

YOU HAD ONE JOB, CAT

You had one job, cat. To catch the mice who have invaded my house because of road works and destruction of an old station nearby.

I switched your food from gourmet sachets to ordinary Felix. I knew you'd only pick at it - I wanted to keep you hungry so you'd get off your lazy butt and hunt mice.

I locked the cat flap so you couldn't go out and had to use the cat tray. I hoped you'd get bored and catch a few of the intruders.

But no result. You just kept snoozing, even ignoring the cheeky little critters when they crept past you.

What could I do? I adore you, Jaspurr, but you must earn your keep.

I'm getting desperate as the little critters have invaded my cupboards and nibbled through my packets of healthy lentils and rice. And the mouse droppings everywhere are driving me mad.

I didn't want to bring in Rentokil as I'm concerned about poison. But I may have no choice. I decided to ring them and book a free consultation.

A nice 'rat man' came and suggested installing mouse traps or pellets. They can supply ones which are safe for pets and children. He also suggested useful ways of keeping cats away from any traps.

I've booked a full Rentokil visit, Jaspurr. To be on the safe side, my sister has agreed to have you to stay with her for a couple of weeks while the treatment beds in.

It'll give me time to collect all the mouse corpses. Gruesome, but probably better than picking up (or treading in) squashed mouse remains around the house. This would have happened if you'd really been doing your one job.

I'll miss you, Jaspurr, but it's your fault. My sister will look after you.