

Aldencroft

My days in the bush I felt now were over,
It was time to be drastically bold,
To try something new – for a short time at least –
To be honest, I was just getting old.

I was going to work, if the truth may be told,
Purely to eat my own lunch.
Getting out of the truck was such an ordeal,
Like a nana, stripped off the main bunch.

So Karen came up with this novel idea,
A cattery might be the go,
We looked and agreed to purchase the thing,
We knew nothing about the whole show.

What a learning curve, it went right off the pace,
What on earth had we taken on?
I loved the cats, but my main concern
Was Karen's lack of aplomb.

Well we had our share of troubles at first
With some staff who became quite trite.
They finally left and, to my great surprise,
I didn't say, "Ma'am, on your bike."

The job was quite fun, if you'd call it that,
We prospered and so did the bank.
We sorted it out, cut a niche for ourselves,
We only had Jesus to thank.

We got some good staff who made us look good,
The business just took off Ka-Boom,
We had so many cats lining us up,
Not good when you run out of room.

We had Daisy and Kitty and Timmy and Sam,
Prudence and her brother Pete,
Tammy and Petal, and then there was Spike,
Boy, he was so quick on his feet.

He was a character - managed to find
A way to open the door;
He then got outside, had a chance to escape,
But God sort of anchored his paw.

I could see Karen down on her knees
Unhappily calling his name;
He looked up and saw her, gave her a wink,
And continued to play his wee game.

Now I know I was sweating – this had to end –
Karen pounced and landed her cat.
She took him inside to the sighs of relief,
Thankfully that was now that.

We had a wee Berman called Flushie -
Sometimes he got into a rage;
As his owner came down the path to the door,
The bottom fell out of his cage.

He could have escaped, there were places to go,
There were millions of possees to hide,
But funnily enough, and to our great surprise,
The stupid thing just ran inside.

I remember we had the death of a cat;
A coffin, I'll have to admit,
Was rather too small for our moggy you see,
The blimmin thing just wouldn't fit.

Karen went to the funeral,
They buried the cat, don't you know,
My wife was quite puzzled at how it was done,
It was better for her not to know.

We had Florrie and Morrie, Tappy and Fred,
Matlock, Willy and Blue,
Young Snoggy and Snoopy, as well as the best -
A little Burmese they called Sue.

We had blacks and whites, and some in between,
Brown and charcoal as well.
We discoloured one cat, the bleach saw to that,
As into my bucket he fell.

We never lost one, nothing ever escaped,
In all the time we were there.
I thank our dear Lord for sparing us that,
I just put it all down to the prayer.

And then you will get the odd funny bloke,
Who thinks he knows more than you do -
He picked up his cat, and the wrong one at that,
Went home, not even, "thank you."

As soon as I saw that the wrong one had gone,
I quickly got on the phone.
He was adamant "Sir" that I'd got it wrong,
Incompetence like he'd never known.

Well finally then he started to look,
His heart really started to race.
He brought back the wrong one, picked up his own,
He turned up with egg on his face.

I remember the time when the rats took control,
They multiplied, as only they do,
We employed a bloke to even the odds,
He just loved tracking down their small poo.

He got into the ceiling, the lot under the house,
On their scent he was not giving up;
He used traps and poison wherever he went,
Turned down smoko, not even a cup.

He really went nuts on the pesky wee things,
He absolutely loved what he did.
He'd grin as he showed us what he had just caught,
My wife would say, "Heaven forbid!"

It was with sad hearts that we let it all go,
And answered our Lord's faithful call,
To move down to Christchurch to do His work there;
I'll admit that I had had a ball.