

A Devon Rex cat with a curly, greyish-brown coat is curled up on a red, textured surface. The cat's head is turned towards the right, and its distinctive large, upright ears are visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

A Cat called Gwyn

Memoirs of a Devon Rex
as told to his friend
Hilary Thompson

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This book is suitable for children and grown up children

Let me introduce myself



My name is Gwyn and I am a Devon Rex cat.

Having arrived at the grand old age of 12 years (human years that is)

I decided that it was time to do what many Humans do as they get older, write my memoirs.

As writing and using a computer is rather difficult when you only have paws, I have enlisted the help of my human, Hilary, to do the job for me.

So here is the story of my life, as I told it to Hilary. Any mistakes of course are hers, not mine!

I hope you enjoy it.

I first came to live with Hilary when I was twelve weeks old

I was very small and feeling a bit scared when I first arrived.
It was all so new and different from what I was used to.

However, I was so adorable, it was love at first sight! From that first day, I had Hilary under my paw.
Which is exactly where a cat wants it's human.



I liked to play on the scratching post...



and I was fascinated by the pot plant, which ended up looking rather battered. I can't understand why, as all I did was to stroke the leaves with my paws – oops, I mean claws!



I shared my new home with a grumpy old cat called “Parvati”



Just like me, Parvati was a Devon Rex. I had hoped that we could be friends, but Parvati would hiss and spit at me each time I tried to play with her.

One day she disappeared and I never saw her again.



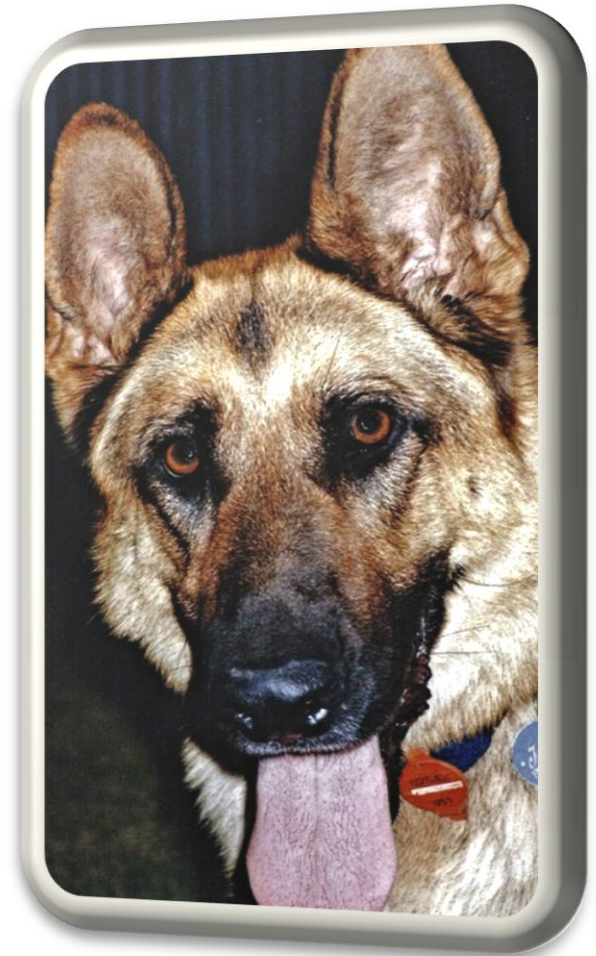
I also shared my new home with Tauri

Tauri was a great friend of mine.
He would let me play with his tail
and tug on his ears.

He was a very gentle dog and I loved
to curl up and snooze with him.

Tauri disappeared one day too. He was
very old though.

I missed him for ages.



We have lots of Magpies in our garden...



One day a Magpie just like this one swooped down on me, giving me quite a fright!

He then flew up into a tree and looked down his beak at me.

I marched (rather indignantly) up to the bottom of the tree and gave him a piece of my mind! How dare he do that to me!

He never did it again.



Every now and then a Koala comes to visit.

I don't take much notice of them
as all they seem to do is eat and sleep.
A bit like me sometimes I suppose.



I like to go out into the garden.....

We have lots of little lizards in our garden.

I sometimes play with them but I never hurt them.



Being a cat is
exhausting, so I
have to take a
nap.



Living with Hilary can be quite magical....



One day there were Ducks walking out of this book.

I wonder where they came from?

Oh dear, where are we going to put them? We don't have a duck pond. I need not have worried; they just flew away.



More Magic....

Another day I was
covered in daises.
They were falling
everywhere.

Can you see the
Butterfly and the Bee?

A Crow sat on the top of
the book and an Ibis
popped out from inside
the pages.



One day Hilary insisted that.....



I sort out an argument between two Crows who could not agree on who owned the toadstool.

They made so much fuss, I had to get quite cross with them before they would listen to me.

In the end they agreed to share it. Phew!



And then, after all that.....

I had to pose for my photo
to be taken while
precariously standing
in a Magnolia flower!

Oh, the things that you have
to do for your human
sometimes!

Must be time for another
nap.



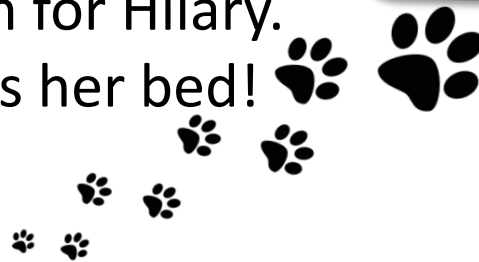
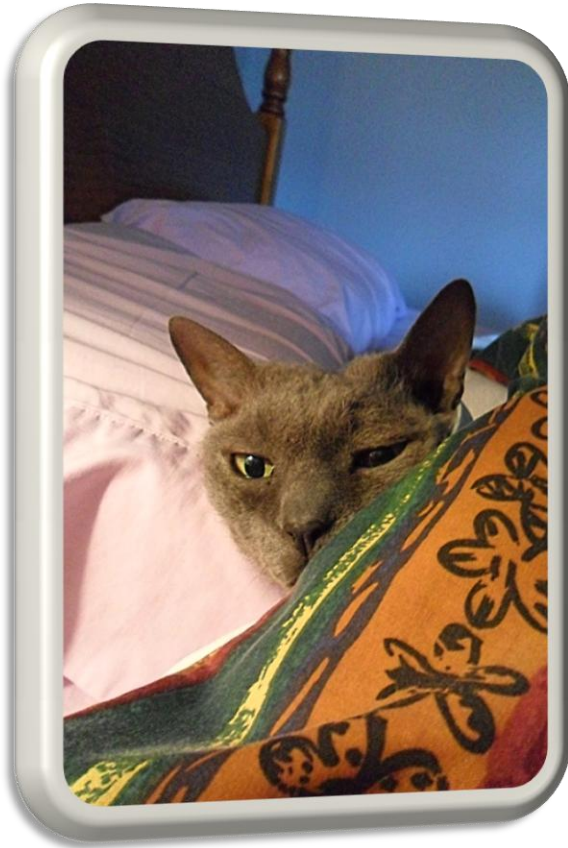
When it is cold in winter I like to sleep in....

We Devon Rex cats don't have as much fur to keep us warm as ordinary cats.

Our fur is soft, velvety and curly but there is not much of it, so we tend to feel the cold.

I like to snuggle up in Hilary's bed on cold winter nights and stay there on cold mornings.

I leave room for Hilary.
After all, it is her bed!



Keeping warm....

Last winter Hilary bought me a woolly jumper to wear. She said I looked “cute”.

I don't like it much 'cos it's not my favourite colour, but it does keep me warm.

I would have liked a red one, but she said that they didn't have red ones at the pet shop.



A few months ago, Ffish arrived

I had become used to having Hilary to myself. Actually, she's quite a good human. Generally well behaved and usually follows orders quite well. Like opening the door for me on request or feeding me.

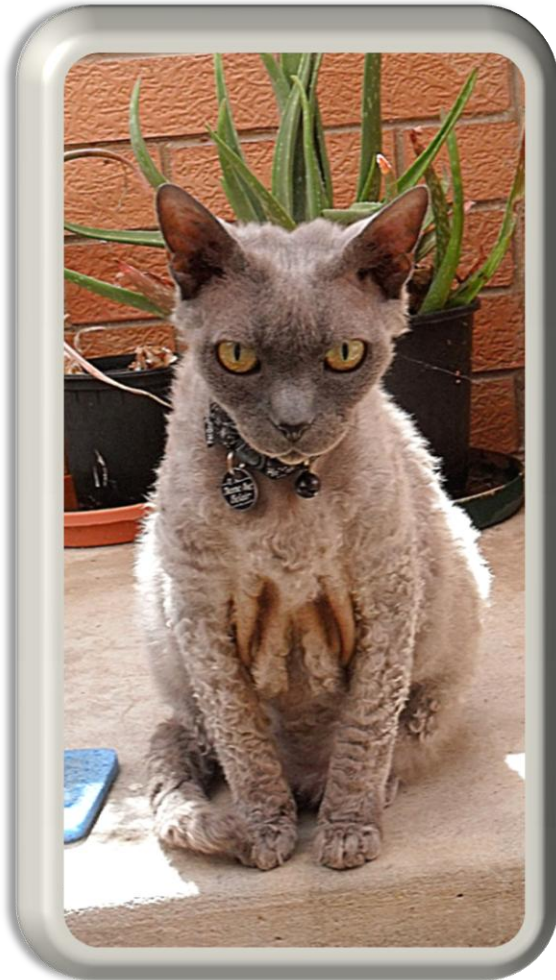
Then one day she came home with this fish! She said that it was a Siamese Fighting Fish or Betta as they are often called. She named it "Ffish". Weird!

I have heard of Siamese cats, but Siamese fish?



I wouldn't mind, but she spends time chatting to the fish when she should be cuddling me! Hmm... I don't mind fish for dinner – out of a can of course!

Please do not get the wrong idea....



I'm not a grumpy cat. But I do get cross with Hilary sometimes.

She doesn't always understand what I am trying to tell her.

Having lived with me for so long, you would think that she would understand CAT language by now.

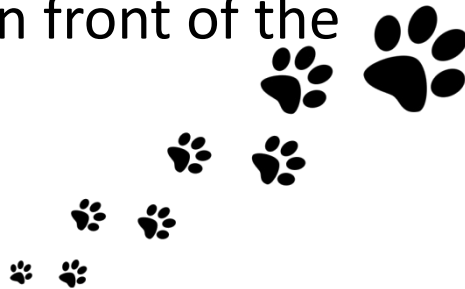


It gets very frustrating when....

- a) I am ignored and
- b) I can't get her to understand me which makes me feel neglected especially when she spends so much time on that silly computer!

So I have to get her attention by using drastic measures like giving her a gentle bite or yelling at her.

If I am really desperate to get her attention, then I sit in front of the computer screen.



Some days Hilary leaves me home alone...



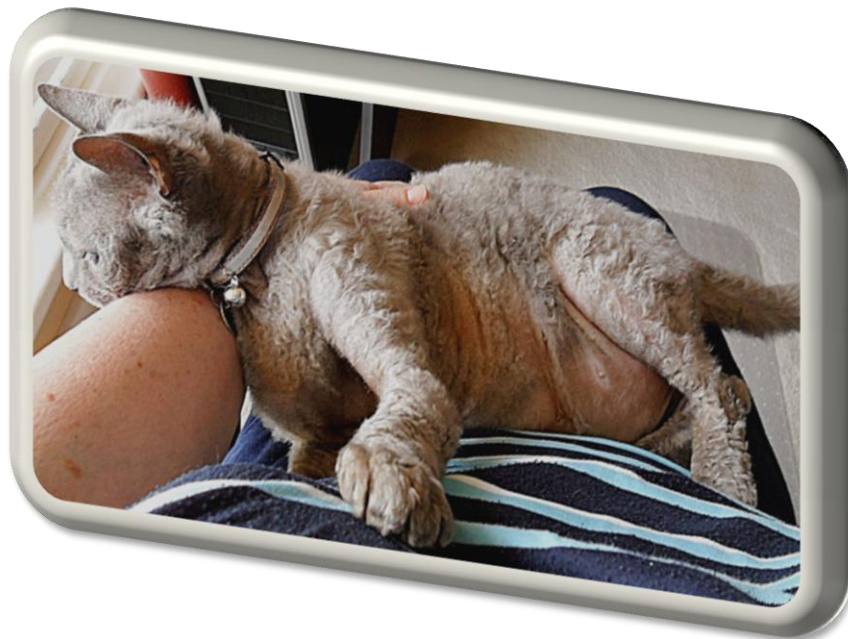
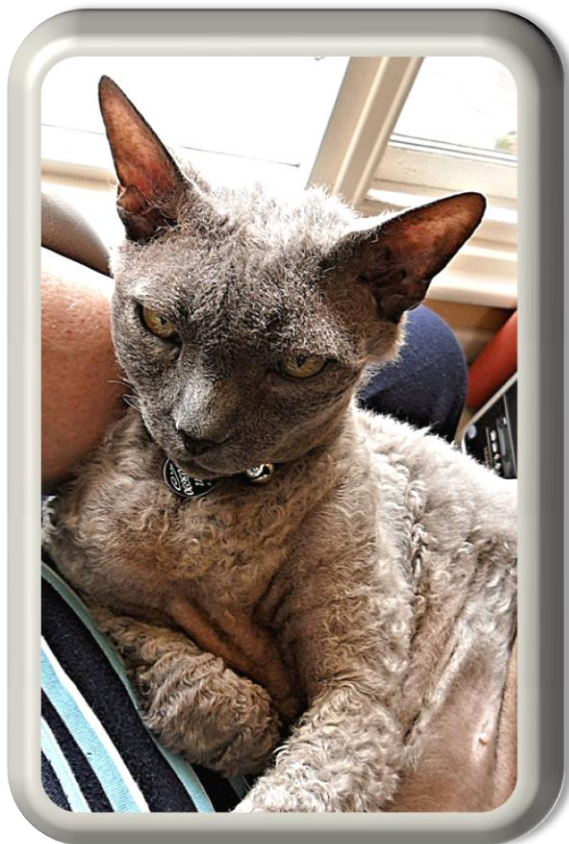
I sleep a lot while she is away.
Ffish isn't much company as
he doesn't talk much. Actually ,
Ffish does not talk at all.
He just swims around in his pot.



I always know when she is coming
back, so I sit in the window and
watch for her car.

Hooray! Hilary's back!

Cuddle time! Oh joy, oh bliss,
purr, purr!!



About the Author

Originally from the UK, I left home at age 20 and after travelling through Europe and Asia I arrived in Australia in early 1974.

During my working life I have had several career changes. My first career was as a Veterinary Nurse, the second was as a Dental Nurse and my third career change led me to become a Body Corporate Manager.

During my journey of learning about myself and healing my own pain, I have qualified in a number of healing modalities. Helping others to heal their relationships, their physical pain or their emotional pain is something that I am passionate about and I can't imagine now doing anything else.

I am a published author having written the book "How to Tame the Monkey in Your Mind". I have also co-authored the E book "Free Internet Marketing for Small Business" and have been a guest author for INetwork Business Magazine.

I have always enjoyed my pets, but Gwyn is special in my heart. Anyhow, he said that he wanted to write a book, so here it is.

I hope you have enjoyed reading it as much as Gwyn and I enjoyed creating it.

If you wish to contact me, you may do so through my website: www.theoutandabouttherapist.com

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2015

