

Betrayed!
11/14/06

I'm distraught.

Horrified.

Furious.

Bill has another cat.

This is almost as bad as when Mama brought Serina home.

The only reason it isn't as bad is that Bill had the good sense to leave the new cat at home. I'm guessing Doug had servant duty, since Tom and Pat were here, too.

Now, to be completely fair in this, while it will take a while to completely restore my trust in him, his infidelity has been more or less forgiven because of what he's pretty sure he discovered about Serina. Mama said that she probably should have named Serina Starbuck, seeing as Starbuck is a girl in the new Battlestar Galactica but a boy in the original one. I'm not sure what she means, exactly, but she won't let me say anything more specific until the vet confirms or denies it.

Frankly, I'm kind of glad because if Bill's right, I'll look a bit foolish.

Okay, a lot foolish, but not nearly as foolish as Serina.

Or Mama.

But that's for another day.

I suppose I should actually be flattered that my absence from the Richards' Kitty Vacation Spa could only be countered by the adoption of another cat, though how... what's his name, Tuckey?...could possibly make up for my absence I have no idea. They all certainly seemed to enjoy my company while they were here.

I really do love Grandma and Grandpa. I decided that we were better off not seeking their attention while Mama was gone all day on Wednesday because I wasn't sure Serina would keep out of trouble if we were keeping them company. I didn't want Grandma and Grandpa to get a bad impression of us based on her behavior when Mama wasn't around to keep her in line. If Tom and Pat had been here, I probably would have run the risk because, let's face it, there isn't a much better place in the world for a cat with a need to nap than Pat's lap. But they didn't come until Thursday.

Grandma made a fuss over me the whole week long after all, though she did give almost equal time to Serina. Grandpa was the disciplinarian; he kept making us get off the dining room table. But he did laugh at us, too, like when we did our nightly romp around the house. He said it reminded him of Wilbur and Nellie and Sheba before Wilbur and Nellie died.

I wonder if they're aunts and an uncle?

We had a lot of fun with all the people who've been at the house over the past two weeks.

The prayer shawl ladies were quite wonderful and I'm pleased to say that Serina behaved herself and didn't go after a single strand of yarn. We actually got to stay out with them.

After I gave Bill the appropriate amount of hell Thursday night (He thinks I was defending my territory from Serina, but really I was torturing him for his indiscretion. I'm over it, really, I am.), Serina and I roamed the halls each night looking for an opportune bed to share. Grandma and Grandpa had closed their door and so had Tom and Pat, so our choices were limited to the very comfortable air mattress Bill was sleeping on and the wonderful big bed Mama sleeps in. We pretty much split our time, though we woke up with Mama every morning.

Well, we woke up in Mama's bed when it was clear that someone was downstairs in the kitchen and said good morning to Bill on our way through to the back stairs and then to the food dish. I'll admit that we woke Mama up two of the three mornings when we did that, but apparently she went back to sleep on Saturday for a little while.

Mama's friend Steve came with his mom Pam for part of the day Saturday and on Sunday morning. I remember him from Attleboro a few times. He's allergic to us, but he's still very friendly. Pam used to visit the RKVS when I was there, so it was nice to see her again. I didn't know she could play the piano, though. That was a real treat, and so was hearing the whole crew sing at various points.

Lynne and Phyllis are cat people, so they were completely comfortable here in the house. I'm leery of Perry and Gorden because I'm always wondering if they have another kitten in a box when they come over - but so far, the only kitten they've delivered is Serina, so maybe I can relax now and enjoy them. They're cat people, too, and I think that the friends they had with them Saturday night are at least animal people. Cat people are best, of course, but at the very least be an animal person of some kind.

Serina sucked up to Aunt Joanie again this morning and this afternoon, but I suppose that's the way it's going to be forever. I like Aunt Joanie a lot - really, I do, and how could I not? - but Serina just goes ape for her.

Mama says I do the same thing when I see Bill.

I suppose she has a point.

Darn. I hate that.

Anyway, we all survived the week with a lot of laughs and just a bit of hissing and growling. I think the only one to get scratched was Mama. I confess. I did that. In my defense, I was upset with Bill when I did it because he wouldn't wrestle with me. Mama just picked me up at the wrong moment and I, um, swiped at her nose.

I'm sorry, Mama. I love you. I really do!

Maybe even more than I love Bill now.

Nah. I'm over the betrayal.

Really.

FAITHFULLY yours,
Apollo
(as dictated to my "amamauensis")