



Hello, Mr Tibbs here.

I must say I've not been terribly impressed with our so-called summer weather, although we have finally had some sun recently. Normally at this time of year, I like to spend most of my days lazing around in the garden, either sitting in a box on the lawn, hiding in the shade of a suitable bush, or indulging in a spot of bush staring. This is not much fun when the lawn

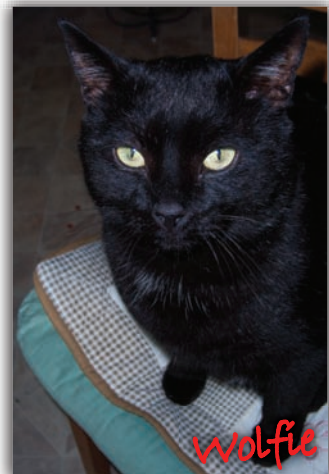
resembles a quagmire and the bushes are growing out of a mud bath. If there's one thing I hate, it's getting my beautiful glossy fur all wet and dirty because I do like to be the epitome of sartorial elegance!

I've found myself hanging around the house rather too much and although I am an expert at lurking and posing in my favourite armchair, it's really disappointing not to be outside soaking up the rays, especially when the vegetation has grown so much that the staff need a machete to get to the shed.



Anyway, as if that wasn't enough, the staff have rescued yet another cat. His name is now Oscar and he and I have something in common because we both lived wild for a time. Allegedly, he was being bullied by other cats and children were throwing things at him but he seems quite a feisty little chap, especially considering he's not much more than a kitten. So, we are no longer The Magnificent Seven for now we are eight!

The original idea was that Oscar would be a foster cat but the staff are a soft touch and as soon as he arrived I knew he would be moving in permanently. He has taken up residence in a large dog pen which is used by each new cat when he or she first arrives and is allowed to roam the house when under close supervision. The idea is to give the rest of us sufficient time to get used to him and for him to become properly acquainted with us. This is all going quite well although the process has had its moments, including a spectacular fight when Wolfie decided to attack Oscar and they had to be physically separated with a broom! On occasions Maisie-May can be quite belligerent too and has been known to yowl and growl, stirring up trouble amongst the others.





However, Oscar has lots of fun playing with Fizzywizz who is a friend to all and will chase him round very happily now that he's got over his habit of jumping on Fizzy's back. I get exhausted just watching them!

As for me, I tend to just fix him with my steely glare and then give him a whack as he goes by, always assuming that I can be bothered, of course. It's always difficult to integrate a new cat into the household and it takes time. The staff have been carefully studying a book called 'Flower Remedies for Cats' and are constantly spraying something called 'Feliway' round the front room. I'm not sure what this is all about but it seems to be working as hostilities have lessened in the last week or so.

I will keep you informed of Oscar's progress in future columns but now I must get back to my PC as my ever-growing band of followers on Twitter and Facebook will be missing me. There are parties to DJ for and #wlf campaigns and strategies to work on.

See you next time,

Mr Tibbs

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