

# The Record e-edition

There for you  
24-hours-a-day  
7-days-a-week.  
Wherever you are.

Access the full edition of the Sherbrooke Record as well as special editions and 30 days of archives.

Renew or order a new 12-month print subscription and get a 12-month online subscription for an additional \$5 or purchase the online edition only for \$125.00

Record subscription rates  
(includes Quebec taxes)

For print subscription rates,  
please call 819-569-9528  
or email us at  
billing@sherbrookerecord.com

12 month web only: \$125.00  
1 month web only: \$11.25

Web subscribers have access to the daily Record as well as archives and special editions.

Subscribing is as easy as 1,2,3:

1. Visit the Record website: www.sherbrookerecord.com
2. Click e-edition.
3. Complete the form and wait for an email activating your online subscription.

## Weather



TODAY:  
SNOW

HIGH OF 1  
LOW OF -11



TUESDAY:  
A FEW FLURRIES

HIGH OF -11  
LOW OF -23



WEDNESDAY:  
LIGHT SNOW

HIGH OF -3  
LOW OF -8



THURSDAY:  
SCATTERED  
FLURRIES

HIGH OF -8  
LOW OF -26



FRIDAY:  
MAINLY SUNNY

HIGH OF -19  
LOW OF -29

# “I said it and I meant it”



## THE SCOOP MABLE HASTINGS

Just after Christmas two years ago our five-year-old mixed breed dog, Spot, got sick and in less than two weeks we found out he had a terminal blood disease. Unable to walk and starting to become jaundiced, we had him put to sleep. My husband did the hard part, in this particular case, I could not. This dog was special and our limited time with him made his sudden departure from our lives both painful and difficult. “No more pets.” I said it and I meant it. Installing an alarm to protect the house was less costly and easier on the heartstrings.

The youngest of our three sons lives with us. In the past two years he has become a kunekune pig farmer and

the keeper of the youth centre laying hens who are his entire problem and his to care for. While we support in the occasional expense, these animals are not our problem and while we find them entertaining, I don't get too attached nor do I interact with them often. Better for the heart to keep a distance; less painful in the long run.

Over a year ago a stray cat that had obviously been abandoned to fend for herself found her way to our porch in the middle of winter. She looked a fright in an emaciated state of neglect and of course, son number three began feeding her. She found a safe harbour in our wood pile in the carport. Wild to human interaction, she wanted nothing to do with us and that suited everyone just fine. The food was put out, she ate it and then she went about her business living outside.

We noted a couple of times that she was expecting kittens, but they never found their way to us until this past fall. She had a litter and while neighbours up the road found them and took them to be adopted, one was rejected by the mother as a very small kitten and left on its own in the rain.

My son heard its cries, went and found it and brought it back to the mother's sleeping quarters in our



wood pile. A few hours later the kitten was back outside abandoned and crying. Son number three, the tough guy, snuck it into the house and in the next two days had purchased feeding materials, a bed, a litter box, a cat condo, Mr. Dress Up's tinkle trunk for kittens and starter milk. When it cried, son number three ran to help, and the rest of us tried to ignore to no avail.

It took “Fez” a mere day or two and we were all making googley faces and noises and he was king of the house, charming the parrot and using the litter box far earlier than any “normal” cat (or so he told us)!

Fez has a bed, but is welcome to join any of us, a luxury he enjoys refusing at his leisure. He bites, he climbs, he purrs (in the presence of son number three only) and he has mastered all of the things I said he'd better never do. When my son whistles, he knows that means it is time to eat. When we spray him for being naughty, he knows that it is time to pretend he will not do whatever it is again (then does it again and again and again).

I never thought I would have an indoor cat. While he will never replace our Spotty, he sure is a nice reminder that our hearts are still vulnerable and capable of loving something we never thought we could. Fez is not going anywhere, and neither are we, unless he has other plans. and if he does, well, you will find me with the stray out in the woodpile with my pillow.



## Ben by Daniel Shelton

