

**Joys, Silly Little Sisters, and Poetry**  
**8/17/06**

(I'd have used another adjective but Mama glared at me when I dictated it to her, so we will have to be content with "silly".)

When I wrote last week, it seemed as though my birthday had gone completely unnoticed. However, Friday morning I had the best birthday surprise ever: Tom and Pat came to visit after all!

Nancy from the Ephrata Annex of the Richards Kitty Vacation Spa brought them out for a few hours, even though she's severely allergic to cats. Poor Nancy. Poor me! She couldn't make the fuss over me that I deserve, but Tom and Pat did. And when they tried to fuss over Princess THING, um, Mama's glaring at me again. Hold on.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

Sorry, I've been informed that calling my little sister "Princess THING" is no longer allowable under the feline honor code. I can call her by her name or I can call her "Princess".

Figure the odds of me calling her "Princess" without something derogatory following.

When Tom and Pat tried to make a fuss over Serina (it will take a while to get used to saying that), I made sure that they knew it was inappropriate to do so. She is, after all, second fiddle around here and likely to stay that way for a very, very long time.

Oh, and in case you're wondering, she isn't a he. She's just maturing physically faster than usual, so she has some parts showing now that don't usually show until 5 or 6 months. Ewww.

Tom and Pat couldn't stay long because Mama had a full day - she didn't get home from wherever she went that night until very late and she slept very late on Saturday, too. But it was nice to see them, even if I didn't get to sit on Pat's lap or eat treats from Tom's hands.

Serina doesn't yet comprehend "Down" and so gets tossed from or pushed off the dining room table and the kitchen counters a lot. You'd think by now she would know. I'm afraid Mama's going to get out the squirt bottle if Serina keeps it up. She also hasn't figured out that the bedside lamp will burn her if she stays under it too long, though apparently she hasn't been burned yet. And she seems to like sitting on the toilet seat with Mama. Yes, with Mama. I don't get it, either.

She may be getting better at grooming herself, but not good enough to avoid another bath tonight. She wasn't quick enough to avoid getting both the bath and the rinse, which left her so discombobulated that Mama was able to catch her with the towel and dry her off. I don't know if she looked funnier dripping wet or towel-dried.

The house got cleaned yesterday, so I'm guessing we're having company this weekend. I don't know who or when, though. Mama hasn't been forthcoming with information so far. When Sheila is here to clean the house, I follow her around until she turns the vacuum cleaner on. Then I find another way to

entertain myself until she's done. The house looks great when she's done and Mama's getting better at keeping it that way. Except when we help undo it, of course, but anything that makes a mess is Serina's fault automatically.

What? She's the little sister. That's her role in life.

If I have to start using her name, then she can bear the brunt of the blame.

I am a feline.  
I am a being divine.  
Listen to me whine.

What other creature could write a rhyming haiku? Could you?

Poetically yours,  
Apollo  
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")