

winter

cats are like odd-colored marbles loose on the landscape

...like queer big marbles...

Cats are at the edges of life. My father's stories often had ~~a~~ cats in them.

(note that I used Pete Olson in THOS?)

## WINTERING

This is a n'hood of adventure. Cats visit our yard because we don't have a dog.  
Birds visit bedause we don't have a full-time cat.

Cats pace through, in robes of color entirely unsuited to hunting--harlequin figures. They perch on fencetops, or come to sliding deer and glance in at me, then freeze in amazement to find me there. Once I saw one walk the frost-slick reef next door--slithering, all-but-falling like an ice skater, but keeping on with its effort at dignity. And there is a spot on the hill 15 yards from my typewriter where I have seen cats nestle, 2 years apart, in exactness, in the sun.

Squirrels commute along the fencelines, or gallop on the reef. In early March, one <sup>confidently</sup> can be seen in the high precincts of the poplar beyond Cechrane's house, out on limbs over a 50 foot drop.

(above, cat on icy roof: front gts stil in dignified pace, rear end slurring & scrabbling.

Dogs cannot wander ~~in~~ fenced backyards; cats are free as birds.

Jan. 1-2, 1869: box 1

Jan 1: Stormy day. Commenced to occupy office on  
the lower floor of old Post Office building Pt Townsend.  
as the office for Commissioner of Pilots. US Commissioner.

Notary Public &c

rent \$5 pr month

Mr Judson occupies the front room and I occupy the rear.

Squire Morris H Frost from Mukilteo in town.

Called on Judge Dennisón for information relative to  
acting as U.S. Commissioner

Jan. 2 Stormy day wind S.E. engaged in fitting up  
my office, &c

Jan. 18, '79, 3 p.m.--gray and white cat just visited the garden patch. Settled for a few minutes on far edge, nearest the bank, giving the spot ~~xx~~ a look of rightness with its presence. Then looked uneasily over its shoulder, I supposed bothered by me. But it got up, walked into the garden dirt, scratched a hole, quickly and daintily settled onto it in, in ~~xx~~ hunched but poised position-- Queen Victoria on a thunderbox--~~and did its duty.~~<sup>necessary</sup> Scratching the lid of dirt into place, it paused, looked around uneasily one more time, saw me thru the window, fled.

(Not the orange cat; it would not be lionly.)

winter

The birds are staying away. It is time I invited the cat to be elsewhere.

day 50: this is separate weather from what we have had.

8:15 am, Dec. 28--orange cat makes circuit, coming along hill behind the evergreens, past the back gate, along fence on neighbors' side. Returning ~~from~~ from a night of adventure; it is 22 degrees, clear; frost patterns on the garden dirt.

• secret life of cats is an epic we are better off not knowing.

- We had a cat for 6 wks in this house...

- clowders

- what is a word? Clowder, right for its bent of cloud, <sup>drifting</sup> ~~sky~~ plenitude