

I've Been in Hell . . .
8/5/06

How hot was it? It was so hot the baked potato wanted back in the oven where it was cooler. It was so hot Satan thought about relocating Hell to this warmer climate.

It was so hot that I slept in the air conditioned bedroom three nights this week - and not with Mama. I can't take credit for those observations, by the way. Mama made those this week.

We didn't have company on Tuesday because it was too hot. I'm glad, actually. I wouldn't have wanted to be petted and coddled in that heat.

The saving grace for the week was witnessing Princess THING's stupidity. And oh, it was SWEET!

Princess THING isn't completely stupid. She has learned a few things from me, such as the art of bathtub drip licking. However, she needs to refine her entry technique so that she doesn't try to jump into the tub when the shower doors are closed! Man, that was funny. She just jumped at the closed door and whacked her head against it, then landed on her back, which set her to yeowling until Mama stuck her head out and scolded her. Apparently it wasn't the first time Princess THING had done that. I wish I'd seen the other times!

She needs to learn to land on her feet, too, but Mama reminded me that I didn't always land on my feet when I was her age, so I'm not allowed to comment when Mama is around. What I do when she's not around, well, that stays between me and the little brat.

Mama opened up the bedroom doors for the first time in a month late last night. It's very comfortable in here right now with the porch door and window open and the fans running. Downstairs, it's quite delightful, but I don't know if it will last the month. She says it should last the week, anyway. Hallelujah! Maybe she'll spend more time closer to the food and the litter box.

Since it's better sleeping weather, I'm going to catch up on my catnapping starting in about 2 minutes.

Signing off from almost paradise (and you know why it's only "almost"),
Apollo
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")