

Leonie Flemons – Marmite

Soft, cuddly, multicoloured, cosmopolitan cat,
Adopted by Paul whilst at the Randwick flat.
The move to Arncliffe was her great delight
Many spots in the garden to bed down in day or night.
More tales could be told of the time there,
But the move to Surry Hills next I must share.

Not so spacious, nor much room to move,
Hanging in there her loyalty did prove. One more move to Randwick-
Then Waterloo she finally called home.
There she was comfy, treasured and no more did roam.

Marmite spent Christmas with us at Cullburra
It was her last.
She enjoyed being with us all there, as in a play
Where she was one of the cast.
Even the garage was not out of bounds
Indeed, it was part of her patrol
One night when doing her rounds
She triggered the remote control:
The old garage door creaked and groaned wildly
To say that Ingrid freaked out is putting it mildly.

After Christmas, back at Waterloo,
Marmite spent her days resting, sleeping, dreaming.
Until old age caught up and whisked her away.
Marmite, you are missed today