

SCOUT'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE OF 2012.....

..... AND THE STICKY BOW INCIDENT!

The Scout's favorite time of the year has always been Christmas as that is when something called a tree was set up in the house. Scout loved it – to her it was the biggest, best cat toy ever! It gave her a chance to practice her climbing skills which is something cats should know how to do even if for some reason, their front claws are missing.



And even though there were no birds to scare off, she could pretend she had already scared them off – even the baby birds – which is what cats do and that was a good ego boost for an indoor cat.

In 2012, as Bob was setting up the tree, he told the Scout that if she could balance her big butt at the very top, then she could take the place of the Christmas Tree Angel. “We’ll just leave the angel in the box this year!”, said Bob.

Scout didn't know what that meant, but was quite sure she could easily do that with ease since she was already experiencing the excitement of her imaginary big game hunt of tasty, feathered fowl.

“Replacing the Christmas Tree Angel” had a great ring of potential to it – the Scout figured it would give her the chance to look even more cute than usual not to mention the great honor that sounded like it would bestow.

Only when Bob finally finished the tree did the Scout realize what balancing her big butt on the top meant. But the Scout was always up for a challenge, but when her chubby self made the whole tree so top heavy that it fell over did the Scout realize this was a feat of fame that turned to shame and she may not be able to pull off. So out came the Christmas Tree Angel.



At first the Scout was a little perturbed by the whole experience, but thought to herself, “Not a problem, I wait for Kim and Bob to go to sleep tonight, then hunt and kill ornaments”!

But Bob remembered years past when the next morning, all the ornaments were spread over the floor and several of them mortally wounded to the point where all that could be done was get out the vacuum cleaner. Not only that, lights had come off the tree and the whole tree had fallen over. Doing cat things when you are a cat is one thing – but a lumber jack cat? That’s where Bob had to draw the line.

Finally, the Scout took her consolation in sleeping under the tree – like she was the best Christmas present ever.



But then it happened: **The Sticky Bow Incident of 2012.**

As long as the Scout was the best Christmas present ever, Kim and Bob thought it would be funny to affix a festive bow on her head.



As it turns out, the Scout disliked that so much she freaked out and ran around trying to get that bow off and when that didn't work, she had no other option than to hide under the bed and cry.

As it turns out, cats don't care for sticky bows, or for that matter, anything with an adhesive nature to it – apparently it messes up their fur or something and leaves the only recourse of hiding under the bed and crying.

Bob was also informed real life cats resent being stereotyped as some sort of lovable cartoon cat and being portrayed as a cupcake is absurd since the frosting would mess up her fur even more... it would take forever to lick all that frosting off and if didn't have a combination fish and baby bird taste to it, then what would be the point?

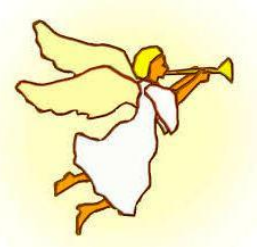


After the **“Sticky Bow Incident of 2012”** Scout’s regret and disappointment that she was unable to attain the coveted position atop the tree had quickly given way to a jealous dislike for the angel. And that’s very ironic given the joy of the season and that angels are supposed to bring joy!

Regardless, the Scout took a position on Kim’s walker so she could get a good look at her rival and figure out how the Christmas Tree Angel managed to stay on top of the tree. If the Scout figured out the secret, she would climb back up and knock the Angel off her perch.



And then it came, The Christmas Tree Angel, like all angels, delivered the good news to Scout.



“Look”, she explained, “I live in a box in the basement all but 2 weeks of the year and you get to run around all year long. Second, I’ve never been able to get under the covers with Kim and Bob on a cold winter night, but you get to do that anytime you want. All you have to do is purr a lot, which as I understand, comes naturally to cats anyway. And third, Kim and Bob make sure you always have enough food and water. I’ve never had anything to eat.”

“In fact”, continued the Angel with a bit of cynicism, “maybe all that food is why you’re too chubby to take my place!”

“Ok, you’ve made your point!” exclaimed the Scout. “Let’s not get personal with these subtle remarks about my weight”



After some more thinking, the Scout thought of another blessing for which she can be thankful. “You know – I never realized I have Bob trained so well that he even cleans out my box for me every week. And if I need to hack up a fur ball in the hall in the middle of the night so Bob steps on it when he gets up to use the bathroom without turning on the light, all he says is ...***you got to be kidding...*** then he cleans it up and goes back to bed. Maybe life is pretty good afterall”

