

**DIH**  
**10/08/06**

Mama is armed and dangerous. She is in "DO IT HERSELF" mode, so nothing has been the same from day to day around here.

We got new furniture, which sat on the porch for a couple of days until Mama could clean it up enough to bring it in. Some of it is where it belongs already, but most of it either needs to be refinished before it can go in it's ultimate place or to be hung up - or both. Great: more sanding and more drilling in my future. At least she does the sanding outside.

And Mama does a pretty good job, too. This is a work in progress that she had to stop working on because of rain the other day:



I think it will be pretty nice once she's stained it. I don't know where she's planning to put that, but I can think of a couple of places that might be nice. We'll see if she agrees with me.

Serina has been as obnoxious as ever. I finally figured out why she's not as smart as I am. Well, maybe "smart" is the wrong word. She is smart. She just doesn't know as much as I did when I was her age, and it's all because I listened to National Public Radio all day when Mama was gone and Serina hasn't had that exposure. I think it's because we only get NPR on Mama's computer now; Mama takes it with her when she leaves, naturally. She won't leave the feed open when she leaves it here, either, though she does listen to the BBC at night.

What's the value of NPR as a catsitter? A tremendously varied and erudite vocabulary, for one thing, and the ability to make obscure references to literary figures whose heyday passed 20 years ago or more, for another. Not to mention being the best-informed feline in America when it comes to current events. I would have been an excellent contestant on "Wait, Wait, Don't Tell Me" back before we moved. Now, I'd be merely adequate. The network news just doesn't cut it as a reliable source.

As for what's upcoming in life, I sense that it will be another two weeks or so of turmoil in the house as Mama continues in her "DIY" mode. The living room will be much easier to chase around in once she's finished, though I don't think she has much more to do in there except maybe hang some shelves and rearrange some pictures. The dining room is a work in progress; there are boxes there she needs to get to the church and I think she wants to get a big shelf or display unit for the area once those boxes are gone. The study is going to be a nightmare, I'll bet, but I heard her talking to Aunt Joanie on the phone the other day and they were talking about working on it together.

Maybe Aunt Joanie will tell me who's coming to visit that's got Mama on such a tear. If I had to guess, I'd say Grandma and Grandpa. But I think there are others, too. It's too much to hope it's Bill and Tom and Pat - but if I'm really, really, really good, maybe my dreams will come true!

I don't really care what Serina dreams. She had the audacity to try to usurp my status as ruler of the roost just by climbing a ladder.



Doesn't she know that height does not make might?  
(See what I mean about an NPR education? Serina certainly couldn't have turned THAT phrase.)

From the top of the food heap,  
King Apollo  
(as dictated to my "amamauensis")