

**Happy Birthday to Me!**  
**8/10/06**

It's my birthday week! I'm now officially 2 years old. Not even I know exactly what day I was born on, but I when I was rescued on August 13th, 2004, I was at least 2 days old but less than a week old, so we know that my birthday is sometime between the 7th and the 11th.

Did I get a cake? No.

Balloons? No.

A special meal all to myself? No.

Treats? No.

New toys? No.

A visit from Bill or Tom or Pat? No, but I had hopes of Tom and Pat coming. I'll forgive them; it's hard to get here when the car plots against you.

I got my claws clipped.

Happy, happy, joy, joy.

There is one thing that brings potential amusement to life as a two year old: it's possible that Princess THING might actually be a prince. She (he?) has developed what look like the vet's favorite targets, though to be honest, I lost mine to a scalpel-wielding fiend 18 months ago, so I'm not quite sure what exactly I'm looking at when she lifts her tail. And without those targets hanging below my tail, I'm not really inclined to find out what might be under her tail. I'll bet if I hadn't been "fixed" (was I broken?) I'd probably know for sure! Mama says she's taking the princess to the vet before too long anyway, so we'll know soon.

I didn't want a little sister. If she isn't a little sister, then he's a little brother.

I don't really want a little brother.

Even if we can share Mama's bed without fighting. Mama let us sleep in her room the last couple of nights because it's been nice enough to turn off the air conditioner. We're going to get to tonight, too.

Even if he (she?) is learning to groom him(her)self fairly well now. And my hope that THING would return my ear grooming treatment has come true. THING learned from a master, because it was very good.

Can you believe I said that? I am, however reluctantly, honor-bound to tell the truth. That's what happens when you turn 2. You're no longer covered under the "I didn't know any better" clause in the feline honor code. \*Sigh\*. I feel old.

From the down side of 2,  
Apollo  
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")