

# Life With Patrick

## Birbs in the Pool

Jacqui Bennett



**Patrick:** Mommy Mommy Mommy Mommy!!!!

**Me:** Patrick, I'm on a call

**Patrick:** Mommy, WHERE IS SHE!?!?!?!?

**Me:** What ... hang on ....Where is who? What are you talking about?

**Patrick:** She brought me BIRBS!!!! I saw 'em! They are awesome ... SOOOOOOO BIG and self-propelled!! Where is she? And why are they outside in Bo's water bowl?

**Me:** Patrick. Who brought you Birbs ... errr, birds? What birds? And where?

**Patrick:** Mommy you need coffee!

**Me:** I do not disagree my love. But could you answer my questions?

**Patrick:** SIIIIIGH. Fine. I know she came. Is she still here?

**Me:** Who?

**Patrick:** GAMMY BETH!!!!

**Me:** Gammy Beth? Why would you think she was here?

**Patrick:** THE BIRBS!!!! She sent me the cool brown birb, but it was on a stick. These are soooo big!!!! But I don't like water so you need to get them out of Bo's water bowl.

**Me:** OK, ... So first thing first. NO, Gammy Beth isn't here. If she was here, you would be being spoiled within an inch of your life and snuggled nonstop so clearly --- no Gammy Beth. Sorry. DO you want me to snuggle?

**Patrick:** Well DUH! But what about my BIRBS!!!! I can't get to them from here.

**Me:** OK ... So what BIRBS? Birds BIRDS. Patrick, there is a D in "bird."

**Patrick:** Drink your coffee and look out the big window!

**Me:** Oh .... Cr.... Christmas! How the heck am I gonna get them out of the pool?

**Patrick:** And bring them in here?!?!?! So I can play?

**Me:** Nope – that isn't happening. They need to go back to the poultry yard.

**Patrick:** Pick them up? And bring them to me?

**Me:** Welp, just a couple of problems with that plan. One, I can pick them up, but I have to get in the pool to do that, and I'm kinda in the middle of a work day. Two, I can only pick up one at a time which means it will take me four trips back and forth with a wet, wiggling goose. Three, you cannot have the geese.

**Patrick:** But I want them!

**Me:** Nope, not happening .... Maybe cabbage?

**Patrick:** Yuck!!!! I don't want cabbage.

**Me:** Not you, love .... Them.

**Patrick:** They like cabbage?

**Me:** They love cabbage! (rapid run to the fridge for a head of cabbage) .... I'll be back in a minute ....

**Patrick:** Wow, mommy, they followed you all the way down to the other end of the yard.

**Me:** Cabbage.

**Patrick:** You were like that story about the guy who attracted rats!!!!

**Me:** Pied Piper.

**Patrick:** So you are the birb whisperer?

**Me:** Sure, let's go with that.

**Patrick:** Can I have the birb now?

**Me:** Still no, but how about a treat?

**Patrick:** OK .... But I still wanna birb.

# Life With Patrick

Jacqui Bennett

Patrick is a floppy-eared Maine Coon Cat who shares his home with his humans Jacqui and David, and (reluctantly) with his canine companions Dexter (a husky), Bo (a shelter rescue), Mosie (an elderly basset hound), and Lucy (a not-so-miniature pinscher). He has opinions about most things, and is not afraid to express them.

## Monsters in the Litter Box

Patrick - MOTHER!!!! MOTHER!!!! MAMA!!! MOMMY!!!!  
MAAAAAAAAAA!

Me - What!?!?!?

P - Monsters !!!! in Daddy's litter box ..... there are monsters in the litter box...

Me - What? What are you talking about?

P - Out there - outside kitty vision ..... Where daddy uses the litter box when you aren't looking!

Me - We will finish this conversation about Daddy's litter box at another time ... and I will be chatting with Daddy, but I need you to calm down and tell me what you are talking about.

P - They are right there!!!!

Me - Where?

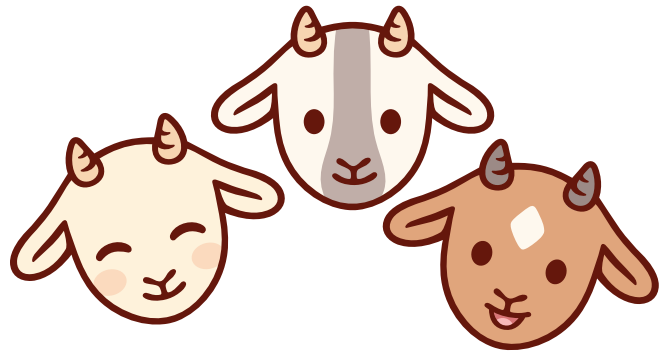
P - You can't see them? Do I have super powers? Maybe I can see things you can't see .... I am more observant to you ...

Me - Pretty sure I can see what you see so what exactly are we looking at << Staring out the window outside the cat tree>>

P - They are RIGHT THERE!!!! 3 of them .... They scream. They have HORNS!!!! MONSTERS!!!!!!

Me - OOOOOOO no Patrick ... those are not monsters.

P - Demons? WE need a PRIEST!!!!



Me - well .... I've heard of them being called demonic but no not demons... Those are goats.

P - GHOSTS???? We need the Ghostbusters????

Me - not ghosts .... goats... goats .... They are eating the weeds in the front pasture.

P - But they scream?

Me - That they do.

P - And they have horns...

Me - Yup.

P - They aren't coming in here are they?

Me - Nope ... no house goats .... Only Auntie D has house goats.

P - So they won't get me?

Me - Nope.

P - OK .... Can we eat?

## What the Well-Dressed Spay is Wearing

Iris Zinck

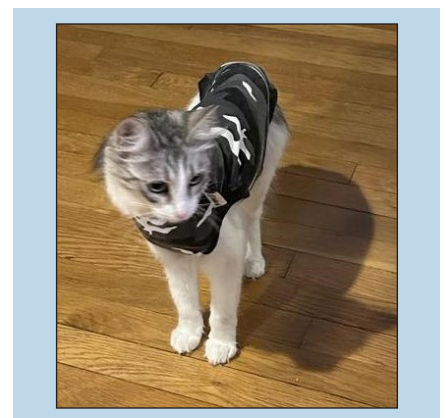
Photo courtesy Kerri Sugrue

If there's one thing I have learned in over 30 years in the cat fancy, it's that you never stop learning. Case in point: the recent experience I have had with the post-surgery care of one of my retired females, CH Finland Isadora of Folie a Deux, a silver spotted tabby and white Turkish Angora.

I was still on the fence about the future of Dora's breeding career and considering one more litter. But a placement opportunity arose, very close to home, with a couple who already had two of my cats. These were people I trusted with a whole cat, especially on trial to see if she fit well into their home (she did). Which explains why, once I decided to go ahead and spay her,

we planned for her recuperation to take place in that new home.

Knowing how miserable cats typically are in the post-surgery "cone of shame," I had purchased a soft cloth cone for Dora. When I tried to pass it on to Kerri, Dora's new owner, I was told, "She won't need it, I got her a suit." Kerri does her homework; she had researched the latest trends in proper care for a newly spayed cat and learned that post-surgery "recovery suits" are now a thing. Chewy offers them in multiple sizes and styles. They have a snug fit that prevents the cat from licking the incision, and allows for normal litter box use. There are even pockets for gauze pads



should you need to keep a dressing on the wound.

I had never heard of such a thing and now I know something new! Dora is recovering well and making a bold fashion statement. And I've already purchased one of the suits for the next female I plan to retire.

# Life With Patrick

## Travel Critic

Jacqui Bennett

Patrick: Hey, Momma ... what'cha doin'?

Me: Hey, fuzz butt! I'm packing.

Patrick: Why?

Me: What do you mean why? You see me do this all the time. I'm going to a cat show.

Patrick: Nope!

Me: Excuse me? Nope? What do you mean?

Patrick: You just got home from a cat show. That was two meatie treaties ago. That means there are at least another four meatie treaties before you leave again.

Me: You measure time in breakfasts?

Patrick: Well, duh! And I know it is never less than one paw of meatie treaties. ... and that's not the point ... So, what do you think you are doing?

Me: I told you ... I'm packing for a cat show.

Patrick: Did we not just go through this?

Me: Patrick ... my love ... my most favorite Maine Coon in the whole entire world ...

Patrick: You're sucking up...

Me: You can interpret it however you like. Regardless, I am flying out this evening to go to Malaysia and will be on planes or in airports for almost 40 hours, counting layovers.

Patrick: 40?

Me: Think of it as one and a half to two meatie treaties.

Patrick: And then what happens?

Me: Then I spend three meatie treaties with the cats in Malaysia and then I come back home.

Patrick: And that is?

Me: Another one and a half to two meatie treaties?

Patrick: So that's more than a whole paw of breakfast. Nope that doesn't work!

Me: Why?

Patrick: Because if Daddy is the only one feeding me, he might remember he fed me, and I might miss second breakfast!

Me: Really? Well, that's too bad.

Patrick: And who is in Malaysia anyway?

Me: Well, lots of people. You even know one, and are related to several others.

Patrick: Huh?

Me: Remember Auntie Adilah?



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Patrick: She called me a Norwegian Forest Cat mixed with a Scottish Fold.

Me: She didn't mean it.

Patrick: She did too!

Me: Well, you do have a somewhat straight profile ....

Patrick: NOT THE POINT!

Me: And you do have some nieces and nephews there ...

Patrick: Will you see them?

Me: No idea. Probably not.

Patrick: So let me get this straight...

Me: Lay it out for me fuzz butt.

Patrick: Even though you JUST got home...

Me: Sunday.

Patrick: And it is ONLY meatie treatie number 2...

Me: Tuesday.

Patrick: You are abandoning me to starve...

Me: Leaving you in the supervision of your favorite human.

Patrick: To gallivant around the world!

Me: Spend almost 40 hours in airports and planes and get 11 hours out of sync.

Patrick: And you are doing this because?

Me: Judging cat shows is glamorous ...

Patrick: If you say so, Momma. Speaking of meatie treaties ... I think that today's is just a bit behind schedule.

Me: Patrick, my dear, if nothing else you do show consistency with your life's priorities.