

Mr. Toes



Transcript of

My First Staff Meeting

As some of you may be aware, I was residing recently under less than optimum living conditions. OK, I was outdoors eating less than five, or even one course meals – I believe some may refer to such fare as scraps. But I reject any suggestion that this lifestyle change was due to any extravagant demands on my part. It's true I have rather high standards, as some of you will soon find out, but I believe my previous care-providers would have been adequate had they not rebelled at their place in the great realm of things and insisted that they were ultimately in charge. As usual, I've had to reward such insolent behavior with seven of my fourteen front claws, reserving the full complement for further infractions.

And so now I'm here.

And yes, I'm well endowed with extra front digits. My extra toes are the sign of royalty somewhere, the exact location escapes me at the moment, but that's not important right now.

What is important is that I be served on a regular schedule. I've done my part and acquiesced to meals not being specially prepared for me, and having them removed from that roundish thing with some kind ring on top that humans – although I prefer the term *staff* – struggle to remove.

I also note that my *special place* – for the purpose of your duties you may refer to it as *litière du chat*, a litter box, or simply The Winner's Circle – well, it has to be re-freshened at regular intervals during day. With respect to that calculation, a day consists of that part when it is bright and particularly when it is less so. Since by nature I often have big thoughts during the less illuminated time, you may expect my *special place* to reflect that. No joke intended.

Moving right along.

There has been some whispering – I hear very well even when I appear to be "zoning" – that as I saunter about this abode I should actively engage in the pursuit of *rodentia*. First, how is it that your problems become my problems? That smacks of a tradesman mentality, wherein my care is in exchange for my performing some unsavory duties. That's just not going to happen.

Secondly, *rodentia* are, if encountered, mere play things. The idea that I should ruin my appetite by dispatching them permanently to wherever they go after they are no longer able to move is repugnant. I am reliably informed that such toys carry unseen perils and often white squiggly things, which I find distasteful to even think about. So don't make me think about them. To do so is rated as a twelve out of fourteen claw infraction.

Remember, what I bring to the table is me. And as I gain back weight that will be more than enough.

That's it really. I'm sure over time I'll learn your names and promptly forget them, because what is important is that you carry out your duties, and do so smelling nice, or at least neutral. So no garlic, onions, or stuff you tend to spray on yourselves, which might interfere with my ability to determine food quality, or the presence of a potential female companion – well never mind that – those glory days of frolicking have been denied me through medical procedures to which I GAVE NO INFORMED CONSENT.

I've got a mite headache now, so I'm going to take a nap. When I awake, we'll probably have to go through all this again. That's one of the problems of dealing with staff – they're often just not that swift. There I've said it. It's out in the open. And so are my claws.

Right, so keep on your toes, and particularly off of mine.

Oh, before I forget. About the dog. It's gotta go. Make it look like an accident. Let's keep the ASPCA out of this – for the time being – depending, of course, on MY treatment here.

All right then.

Good meeting.

Dismissed.