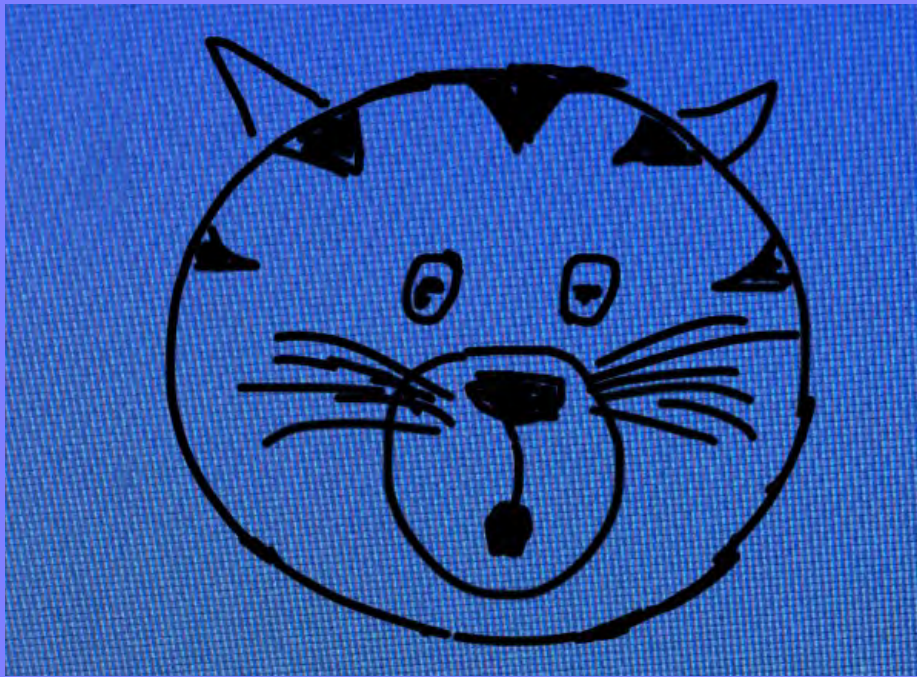


# CATS n THINGS



# The Hapless Cat

A hapless cat sat on a mat disappointedly  
then he put on a hat.  
(He looked maladroit.)

He put on his hat and got off his mat, sleepily.

He got fat because he ate another cat.  
(He was sated.)

Everyone was scared of this cat and his hat.  
(He was ambivalent.)

No one dared touch the fat cat's mat.  
(It was guarded by the fat cat himself; he was imperious.)

The cat picked up a bat (and played a little)  
then went back to his mat, tiredly.



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# The Animal House!!!

24 hours ago my life was normal. Then, sadly, my boss showed up for dinner. When he walked in the door, the first thing he did was plopping himself in my chair. Well, I really can't call it that. He plopped himself down on the chair where my porcupine lay resting. I was scared (for my porcupine). My boss sat quietly for a solid five seconds turning different shades of red. Then he leapt up and started yelling. I shall not say what he yelled for it is too inappropriate to put here. Apparently porcupine quills hurt quite a lot. For the next two hours I heard yelping noises coming from the bathroom as my boss pulled the quills out of his butt with a borrowed pair of pliers.

When he came out he said, "Well, let's have dinner."

I pointed to the table. This time he checked his seat thoroughly before sitting down. When I served him his food, he turned around to ask me for some pepper. And when he turned back, his plate had mysteriously vanished. Apparently Scurvy (my raccoon) had grabbed the plate and ran off with it. My boss got up and wanted to leave but accidentally walked into the closet where I keep bald-faced hornets. He ran out the door shrieking with a black cloud above his head. I didn't hear anything else from him until the next day.

Just to be on the safe side, I came to work early. It didn't help. I had been fired. When I heard this terrible news I ran to my boss and begged him to let me have my job back. Our dialog went like this:

"What the hell do you want? Hasn't your dumb brain processed that you are fired?"

"Please, please, please give me my job back."

"No!"

"The animals were not my fault."

"Then whose fault were they?"

"Every night the zoo drops animals at my front door."

"And you just take them in?"

"I can't let them freeze."

"Ok, so what animals do you have?"

"Oh, only a few. I have an alligator in the bathtub, a raccoon in the dishwasher, an antelope in the back yard, a moose in my pool, a penguin in the tub (with ice cubes), a polar bear in the dumpster, hornets in my closet, a tame tiger in the guest room, a peacock in the music room, a mole in the sandbox, a giraffe crouched in the green house, an elephant on my deck, a monkey in the tree house, a..."

"Ok, ok, I get it, you are crazy."

"I am not, I just feel sorry for the poor animals. I mean, I couldn't let the penguin die of heat stroke."

"My point exactly. But nevertheless you can have your job back."

"Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!"

My heart leapt with joy. My boss added,

"You may have your job back on one condition."

I asked cautiously, "What is it, sir?"

"Don't ever invite me to dinner again," he said with a small smile. I quickly agreed and we left as friends.



The next day I went to the zoo to demand that they take all their animals back. When I got to there, I asked to speak to the director but the people at the ticket booth wouldn't let me through without a ticket. "Let me in!" I pleaded. "I have half of your zoo already in my house."

"You don't, we still have the lion."

I grumbled a bit but bought a ticket. I still had to get past the director's ten secretaries. After hours of paperwork and arguing—my voice was hoarse—I finally got to the last secretary. She said, "Oh, I'm sorry, the director left five minutes ago. Please come back tomorrow." As I left the office, I kicked the trash can. That would show her. When I finally got home, I was exhausted. I fell into bed and was almost asleep when I heard a roaring sound. I jumped up and looked out the window. Oh my god: Two men were shoving a lion into my front door. I quickly opened the window and vaulted out screaming, "What the hell?!?!!" But I was too late. The lion was in the house and the truck was gone. I fell asleep on the lawn and woke up with the sprinklers. It was a long night.

The next day I went to the police but their only comment was, "We don't deal with lions." So I called the town hall to talk with the mayor. After holding for twenty minutes, I was disconnected. I called back and his secretary hung up on me. Out came my iPad and I called an exterminator that specialized in exotic animals. Things like dragons, giants and trolls. Not. They said they would come right out. When they arrived I handed them the keys and climbed into the tree house to watch the proceedings with my monkey. It took about a five hours, 50 cages, a fire truck, two police cars and one ambulance. Before they drove off, they gave me the bill:

Animal removal: \$5,000.00

Emergency medical expenses: \$10,000.00

Happy fee: \$50.00

I almost fainted but somehow held myself together. I told them I'd send a check and crossed my fingers. The house was a total mess. When I was done cleaning I felt like Grumpy Cat. After eating I went to get my bathrobe, I wanted a shower and bed. I took off my clothes and opened the closet: A large, sleepy head with a bushy mane and long, sharp teeth stared out at me and yawned. The lion was still in the house.



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# To Many cats!!!

We have a black cat. His name is BG. He had (and still has) attitude, along with his long fur. We used to drop him off at my grandmother's apartment every time we went on vacation. We don't do that any more. Here's why:

Last year, on our way to Seattle, we left BG with my grandmother. We had lots of fun and on the way home, we decided to spend the night with my grandmother. Her apartment is extremely small and no one wanted to sleep with BG so we put him outside for the night. We set some food and water on the front stoop so he would stick around, then let him out, feeling reasonably confident that he would be there in the morning.

Morning came and BG was gone. Initially, we weren't too worried because he had never run away (and he likes his food). We ate breakfast and called him. He didn't come! Now we were worried. So we waited for lunch and called him again. When he still didn't come, I started to panic. I ran around the yard searching but I couldn't find him! I looked and called for him till it was dark and I had to go home.

I was sad. Every day I called my grandmother to check if BG had been found. My mom posted notices with his picture all over the internet. My grandmother "supposedly cried." Only my dad appeared happy. After a few weeks, we decided to get another cat because we thought BG was gone for good. I wanted a kitten. A local family had three kittens for sale and my mom found their advertisement online. We went to look. I chose the cute orange one. We brought the tiny ball of fur home, named him Murzik, and put him in BG's bed, fed him BG's food, and gave him BG's toys. I was happy: BG was gone—likely wandering through someone's back yard searching for food—but we had a new kitten. Murzik was very friendly and liked everyone, including dogs and my father!

The next time we went on a trip, we left Murzik with my grandmother. (What were we thinking?) Half way into the trip, my father said, "I think your grandmother already lost Murzik." I said, "Ridiculous!" and we drove on. But once we reached hotel, I called my grandmother...just in case. She greeted me with: "Hello, I am sorry to tell you, but Murzik ran away." I gasped. Murzik gone? I hung up. The day was ruined. Later, my grandmother called and said, "Murzik just came out of my closet." I was overjoyed, but still mad.

On our way home, we picked up Murzik at my grandmothers. As usually happens when we have been gone for a while, we had a lot of voice mails awaiting us. One of them was from a man who found BG in his garage eating his cat's food. My mom went to pick BG up while I was in school. According to her the man who found BG said, "If you take this cat, don't bring him back."

She took BG home and we decided to keep him. At first, we were scared that BG would kill Murzik but when we let them into the house, it turned out we should have been worried about BG: Murzik thought BG was his own personal toy. Now we have two cats!



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Helpful cat

Really  
works!!!

# spots last meal

Yesterday I ate the best meal of my life; my dog disagreed.

Sunday morning, after church, my family and I ate at a restaurant that advertised “Jalapeno Doggy Burgers.” We drove past a million restaurants but this was the only one that captured our attention. I thought Jalapeno Doggy Burgers sounded tasty. We stopped.

When I got my burger, it was wrapped in old newspaper. Cool! When I unwrapped it, I discovered two old, yellow buns with mystery meat, cheese, and wilted vegies slathered with some kind of grayish-green sauce. I couldn't wait to dig in. The bun was delicious; it tasted like toasted Styrofoam. The burger was well-cooked and tasted like, well, dog; now I know how it got it's name. What passed for French Fries looked like dried, breaded worms. It was hard to know what they tasted like as I had doused them in the restaurant's famous jalapeno sauce. As a matter of fact, it was hard to taste anything for the next two weeks. Since I was eating a doggy burger, I ordered iced catnip tea to go with it. I wish they would have brought it without the cat.

My mom ordered chicken nuggets (they felt more like chicken boulders when she dropped one on my foot). She broke a tooth; I broke a toe. They came with three different kinds of dipping sauces: mild Ghost Pepper Sauce, a moderate Habanero Chili Pepper Sauce, and a hot Jalapeno Sauce. Since my mom really doesn't like spicey food, she chose the mild Ghost Pepper Sauce. Unfortunately, she didn't realize that Ghost Peppers are the hottest pepper, by far, in the world and that a mild Ghost Pepper Sauce is 500,000 times hotter than a hot Jalapeno Sauce. She spent the rest of the afternoon drinking ice water with tears running down her face.



My father ordered a house salad with Habaneri Chili Pepper dressing and spent the remainder of the afternoon drinking ice water with my mom. Before today, he had always insisted that real men don't cry.

My brother ordered mint ice cream but never had the opportunity to eat it. It joined the ice water.

My dog snuck into the restaurant with us and hung out under the table waiting impatiently for hand-outs. I slipped him half my burger. He whined his thanks and we didn't hear anything more from him during the meal. Unusual, he never stops begging. Unfortunately, and much to our sorrow, Spot was destined to remain sprawled under the table forever; apparently the burger did not suit him. The management claimed they were not responsible: They had a strict no pet policy. After we paid for our meal and on the way out of the, umm, restaurant, I noticed a picture of the county health inspector on the wall: He had a broad smile on his face and what appeared to be an bulging envelope peaking out of his coat pocket. Hummm...



# Poems!!!

## Limerick

My fat goat ate a stewed toad,  
Then he jumped in a boat,  
And swam to a moat.  
He jumped in but stayed afloat,  
He swam out of the moat and  
ate another toad.

## SENRYU

The dentist mumbled:  
This patient's tooth looks healthy  
After he pulled it out

## Haiku Too

My Xbox is slower than a slug,  
my goat fixed it,  
now it runs faster than lightning.

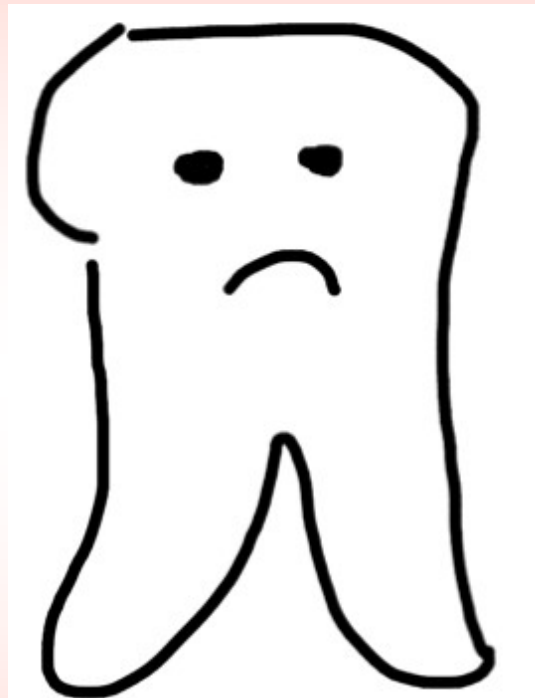
My goat didn't have horns ,  
he gladly screwed on a pair,  
and now he has them.

## Acrostic

Goadling  
Off the hook  
A destroying machine  
The most beautiful goat ever

Come and pet him  
He is fuzzy and cute  
Emergency sleeping device  
Knot master

Disgruntled  
Enthusiastic  
Cat lover  
I am scared of him  
Maladroit  
Addled  
Laugh and laugh at him



## Haiku

Teeny Tiny Kitten

Teeny tiny kitten runs through  
the streets,

Spraying anti-dog spray and poi-  
soning doggy treats;

Throwing TNT and killing all the  
dogs in sight.

Are the dogs all hiding or are  
they simply dead?

It is midnight.

# The Brainless Goat

Once upon a time there lived a goat who thought he was smart. One sunny day he took a stroll in a park near his home and saw heaven, or at least that's what he thought he saw. It was a cabbage patch and he loved cabbage. There was only one problem, it was surrounded by a chain link fence. Being a goat he lowered his head and sprinted towards the fence, hit it hard, and...bounced back. He needed a new plan. He decided to catapult himself over fence. He crawled into the catapult but couldn't pull the launch lever. So he got out and pulled it. And it launched without him. He noticed a fat, orange cat had been watching him. Smiling, the cat said, "If you are trying to get into the cabbage patch why don't you just use the gate? It's wide open." After profusely thanking the cat, he ran into the garden bleating happily. After this, he visited the garden every day and lived, as you might expect, happily ever after.





# Letters

Letter 1

221 Goat Road  
Goatsville, US 98873

Dear Mr. Goatman

Yesterday evening five of your goats escaped and vandalized my house. They ruined everything: my computer, my X box 360, all my doors, and more. Your goats also made my dishwasher explode, flooding my entire home; then they trashed all my vehicles. Total damage adds up to one million two hundred twenty-five dollars and 99 cents. Unfortunately my insurance doesn't cover goat damage. Please, send me a check tomorrow.

With regrets,  
Alexander Nicolazzo

Dear Mr. Nicolazzo

I'm sorry my goats inconvenienced you. My goats are independent. They do what they want, go where they wish, and eat when they are hungry. Unfortunately, they do not have any money of their own. However, they wish to apologize and give you a years unlimited supply of goat's milk to partially reimburse you for your loss. I, myself, am dumfounded; I never would have expected them to do such a thing. I will lock the door to the dynamite shed.

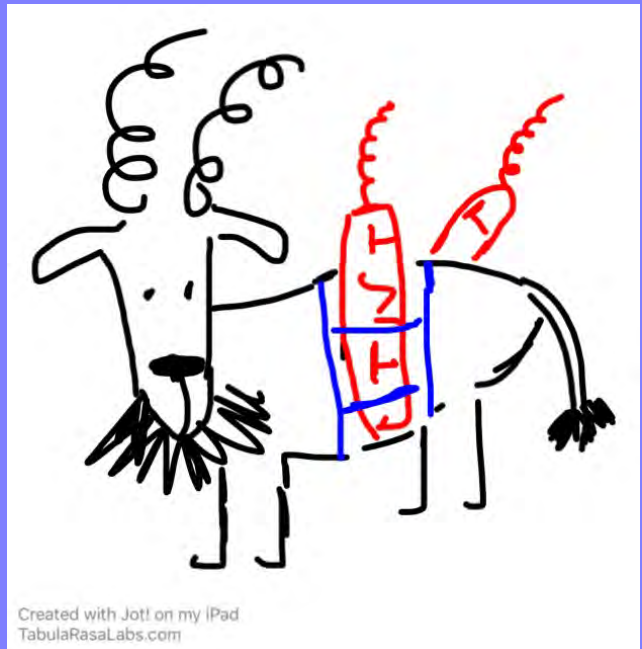
Sincerely,  
Kiko Goatman

Dear Mr. Goatman,

Unfortunately I am a magazine editor not a cheese manufacturer, so your offer of unlimited goat milk for a year will not work. I am afraid I will have to take this situation to court. I am very sorry that but it seems you have left me no other choice.

My only other suggestion is that you sell your goat milk and give me the profits till you work off your debt. I will await your reply.

With no regret,  
Alexander Nicolazzo



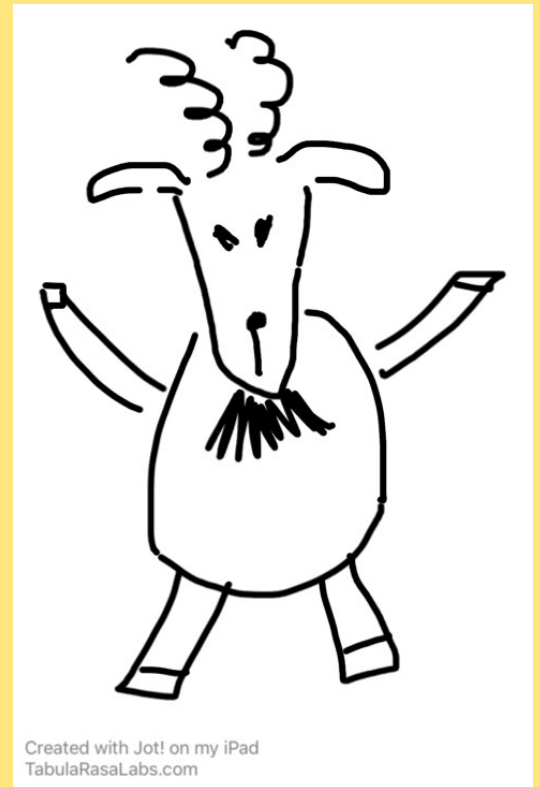
# Acrostics

Goad  
Of the hook  
A destroying machine  
The most crazy goat ever



Come and pet him  
He is fuzzy and cute  
Emergency sleeping  
device  
Knot master

Disgruntled  
Enthusiastic  
Cat lover  
I am scared of him  
Maladroit  
Addled  
Laugh and laugh at  
him



# A cake for you and your cat!!!

Do you want a cake that your cat will love so much he will never ever get bored? Your cat will receive a proper diet and be very happy and healthy.

My cat loves my cat cakes and never stops to think when he sees one. He runs toward it and destroys anything in his path. Cat cakes have even been used in the military for multiple purposes. 1) Cats are effective combatants: Launch a cat cake into enemy lines and release 5000 hungry cats. The cats run toward the cat cakes killing and scratching all enemy soldiers in their path. 2) Rub cat cake on the person to be tortured and release a hungry cat. The cat would bite and scratch until its victim tells you what you want to know, or dies.

How to make a cat cake?

1. Fillet the freshest wild King salmon you can find and put it aside.
2. Do the same for mackerel, lobster, and Bluefin tuna.
3. Boil a large chicken and put the meat into a glass bowl.
4. Add 10 small cans of canned cat food (flavor doesn't matter).
5. Add the fish and mix.
6. Put what you have in the blender and turn it on high for three minutes.
7. Take the mixture and mold it into the shape you would like.
8. Place it down and let your cat enjoy.

My cat loved this recipe so much, he ran like a bullet to eat it.

P.S. Do not get in the way of your cat.



# The fancy car

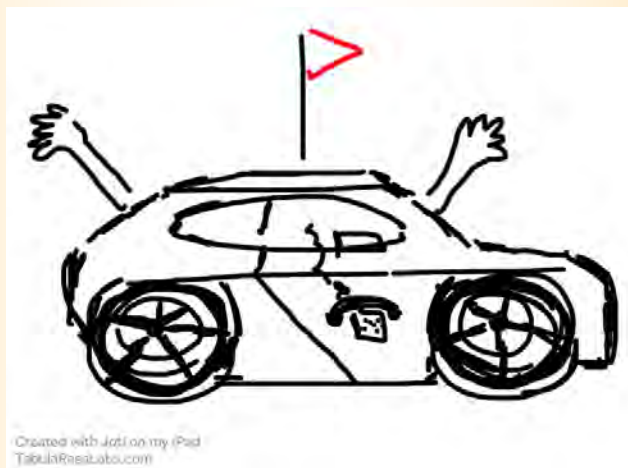
Last year we bought a new car. The car was red and made by Cathead, a brand that advertised their cars had: autopilot, heated seats, a lemonade dispenser, a bathroom, and free Wifi. The car could also wash itself, do your taxes, pay your bills, and even drive to get repairs when it sensed something was wrong.

Everything was great until we went to a concert. On the way to the concert our new car suddenly stopped, turned around and drove us to the service department. When we got there my mom asked if there was anything wrong with our car and the manager said that he needed to check. My mom agreed so he hooked the car up to his computer, ran a diagnostic test, and billed the car. Apparently our three-week warranty had expired. We got in and drove home. Later that month my father asked my mom, "What did you spend \$15,400 on?" My mom replied, "The car needed a checkup." My father grumbled but went along with it.

A few months later, we were getting ready to move. We had put all our luggage in the car and as we were about to get in, it started moving. It drove out of our driveway, hopped onto the interstate, and disappeared into the sunset. Later we got a call on my mom's phone. It was the mechanic saying the car was at his workshop, that there was nothing wrong with the car, but since he did a diagnostic check, he was going to bill us!

The next day we were having a picnic in a park near our house and the car took off again. Guess where it went? The service department! Another diagnostic test, another bill, and we started to seriously question our purchase. Next week it happened again. My father decided it would be cheaper to buy a new car. He took his biggest hammer, climbed on top of the car and bashed it. What he didn't count on was that the car knew it was broken and tore off to the body shop. My mom picked up her phone and called the hospital saying, "Hello. A car drove away by itself with my husband on top. He probably will have a few broken bones. Be ready to pick him up at CAG service department in 15 min. Thank you, good-bye." She put away her phone and sighed.

After my dad got better, we gave away the car. Nobody will ever miss it, even the \$100 per 20 min free internet fees. After this experience we realized that we were not going on vacation for the next ten years.



# Real Men Don't Eat Pringles®

Last year we went on the most frightening road trip you can imagine.

It all started with my father saying, "Pack your bags, we are going on a road trip, and remember: NO electronics!" When we were about to leave my father said, "NO! NO! NO! We are not taking the truck, we are taking the convertible." I asked my dad if he had checked the weather report and he said, "NO! NO! NO! Real Men don't need weather reports. All we need is a clear sky, a car, and a bit of gas." After he said that I wanted to run for my life. I guess he read my mind, because he said, "NO! NO! NO! No running away before dinner," and threw me in the car and we headed to Highway 51.

Later that day, when the sky was getting dark, I pulled out my phone to check the weather but my father grabbed it and said, "NO! No electronics on the trip." As we were crossing a bridge, he threw my phone into the river. I yelled, but my dad silenced me with a quick, "Shut up," and we kept going.

A few more hours into the trip it started to pour. My mom said, "Let's find a hotel and go to sleep." My dad replied, "Real men don't use hotels; we sleep under the stars, rain or shine." My mom looked confused, "We are going to camp without a tent or sleeping bag in the rain?" My dad replied: "Yes, we will huddle together like cavemen and enjoy it. Real Men..." My mom cut him short, "You might be a "Real Man" but I am not! You can sleep in a shark infested river for all I care. I am leaving." I said, "I'm also leaving; I am not a real man, I am a sane person." My five-year old sister said, "I am a real man and I'll stay." My brother agreed with my sister and it was settled. My mom and I went to a five star hotel while the Real Men of the family got soaked.

The next day we all met up again and continued driving. The seats were soaked so my mom got two seat covers: one for me and one for herself. When I asked why she didn't buy any for the rest of the family, she remarked: "Real men don't need seat covers."

We kept driving till we reached a Wal-Mart. My mom told my dad that we needed food.

My dad and I did the shopping while my mom inspected a brochure stand. When we met my mom at the stand she announced, "We have a change of plans. We are going to Perfume Town. I can't stand the smell of Real Men any more." It was bad enough having three Real Men in the family I didn't need any Real Women. But it was settled: We went to Perfume Town. Directions were in the brochure. Step one was to proceed to highway 47 S and take exit 12.

When we got onto highway 47 S, my dad pulled out a Pringles® package and my mom said, "Oh honey, I thought you were a Real Man. And, you should know that Real Men don't eat Pringles® ." My dad replied, "Ok, throw them out." My mom grabbed the package and said, "I prefer getting rid of them in a civil manner." With that, she opened the box and split it with me.

My brother and sister begged and begged for some Pringles® but my mom said, "You don't get any. You are Real Men." Just then, we noticed the exit. Unfortunately it was closed, so my dad had to continue driving south on highway 47. My mom, was set on getting to Perfume Town even if she had to walk on burning coals and asked my dad where he put the map. He replied, "Real Men don't use maps."

My father decided to take the next exit, park the car, and walk the rest of the way. I highly disliked this idea, possibly because of the "Beware Of Lethal Goats" sign nailed to a tree where he parked the car. My father reassured me, "There is no such thing as goats. Goats were made up by a teacher and that's how chemistry was born." I asked, "What does chemistry have to do with it?" My father almost yelled, "Don't you know anything? Chemistry is the study of goats!!!" I didn't want to argue, so that was that. We got out of the car and started to hike.

Shortly after we started walking, we saw a sign that said, "You are now in Goaty Woods". We hiked until my father said, "Look, over there!" He pointed with his finger at a herd of goats, "Horses! we can ride them to Perfume Town." I replied, "Those are the dangerous goats from the sign." My father said, "Don't be silly, those are horses." With that he ran to one and leaped onto its back. The goat reared as if attacked by 100 hornets. The next thing I knew my father was on the ground crying like a baby. When he was done he said, "Those were some feisty horses." I just sighed.

When we got out of the woods, we saw a rental car stand. We rented a car, got directions from the agent, and started driving. Half an hour later we saw a sign that said, "Perfume Town 10 miles." My mom clapped and said, "Double your speed, we are almost there." Unfortunately my father had rented the cheapest car that the rental place had, and it suddenly started shaking and then stopped. My father almost screamed, "Our car broke down. Now we will all be Real men." This time I did run—and my mom was right behind me. My dad chased after us yelling, "Don't you want to be cavemen?" "No!" We yelled at the same time. At that point I was thinking, "I knew my father was an idiot but not to this caliber." We ran in a circle and hopped into the car. My mom decided to put an end to all of this, so she picked up my father's favorite mallet (he never left home without it) and hit him over the head.

After he woke up he seemed fine and said, "Let's go home. I don't want to be a Real Man anymore." My mom dragged him into the car and we all went home. I guess my mom just wanted to go home, so she decided to forget about Perfume Town. I also think that whacking my dad on the head with that mallet made him sane. Now my father never wants to be a Real Man again.





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