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Originally Posted: Mon, 24 Mar 12:02 CDT

## Dear Cat,

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Date: 2008-03-24, 12:02PM CDT

Dear Cat,

I have some issues with you right now that I would like to hash out. And now is as good a time as any with you laying over my arms while I am trying to type on the computer. You don't even look comfortable and you can't breathe lying like that with your butt higher up than your head but your brain is the size of a walnut so I will forgive you.

First of all, the litterbox. Is it your goal to poop on the rim of the box? Because if it is, bravo! Mission accomplished, you can stop now. You have proved your point. It is not funny anymore, and I have run out of sticks in the yard to clean it off with. The box is big enough, and you are still small, so don't even go there.

Now... making pointless, incessant noises. If I take something away from you because I am tired of hearing it scoot across the floor for the last 2 hours, it does not mean to go find something else to mess with. I mean really where do you find this stuff? A wad of paper? A bottle cap? Is that really that fun to play with?

I put things on the coffee table because I want them there. I do not want you to knock EVERYTHING off of the coffee table in one of your mindless "tearing ass through the house for no reason" adventures every single day. Once in a while, it is amusing. Every day, it's not that funny.

Your ass stinks. I mean REALLY stinks. Like the worst poop you've ever smelled. Why do you smell soooo horrible? I thought cats were clean! I have never experienced this smelly, stinky cat phenomena with any other cat on this Earth. Why, God, did you give me the most stinky cat in this solar system? And Cat, why do you insist on showing me your ass? I know it stinks, but what am I supposed to do about it? Bathe you???. LOL! Remember the last time that happened? I still have the scars... Also, when you sit on my arm, please have the kindness to put your tail over your butthole so it doesn't come into contact with my skin. I might catch something.

Lastly, I am allergic to you. I know this isn't your fault, but knowing this, why do you insist on rubbing the whole length of your body on my face? Okay... I just pulled a CATHAIR out of my eye. No wonder my eyes are itchy if you are purposefully depositing your dander into my eyes! What are you trying to prove here? That you know I'm stuck with you? While you're busy carrying things about the house in your mouth to deposit them into some area that I haven't discovered yet- would you mind bringing me a peice of sandpaper to me so that I can alleviate the itching you've caused me? Oh- while we're on this subject, I need my hair ties back- I know you have them. Thanks.

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