

DIARY OF MITTENS THE CAT - Wellington's most famous feline

Author: Lottie Peckham Davidson



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By Lottie Peckham Davidson

(To be read in a posh voice.)

May the 3, 2020

Hmm, yes. 2020 hasn't had the greatest start. It's been a few weeks since we've undergone a Covid 19 lockdown, and I'm BORED.

Less people, less food. Less faces lining the *beautiful* streets of Wellington. Yes it's been tough, even for I, Mittens the Cat.

Sure, I still go out everyday, but it has been rather dull.

I yearn for the odd passerby to look at me with sheer love lighting their faces, but they are all stuck inside their own homes and the city is empty.

How sad it is for a particularly handsome Turkish Angora cat whose ginger and white waves gleams in the sunlight.

Dear, dear. Well, hopefully by the time I get around to writing again the hairball will have stopped clogging one's throat...

July the 6th

Well, well, well, it's you again. I am exhausted, after a long day of wandering the streets of Wellington.

What I did today wasn't at all unusual. I strolled over to Willis Street. Sadly, that would be unusual for your ordinary cat, but I am NOT considered an ordinary cat.

A well coiffed moustached man bent down to pat me on the footpath, and when he'd had enough he walked over to a tall building. I followed him up to the 5th floor, and much to my delight, the building had an elevator.

Ahh yes, I do love elevators. Shiny parts which can soak up my beautiful reflection, rails on which I jump up. Simply blissful.

When I got to the man's workplace, I took in my surroundings like any sophisticated cat would. I had not been there before. There was grey carpet and lots of desks, some facing the view and others facing the dull wall.

I then trailed the man into his office, which had a wonderful view. I don't often see things from high above. City GPs and Willis Street looked small. The moustache took photos of me from a delightful angle while I posed like a model.

One must always pose like a model. It is a good skill for one to have.



Once I'd had enough of the modeling, I sprang off the window sill and followed someone else into the elevator.

Delightful elevator, I thought. Smooth and not bumpy.

July 23rd.

I had a late morning today.

I stayed at home a bit, as I needed to heal from yesterday's downpour at Queens Wharf.

Mittens got totally wet! Mittens did not want to get totally wet.

I acted like a *dog*. With my wet fur, I was feeling heavy so I shook, which got the majority of the water off.

Of course, I did this all away from the public. It would be humiliating if I did it where people were to see me.

Can I just say, one will always have a reason to act like a dog. Other than dogs themselves of course, who do that because either their genetics have '*being daft*' written into them OR the dog has a pea sized brain. Or both.

I dislike dogs fiercely. They just woof and ruff and it's *ever* so boring.

Hmm. Dogs get me off task. Anyway, after I finally heaved the old body out of bed, I wandered out the door onto The Terrace and decided that I was going to make someone's day by seeing them at a local cafe.

As usual, Cuba Street was packed (because thankfully we're out of lockdown) and I had to weave in and out of legs to get into Scopa. Scopa is my favourite cafe, for you can smell the pizza cooking, and sometimes I can catch snippets of food from the floor. Also, the hot chocolate is absolutely *dreamy*.

I never need an invitation from the place. I just come unannounced.

Coo, coo, that's all they ever do. And I like it that way.

August 1st

Now, not every day can be a good day for Mittens the Great. One just wanted to sunbathe in the sun, that is all!

Poor, dear, dim, human, you must be confused. Well, not to worry. I will tell you the story of how Mittens almost got carted off in a stranger's car.

Wandering around on Eva Street after visiting peanut butter palace, Fix and Fogg, I saw a car with an open door and I climbed in, jumping onto the parcel tray, which was bathed in sunlight. My poor legs were very tired, so it was nice to have a brief rest. After about five minutes of lying there, a woman tried to get me out, so I scratched her.

Luckily, it was not a deep scratch. The dear just got a fright, so I decided then was a good time to move on out. The space in the back was rather small anyways, and a cloud had blocked my precious sunlight.

Several people took photos of me, so I am sure I am now trending on facebook.

August 31st

Yes, Mittens is back! I had a wonderful time yesterday at the Wellington Museum on Queens Wharf, and saw my display! I may well be the most famous Wellingtonian of all time! I mean that modestly of course.

Speaking of Queens Wharf, I remember when Matariki the whale showed up in Wellington and stole *all* my likes. I remember just scrolling through Facebook, and then this whale popped up. I thought that day, 'he'll never be as famous as me'.

Inside, many people awwwed at me, and I took the time to educate some young souls. They patted me on the tail, which I hate, so I batted their nose with it. They did not touch my fluff again. I enjoy making people happy, as it is something I do every day, but as soon as I whacked them, the two children went wailing to their mother. I boosted it out the door without saying a word.

October 14th

Today was eventful. Some dog offended me and I spent the rest of the day sulking about outside.

I was just walking across the main road on Lambton Quay, and cars stopped for me. Then an imbecile dog told me I'm not the king and I should 'get lost'. And then the piece of trash sniffed my buttocks!

Never sniff one's buttocks. Especially when one has a song written for him!

Gosh. Well, hopefully I do not come across that dog again. He was *ever* so rude.

November 5th

I was VERY put out today, and even more so tonight. For every unintelligent person in this world, November 5th is also known as GUY FAWKES NIGHT.

Enjoyable for humans, yes, but how do you think we cats like it?

Bang! Pow! Kabloom!

I so wish humans made cat earplugs. Even the *plushiest* cat bed on top of one's head wouldn't block out the noise of the things.

But it's not fair! If fireworks didn't have sound, I would be enjoying the sparkles and sitting out on a deck chair on my deck eating sausages!

Also, I would be able to post a photo of me looking out into the night sky, and caption it: *Just chillin' enjoying fireworks.*

Ugh. It's **such** a drag being me sometimes.

Well, at least the weather was dire this year, so less humans let off the loud explosions.

Previous years there have been parties thrown on barges in the middle of the harbour. Well, I am glad that I live in Wellington. Not many cities have what *we* have.

November 11th

I do not want to sound stuck up at all, but this little kitty has met the Mayor, Andy Foster. He gave me the *Keys to Wellington*, an award that no other cat in Wellington has ever won. Ha HA! That just proves that I am a tad sparklier than all other mortals!

I believe there is a party being held for the city's 150 year anniversary. I have no need to be invited. I have already met the mayor, and I wouldn't want to turn up and steal all his attention.

One should never gate crash. It isn't a nice thing for one to do.

Anyways, today I went for a little walk, and I saw Te Papa. Didn't go in of course, I've already been there. Any cat would be jumping at the opportunity, but not I.

I wager one day Mayor Foster will recruit me to join the Wellington City Council, as there's hardly any place in town that I haven't been. Yes, I can imagine myself behind a desk in a tuxedo. That's just the type of cat I am. Unordinary.

Now, enough of the chit chat. I'm off to the Hippopotamus restaurant to have high tea, and I might even meow myself a large mocha. Happy 150 year anniversary Wellington. Enjoy your day.

