Hello there,

My name is Clyde, at least it is now. They used to call me Jack, as in the playing card, and the reason for that will be clear in a moment. But for now, just let me introduce myself. I am a healthy, athletic, and smart buff-colored tabby that lives with a nice human named John and two other cats named Susie and Milo.

Susie and I hit it off right away. She’s old enough to be my mom, and although I’m now an adult, like all moms she likes to have me nearby. Milo, on the other hand, could be my grumpy uncle. We get along more or less but when we have an argument John settles things quickly and impartially with a squirt or two from a spray bottle. Actually, I think John has a couple of these stashed around the condo. He calls them his peacekeepers, as in “Hey, you two, knock it off, otherwise, I’m getting the peacekeeper!”

I used to live at Shantis’ House, a feral and community cat sanctuary. Not 100% sure how I ended up there. They tell me that I arrived as a very sick kitten with a raging fever from a bacterial infection. Kristina Hancock, the director of Shanti’s House whisked me off to the vet for some subcutaneous fluids and azithromycin (oral antibiotic). After a few days, I started feeling better but I still had a stubborn eye infection that persisted even after the initial round of antibiotics. Apparently these sorts of eye infections are fairly common. It could have come from my mother during birth or from the surroundings where I spent my first few weeks.
Anyway, Kristina whisked me off to a vet ophthalmologist for followup. Who knew there was even such a thing as a cat eye-doctor. Amazing! Anyway, Dr. Moeller did a thorough exam and prescribed an ophthalmic antibiotic, gentamicin. In a couple days, I was feeling great and I started exploring the different pavilions at Shanti’s House. I did have a bit of scar-like tissue that did not go away around my right eye, and my vision is not great from that eye, so that’s why folks started calling me Jack, as in one-eyed Jack. I have to say I didn’t really care much for that name and was happy that John renamed me Clyde.

On the topic of toys, did I mention that I can turn ON my favorite toy by myself? John bought this thing called the Cat’s Meow. It has a rotating tail they call the “mouse wand” that moves about just when I am ready to pounce on it. If I take a nap the toy also naps, which sounds great unless I get up and want to play again. Instead of waiting for John I figured out that I can just bat the ON switch to wake up the toy. Actually, I usually just bump it with my head. Head bumping works with John too. I bump his leg to let him know I want some food, some attention, or both.

So all in all, life is pretty great here with John, Susie, and even with Milo. I don’t miss living on the street, and although I do enjoy bird watching from my post at the entry screen-door, I don’t have any interest in living anywhere else.

By the way, John stays in touch with Kristina and the crew at Shanti’s House. At first, I thought maybe John was going to adopt another young cat, which would be A-OK with me. Maybe we could name her Bonnie? But as it turns out, John had another interest: he was so impressed with Shanti’s house he wanted to do a feature news segment about the sanctuary for KPBS where he works. Look for more information on John Carroll’s video in our next update.