

LOOK what the CAT draggged in!

Gingee



Mathew and me

When Jay spotted what his fluffy ginger cat had in her mouth, he fled in utter terror...

Caught red-pawed



My partner Mathew and I stared at the cute little furball opposite. Jessie was curled up in her cat bed, snoozing away like she'd just done a 10-hour shift.

She was Mathew's 10-year-old moggy, and he'd had her ever since we'd been together.

I adored her from the start, and though she wasn't as active as she used to be, she was still as cuddly as ever.

Then a thought popped into my head.

'Do you think Jessie could do with some company?' I asked Mathew.

'You know what, she might,' he said. 'Another cat in the house might give her an excuse to run around a bit more.'

So we spent four days searching online, but none of the pets jumped out at us.

Until, one day, I opened Facebook and fell in love.

'Oh, Mathew, come and have a look at this post,' I said. 'There's a family in Liverpool trying to rehoming the cutest cat.'

The post said their daughter was allergic so they had to give the poor puss away.

She was called Gingee and was two years old.

And the more photos we scrolled through, the more we

knew we had to have her.

Ginger, fluffy and with the bushiest tail — she was perfect.

We messaged the owners, and luckily they said she was still available.

When we arrived, we knew straight off that we'd made the right choice.

Gingee was running around like the Duracell bunny, full of fun and having the time of her life.

'We'll be really sad to see her go,' said the owner.

Back home, we

gently carried the newest family member through our front door.

'Jessie, there's someone we want you to meet,' Mathew announced. 'Here's Gingee, your new best friend...'

The two cats looked at each other, then Jessie stuck her nose up and stormed back to her bed. 'They just need some time to

get to know each other,' I said.

As the days went on, Gingee was full of beans and always wanted to play, whereas Jessie was her usual chilled and sleepy self.

The two cats were like chalk and cheese.

Then we took Gingee to the vet's for a check-up, where we were told she was actually four years old, not two.

But it didn't matter. She was healthy and loved, and just like Jessie, we spoilt her rotten.

Eventually, December rolled around, so Mathew and I began buying Christmas presents and hiding them from each other around the house.

One night, when I was out, I got a text from Mathew.

Where are the tape and

'Where are the tape and scissors?'

Some of the stolen loot

scissors? it read.

I don't know, I didn't have them last, I replied.

We always kept the present-wrapping stuff in the same place, so I thought it was odd that Mathew couldn't find them.

Next night, we had a bit of a tidy-up in the bedroom.

And when I went to put something under the bed, I found two rolls of tape, and the scissors.

'What were they doing under

the bed?' I said to Mathew.

'Well, I definitely didn't put them there,' he replied. 'How weird.'

We brushed it off.

But the following night, we had some friends round, and Gingee sauntered through the living room.

In her mouth, was a pair of scissors!

'Gingee!' Mathew yelled, leaping to his feet and gently taking them off her. 'How on earth did you get those?'

'It's like we've adopted a dog!' I chuckled. 'I guess now we know who swiped the tape and scissors the other night!'

With that in mind, we kept an eye on Gingee to see if she was playing hide-and-seek with anything else around the house.

About a month later, a few mice and birds made their way

in through the cat flap.

'To be fair, it could be Jessie,' I said to Mathew.

'Let's set up a camera. That way we'll know which cat it is,' he said.

'Good idea,' I agreed.

We set up a camera by the back door with a good view of the cat flap.

Over the next few days, an odd assortment of objects mysteriously made their way into the kitchen.

'How did a pair of goggles get in here?' I asked, bewildered.

Little plastic spades, a sieve and a plastic football training cone all turned up too.

We checked

the camera footage — and finally the culprit was unmasked.

'It's Gingee!' I announced. 'We've got a cat burglar on our hands!'

A pilfering pussy! 'We should probably see if our neighbours want their things back,' Mathew laughed.

Later that evening, I posted on our local Facebook group.

Anyone had anything go missing from their garden recently? I typed.

A few people responded, and their missing items matched Gingee's stolen loot.

Over the next couple of days, people came round to collect their various items, as we apologised for our light-pawed feline.

But one night as we slept, Gingee brought in her most dangerous steal yet...

I heard a slight tapping at the door, so I got out of bed and went to investigate.

'Gingee,' I said as I bent down to look at her. 'What is it? Hey, what's that you've got?'

My blood ran cold as I caught the glint of a five-inch blade.

She'd brought in a knife! Was our kitty trying to kill us?

I scooped it up and rushed back to the bedroom with it.

'Mathew, wake up!'

I said. 'Gingee's

brought in a knife — look!' Still half asleep, he looked at it bewildered.

'And it's not even one of ours!' he said, coming to his senses.

We ran down to check the camera and saw that Gingee had carried it in her mouth.

'Bit worrying that someone left a knife lying around!' I told Mathew. 'Don't they know there's a cat burglar on the loose?'

Amused, we decided to put the footage on TikTok and Instagram.

The black and white video showed Gingee sneaking through the cat flap brandishing the knife like she was some sort of bloodthirsty bandit!

I keep telling people, don't watch Top Boy in front of your pets! joked one follower.

Hundreds of likes and comments turned into thousands, as our furry felon went viral.

Before long, we'd notched up a million views!

People are still amused at how bizarre and funny Gingee's antics are — she's definitely

got plenty of cat-titude!

Shortly after the knife incident, she brought in a plastic arrow from a bow and arrow set.

Only she knows what she was planning to do with that particular haul!

Just like the knife, we haven't a clue where it came from.

We're not sure what she's plotting or if she's stockpiling an arsenal.

But thieving paws or not, she's still our moggy with the most, Jessie's stealing little sis.

Perhaps it's just a phase. Let's just hope our Gingee stays one step ahead of the c-law!

Jay Phoenix, 43, Buckley, Flintshire

'Hey, what's that you've got?'

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Me and Gingee now