

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ZIGGI

An extract taken from 'The Diary of Ziggi-Cat aged 3¾'

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Sunday 1st August 04

Yesterday was the annual Bengal Cat Club Show so I had to accompany '*she who must be obeyed*' for yet another day cooped up in a pen with a procession of people gawping and gaping at me. 'Aaahloook ... isn't he lovely, and 'Oooo you're such a big pussycat aren't you?' Yes madam, and have you looked in the mirror lately?

Mission accomplished I presume, because '*she*' gleefully wagged a rosette in my face. I settled down for the main event of the day, my post-judging snooze.

During the afternoon, from the confines of my pen where I was peacefully enjoying the mouse hunt going on in my head, I suddenly became aware of an ominous presence. I opened my eyes and was transfixed by the sight that I witnessed. A huge face stood eye level before me. It was a grotesque caricature of a cat, with a button red nose, red lips and long whiskers sprouting from black dots and sort of orange and white stripes that fanned it's face. I looked at it, and it looked back. We both froze for a full minute before I realised that it was a little girl, face painted by some sick person in desperate need of art lessons. She opened her mouth and grinned at me, her painted red lips had stained her teeth giving her the appearance of Dracula's cat after a feeding frenzy.

At this point her mother grabbed her hand and tugged her away muttering not to frighten the cat. I am still not sure which one of us she was talking to.

Monday 2nd August

This morning I went off for my morning ablutions and arrived back to find my sister and '*her*' playing the Mouse Hunt game in the sitting room. '*She*' was on all fours peering under the dresser, while my sister sniffed, indicating in the direction of the runaway rodent.

This is great fun and can last for hours. '*She*' hunts it out and ceremonially puts it back outside in the bushes. The next day one of us brings it back in for her to play with all over again. What fun!!

Tuesday 3rd August

I have come to the conclusion that I am just too good and have decided to do something about it. I am nearly four years old and I think it is time that I started my rebellious period so its goodbye Mr. Nice Guy and hello Mr. Nasty. I shall start tomorrow.

Wednesday 4th August

To celebrate the beginning of a new era in my life I peed methodically on the lawn. In a few days time, when the urine stained grass turns yellow, the sight outside the kitchen window will be that of a large rude 'V' sign.

Next I went out and caught a very slow Blue Tit. It was lifeless by the time I hid it in the shopping bag.

I then ran amuck after opening the fridge, rummaging through it's contents. The fish course was done to perfection but the chicken was a little overdone for my palette. Buckles the dog was caught in the act of polishing off the bones and I watched from my hiding place as he was swiftly ejected from the house. It is SO much fun playing the bad guy innit!

Thursday 5th August

Last night I stayed out until 10pm, getting back just before the search party got under way. '*She*' was so relieved to see me and gave me a special tuna treat. I smiled and purred sweetly. My sister and Buckles the dog sat scowling in the background. They both slinked off muttering between themselves. I think my covers been blown man ... innit.

Friday 6th August

I got up this morning to find that my toy box had been raided. My favourite catnip toy, stiff and spit-sodden over months of cultivation, lay strewn all over the floor. My furry ball with the jingly bell, chewed and in tatters, lay next to it. I noticed that none of my sister's toys had been touched; the grin on the dogs face said it all. The dog was ejected from the house again. Ha Ha.

The yellow patch on the lawn has started to show itself quite nicely. I must make a note to be in the kitchen tomorrow morning when '*she*' looks out of the window. Of course the dog will get the blame, so two birds killed with one stone there I think!

There is a nasty smell emanating from somewhere in the house, it is so pungent that it is impossible for '*her*' to locate the source, especially as she has developed a cold making her sense of smell somewhat lacking.

Saturday 7th August

Why is it that dogs have to be so 'sucky uppy'. Dog obviously saw me doing the lawn thing and knowing he would get the blame decided to add a little of his own to my work of art and decorated the top of my 'V' with a 'W'. As a consequence when '*she*' looked out of the window this morning, what did she see? The perfect shape of a pale yellow heart staring back at her. After a lot of 'aaahs' and 'aren't you a clever boy then'. '*She*' gave HIM the cold sausage from the fridge that I had earmarked for my lunch.

This afternoon '*she*' went shopping. I watched as she picked up her shopping bag and drove off, with what appeared to be a swarm of flies in hot pursuit.

I think in this instance the dog will be out of the frame as he has never caught a bird in his life, so I had better keep a low profile on her return and hope that my sister gets the rap.

Sunday 8th August

I have just been beaten up by my sister who was innocently the first on the scene when '*she*' returned from shopping yesterday and had to suffer the full verbal strength of her wrath.

It seems that while on her shopping trip '*she*' decided to treat herself to a facial at the local beauty parlour. When '*she*' arrived she was informed that they were fully booked and perhaps Madame would care to try the salon across the road. Err.. and would she please leave the door open on her way out.

'*She*' sheepishly sloped out of the salon aware of the strong aroma of air freshener that was hurriedly sprayed in her path but unaware of the ever-increasing swarm of flies that followed in her wake.

The maggot infested Blue Tit that '*she*' pulled out of her shopping bag as '*she*' searched for the stray 50p while in Monsieur Claude's Fancy Patisserie was not a welcome sight as '*she*' flung it in

the air in horror.

The whole shop witnessed the Tit as it sailed through the air, scattering its load of maggots over everything and everybody.

It landed on top of the three tier wedding cake, (a truly fine example of Monsieur Claude's accomplishment in his chosen craft), that stood majestically in the shop window. It knocked the bride off her pedestal and positioned itself proudly next to the groom.

It was just then that the Ponsonby-Smythe's, the bride's parents, arrived with granny to show off their daughters wedding cake.....

Monday 9th August

After a physical threat from the dog, a truce with sis and a lovely lie in under the duvet this morning with '*her*', I have decided to ditch Mr. Nasty.

To make amends I decided to help around the house. Changing the bed covers seems to take an awful long time because '*she*' has a different way of making it than me. I then helped her send an e-mail, which was apparently rejected as Spam mail by her friend because it was unintelligible.

Helping clean the muddy porch outside resulted in the sofa covers having to be washed, the antique walnut table having to be polished and the bed having to be stripped and washed all over again.

Great to be back to normal again!!