

as I can. After a few minutes I can tell that her patience is wearing thin and I let her wriggle free.

Later in the evening, I lay a piece of cloth on the floor where I would place her daily serving of fresh vegetables. Buttercup would stand on the cloth in anticipation of her dinner. I set a healthy serving of romaine lettuce on the cloth (which I dubbed her tablecloth) and she wastes no time munching on a leaf. She also enjoys the occasional sprigs of thyme or coriander.

Just before I retire for the night, I catch a glimpse of Buttercup "washing her face". She lifts her front paws to her face, and repeatedly sweeps them across her eyes and cheeks before licking them clean. Rabbit owners would know what I am referring to. It is truly one of the cutest sights to behold.

It is finally time for bed. I switch off the lights and close my eyes, and hopefully Buttercup will let me snooze a bit more the next morning.

■ CM

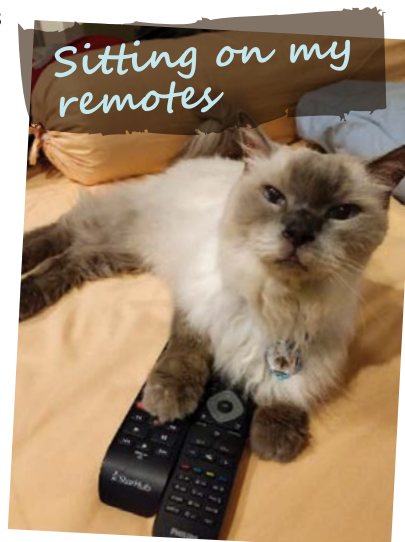
Your Favourite Spot is Empty Now

by Adj Asst Prof Low Sher Guan Luke, FCFP(S), Chief Editor, The College Mirror



*"Your favourite spot is empty now, where you would lie and sleep.
But the memory of our happy times is mine to always keep."
- Luke and family, your loving owners*

It was in 2004 when you entered our lives and touched us with your love. You did so much to show us how important we were to you and how much you loved us. Every evening without fail, you would patiently wait for me in the living room to return home from work. When I was in Sweden for 1 month, I was told you stayed in the living room and refused to go elsewhere for fear that you would not be there when I returned. You faithfully waited for me to come back even though I had kept you waiting for 29 straight nights before that. When I got home, you would always ask me to feed you biscuits. When the kids were turning in for the night, you would come in meowing and purring, as if to wish them goodnight. When I retired to my room, you would pursue me relentlessly. When I tried to lie down on my bed, you would be one step ahead of me, jumping up and lying on where I was supposed to lie. When I was watching TV, you would sit on my remote controls and deny me the pleasure of switching channels just so I could pay more attention to you. The next morning, you knew I had to get



up for work and you would jump up on my bed and start meowing at me like an alarm clock. When I refused to respond to your morning calls, you would start by gently licking me, followed by sitting on my head before resorting to more drastic means like chewing on my toes! The only trouble was that you could not tell the difference between a weekday and a weekend and you still try to meow me awake at 5am on a Sunday morning when I was trying to sleep in.

Looking back, I had taken you for granted. I assumed you were always trying to irritate me by sleeping at my spot. I thought you were always a greedy cat and coaxing me to feed you. I believed you were a broken alarm clock without a snooze button who refused to be silenced on a Sunday morning at 5am, and the only way was to shoo you out of my room and closed the door on you. Despite that, you scratched the door nonstop until you were tired and gave up. I used to find your pee and poo disgusting and

(continued on the next page)

(continued from Page 25: Your Favourite Spot is Empty Now)



images courtesy of
Adj Asst Prof Low
Sher Guan Luke

stinking up the house. I was so caught up with finding fault with you that I forgot to see how every action of yours were done in love for me. Yes indeed, you love me and our family in your own special way. A large part of us died with you when you departed. Even in the last week when you struggled, you clang onto life just to be with us a little while more. You hung on till the very last day when you could see my parents-in-law before your breath finally became air. Looking back, how could we not have felt your love and warmth for us? How could we have taken all these for granted?

We were glad we kept you comfortable in your last walk with us, instead of subjecting you to unnecessary pain and suffering. You never liked to go to the vet or stay in hospital. You always choked on and spat out your medicines and struggled to lick away any topical



creams we applied for you. The moment we brought out the cat carrier to ferry you to the vet, you would tremble with fear and try to run away from us. After coming back from the vet, you would hide from us for the rest of the day. So, it was a painful decision to keep you at home instead of instinctively bringing you to the hospital. But we knew that was what you would have wanted – to be with your loving family members at home, and not be in a hospital or clinic that smells of antiseptic in the air.

Rest well, my beloved Georgie. Yes, his name is Georgie. The one and only Georgie who came into our lives in 2004,

brought us so much joy and love and departed on 1 Jan 2021 after surviving the new year countdown. May you rest in peace and not suffer anymore. You will forever live in our memories!

CM