

Catnapping

7/12/06

As you have already noted, I am a cat. Cats nap. That's one of our primary purposes in life, to sleep as often as possible in as many strangely contorted positions as possible. This is a good thing from our perspective because it allows us to ignore much of the stupidity foisted upon the world by humans (you doubt this? Have you followed the recent debates in Congress about the minimum wage and the lack of debate about their own pay raises? You humans keep electing them). It should not be a good thing from the human perspective because if cats ran the world, it would be a much better place. Every home would have a cat and every cat would have a family that acted as close to civilized as humans can - and there would only be one cat in a home.

I digress from my point about napping. But while I'm on a tangent, let me just tell you that the washing machine and the dryer are very interesting additions to the house and that Mama's new bed is a great place to hide under. I would assume that it is also a great place to sleep, but I have not yet chosen to do that. I almost did last night, but it was so humid and hot in the rest of the house that I chose to sleep on the floor where the cold air from the air conditioner hit instead of with the human furnace.

Nice segue back to my point, wasn't that?

So about catnaps, the thing is that we generally are not picky about where we fall asleep. Granted, a place in the sun is nice, or in a cozy basket of warm laundry, or even on the couch with Mama when she chooses to watch TV downstairs - which won't be often this week with the humid, hot weather. Sometimes, any port in a storm will suffice, to wit:



How Mama managed to get the camera and take this without disturbing my sleep, I have no idea, other than the probability that I was truly sound asleep. The existence of this picture is, however, nowhere near as disturbing as the undeniable existence of this actual picture - and I must admit that it is as

taken, not created in a computer, because Mama doesn't have the software or the skills to create a picture like this:



I am SO humiliated by this. Clearly, I need to learn to sleep less soundly to prevent any further instances of dual catnapping with Princess THING. This is as bad for me as it would be if a woman took over a man's remote control, though apparently it's as though she just changed the channel from ESPN to ESPN-2 or Fox Sports rather than to Lifetime or Oxygen, from the way I'm snoozing.

Do you suppose I could get Mama to buy some caffeinated kitty milk for us next time?

Disturbed in Dreamland,
Apollo
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")