

La Lettre Jèrriaise - Marianne Sargent - Lé 6 d'Février 2021

Hello everyone. It is me again, Marianne Sargent, with your Lettre Jèrriais this week. Today I'm going to talk about my cats, a happy subject amongst all the bad news at the moment.

We have two cats. One called Scampi and one called Arnie. They are 11 years old. Scampi is smaller than Arnie. Both are stripy. Arnie is black, grey and brown and Scampi is black, brown and ginger. Arnie is a girl like Scampi but we didn't know that when we chose a male name for her. Ged chose the name Arnie because his mum used to like Arnold Schwarzenegger in the eighties.

When Scampi was little she used to climb and jump all over the house and when she was about seven weeks old she broke her leg. She had to stay in a small cage for six weeks. The poor cat. I think the experience affected her a lot because now she is very needy. She miaows and miaows and jumps up on our legs. She loves to sit with us all the time. It is the only time she is happy and content.

Scampi is deaf and fears nothing. Arnie is completely different! She is full of fear. She is a 'scaredy cat'. She is scared of the Hoover and when the television is too loud. She doesn't like laughing or singing. On bonfire night she hides in our bedroom under the bed because she is scared of the fireworks.

Scampi is very poorly. She has inflammatory bowel disease. So she takes eleven tablets a day. She is allergic to chicken and other meats. She is only able to eat tinned salmon with special biscuits. Unfortunately she loves chicken, but if she eats it she vomits and her pancreas gives up the ghost.

She has nearly died a few times and again this past Christmas. She stayed with the vet for two weeks before Christmas and then another week after. She lost weight and was diagnosed with diabetes. My poor little girl. Now she has to have insulin twice a day as well.

Like me, Arnie loves food. She has been taking advantage of the situation with Scampi and eating a lot of special biscuits. Unfortunately she is overweight now. The vet said she

must eat less. So I bought a bag of biscuits for overweight cats. Scampi is very unhappy because she wants to eat Arnie's new biscuits. We have had to buy special feeding bowls with automatic battery operated lids to prevent them eating each others' biscuits.

They both scratch the furniture all over our house and Scampi vomits on our carpet in the living room fairly often. Scampi jumps on the kitchen worktops and in the tumble drier as well. But despite the bother, I love my cats. Scampi has been next to our son Harry since he was born. She is his best friend. Arnie goes to bed with him every night for a story. They both sit on our laps for the whole of every evening. They are here when we get home. When we are sad they are there. Long live the company of cats!

Until the next time. Take good care of yourselves and stay safe. Goodbye for now.