



Hi, I'm Mr Tibbs and I'm Adams Publishing's special food and sleep correspondent.

When I heard that my domestic staff (he means the Directors of Adams Publishing - Editor) were looking for authors to write interesting articles for the magazines, I immediately volunteered because I've got so much to share with all the cool cats in the Colchester area. I'll be writing regularly and I'm hoping that perhaps I might attract some replies from other local cats which we can also include in the magazine.

At the moment everyone thinks I'm asleep on the landing outside the office but actually it's a draught excluder cunningly positioned to look like me. The difference is not immediately obvious as I quite often don't move much! What I'm really doing is sitting at the computer, writing this article.

Anyway, let's swiftly move on to the interesting stuff which is of course, all about me! I was born and bred locally, although I don't remember much of my first year or so. I'm afraid it was the usual story, broken home and then I ended up living rough on the streets and sleeping in a graveyard. I was pretty lucky because some really nice people fed me and I think gave me their own food. But I was a bit too adventurous crossing the road one day and ended up with severe injuries to my hips and tail.

That was when those nice people I mentioned called a cat sanctuary and they sent two ladies out to trap me. It took them ages because I was very wary despite being in a lot of pain. After that, I had lots of operations which I eventually pulled through, although I lost my beautiful tail and I was very sad about that. The two ladies who caught me took me to their home to convalesce for a while and then I moved back to the sanctuary and lived with lots of other cats - I was then known as Tibby.

I was there for three whole years! Nobody wanted me because I was shy and retiring (I'm not now but more of that another time) and of course, I had no tail. Then, one day, Jakki & Steve from Adams Publishing came along to the sanctuary. They'd already seen me on the "Cat Chat" website and thought I deserved a chance and so they took me home with them at the same time as another cat, so they rehomed two of us at once..



So, I arrived with my new friend Momo. I was very nervous about this but he wasn't. He'd only been in the sanctuary for a couple of weeks and he came straight out of the carrier and went upstairs to sleep on the bed, whereas I ran straight under it and stayed there for a month, only popping out at night when all was perfectly still, to grab some food or use the litter tray!

After that, however, I gradually started to get bolder and emerged for longer and longer periods and got a bit tamer. It was also about then that I started to assert

myself with the other cats that live there. I particularly like to pick on Wesley, a ginger and white and an old man, compared to me. For some reason, he allows himself to be pushed around at home, although when he's outside it's a different matter, he rules the street and no one stands against him.

I remember the lady at the sanctuary telling my domestics that I had my own little ways to assert myself and they'd soon find out! I think she must have been referring to my habit of boxing other cats' ears (I have been known to punch humans in the head too, on occasions, leaving heavy bruising and leading to my being nicknamed "Thuglet," though I am trying to live this down by being less violent and more affectionate!)



Anyway, eventually, I started to settle but what I really needed was a best friend. I was quite friendly with the other cats but I wanted someone to play with me properly and Momo is far too dignified - he is the Jeeves of the cat world - you can just imagine him saying "Indeed Sir?" as he looks down his nose at the rest of us. (Momo is the cat on the right of the picture which shows both of us).

I think I'll leave the rest of this for next time, as I'm feeling a little peckish but in the meantime, here are some pictures of me for my fans, including one showing me relaxing in my armchair with a nice glass of rosé after a hard day's feature-writing. Though I do say so myself, I think I'm a pretty cool cat these days and that must be why they call me...

Mr Tibbs

If you or your cat would like to respond to Mr Tibbs, an email to mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk will be sure to come to his attention or write to him at Suite 129, 9 St Johns Street CO2 7NN

Mr. Tibbs - My Story (Part 2)



Hello everyone, its Mr. Tibbs back again after the success of my first column which proved very popular with readers and of course their cats. The response was so good that my staff have been looking in my direction and talking about the popularity of anthropomorphism. Unfortunately, I don't know what that means but have no wish to appear stupid by asking. I expect its something to do with how

smart and sophisticated I am.

Now, where were we? Oh yes, I was just saying how much I needed a really close friend. Well, one day, the staff popped over to the sanctuary (armed of course with some pictures of me for all the volunteers to "ooh" and "aah" over) and when they came back they had two tabbies with them, Chloe and her kitten Fizz (now known as Fizzywizz.) I have to say I rather like Chloe - she is very beautiful and has nice manners but, because she is a lady, I am somewhat in awe of her and consequently behave very deferentially towards her, which the staff think is extremely funny.

Anyway, I sulked for some time after they arrived, refusing to sit in my armchair and being very stand-offish but fairly soon I realised that Fizzy was really rather fun and that he would play with me. We have hours of fun chasing each other around, wrestling and chucking each other at items of furniture, sparring etc. The only drawback is that he has now got a bit bigger than me and I can no longer be sure I'll win our wrestling matches! It's worth it though!

Since writing my last column, I have discovered that, if I climb into a particular plant pot in the garden, it is possible to position myself suitably close to a hole in the fence and then I can spy on the dogs next door without them realising I'm there. This is fun; it keeps me entertained all morning. I have also enquired how I got my name and been told to watch a DVD called "In the Heat of the Night." Now that the weather is getting worse and it's dark earlier, I will have more time to sit in my armchair and watch films. I normally prefer wildlife documentaries and get really close to the screen making odd chattering noises at birds and small mammals. I've no idea why I do this, it just happens!

Mr Tibbs goes viral As I said, we've had a great response from readers and their cats but I've also heard from a very nice dog who lives very near me. Her name is Tess and the Editor says we can publish part of her first email to me. Here it is with her photo.



"I am somewhat aghast that you incorrectly presumed Cats are the only species that can read. As a drop dead gorgeous Golden Labrador, I can not only read but am well versed in the art of writing not only articles and reports, but also poetry and have been published in a local paper! (Under a human pseudonym of course.) Quite an achievement, given that pens and paws are an awkward combination. Whilst the humans are out at work and think I'm sleeping my way through the day, I am in fact honing my computer skills.

I know you're probably thinking I had a wonderful start in life and that's why I'm so confident, beautiful and competent in no matter what I do, but please allow me to tell you my story. I was born on the 14th March 2004. Life was sheer bliss until I celebrated my eighth week. I was in the middle of chewing a particularly tasty chair leg, when I was scooped off the floor by a strange human. I have to

admit I enjoyed the attention at first. All that cuddling, stroking and telling me how beautiful I was - well who wouldn't?!

Imagine my shock as I was SOLD to this human. OMG!! Dog Traffickers! My emotions were all over the place and my mind was positively racing. Where would I be taken - or more to the point what would happen to me once I got there? I had read in a magazine (I know, eight week old puppy and I was able to read. What can I tell you, I was gifted!) that some people ate dogs! To cut a long story short, I was taken to a residence in Highwoods, where I have to admit I was looked after and loved but where I also became addicted to caffeine. I didn't realize until it was too late that I was so hooked on the stuff. The trouble with addictions is they make you so needy and I wondered what I would have to do in order to get my next fix. I am happy to report that nothing untoward happened and that my human handler shares her caffeine with me along with her love."

Isn't she lovely? I am sure we are going to be good friends. I have also joined Twitter (although I'm still looking for the birds) and in ten days have got over 80 followers. I have my own Facebook fan page as well. Please follow me on Twitter @MrTibbsatAP and find me on Facebook - just type "Mr Tibbs" into the search bar.

By the way, I now have an email address of my own, so please email me at mrtibbs@adamspublishing.co.uk or write to me at Suite 129, 9 St Johns Street, Colchester CO2 7NN.

See you in 2011,

Mr Tibbs