

Sad Cat Diaries

Dear diary, the authorities have removed the pair of black pants from the couch. There is no longer any place for me to sleep. I have vomited three times in protest but there is no sign that anything will change. My only other hope for rest is on the computer keyboard which is nearby. But sadly no one is currently using it. I will wait.

Dear diary, my food dish is now only half full. It is obvious that I will soon starve to death. I have repeatedly tried to draw attention to my predicament with the authorities but they are clearly either stupid, deaf, or just cruel. This may be my last entry.

Dear diary, It has come to my attention that the authorities have two hands but seem to have made it the sadistic policy only to pet me with one of them at that time. Half of love is just, low- which is how I feel. My spirit is breaking.

Dear diary, I have decided to plead with the authorities to rub my belly. I think it will do me good in my current condition. I would like to receive two rubs exactly. A third one, and I will rip their hands to shreds, as per protocol. Wish me luck.

Dear diary, the water dish continues to vex me. The authorities seem to taunt me with this cruel liquid that has neither smell nor distinguishing visual markings. A sad anniversary, this is the 900th day that my nose has been unintentionally wetted.

Dear diary, yesterday I put in a simple request regarding the door to the garden but seemingly out of sheer spite the authorities refused to hold the door open long enough for me to decide whether to go outside or inside. or outside, or inside.

Dear diary, the authorities have punished me for taking a crap on the living room floor despite my efforts to distribute the litter evenly throughout the house. I am convinced that they are mad men, devoid of reason.

Dear diary, the squirrel was back again today. It mocks me. I will try and release my mind from this torment and groom myself. For four hours.

Dear diary, I have been stalking an insect on the wall for the past three days now. All of my attempts to capture it have been thwarted. However today, on further inspection I found out that the insect was in fact a thumb tack. There is no logic in this place.

Dear diary, it is three in the morning. The authorities have closed the door to the bedroom. I can only assume that they have forgotten about me and have left me here to die. As a last resort I will stand post for the rest of the night and sing the song of my people in hopes that they rescue me.

Dear diary, my attempts to destroy the terrible plant have all been for naught. Somehow, almost as if by some evil magic, a new one has appeared in its place. I will have to start over now.