

Not Speaking to the Amamauensis
9/11/06

A prepared statement from the king of the "catsle":

Due to servile neglect and abandonment, I am not speaking to the woman who purports to be my Mama at this time. She left me here alone with Princess THING when she went to stay at the Richards' Kitty Vacation Spa. And then she left me here alone with Princess THING again when she went to Florida. When I choose to forgive her, I will deign to dictate another installment of my life story.

I'm ignoring the glare the woman who purports to be my Mama is giving me. I don't care if she thinks I should call Princess THING by her given name. I had to put up with Princess THING in that woman's absence. Maybe when I deign to forgive the woman, I will go back to using Princess THING's given name. Maybe not, just to assert my authority.

Asserting Authority
9/19/06

Mama has been praying to God that I would forgive her for being away so much lately. Did you know that when people worshipped cats in ancient Egypt, they only missed the truth by that [] much? We aren't gods, but we are the animals closest to God. We have God's ear, God has ours. I knew God had a message for us when Mama brought so many prayer shawls home for us to take comfort in. But I wasn't prepared for the message to be "Forgive your Mama, Apollo." I forgive her, but her absences will not be forgotten soon.

And let it be known that return visits to the Richards Kitty Vacation Spa without me will be treated as grievous breeches of the feline-human covenant. Repair of that covenant will require one or more of the staff of the RKVS to come to me. The staff, not items formerly ensconced at the RKVS, though I have to admit that the TV from Bill made for soothing memories in Mama's prolonged absence.

Princess THING - Serina - is responsible for all the pieces of Venetian blind that have appeared around the house lately. I don't understand why she can't get into a window without breaking a slat if I can do it and I'm so much bigger than she is. I guess she's just clumsy. She's also responsible for the end of our big water dish because she kept tipping it over and spilling nearly half a gallon of water a day into our food tray.

Frankly, that's just as well. While Mama was away, the little pain in the bloomin' arse (thank you, Lerner and Lowe) got sassy with me a few times after I instilled a lesson in authority and chain of command. I turned my back on her to end our conversations and she took her paw, smacked it down in the water dish, and splashed me. ME. Five times she did that. I didn't believe it the first time, but the other four earned her a good chase and tackle. There may even have been some growling and hissing involved.

Can I tell you how annoying it is to be awakened at 4:30 in the morning for a play session? Really, the nerve of her. No decent feline is awake at that hour. No, Mama, I did not wake you up at 4:30 a.m. regularly when I was her age. It was 5:30 or 6:00, which is a perfectly respectable hour, particularly if one wants to make sure to get all of one's naps in during the day.

Auntie Joanie is really nice, but she pays too much attention to Serina when she's here, which was a lot while Mama was gone. Uncle Mike came with her one day. He's cool. He told me I was "macho cat" - which proves that not only is he cool, but he's also smart. He paid less attention to Serina, but still more

than she warrants. I have to write Auntie Joanie and Uncle Mike a thank you note for taking such good care of me - us - now that I'm on speaking terms with Mama again. I don't trust the little one to do it right, so I must do it myself. I might let her add a line.

On the other hand, there has been connivery between Serina and Mama of late. I did not authorize, nor do I endorse or recommend, the version of life presented by Serina at another site. This is the KAV* of our life here in Pennsylvania and no other is acceptable to the legitimate government of this household. There is no First Amendment to our constitution here. Anything Serina manages to publish is samizdat, and no doubt not half as good as Alexander Solzhenitsyn, either. Probably easier to read, but not half as good.

Authoritatively yours,
Apollo
(as dictated to my "amamauensis")

*KAV = King Apollo Version