. They seem ignorant of the fact that a Cat agrees only not to bite the hand that feeds and our entente in fact mentions nothing about scratching.

The slave then produced the preparations she had procured to ask the doctor’s opinion of their worth. One of them, the one in the yellow box, is no good as it is formulated to relieve stones and grit of which I have neither. The other, in the blue box is good and may help alleviate my symptoms but only for the duration of my condition and afterward there should be no need of it. I am not like the slave who takes myriad pills and supplements daily and frequently chokes in the process.

Then we were done and I was shoved back in my box. The slave paid the doctor’s receptionist for my treatments and the consultation. I have not reimbursed her expenses as I did not ask for it all to happen. Indeed I voiced my protests throughout the homeward journey, so much so that the slave did not remain long in the vehicle to converse and instead extricated herself, and me, very quickly.

When we entered the house, the slave placed the box on the floor in such a way that once opened I had my choice of directions. When the doors opened, suspicious, I did not come forth at first. The slave left me to decide and in time I joined her in the downstairs where to my pleasure she had supplied fresh beef in gravy. About one thing in particular my doctor had predicted correctly – that I should be very hungry as a result of the injected medicines.

The slave, not having slept much at all in the past week waited only a short while and retired to bed, leaving further provision for me should I hunger in the night.

This morning I woke up when the slave did, at around seven. She could not interest me in food at all, which clearly worried her. Taking it back to the kitchen she added a more flavoursome dish, which I still declined. More worried she returned to the kitchen and added a little water and some of the preparation my doctor had approved, mixing all together. I took some of the resulting gravy but would take no more.

You see, where the doctor had examined my teeth, she had made my gums bleed and this morning they were sore so that I was reluctant to chew on anything. The slave observed this and resolved that as soon as the shops would be open, she would head out and procure both a blender and soft, moist, highly palatable foodstuffs for me. This she did at her own expense although I suppose the machine can be used for other purposes than preparing my meals. When she returned, she cleared away the food I had rejected, including some beef consommé from her own pantry and then I was regaled with the supplies she had gathered. I settled on a jar of tasty, nutritious, uncomplicated sardine paste. I have always been a lover of sardines and I devoured the contents of the jar with gusto. This pleased the slave and so I left her to inform those who know of my illness of this successful meal.

I returned to my sunny spot and listened as she pureed a portion of my standard victuals. This she brought up to me in a little dish but frankly I found it wholly unappetising and rejected it summarily. She then left me, deciding that she would offer it to me again when I grew more hungry. This she did and I again rejected it. A pot of salmon spread was brought to me and I rejected that also. Despairing, the slave then presented me with a pate of beef and ham intended for Kittens a fraction my age and this I chose to eat. I bit chunks out of it which confounded the slave who had believed my mouth too sore to do such a thing. Now

she is unsure what she can give to me and I shall be regaled with all manner of tasty morsels until one takes my fancy.

My symptoms, by the by, appear to have passed, but I know that the slave will not dare assume this is complete and will continue to pamper me for a few days more. She has just put down salmon in shrimp jelly for example, which is very much to my taste and I have eaten gladly. I see that she is pleased and greatly relieved to see me eat heartily. I still also have the choice of the Kitten pate and I have partaken of both as my evening meal. I trust that the pate is for Kittens and not in fact made of them. I should never forgive her if she turned me cannibal for keeping her awake at night and costing her of her own wealth.

But you see this whole affair is her fault entirely and I have heard her confess this; her fault and that of the man Phil that comes to see her. They removed a good deal of bric-a-brac from my house and from every part of it. They did so noisily and without consideration of my sensibilities. They are only too well aware of how much I hate to be encroached upon and especially in such a noisome fashion. They upset me so by their unthinking actions that my whole system was affected for the worse and for this I am merely reciprocating the lack of respect and am exacting torment as I feel correct. They are each ten times my size and I am therefore retuning the distress two times tenfold. I will stop when I feel I have reached the correct proportion, which is not yet. Should anything else transpire I shall be sure to make journal so that there is record for posterity and for all to read who would of the hardships endured by a Cat of leisure.