



DENTS IN YOUR DAY



CLAUS 2007- 2026

made heartbroken but with <3

in ekpahak/so-called fredericton

listening to PUP - sleep in the heat

cover by unknown staff at
fredericton vetrinary centre and urgent care

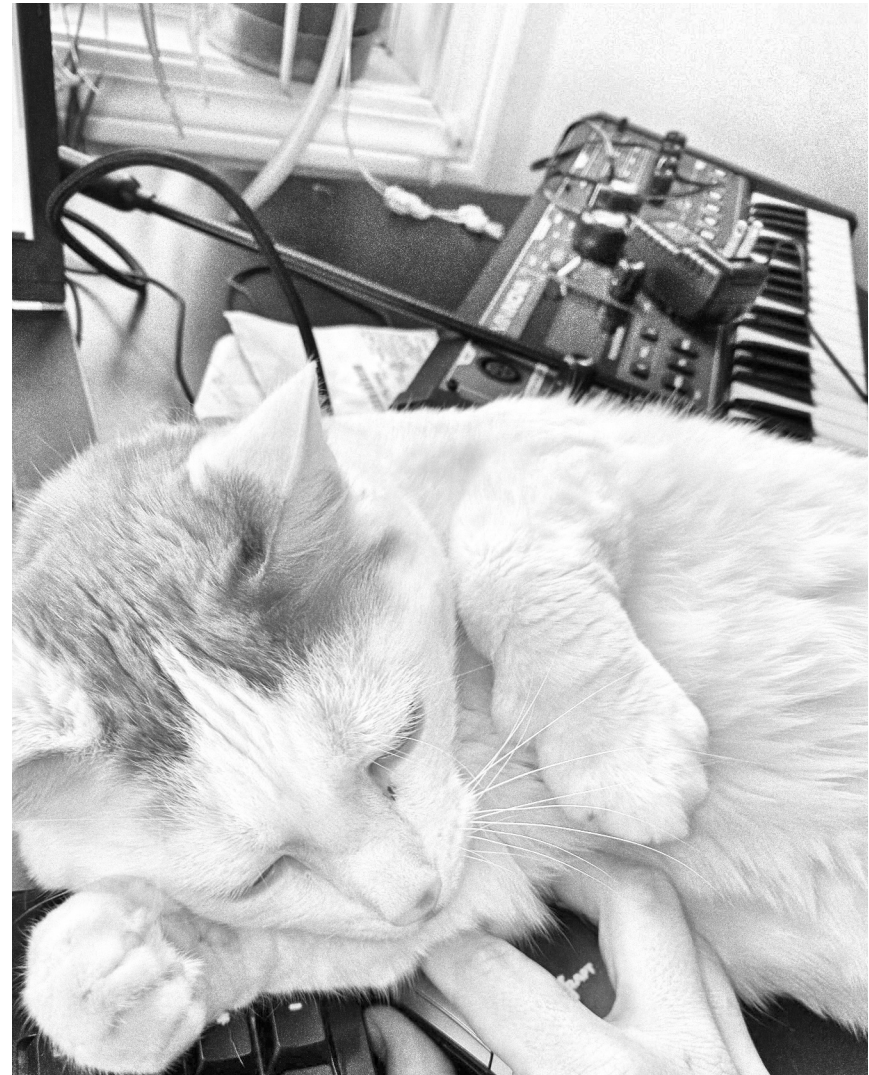
INTRO

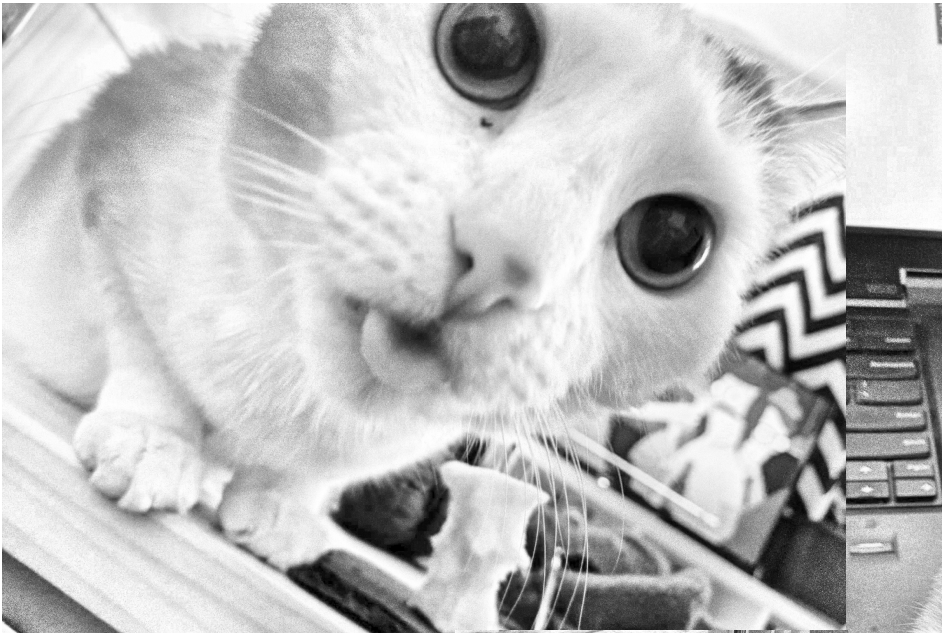
i've had a lot of opinions that i now think of as being goofy beyond all comprehension, and nothing reflects the idea that i just don't understand myself or the world around me like the opinion that "i don't like animals". i'd spent some time hanging out with budgies and guinea pigs, animals that are cute to be sure but that tend to spend a lot of their time in cages listening intently for a fridge to open or time to fly some laps around the room. they didn't have a lot of ways to be expressive and i guess we didn't really give them that chance when i was a kid.

in the intervening years since i would say something so completely wrong with unearned confidence, i've come to embrace the world's most obvious truth that animals are little guys with their own feelings, desires, and agency. that our friendships with them are long, varied, fluid, and enriching.

Claus aka Clausey aka Bean Boyo aka Little Guy spent 12 years fixing my heart, one that's pretty broken right now. by the time i met him, he was chilling out some, but our relationship was a little antagonistic. he knocked everything off my night table. he bullied me relentlessly in the evenings for reasons i still don't fully understand, since pats didn't seem to resolve the situation. he liked to stand in front of the television while you played FROMsoft games, a difficultly we'd dubbed Claus mode.

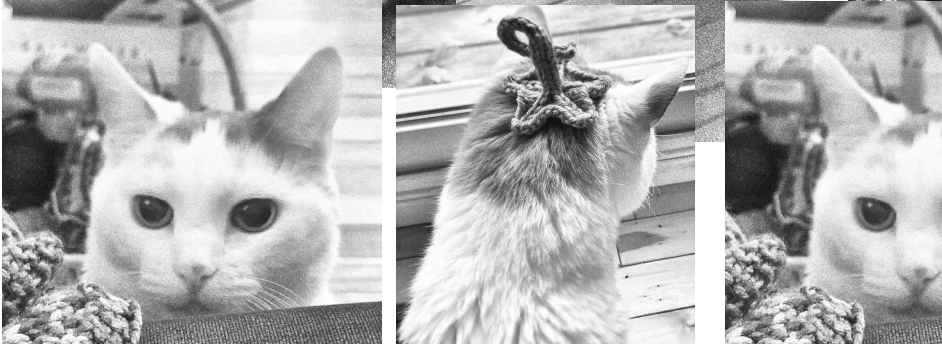
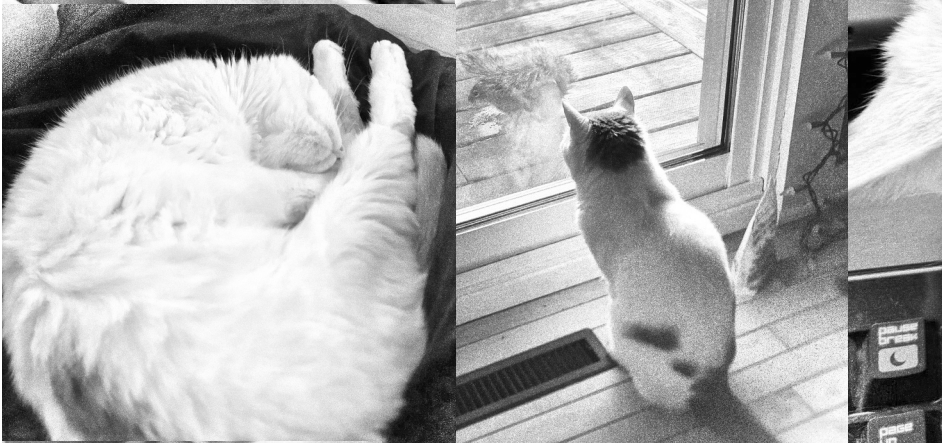
as he aged, more and more of our lives wrapped around him. we made him meat soup on a little pedestal to save his neck, placed blankets on all of his favourite spots.





now i see those holes everywhere, in time and in space. an hour of being told to wake up, garage time at 10:30, spots for snoozing, cat chores at 1AM consisting of a tour around the house and tossing around some nip toys. squirrel TV, the practice of watching (and sometimes getting mad at) the squirrels and chipmunk feeding just outside.

each of these absences throbs when pressed unexpectedly by a fleeting thought or a glance at the (ostensibly forbidden, practically menaced) mantelpiece. even given that, the last thing i want is to forget, or worse, have all of our time together distilled to a pained farewell through a plastic window. maybe this way you'll remember something about him too, or be reminded of the little guys that have made you who you are.



Claus "squeakin' the beans" trying to climb the cupboard to supervise food prep, footpads squeaking on the cupboard

FRIENDS

Brenden: Claus had a special affection for people who kept to themselves. Brenden, being pretty allergic to cats, kept extremely to himself. For many Sundays Claus would laze on the back of the couch while we watched movies or films and would occasionally paw at Brendo. Gotta let 'em know you're right there.

Denise: Denise would see Claus often, nicknamed "Clauby" and always check in on him and he would come to collect pats. She'd talk about how skinny he was (he did lose weight in his old age but we recorded his eating carefully to keep those numbers up). Claus liked Denise.

Marcia: Knew Claus since he was a kitten and gave him his name. They always shared time when she came to visit from NFLD.

Nom: There are people whose presence might drive Claus to find a comfortable hiding place (children, tradespeople, pretty much anybody who's prone to stomp around), but Nom was a frequent visitor where Claus would just be like "oh hi".



Claus was always up for chores and tasks, he constantly got in the way and ran underfoot, he bullied us relentlessly for dairy products and baked goods, he had strong opinions on bedding and would yell at us if we stayed up too late.

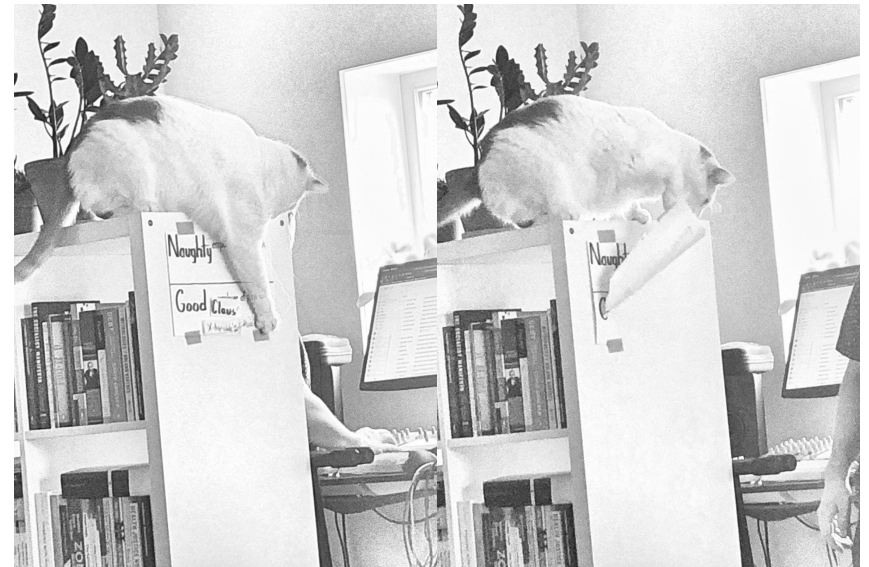
As he got older and slowed down while my own health declined, we spent more time together and our days intertwined in special and small ways. On days where I could barely stand, he made sure I got up. We did our best to ensure he had the attention he deserved - Royal Canin renal care E meat soup for his kidney disease, Solensia injections for his arthritis, lap time on his favourite blanket whenever he demanded it.

His life was so much longer than his senior years but I think slowing down alongside him made our bond deeper. Claus was the most special little guy and I feel so lucky to have had him.

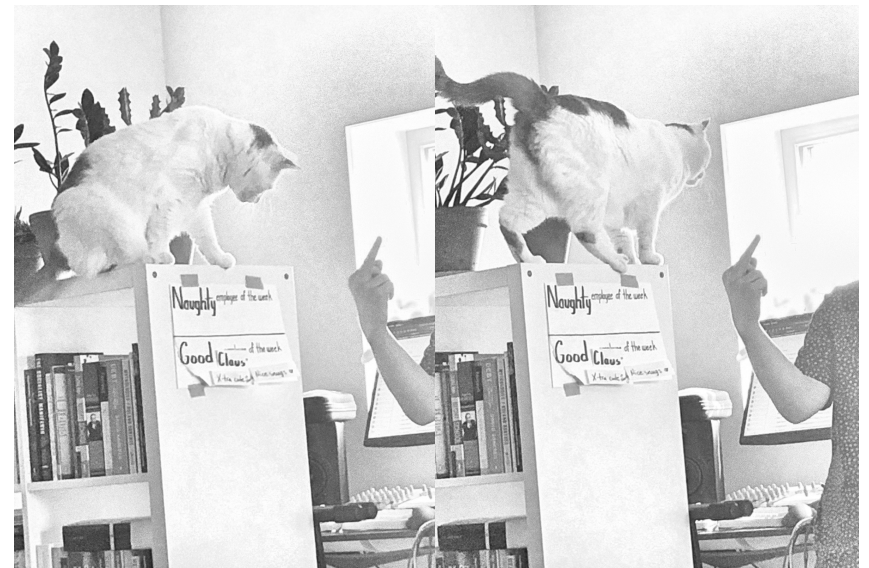
We love you buddy. We'll miss you forever.

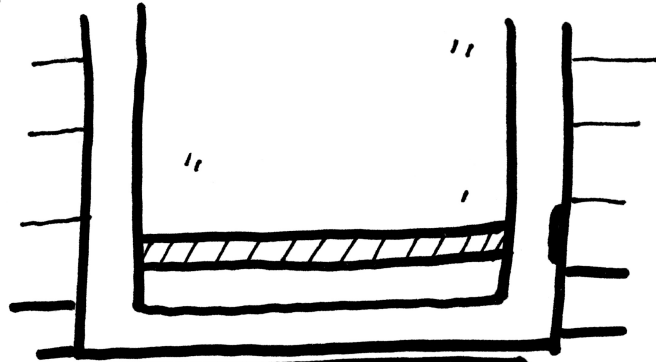
CLAUSEN

I don't know how to sum up 19 years of companionship with Claus. He was a constant throughout my entire adult life and everything is really fucked up without him here. Since he died, I've been in a constant state of realizing how deeply he touched every minute of every day. We've had a strict daily routine - breakfast, watch the squirrels outside, garage time at 10:30, naps together on the couch at 1pm, supper (gotta pay the cheese tax), snuggles in the evening, a space for him between my knees while we slept. We can do things differently now, but it feels wrong. I feel his absence most keenly when he was central to a task - sharing a little yogurt at a breakfast, inspecting the groceries, laying on my sewing projects, standing directly in the dirt while I'm sweeping.



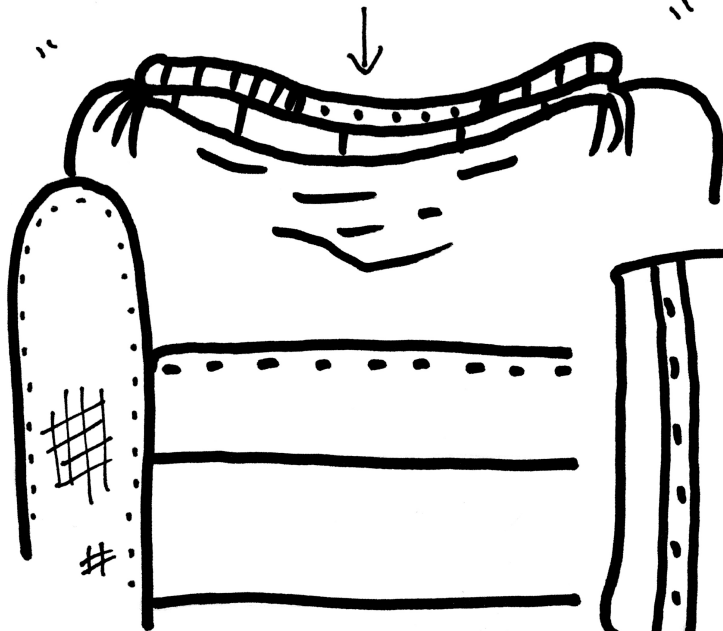
EMPLOYEE OF THE WEEK





in the garage

Back of the couch
on 2 blankets

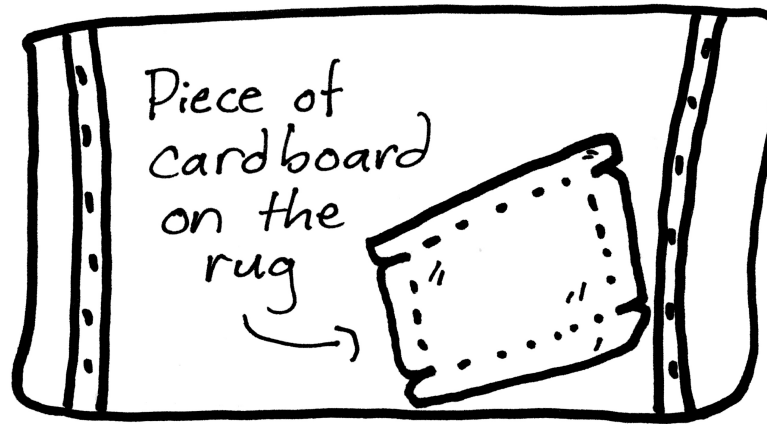


Basket under the
coffee table

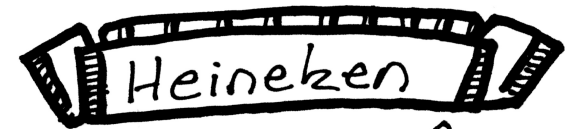


front closet
aka the summer
cottage

Top Tier Claus Spots



Piece of
cardboard
on the
rug



Busted
Heineken
box with
blanket

