

# If Cats Ran The World

Because my family and friends know that I'm an animal lover, they're always sending me emails with pictures and articles about cute animal-related topics. All of them are adorable, but this one stands out as something to share – a man built an entire feline-sized village for homeless cats! Kind of sounds like something I'd like to do with some extra free time, money, and if only I didn't have the darn cat allergy that's always getting in the way...

Below are some pictures of his creation. For the entire story, [click here](#). And to visit the cat village online, The Caboodle Ranch, [click here](#).





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## Moved in

I know that I haven't written in about a month, but Tony and I have settled into my sister's house, in a way. Most of our belongings are in

<https://www.viagragenericoes24.com/viagra-para-mujeres>

storage at the moment, since we really only have one room to put our stuff in. I know Emmy said we can put things in other parts of the room, but there still really isn't much room. My cats have somewhat adjusted. They are getting there, but Padme and Grim are still trying to decide who is going to be in charge. None of my babies like the dogs very well. They prefer Oakly over Isaac, but than Isaac gets in their faces and whines. He also likes to herd them back into our bedroom. Beru and Darth seem to be accepting the dogs better than Wedge and Padme.

I am working at Midwest Tape with Emmy. Well, not exactly with her, since she is in the office and I'm working in the warehouse. There is no air condition in the warehouse, so it's really hot, but I like what I am doing. I get to see so many

different movies and walk around all day. I would hate to sit around all day. I get too fidgety. I do that sitting at the computer at home. I am always moving, getting up to move around before sitting back down. Tony doesn't have a job yet, but we are being positive that he will find one soon. I know we are very thankful that Emmy and Bill are letting us stay here for now, but I know we both want a place of our own again.

If anyone has any more questions about Egypt, I will be answering those in my next blog.

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## **short blog post**

Well, today I won't be writing much. I haven't been home much at all since I worked 9-5 at Goodwill and then went to see a house with Amie almost as soon as I got home and then there was church after that and then waiting for Tony to get off work! Whew, it seems that there are days that I am never at home and I miss my cats terribly! They are my babies, and they know it. Anyway, I have been trying to get ahold of my older sister to see if she has found me a job in Toledo but does she answer her phone? Noooooo. Though my other sister has found me a job in Florida. Tony really doesn't want to move down there since it would be a pain to move all our stuff down there. It would be very expensive! I just know that we need insurance, very badly! I am over due for my check-up with the doctor and unless I see the doctor for this check-up, I can't get any birth control! ARGH!!!!

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# Just updating

I finally have internet, so hopefully, I will be writing more often. I was working two jobs for awhile, just so we could pay bills and get food. I was working at KFC with Tony and at Goodwill. Thankfully, that is over with now. I was getting very stressed and Goodwill offered one of my co-workers a promotion. She took it, which gave me her job. I would be working the morning shift which would give me close to 30 hours a week, which was what I needed! For a couple of weeks now I have been working the morning shift, but wait...there is more to my tale! I am being promoted as well! Kelsey is now head cashier and starting Saturday, I will begin my training for head cashier! That will give me at least 35 hours a week! Which definitely helps since Tony and I now have four cats in our house.

Padme is not happy with us, but I am hoping that she will calm down after a week or so. If she doesn't, they will have to go back, but she calmed down after we brought home Beru, so we are hoping that she will calm down with Darth and Chewie soon enough. I love them all, but Padme is my baby! She is so spoiled and I know it's my fault, but I cannot make myself regret what I have done with her.

In a couple of weeks, my little baby and her sister, Beru, will be getting fixed and I (and Tony) are hoping that Padme will become calmer and want to cuddle again. That is one of the things I miss from when she was a kitten. She loved to cuddle. Now, she loves to play. I have to say that that is all right too. I get plenty of picture opportunities from that. Though, of course, at the moment, she is being grumpy and anti-social.

Tony and I now have a roommate. Amie has move and is spoiling my little babies. Not that I need any help with that any!

Well, I guess that is the main things to update, since my lap

is being occupied by one of my kittens, which makes it a little difficult to type.

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## **Bird Meet Hamster**

In earlier days, my family had quite a menagerie of pets (just not more than two at a time. When we moved to town when I was the tender age of 6 months, we got MY dog, Buffy from the wonderful friends who sold us the house. I loved my poodle a lot. The summer after I completed the 4th grade, Buffy had to be put to sleep. She was really ill. Arthritis had set in so badly, that she could not walk upon or down the porch steps. The poor girl would not eat and shivered all the time. So one day, my parents took her to the vet, unbeknownst to me.

In addition to Buffy, we had a total of three cats (not all at once, but one in particular that I know I have posted about). The poodle would go crazy when approached by the felines. I don't think it was the stereotypical dog vs. cat scenario but more like playful chasing around the house.

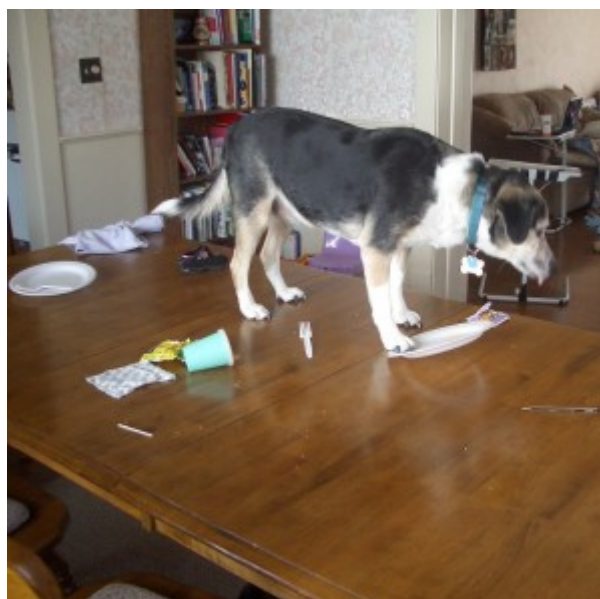
The Christmas after Buffy was put down, we received a blue parakeet from our "grandparents". We named her Corky after "Grandma" Margaret. One summer while on break from college, my brother brought home Skippy the hamster whom he "saved." The parakeet must have become jealous because he would imitate the hamster by walking around on the floor and following it. I remember going so far as to put the bird inside the hamster's ball and seeing her attempt to roll it.

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# My Dog Is Not A Cat

... but she thinks she is! We used to have a cat, but she passed away last year. We got our dog as a puppy just 4 months after we got the cat as a kitten, and they lived together for 10 years, so it's no wonder my dog thinks she's a cat. Despite her old age, she will jump on the furniture, and even walk on the top of the couch – very cat-like behavior. She is also more independent like a cat, and she'll only come when called to snuggle if she wants to, like a cat.

The other day, she decided she was done waiting for the kids to eat their lunch. We had left it out because the kids hadn't eaten well, and we thought they could come back later and have a bite – WRONG! Our dog Charity (the cat in disguise) took it upon herself to climb **UP ON** the dining room table and get their lunches. She is our spoiled rotten baby; what were we going to do, yell at the old lady? So we took a picture instead, note how she uses her feet to tip up the plates and hold them in place so they don't slide away while she's licking:



And Charity has such a personality; she hates being laughed

at, so I think she learned her lesson. Besides, once the motivation to get the food was gone (eaten), she was stuck up on the table. We wrestled with the decision to help her down; she is 11 years old and I didn't want her breaking bones or worse, but in the end she got herself down successfully. First she kind of growled and grunted around up there while we giggled at her from the living room, then she used her new vantage point as a barking stool, but just as I got sick of it and went to help her down, she got down herself. She is such a jerk but what a personality that dog has... We love you Charity!

And now you need to see how cute she really is, one blue eye and all. So here is one of my favorite pictures of her in a Chicago Cubs shirt – opening day is on Monday, so GO CUBBIES!!!



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## Pet Roll Call

Once again, we have a bit of a food chain residing as pets in our home. When my cat passed away a year ago now, it left a hole in our household food chain. Although it's not quite as balanced as it was when the cat was here, today we find

ourselves with a small zoo nonetheless. Here is the roll call of pets in our house:

Charity – almost 11-year-old female Jack (Jerk) Russell Terrier / Australian Shepard mix with one blue eye and one brown eye. An extremely feisty but lovable loudmouth who doesn't hesitate to let you know what she wants, when she wants it. Will even growl for petting! World's worst puppy = World's best family dog.

Beesly – nearly 7-year-old cocker spaniel mix with extremely thick fur. We once shaved her and to our astonishment, she became a much smaller dog because her fur is so thick! She really likes it outdoors, and we call her nordic (of or pertaining to the north, where it's cold) because she doesn't seem to mind the cold at all – probably can't feel it through that blanket of fur! We adopted her from the humane society in March 2008, and we're SO glad! GREAT with kids and an extreme snuggler. The only problem we have with her is her nasty dog breath! Oh, and her uncanny ability to escape. She can open doors and can somehow (repeatedly, not just a fluke!) unhook her way off of 2 dog chains at the same time! Luckily for us, she always comes back.

Squawky – an 8-year-old Scarlet Macaw parrot. After living with him for 7 years, I do not recommend parrots as pets! He screams (and I mean ear-splitting) constantly – a repairman once asked us if we had a pterodactyl behind the door after hearing him scream. But he is beautiful and drops gorgeous feathers all the time. And having him has been an awesome learning experience for us and the kids. He can talk and is very curious about everything. His vocabulary includes: hi, here kitty kitty, hi bird, and sometimes he just mumbles nonsense that sounds like human words. In his spare time, Squawky likes to watch The Price is Right and Animal Planet.

Oreo – one of our new rat additions. He is gray and white and smaller than Bobby Jack. He seems a little more curious and



less picky about food than Bobby Jack. Had a close call with Charity this morning.

Bobby Jack – off-white colored rat who doesn't like his rat food. He enjoys many of the treats we've given him, especially junk food. Just after we got them, he was the snugglier of the two, but I think he was just tired from his journey home from the pet store because now he's as hyper and curious as his brother Oreo. They are 5 weeks old, and so far, we would agree that rats make great pets! They don't bite like gerbils and hamsters, and they don't scurry like mice. They are fairly clean animals who groom a lot, are very intelligent and easily trainable. I think one of the reasons they're not popular pets to have is because of their super-short lifespans, about 1.5-3 years only. ☐

Francis – the ladybug I found that became my new pet before I had the rats. I put him in a bug catcher, and then he went MIA. Good news – today I found him. Turns out, there was a little pocket in the bug catcher where he was hiding. I would check the bug catcher every now and then, and today I saw that he had re-emerged from hiding!

No Name – another ladybug I found in the house. I won't kill any bugs I find unless they're mosquitos – and how I enjoy killing those things! But any other bug I try to set free, and I just can't send ladybugs out into the Ohio wilderness to freeze to death. No Name is in a little container in the kitchen... I wonder what would happen if I put him in with Francis?

Mally – Ok, she's no longer part of our family physically, but we will always remember her. Since I mentioned her earlier, I thought I'd put her on the list. She was a 10-year-old inbred farm cat. My husband and I were in college, and we drove all the way out to a farm to get a kitten after reading an ad in the newspaper. By the time we got there, we wanted a cat so badly that we got one even though the owners said the mother

cat had mated with a boy from a previous litter, which is how Mally came to be. Because of this, she was never 'quite right', and was always the size of a kitten. We named her Malice as a joke, but we always called her Mally. I was her world, and she hid from everyone else, prompting family and friends alike to joke about our "invisible cat". But she existed, I swear, and she was very sweet, at least with me. She liked to lie on my pregnant belly and would 'groom' my hair. I miss her a lot and wish I could get another cat, but I'm allergic. I was allergic to Mally, but there was no way I was going to get rid of her. I got her before any of my kids were born, and so I doted upon her and spoiled her while my husband was working in the wee beginning of our days together. For those of you who never saw her, here is my little cat:



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## Sleepwalkers

With the exception of [Thinner](#), I've liked most of the [Stephen King](#) movies I've seen. My favorite is [Storm of the Century](#), a Prime-Time Emmy Award winning made-for-tv mini-series that aired in 1999. Every winter when a big blizzard is predicted in our corner of Ohio, we plan on being snowed in watching

our Storm of the Century dvd. It never happens though; I think it has to do with trying to watch a 240 minute movie that's not for kids when we have 4 of them. But anyway, if we ever get time to watch Storm of the Century in the near future, I'll definitely blog more about it – it's awesome!

One of Stephen King's lesser known films, [Sleepwalkers](#), is a movie I saw as a teenager. I liked it back then, so when I happened to see the dvd on the library's shelf the other day, that's what I quickly picked up since I was in a hurry. My husband and I watched it the other night, and we both had the same opinion. A fun little horror film, nothing great but still entertaining. It is Stephen King-creepy, as only he can do, and much of the movie's creepiness has to do with the mother-son relationship; I won't go into detail except to say that it's extremely disturbing. [Brian Krause](#) and [Alice Krige](#) play the mother and son monsters who need to feed on a human virgin in order to survive. They morph into strange cat-like creatures, which is even more strange because cats are drawn to their house, yet deadly to the monsters at the same time. The special effects are extremely cheesy by today's standards and even laughable, but sometimes I'm a sucker for that kind of thing and really enjoy bad special effects – my favorite example of this is [Jaws 3-D](#).

While we're on the subject of Stephen King, as I mentioned, I like most of his movies that I've seen. I tried to read the book *Carrie* a really long time ago, but I found it hard to follow, either because I was a teen or because of the religious ramblings inserted throughout the book which were done in such a way that it's hard to follow because it's depicting Carrie's mother's craziness. But anyway, Stephen King is very talented, of course. He has a gift of making movies extremely creepy without stooping as low as many of today's horror movies do with the constant blood and gore.

An interesting event took place in his life that almost reads like one of his novels, well, actually it does since he wrote

about it. On June 19, 1999, his life was changed forever when he was hit by a car while walking down a Maine road. There are two creepy coincidences about this incident. First, earlier that year, King had finished most of *From a Buick 8*, a novel in which a character dies after getting struck by a car. Second, the driver of the car, Bryan Smith, who was only 43, was found dead in his trailer just over a year later of an accidental overdose. He was found dead on Stephen King's birthday, September 21. The accident was inspiration for the *Dark Tower* series of books, and King is in talks with Lost co-creator J.J. Abrams to do an adaptation of the series. Since I'm a fan of Lost and Stephen King, that might be something I'll have to check out. Until then, I'll probably be planning another snowy viewing of Storm of the Century this winter that won't come to fruition.

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## Four legged furry friends...

Yes, a post about dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbit, chinchillas and all the other furry animals we share our homes and lives with.

I have a house filled with small animals. 1 dog, 1 rabbit and 7 chinchillas. Over the years we've had mice, hamsters, guinea pigs, and one hedge hog. I was never really a pet person, all pets in the house were my wife's or daughters'. Our little dog was a working dog. He was for part of his life a hearing-ear-dog. After my wife died, he quit that job, and just became a grump. But at times he can be a very good little dog. Because of who he is and what his job was, he does hold a special spot in the house (right behind the couch).

The chinchilla is probably the softest animal around. While

they are usually very active and inquisitive, some of them will sit still for some cuddling time. Some like to be petted, some don't. I think they're as picky as cats.

Rabbits are also very soft animals, and will generally sit still for a while to be petted. They will let you know when they are done with it though. You generally find yourself with a wet lap.

The other little furry pets all have good points and bad, but they can bond and will bond with people. I'm not sure why that is, but it has happened in this house.

Now most of the animals in this house are coming to the end of their natural lives. I'm not sure if this house will ever be without pets, but the years with these pets is slowing going to pass. Dogs and chinchillas will both live 15 years or so. The oldest may be past that, I'm not sure she was old when we got her. The rabbits can live about 10 years, so our little rabbit is almost there. I'm not sure what we will do when the last little furry friend is gone. That can be thought about later.

These little friends have meant a lot to this family, and sometimes even kept us sane.

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## **Six Little Engines That Tried**

Tonight was the episode of "American Idol" that I have been waiting to see since season two. Not because it featured music from the Andrew Lloyd Webber songbook but that a good question was posed to a certain British judge whom everyone admires greatly: "Given the rather negative comments you pose to performers who would be better suited for the Broadway stage

how does one approach these songs?" Mr Cowell responded: "Make them memorable yet contemporary." A rather cryptic response if ever there was one.

Six contestants remain. Those who were familiar with the songs showed it and those who were less familiar showed it (perhaps even more so).

Sysha Mercado started the evening with "One Rock & Roll Too Many" from [Starlight Express](#). Not being extremely familiar with the show, I cannot say too much about it. However, the bluesy rendition was quite nice.

The next contestant, Jason Castro, did not fare as well. Even Lord Andrew commented that he never thought he would see the day when "Memory" would be sung by a young man in dreadlocks. The composer even provided a bit of background into the character from [Cats](#) who performs the song ("a rather old glamour puss"). Jason looked like the proverbial deer in the headlights on stage.

The halftime performer, Brooke White, also had difficulty. The song "You Must Love Me" was composed by Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice for the [movie version](#) of [Evita](#). It is sung by Eva Peron (played by Madonna) on her deathbed. Unfortunately, Brooke lost her lyric in the first line, stopped, apologized, and started over. I'm not sure if this would be allowed in an actual audition but to do so on a television show which is seen by (reportedly) millions of people each week takes some degree of chutzpah.

The "contestant to beat" this year, 17-year-old David Archuleta, chose to take a diva song of nearly operatic proportions and turn it into a boy band pop ballad. Lloyd Webber wrote the role of Christine in [Phantom of the Opera](#) specifically for his wife at the time, Sarah Brightman. For a young man to change such a song with the composer sitting in the audience watching and listening takes a great deal of

courage. However, good ol' Simon did not find the performance especially memorable.

The Irish female rocker, Carly Smithson, decided to change her song from "All I Ask of You" to the title track of [\*Jesus Christ Superstar\*](#). A wise choice on her part.

However, the final performer did not choose wisely. Male rocker David Cook attempted to sing "Music of the Night." The rendition was as unimpressive as the movie version of [\*Phantom of the Opera\*](#). I was hoping he would chose a song better suited to his rock sensibilities, but he decided to go a different route and it just did not work.

I guess I found half of the performances enjoyable. But as Lord Andrew told most of the contestants: you must know not only what you are singing but also what you are singing about. Find the meaning behind the words.