



It hardly seems possible that the end of another year is coming around again. I have had a great autumn which seems to have revolved around food (well, I am Special Food & Sleep Correspondent). One of the major benefits of having Twitter buddies all over the world is that we can occasionally swap things which are unobtainable in our own countries. Recently I was very fortunate to receive a package of American Catnip Temptations Cat Treats and then arranged for my staff to send my American friend a package of Duck flavoured Dreamies (her favourites!).

As if that wasn't excitement enough, another great friend of mine actually made me some Cheese "flavoured mice cat treats" to his very own recipe! We have all been enjoying these wonderful new culinary sensations for some while now. Of course, I have to keep the staff on their toes, so I make sure that I appear as bored and fed up as possible with the usual cat food until they spend their Saturday afternoons trudging around looking for something a bit different to interest my taste buds. This strategy appears to work rather well. Unfortunately, however, I have recently shown favour towards a brand of cat food which I've heard them saying is actually cheaper than some of the others, so they seem rather pleased with themselves. I'll have to think of a solution to this although I must say this particular food is rather good.

Anyway, it will soon be Christmas again. I'm not sure I really understand what it's all about but I am impressed with the Christmas Dreamies Selection Packs now available "you get four packs of Dreamies and a cat toy in a box for less than the normal price of 3 packs! (I'm not obsessed with Dreamies, honestly... well maybe a bit.)

Christmas in our house does mean the office is closed for a few days so I can sleep in there instead of writing my columns. We don't have a Christmas tree up though because Fizzywizz and no doubt my new sibling, Wolfie (aka the lad) would almost certainly climb up it and no doubt knock it over on a regular basis. Instead we have one of those small things that light up, fade and then light up again. It's quite nice but takes up far too much of my bay window ledge. My favourite part of Christmas though is when all the paper comes off the presents and I can jump around in it, rip it up and throw it around.



I'm rather hoping I might get a tank to sit in like the one occupied in the photo by my friend Mr Greebo Black Cat. (Greebo is Commander-in-Chief of the Whiskers Liberation Front Tank Brigade). That and the Dreamies selection boxes, of course. (Tibbsy, stop going on about Dreamies "Editor) Oh, and I forgot the smell of the turkey in the oven on Christmas Eve (Mumstaff cooks hers overnight and it's huge!). But most of all Christmas is about extra time with family and friends and I'm looking forward to that. The staff don't get up so early over the holidays so I get more sleep and extra cuddles.

So, as this is my seasonal message to all my readers and devoted fans, please feel free to reread this column at about 3 pm on Christmas Day. May I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and I'll see you again in 2012.

Mr Tibbs

### Mr Tibbs

Hi there, I'm back again. It's autumn already, I just have no idea where the summer went, although it seemed to come back for a few days recently and has now left again. Presumably this is all part of a dastardly human plot to confuse felines. The staff say I have been sleeping too much and at the moment I'm reclining in my armchair with my laptop, watching Fizzy and young Wolfie wrestling. It's a hard life being a cat.



My purrrsonal Twitter following recently passed the 2000 mark and I celebrated by doing my first DJ session at a Twitter "pawty." There are lots of these, usually to raise money for animals in need and I was thrilled to be able to put together a couple of two hour sets over a weekend. The #wlf (Whiskers Liberation Front) group I belong to recently elected me to be their "spokescat" so my political career has been launched. My first task was to give a presentation to the recent "Catference" on the subject of "Advance Cardboard Box Skills." This went down very well I am pleased to say and you can see one of the photos I used, featuring Fizzy, on this page. If you're a "Tweepee," do look out for me and let me know you've read my magazine column.

Apparently, I am 9 years old this year and am starting to relax a bit more. There are several much younger cats in my family and I leave them to do all the running about, playing and generally making a mess. Fizzy and Wolfie often end up throwing each other at pieces of furniture but there is no malice in it, they're just having fun. With my new "statescatlike" image, I think purrrsonal dignity is very important although this does not stop me from doing the odd bit of bullying to keep everyone on their toes. Sometimes, it seems that it is left to the ladies to maintain order. There are three in my family and it's not a good idea to cross either of the two older ones. Maisie May makes a fearful noise like a howling panther when she's cross and Holly will hiss very loudly and punch me back if I get too close!

Oh well, back to my relaxation exercises now. See you in the Christmas issue.

Pawhugs

Mr Tibbs



**Mr Tibbs**

Hello everybody, Mr Tibbs here with another column. It's been great to get out on the lawn recently in my favourite box just relaxing and lazing in the sun. I would have liked to have more time for this but unfortunately, it has been necessary to supervise my staff in the packing and despatch of the Whiskers Liberation Front (#WLF) T Shirts. These have proved to be a phenomenal success and are now being worn all over the world.

I have also had to cope with the arrival of a new foster "brofur." After a few days, the staff decided that he could stay permanently. I am sometimes rather mean to him but I suppose he's alright really. He is only 1, little more than a kitten. He has been called Wolfe and can be found on Twitter as @CatizenSmith. Readers of a certain age will instantly realise why he just had to join the #WLF!



**Wolfe**

This month's reader's letter and photo is from the lovely Tasha and here is what she had to say;



**Pink Princess**

Hello. My name is Tasha. My nickname is 'Pink Princess'. All my belongings are pink and I am a special Princess. My mummy does that Twitter thing with the handsome @MrTibbsatAP and other animals.

I am a rescue cat and have been living here for nearly two years now. I am seven years old. After mummy's last cat died, she saw me on the internet needing a

home, and I stood out as 'special'. I was described as 'being slow on the uptake' (which is true, but I'm ok once I have learnt how to do something). The Animal Rescue home described to mummy and daddy how I was in a bad condition when they took me in. I was thin and had fleas. My last owner shut me out, as I did not use the litter tray and I used to 'poo' on their concrete. Luckily for me, they went to Australia, so I got put in a rescue home. I didn't know what to think and used to just sit and stare. No life for a special Princess - until mum and dad came along.

I am ever so happy now. I am pampered to bits and really adored. I even managed to learn how to use a cat flap! And I am NEVER EVER shut out now. I have the best home in the world.

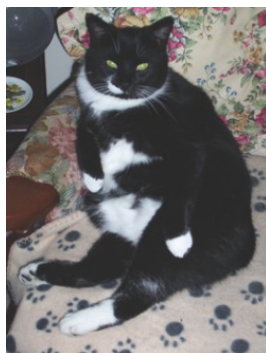
If you want to see more pictures of me, you can see some on twitter and my mummy is @Tashysmum.



Isn't she adorable?

See you all next time, Mr Tibbs

Email: [mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk](mailto:mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk)



Hello everybody, Mr Tibbs here again with my early summer column. I've been making the most of this wonderful weather. I am particularly fond of sitting on the lawn in my garden retreat with driftwood strategically placed outside it, so that I can pretend I'm in a beach hut. As you can see from the photo, it's actually a cardboard box but this need not matter. By the way, the word on the tape doesn't apply to me, although the Editor says it is appropriate for my ego "not sure what he means by that.



Tinker

Anyway, I have a second box which I generously allow my friend Fizzy to use and we spend hours every day staring at bushes for no particular reason. Fizzy has taken this a stage further by actually getting into a bush and staring at it from the inside. You can see him doing that in the other garden photo on this page.

I have of course continued my activities in the social media field and have been kept very busy with lots of "anipal" issues. Judicious "retweeting" has even helped me to save some lives by finding new homes for dogs and cats in the nick of time.

Closer to home, I got a bit of a surprise when a new "sisfur" was adopted by my staff. Her name is Maisie May and she arrived via Kitten Rescue at Alresford a few weeks ago. She is very sweet but I'm afraid I'm not always very nice to her, although she is beginning to learn how to deal with that, so I'll have to watch my step in future!

You may remember that last time we had a guest contribution from an aristocrat. I'm very excited because this time round we have a letter from royalty, no less. Here is what Queen Teazle had to say.



May I introduce myself? My name is Teazle and I've been following Mr Tibbs on Twitter for quite a while now. I look forward to his witty and urbane comments, and I was delighted when he invited me to write a few words for his magazine column. Like Mr Tibbs I am a rescue cat along with my brother Peter. We were taken to the RSPCA when we were about 6 months old and after a few days we were lucky enough to find our forever home. The Dad human was insistent that our new family could have One Cat Only, but the people at the shelter wouldn't split up my brother and me so we ended up going home together! We've been here for over seven years now and we have a very happy life. My favourite places to sleep are the human beds, the sofa in the spare room and lying next to my human Mama on the sofa. When it's sunny I like to relax in the garden, preferably on a patch of warm dry soil, so that I get nice and dusty. Saturday is the best day of the week because everyone is at home so I have lots of company and there's usually tuna for lunch too! Me and Peter can recognise the sound of a tuna tin being opened from the other end of the house which is the signal to run like crazy to see who can reach the kitchen first. Peter has a very loud MIAOW so the humans hear him coming first, but I only have a dainty little miaow. What I lack in volume I make up for in size " some unkind people call me 'fat' but I prefer to describe myself as 'robust'.

That just about sums up me and my lifestyle.

Thanks Teazle and I'm looking forward to hearing from you again very soon.

Until next time, everybody

Mr Tibbs

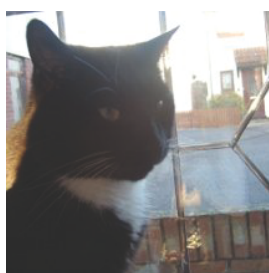
You can follow me on Facebook and on Twitter or contact me by email at [mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk](mailto:mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk). If you really want to use traditional methods, write to me at Suite129, 9 St Johns Street, Colchester CO2 7NN.



Hello Colchester, Mr Tibbs back again for another column. This time I want to tell you about my activities in the "furfront" of feline social media. I have a very successful Facebook page and I'd like to thank everyone who has contributed by "liking" my posts and commenting on them. I try to ensure I cover all the animal stories that are in the news, with the emphasis on fun but also, more seriously, animal welfare issues.

However, my first love is Twitter (where I am known as @MrTibbsatAP). There is a huge community of "tweeting" cats (and other animals) from all over the world and we all regularly get involved in events designed to raise money for good causes. Recently, we held a "Nipclub" party to benefit animals caught up in the New Zealand earthquake. I am almost up to 1000 followers on Twitter now and am something of a celebrity amongst the local "Twitterati" - according to [Twittergrader.com](http://Twittergrader.com), I am the 23rd most influential Twitterer in Colchester. I am also a member of the "Whiskas Liberation Front" and I have included a picture showing our "WLF Code" in this article (plus one of me wearing my uniform beret!). The "WLF" enjoy their daily exchanges which are often really amusing and imaginative, although we do also take a stance on important animal welfare issues and "retweet" information to try to help animals in trouble anywhere in the world. It would be great to see more of you on Twitter - come and join me, you'll love it.

I was very pleased to hear from another of my fans recently and this time, he's a member of the aristocracy. Here's what he had to say;



"This is Sir Percy here. I am black and white and my fur is smoother than silk (believe it or not). I also find much enjoyment in sitting on my favourite cushion on the sofa and watching films. I am the man of my house, as well as the cat, as my entire family are female. We have recently employed a kitten, but she is becoming far too familiar for my taste. As I write this I am watching a beautiful lady stroll down our road, she has a wonderful way of twirling her tail as she walks.

My story starts off very normally, just sold from a nice family, to a brilliant family, so I will skip the boring bits and get to the good part. I was about six months old, cheeky and good-hearted (as I still am, of course) and I live with my friend Basil. He's an old Persian and has trouble with memory. One day, I was just looking out the kitchen window and saw the cat that lives next door stroll casually into our garden. Basil was asleep in the bird bath (his favourite spot)

when the other cat jumped onto him and started hissing and clawing! I made quick decisions and leapt down, sprang through the catflap and down the garden, scaring away the cat from next door and saving Basils life! Ever since then, I have been known as Sir Percy Percival Boy. I earned my crown diligently.

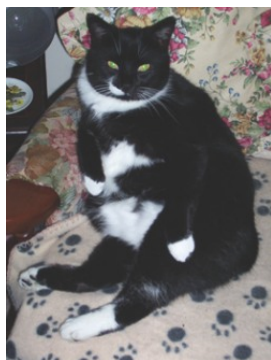
I have always had a very handsome face, and after my years of bird catching and mouse snatching, I have also got a strong, manly figure. I am now five years old, and I have raised my family well. Most assume that cats are the pets, but it's quite different when you are the head of the household. This may be why the other cats view me as the superior man that I am.

I enjoy your column very much indeed, and find it the perfect afternoon entertainment. Anna always remembers to give me a few treats as I read it, too. Yesterday, I was watching Garfield, and it has inspired me to advise a rather plump friend of mine to lay off the treats, just for a little while. You see, I am the heart and soul of my road, if not my whole neighbourhood, and all the cats rely on me to give my forever accurate opinion.

In conclusion, Mr Tibbs, you are my second favourite celebrity, as O'Malley from The Aristocats is first. I have attached a picture of me, so you can see I'm not lying when I say how handsome I am." From Sir Percy Thanks Sir Percy, great to hear from you. Not sure about being anyone's second favourite though! See you all next time.

Mr Tibbs

You can follow me on Facebook and Twitter and I can be contacted by email at [mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk](mailto:mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk). Technophobes can write to me at Suite 129, 9 St.Johns Street, Colchester CO2 7NN.



Hi everyone, Mr Tibbs here. I hope you enjoyed your Christmas and New Year break. We were sad because Wezzo, one of our household, died in December. He was very old and not at all well but it still came as a shock. Since then, I've been busy on Facebook and Twitter and have made lots of new friends. I've also had many responses from both cats and dogs living locally and we'll be publishing some of the best of these regularly. Here's a lovely story I received in a letter from a very nice cat called Tinker.

"Hello, my name is Tinker and I'm a 15 year old tabby. I was born in the mountains of Tirol in Austria. Cruelly treated in my first year and then abandoned in a cats' home, I shared a cramped room with 11 others and we slept on wooden shelves. Every day visitors would come and look us over. The lucky cats would go home with a new owner.

One day a lady came and she caught my eye immediately, so I followed her around but she did not seem to notice me - quick and drastic action was needed. She stopped to pet a pretty grey & white cat on the top shelf, so I sprang up and placed myself between them, leant forward and kissed the lady on the nose. She was taken aback but gave me a warm smile and gentle stroke. She then started to leave but the staff, who had been watching, pointed out to her that I was trying my utmost to attract her attention. The lady explained that she couldn't take a cat as she was going on holiday the next day. Another chance missed!

About 5 weeks later, I had the surprise of my life, when in walked my lady with a cat carrier. She came straight up to me, picked me up and took me home to her flat. So began the rest of my life.

On summer evenings, we would sit together on the balcony and watch the moon rise slowly behind the mountains. Then suddenly the whole Inn valley below would light up. Every year my lady went to England to stay with her family and I stayed behind with her friend, Tante Trudy.

Many happy times passed and 2 years later we were on the move to England, although I had many trips to the vets before I could claim my passport. A friend drove over to Tirol in his van and loaded our belongings. We clambered into the front, me included, and set off on our 2 day journey. We spent a night in a small hotel and I was allowed to sleep under my lady's bed (or maybe on it!) We arrived in Colchester tired and relieved. There is so much we have shared together and I am one of the luckiest cats in the world. Everything comes to those who wait!"



Tinker

Sometimes we cats just know who is the right person for us and Tinker certainly judged it right. Well, I must get back to wrestling with young Fizzy now but do catch up with me on Twitter (@MrTibbsatAP) or Facebook and I'll be back in the next issue.