

The Bad Kitty List

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--- Introduction ---

This is a list of things cat owners would have their pets write on the blackboard, like Bart Simpson, if they could get them to write.

This list was begun September 20, 1993 and is copyrighted by Harold Reynolds (the creator and maintainer), though animal shelters may use it for fund raising purposes. PDF file generated September 3, 2007. Latest update: May 31, 2018.

--- Fill In the Blanks ---

--- [xxx] is not a bed: ---

any book/paper my human is reading; anything lying on the floor that wasn't there 5 minutes ago; inside the neighbour's car (the

window down is NOT an invitation); inside the open dryer; my human's head; my human's sock drawer; my next-door neighbour's Corvette; neatly stacked papers or magazines; piano strings; the bathtub; the box full of printer paper (especially when the printer is running!); the cake for the wedding shower. (It was a sheet cake in a box with plastic over the top. Hershey decided it made a wonderful hammock. Thanks to the plastic, no cat hair, but a fair number of smooshed frosting roses!); the car; the clean clothes basket; the computer keyboard; the crystal bowl from the people's wedding; the dog's belly, feet, or head; the electric organ; the external disk drive; the grate over the floor furnace; the dress my human intends to wear (Juliet will climb right on top of it, lie down and refuse to budge!); the inside of the antique radio; the open (Mac) laptop computer (she managed to start several programs, including one I didn't know about); the mouse pad; the neighbour's flowerbed; the pot (not hot) on the stove; the nice afghan my human's mother crocheted for her; the printer output tray; the sink; the stove; the top of the TV (your tail blocks the picture);

--- [xxx] is not prey/a toy: ---

any food, whether wrapped in something or not; any papers, mail or magazines sitting on the table; any piece of paper lying around; Black Widow spiders; bottles of aspirin; bugs (alive or dead); computer RAM chips; eye shadow; Friskies Dental Diet dry cat food; Lego pieces; my (female) human's nipple; my feline sister; my female human's bra; my human's hair; my human's hand, especially when it is petting me; my human's Matchbox cars (the little humans can't play with them, and neither can I); my human's necklace; my human's penis (see one of Robin Williams' concert tapes); my human's snow white lace garter from her wedding with the beautiful tasty maribou feathers on it; my human's toes; my human; my poop; my tail; open milk cartons; paper clips; paper coming from the printer; phone cords; pop bottle caps; Q-tips; radio crystals; scarves; small children; the computer mouse; the cord for my human's earphones; the cordless phone; the curling iron; the dog's tail or ears; the fish in the aquarium; the fuzzy toilet cover; the hair in the shower drain; the human's troll doll; the newspaper; the pantyhose; the potholder; the produce ripening on the kitchen counter; the Richard Simmons Food Mover; the sheets; the spinning jet inside the dish washer; the spoon when my human is eating cereal; the springy doorstop that goes dooiinnngg, especially at 4 a.m.; the tiny alabaster figurine my human brought from Egypt; the unused telephone jack; the wires behind the computer and the TV set; toilet paper; twist-ties; used kleenexes;

--- I recognize that the [xxx] has a right to exist: ---

baby; belt; blue jays outside; fringe on the bathroom rug; fuzzy toilet seat; house plant; human's toes; human; my human's boyfriend's little sister, who was just trying to be friendly; my human's shoelaces; poodle in the house; teddy bear; the bag of Dove chocolates; the dog; the guys who come over to play D&D, who were just trying to be friendly; the hair dryer; the other cat; the very lifelike big Beanie Baby cat; the weight bracelets;

--- I will not climb the [xxx]: ---

bulletin board; coats hanging on the coat rack; curtains; human's leg; lampposts; new shower curtain (the ceiling is the same as it was when I checked it out and slid down the last four NEW shower curtains); redwood trees; screen; speaker; toilet; tree; walls;

--- I will not dunk [xxx] into my water dish: ---

half-digested food; my brother's tail; my human's comics; my human's ironing; my paws, feet, tail, head, stomach, or ANY part of my body, inside or outside, with the exception of my tongue; my toy mouse; the house plants; tissues;

--- I will not hide [xxx]: ---

a dead mouse in the house without telling the humans; my human's watch; pens, curlers, or house keys under the carpet; my human's condoms;

--- I will not jump on the [xxx]: ---

barbecue; bed at night; bed from the top of the wardrobe at night; computer keyboard; kitchen counter; my human's full bladder at 5:30 a.m.; my human's pregnant belly; my little brother; shelves in the china cabinet; stack of clean laundry; stove; table; the rabbit next door; tray set up in front of the TV and knock it over (along with my human's dinner); TV;

--- I will not pee/poop/barf a hairball on the [xxx]: ---

all over the patio (even if I am a five week old kitten because my mother showed me where to "do my business"); ANYTHING when my human has guests (mostly barf); baby's mattress; bath mat; bathtub; big people's shoes; clean laundry; dining room table; floor; human's tax return; kitchen counter; marble floor (acid vomit + marble = etched marble); my human's collection of (expensive) Nazi daggers; new white carpet; sleeping human; sofa; the middle of the floor; the tax auditor; TV;

--- I will not sharpen my claws on the [xxx]: ---

basement door; car tires; carpet; dog's butt, leg or face; drapes; mattress; my human's \$100 science book; my human's boss' leg; my human's leg; on my human's back pockets while he/she is sitting in an opened back chair. (Pockets are particularly useful in providing a point of resistance for the outstretched claws, but flesh will do in a pinch.); other animals; sofa; the new speakers; the sofa bed; the Turkish rug that my human brought back from Istanbul; upholstered chairs; wallpaper; window screen;

--- I will not try to climb into the [xxx]: ---

bathtub when it is full of water; cabinet of clean dishes (the bungee cord was put there to keep me out); dishwasher; dryer; freezer;

garage; refrigerator; shower while my human is bathing; washing machine;

--- Annoying/Embarrassing Habits ---

--- Bathroom ---

1. I will not act if I'm being murdered during a flea bath.
I will not criticize my human's housekeeping (or lack thereof) by scratching the side of the bathtub as if it were the litter box. (I clean it about every ten days to two weeks, but apparently this isn't sufficient!)
- I will not lock myself into the bathroom, especially when it is on the second floor and my people have to call the fire department, which arrives with sirens and lights, even though my people have told them that there is no fire, just a cat.

--- Destroying ---

1. I will not get claw happy by applying my claws to my human's pillow or binder.
2. I will not have one of my so called "Kitty Seizure For No Reason Attack" when my human decides to pick me up, leaving 3 huge gashes in her arm, 4 extra holes in her shirt and a chunk ripped out of the couch.
3. I will not insist on licking every photograph I can get my paws on. I especially will not tear into the box in the corner of the bedroom so that I can lick the wedding pictures my human intends to put in a beautiful scrapbook, eventually.
4. I will not lick all the glue off of all of the envelopes I can find.
5. I will not stare defiantly at my human and then sharpen my claws on the new sofa.

--- Escaping ---

1. "Brushed" is not a bad word. When my human says "Do you want to be brushed?", I will not head for the hills.
2. I am a house cat. I am a house cat. I am a house cat.
3. I am a thirteen year old cat and I'm not doing so well. I will not try to dash out of the open door and into a snowstorm. If I do and one human grabs me by the tail while the other body-tackles me, I have only myself to blame.
4. I am an inside kitty. I have always been an inside kitty, and will always be an inside kitty, or at least as long as my humans live on a busy main street. Thus, I will not seize any opportunity to dart out the front door as unsuspecting and slow-moving guests linger there. If I do get out, I will not give my humans heart attacks by bolting straight for the busy street, hiding under parked cars, and darting ever closer to oncoming traffic. When my humans catch me and bring me back inside, I will not sulk or try to make them feel guilty. I know that they keep me inside because they love me and want to keep me around.
5. I promise to never ever again try to escape the apartment my human lives in and go tearing up the stairs to the third floor window in the hall that has no screen and do a "test landing". I heard this might kill off one of my 9 lives and I do need them all.
6. I realize that the house is not a prison from which to escape at any opportunity.
7. I understand that my human is in a wheelchair, and it is not nice of me to run under her to get out of the apartment when she opens the door (late for an appointment), then run down the stairs to the laundry room so that she has to get a neighbour to catch me.
8. I will not climb the screen in the sunroom so that it pulls out at the top, allowing me to jump to the ground below and go play in the bush, just because my humans left me alone (with all the other cats) for a couple of days. (I will especially not do this from the window that is the highest (12') from the ground.) It not only terrifies my humans until I feel like coming when called on their return (long enough calling that I am sure I have punished them), but it fills the house with mosquitoes and blackflies, and wrecks the screen.
9. I will not find new and interesting ways to escape from the yard causing my humans to go running around the yard trying to patch up holes as I find them.
10. I will not find ways to break through everything that my human puts up to block my entry into the crawl space.
11. I will not get the bathroom door open and shoot past my humans and into the garage when they are trying to bring groceries in. All that gets me is a slap on the butt and being put right back in the bathroom.
12. I will not knock over the board keeping our window shut and me in, just to get outside. This causes (1) a freezing cold breeze to come blowing into our trailer and (2) my human's mom to lose her temper and kick me out into the cold. (My eleven-month-old kitty Mercury always does this and I end up freezing.)
13. I will not make my human chase me barefoot outside when it is dead of winter and she has a cold. Then when she can't catch me and goes inside I will not show up at the kitchen window five minutes later screaming to be let in because MY feet are freezing.
14. I will not run away from home and move in with the neighbours just because I am left alone for the weekend.
15. I will not run for the door when the pizza delivery person arrives -- or when anyone arrives or leaves. The humans do not appreciate having to chase me.
16. I will not run like greased lightning outside every time the door opens. I am black, and its really hot outside.
17. I will not run like hell when it is time to go to bed downstairs.
18. I will not run out the front door every single time it's opened, and then go under the oil-leaking car. I am a white cat and must learn to live with this fact.
19. I will not sneak out the hole in the screen at random times of night. I am an indoor cat, and my humans prefer that it stay that way.
20. I will not terrify my human by taking off and leaving for weeks at a time in the spring and not coming back, causing her to put out reward posters and look at less fortunate kitties in the animal shelter.
21. I will not threaten to run out the door into the hall if someone opens the door to the room. (Several of my friends have kept illegal

- kittens in the dorm, and we've had a few runaway attempts).
22. I will not try to escape from the house and play in the yard while wearing an Elizabethan collar.
 23. I will not try to run out the door every time my dog brother has to go out. I am an indoor cat.
 24. I will not try to take off outside when the dog is coming in. (This has happened twice. The first time, he took off two houses down and plopped himself on their cement walk.)
 25. I will not use my nightly greeting of my human at our apartment door as an excuse to try to get past her for a forbidden trip down the stairs.
 26. I will stop running out any doors that are opened.
 27. If I must go streaking outside, I will not do it at night, and I will not leave the yard.
 28. If I somehow sneak out the door, I will not run immediately to the edge of the porch and climb up the three-inch-wide edge of the roof to the peak. I do not know how to get back down, and my human and her family do not appreciate having to hold a sheet two stories down to catch me in case I fall. This is especially valid at 10:00 at night for a black cat.
 29. No matter how freaked I am at the cars going past the house because one of them hit me last week, I will not break out of the cat carrier while waiting for the taxi to come to take me and the human to the vet's, nor will I take refuge under a thorny bush so that the human ends up looking in a worse state than me when we arrive.
 30. The house is not Alcatraz. My humans keep me inside for my own well being. When I am grown up and can defend myself against the other cats and dogs in the neighbourhood, I may be allowed to go outside.
 31. We will leave any doors that are closed alone. Just because one of us can open doors does not mean we have to go through the house opening ALL the doors. Maybe the humans closed those doors for a reason.
 32. When I do escape outside, I will not lead the people on a merry chase throughout the yard and then end up on the doorstep asking to be let in. (All of us but the cat were breathing hard!)
 33. When I manage to escape from our fenced-in garden (2 meter high fence) I will not make my humans chase me all over the parking lot. I will not climb the tree adjacent to the parking lot and run into the neighbours' garden through the opened back door with my muddy feet on their polished marble floor only to sit in the middle of their living room and lick my genitals. This is not acceptable behaviour even for a way too cute 3-month-old red and white kitty.
 34. When my family has decided that I should be an indoor cat from now on, I will accept it with grace and dignity and not try to let myself out through the former kitty door. (Freckles is old and we have had an increase in cat-eating animals in our woody, swampy neighbourhood. We tried to put duct tape on the door (she pulled it off), we tried nailing it shut (she went through the screen). We finally had to put a board across the whole bottom of the door so she couldn't get out.)
 35. When my human puts me in the garage or downstairs so the other 2 cats can roam around outside I will not keep trying to escape (Sky plays too rough so we have to keep them separated.)

--- Food/Water ---

1. Even though it's a bad habit to eat in front of the TV, I will not sit next to my human when she's doing that, and sneak the best bits of broccoli from her bowl.
2. I do not need my humans to pet me during mealtimes. I can eat without being petted. (I've never known a cat that wants to be petted while they eat. Since I have 4 other cats, it's a bit frustrating, because she'll take a few bites then walk over to me or my husband (as we're getting the other cats' food ready) and meow at us until we walk with her to her food dish. She'll start eating when we start petting her and stop eating when we walk away. She also looks up at us frequently to make sure we're still there (if we stopped petting her). It takes her forever to eat!)
3. I will not act like it is the end of the world because someone touched my food dish.
4. I will not attempt to cram my entire face between my human's mouth and her glass of Thai iced tea so insistently that she is forced for the rest of my natural life to drink the stuff standing up.
5. I will not attempt to crawl into the salad bowl on the kitchen table while my human is entertaining dinner guests (especially my human's musician friends whom she is desperately trying to impress!).
6. I will not dip my paw into my human's drink.
7. I will not execute amazing leaps directly over my human's glass of water, barely grazing the lip of the glass and leaving a tuft of fur in my human's beverage.
8. I will not ignore the glass of water that my human has poured for me and then drink out of his.
9. I will not jump up on the kitchen counter and lick the cap of the canola oil bottle.
10. I will not lie to the male human, meowing plaintively pretending that the female human didn't pet me, or feed me all day.
11. I will not make my human make a special trip on the city bus to buy me treats then decide that wasn't what I wanted after all.
12. I will not put my tail in my human's plate of food when she doesn't share enough.
13. I will not train our human to give me treats every morning and then decide that I no longer WANT milk first thing in the morning.
14. If I want to get up on the table where my food is kept I will use the couch as a way of getting there. Climbing up the table cloth is not allowed, nor is climbing up my human appreciated.
15. Just because the human came out of her bedroom does not mean she is going to feed me. I get fed once a day, and I know that.
16. When my human and her parents eat out, it's usually not something I can eat and I will not sulk if they don't ask me what I want.
17. When my human finally breaks down and gives me a treat (oyster bits, chips, popcorn); I will actually eat it, not just mew and walk away.
18. When the neighbours give me to my new human and I'm drunk as a skunk at 3 a.m., the human takes me to the vet who has never

seen a 10 week old kitten so drunk before, and the new human then proceeds to take good care of me, I will not scream and whine because she wants me to drink water and won't share her alcohol. I'm a baby, I'm not allowed to drink. I'd like a liver later in my life.

--- Forbidden Places or Activities ---

1. Being multi-toed doesn't mean I am allowed to open the fridge.
2. Biting is not an acceptable means of communication.
3. Even though the cabinet above the stove is empty, I should not hide there all day.
4. Freshly laundered velvet curtains are not a challenge.
5. I am forbidden to play with cotton balls and I know it. I put everything in my mouth and cotton is bad for me. Therefore I will not sneak into the bathroom behind my human's back when she is at the sink brushing her teeth just so I can fish around in the trash can for them. And if my human is absent-minded enough to leave a bag of cotton balls in the bedroom, I will not knock it down, tear it open and strew the contents all over the bedroom floor for her to find and clean up after a hard day's work!
6. I am not allowed in the house, so when my human opens the door, I will not come barreling in like a furry torpedo.
7. I do not belong in the windows. That's why the blinds are always shut.
8. I do not have opposable thumbs. Therefore, I will cease and desist opening doors. (I don't know if the doors just don't seal well or if Oliver really does know how to open doors.)
9. I do not have to investigate all of the cupboards in the kitchen. There is nothing in any of the cupboards for me. My human is only willing to show me the cupboards above the countertop ONCE.
10. I do not need to be pinned by my humans foot every time she walks in the house and I am by the door!"
11. I know I am not allowed on the counter at any time. This does not change just because my human is getting the food bowls ready for us. When I make a running jump for the counter top, I end up sliding and knocking everything from here to kingdom come. If I continue to jump onto the counter at feeding time, I will be locked in the cat carrier until she is ready to feed me. Since I hate that thing I had better quit...
12. I may have a flower name, but I do not belong in a vase.
13. I promise not to insist on being on the other side of any door that is closed.
14. I shall not open all unlocked doors.
15. I was a stray. I should appreciate that the kind humans took me in, instead of acting like I was born queen of the house.
16. I will definitely come when my human says "Shut Door" or she will shut me in the room that I don't really want to be in.
17. I will not be so chaotic that I make my human reconsider the benefits of adding a kitten to the household. She swears it was nice and quiet before me.
18. I will not bolt into the garage as soon as the door is opened. I know I don't like it in there, and that is the only place that doorway leads to.
19. I will not climb into the curtain that is attached to a stick that is clasped between a closet and the wall. The stick will just fall on my head.
20. I will not climb onto the top of the pantry and open the door so that I may knock the cat treats off the shelf for my bosom buddies, causing my human to wake up and come down the hallway with a sword in her hand because she thought someone broke into the house!
21. I will not climb the foam padding on the recording studio walls and walk sideways along the ceiling. It is disconcerting to the humans
22. I will not climb the heirloom quilt Mom has on the wall of her office!
23. I will not crawl into the dishwasher when it is full of clean dishes.
24. I will not dart into my humans' bedroom and crawl under the bed when she is getting ready for bed. My human is very tired and does not appreciate having to either drag me out from under the bed or get up to throw me outta the room (due to my obnoxious caterwauling because I have decided that I want out of the room) just as she is starting to fall asleep.
25. I will not expect to be let out on the terrace without wearing my harness, even though I don't like it, since we live on the 7th floor. Besides, my human doesn't think it's funny when I sneak under the partition to the terrace next door and ignore her when she calls me to come back.
26. I will not go outside without my collar with tags and license. I will not attempt to remove my collar, tags or license while I am outside. While they are a burden, they are there for my protection.
27. I will not go psycho-cat and leap up onto the swivel chair. I am too fat, and I will knock it over into the grandfather clock.
28. I will not ignore Grandma when she yells at me to get off the dining room table.
29. I will not jump in the refrigerator unless my human sees me do it. The light goes off when the door is shut.
30. I will not jump on my human's glass top coffee table (which I know I am not supposed to do) resulting in my human spraying me with water, just so I can get a refreshing drink to lick off myself.
31. I will not jump on the window when it is open and ignore my human when she tries to shoo me off.
32. I will not jump on top of the medicine cabinet lighting fixture. There is nothing up there except dust and hot light bulbs.
33. I will not jump onto glass aquarium tops. Last time I did that, it broke I fell into the frog's tank and got all wet.
34. I will not open kitchen cabinets at will, especially the one where the garbage is hidden, and also untie the strings my human puts on there to keep it closed making her think I am an evil genius.
35. I will not raid the laundry hamper and steal my humans largest, oldest (saved for that time of the month)pair of under pants and

then proceed to drop them at her new male friends feet, on his first visit.

36. I will not remove my collar repeatedly.
37. I will not sit on the mantel clock to get attention.
38. I will not sleep in the coal-hole. It is quite impossible to get the coal dust out of my fur, and I really don't enjoy my humans' attempts. (Brushing, bathing, vacuuming - we tried *everything*!)
39. I will not stand futilely pawing at kitchen cupboards and piteously mewling to be let in, because a) kitchen cupboards are not my lair, b) I am not a cave-dwelling jaguar, c) I could open the cupboards myself, and d) the humans could forget I was in there.
40. I will not try to climb on top of the antique china cabinet; I have already left scars up the back of it from sliding down. My sister can levitate up there with no problem, but I have all the grace of a rhinoceros in a tree and will probably knock the whole thing over someday.
41. I will refrain from climbing the stairs to the forbidden zone (the cats are not allowed upstairs and they know this) especially not at 7 a.m. And if I must break the rules I will refrain from crying my heart out. My human does not appreciate this wake up call when she does not have to be anywhere in the morning. And I will not refuse to go out after she gets out of bed. And I will especially not repeat this half an hour later.
42. I will stop leaping to the dining room table top, especially, when it is covered with breakfast goodies for the B&B guests' breakfast. I will also keep my face out of the coffee milk dispenser. My human has to throw out the milk and wash the jug, which makes her very mean and nasty.
43. I will stop trying to scale the edge of the patio door, making hideous screeching noises with my claws when they cannot find purchase on the glass.
44. If I want attention, I will not launch things off the desk and shelves even going as far as to knock whatever drink my human has on her night table onto her.
45. It is not essential that I climb inside the refrigerator every single time someone opens the door.
46. Kitchen cupboards are where food lives, not cats. Ditto the fridge.
47. My harness is a permanent part of me and I will stop trying to remove it. If I want to go outside, then I must put up with having it on me.
48. No does not mean try again in 5, 10, or 15 minute intervals.
49. The clothes horse is not a kitten climbing frame, and the clothes hanging on it were not put there for me to swing out of or to pull down onto the floor where I just hacked up a hairball.
50. The garage is off limits to me for good reason. I will not sneak out there and make my human crawl around in a confined area, trying to get me out from under things. She doesn't like it and I don't like being dragged out from under the car.
51. The garbage can is off limits.
52. We will not wait until my humans are at work to pull the piece of wood out of the sliding glass door that the male human put there to prevent burglars. We cannot open the door ourselves and he will just think she is absent-minded and forgot to replace it after watering the plants; and he will yell at HER about it instead of being impressed at our intelligence.
53. When I teleport myself into locked rooms I will not then meow to be let out. (I mean, honestly, if she can teleport herself in she should be able to teleport herself out again. Yes, I checked and saw her outside the room before closing it. No, there is no way into the room but the door. Teleportation is one of a cat's greatest means of getting into trouble.)
54. When my human sprays me with the water bottle to get me off the dresser, I should obey the intended message, instead of wincing, tensing for the water, and then going about my business as if nothing had happened.

--- Games ---

1. After hanging on the screen door and begging to be let in, I will enter the house immediately, not suddenly change my mind and run off.
2. I will not abuse my power of becoming invisible or walking through walls. Alternatively, I will explain to my humans how I can disappear for hours or find my way into or out of a closed room.
3. I will not freak my human out by staring at the wall for absolutely no reason, causing her to believe her house is haunted (or that I am just very disturbed).
4. I will not get excited, run through the house, and jump up and sink my claws into my human's leg (and just hang there) to make sure she knows I want to play. (My kitten, Trace, does this all the time.)
5. I will not hide behind the corner waiting for unsuspecting humans to pass by so I can attack.
6. I will not hide then ambush my human's legs when she is wearing pantyhose or I will be sent to a research lab (not really, but I threaten to all the time).
7. I will not play "can't catch me" in my human's grandma's raspberry patch.
8. I will not play "Musical Chairs" with the humans. (If there are four people, we need 5 chairs. As soon as one person gets up, Baghera will "steal" that person's chair, so they will have to sit in the vacant chair, and then a soon as another person gets up Baghera will again "steal" and so on.)
9. I will stop climbing the curtains when I am escaping the other cat.
10. The pieces of fabric covering the arms of the couch were NOT put there for me to play hide and seek with my human's hands.

--- The Great Outdoors ---

1. Going outside is a privilege, not a right. I have lived 2 years having never set foot outside and can tolerate waiting for the rain to

"set" the bug killer in the lawn before I am allowed to go outside again. Bug killer might hurt me. Pouting will NOT get me outside sooner.

2. I am an inside cat. If I must go outside, I will: a) not get into a fight with the neighbourhood stray; b) not hiss and growl at my human when she shoos the stray away; c) come inside obediently when she asks, not go streaking under the porch so my human has to turn the hose on me to get me out of there.
3. I do not need to go out when it's zero F out side and no one wants to run out after me! I am an indoor cat and I like to be warm.
4. I know I don't like the outside. My humans know I don't like the outside. Therefore when I am staring out the screen door, and they have to leave, when they pick me up they are not trying to put me outside - so there is no reason to put my claws into their shoulder.
5. I know that my humans love me and will not leave me outside so I don't have to throw myself at the screen door to be let in.
6. I will learn that when I do not respond to my name when I am called, I will risk the possibility of being locked out of the house. My human is a good person and makes sure I have food and water so I won't be traumatized into thinking I am a stray once again. I do not have to put on a royally miffed attitude when she does get home. Also, I will not go to the neighbour's house and meow pitifully until they sympathize and let me in the house. That especially drives my human bonkers because she is positive I was OUTSIDE when she went back to work. So how did I get INSIDE during the afternoon? Hmmmm, a little cat burglary?
7. I will not die if I do not get to go out in the yard and eat grass.
8. I will not do acrobatics when my human puts a harness on me for the first time.
9. I will not get my human to open the back door and then just sit there to look at the view.
10. I will not guilt trip my human into taking me outside with pathetic looks, meows, or patting her face with my paws. I am too cute and it is unfair.
11. I will not insist on going out the trailer windows just because they haven't been bolted shut. If I do insist on going out the windows, climbing up the side of the trailer to get back in is not acceptable.
12. I will not insist on going outside to play in the snow and then stand at the door making up my mind, lest my human make up my mind for me with a boot to the butt.
13. I will not knock off the screen and let the mosquitoes in and then do nothing about it when they attack my humans. (There has been a lot of rain this year so there are a lot of mosquitoes.)
14. I will not listen for sound of the door opening and, when it does not click completely shut, pry it open with one of my strong claws and run outside, leaving the door wide open. Especially if the humans have just left the house for several hours.
15. I will not make the old door in the garage rafters my summer home because it makes my human say bad things to Papa and makes him sit up at night wondering how he got into this...
16. I will not refuse to come inside when a huge storm is coming, then after the storm sit smugly on top of a fallen tree until my human finds me.
17. I will not stand with my tail in the doorway for five minutes while I decide if I REALLY want to go out or in. Once out/in, I will not yowl 90 seconds later to reverse direction.
18. I will not stare at the door for ten minutes then refuse to go out because the weather isn't what I wanted it to be. I also understand that the weather will be the same at the back door, too.
19. I will not throw another kitty temper tantrum if I can't go outdoors.
20. I will not wait until there is a swarm of mosquitoes outside the door to demand entry so that we all can swarm in together.
21. If I accidentally get outside, I will have the good graces when my human comes to pick me up to not hiss, scratch and try to bite her when the feral kitty who hangs around has me cornered and is threatening to kill me.
22. If I dash outside to investigate the fluffy white stuff, I will not panic when I discover it is cold and wet, and run under the deck and refuse to come out for two hours. Since I am a housecat, my human worries that I won't be able to handle the cold. If I do this, I will not be surprised and angry when my long, white fur gets muddy as I am dragged out by the tail.
23. It is not necessary to have my human experience "dynamic cat flow" when I want out/in and my kittie-roomie wants in/out.
24. We will NOT sneak outside when a basement window gets broken sometime overnight. We are all inside-only kitties, we are never allowed outside.
25. When it is -40F outside, I do not need to go out. If I decide I should anyway, I should ask to be let in 20 seconds later at the same door. I should not under any circumstances jump into the snow and go to the basement window that doesn't open, and howl to be let in there, forcing my humans to tromp through the snow to retrieve me.
26. When my human puts me outside I will not climb the screen door.
27. Whereas I enjoy being an outdoor cat in the summer, this is not an excuse to ignore my humans when they attempt to pet me outside unless they are having a barbecue, when I cannot demonstrate enough how much I love them.

--- Gross ---

1. I will not bury my toys in the litterbox. My human hates this and will throw them away.
2. I will not jump up on the bed the morning after a hot summer night, and gleefully lick the bed sheets where my human was sweating all night.
3. I will not leave little brown bugs at the front door when she comes home from work in the dark and cause her to drop everything and jump on the furniture.
4. I will not lick my human's armpits while she is sleeping.
5. When my young humans are playing with modelling clay, it would be preferred if I did NOT remove solid waste from my litter

tray, and roll it onto the kitchen floor. This makes my human very worried as she thinks it is clay, which would make me ill. Young humans are not very happy if they are told to pick up modelling clay and find out that it is old poop. This wastes soap.

--- Hampering ---

1. I do not automatically have to be on the other side of a closed door. Particularly if I was just there.
2. I do not need petting every time my humans have oil, paint or glue on their hands.
3. I do not need to help clean the dirty dishes that are in the sink.
4. I do not need to see what is on the other side of every door in the house, especially not the ones that lead to outside.
5. I will not censor my human's reading material by batting away the book while he tries to read.
6. I will not push the inside bolt over on my human's 2nd story apartment's only door while she's gone. The neighbours do not like having to climb a ladder into the bedroom window.
7. I will not run ahead of my human down the stairs in the morning, and then stop suddenly half-way down. Causing my human to fall the rest of the way will not get me fed any faster.
8. I will not run between my human's legs and stretch myself out on the top step in front of her when she's taking dirty laundry to the basement.
9. I will not wait for my human at the top of stairs so that together we can descend to his office--off which is my litter box--and so I can leave a smelly one to reek up his work area and make him suffer.
10. If I really want to help my humans put the cover back on the sofa, I should wait until AFTER she has it all the way on before I try to sit on it.
11. In spite of what I believe, I am actually the smallest living thing in the house. I should not take up so much of the couch that my human ends up in the fetal position.
12. My human's feet are not prey. Especially when he is carrying 2 full laundry baskets and a laundry bag down the basement stairs, or a full 4.5 gallon bucket of water upstairs.
13. The sandpaper thing my human uses to remove dead skin from her feet is not my mortal enemy. I will not attack it while she uses it.
14. When I am outside and my human is late for work, I will come promptly, not wait until she has set the alarm and locked the door.
15. When my human is baking, she can handle the stirring just fine with her spoon. I don't need to use my paws so her arms can rest.
16. When my human is practising kung-fu or any other martial art and is in 'the zone', I will not leap at him/her. It says a lot about them that they have not yet hurt me. I especially won't sulk because they scared me when they nearly kicked me through the wall.
17. When my human is reading a magazine I do not need to sit on the newspaper stack at the end of the couch and sulk because I cannot sit on her magazine.
18. When my human wants to groom the mats out of my fur, it is not time to play "can't catch me in the garden".

--- Hiding ---

1. I may resent being dragged away from my territory to go on vacation with the humans, but I will not cause severe embarrassment to them and great hilarity to my human's brother and sister-in-law by hiding under the back seat of the car and refusing to budge, resulting in their trying to remove me bodily, one from each side of the car. (We have the picture...)
2. I will not conveniently disappear every time my human wants to put a collar on me.
3. I will not disappear for 3 days at a time. Humans tend to worry.
4. I will not hide behind the couch and scare my human by jumping out at her.
5. I will not hide behind the panel that allows maintenance access to the bathroom plumbing and stay there most of the day. (The panel is fixed, and both kitties are safe. Rocky is still really nosey about what is behind the panel, though.)
6. I will not hide in my human's backpack. I am a cat and have no need of a college education.
7. I will not hide in the (dresser, box, closet, under the bed, etc.) to avoid going to my human's parents' home. (If the truth be known, I love to go over there.)
8. I will not hide in the bathtub when my human is not looking and cause her to run around the house yelling for me.
9. I will not hide in the house and not come out when my humans call for me. Also, I will not stay in my hiding place as they check everywhere twice, and then stroll out when their backs are turned so that they can't see where I was hiding. I especially will not do this at 3 in the morning.
10. I will not hide in the open bag of shredded paper that is meant for recycling, scaring the bejeezus out of the human who picks it up. I will not hide behind an office door and swat the secretary's legs (with new stockings on of course) just because she doesn't let me sit on her typewriter.
11. I will not hide in very dark places when a thunderstorm threatens (My human might be upset when she can't find me).
12. I will not hide on the bed's headboard lower support bar between the mattress and the wall so my humans cannot find me. While I find it funny that the humans can't find me it appears they are worried. (We found her when trying to plug in a lamp under the bed. We had just moved into the house so she was a Fraidy cat the first few weeks. She kept disappearing for hours on end and we couldn't find her. Finally went to crawl under the bed and was trying to reach up to plug the lamp in and she jumped down and bolted out of the room. The next few times she disappeared we looked between the mattress and the wall from above and would see bright yellow eyes staring up!
13. I will not hide quietly from my humans when they walk through the door after work, as the lack of my presence worries them.
14. I will not hide somewhere all day and then come out and act like my humans have been snubbing me.

15. I will not hide under my human's bed only to bolt when the door is reopened. She brought me into the room for a reason: to pet me.
16. I will not hide under the bed and attacks the humans' feet when they walk by.
17. I will not hide under the couch and bat at passing feet.
18. I will not sneak into the crawl space and hide under the stairs, and when they come to get me out I will not scare them by growling and hissing as if I want to kill them. I will not then rip a hole through the heavy duty gloves and leave a mark to remember me by on my human's hand.
19. I will only hide when I have reason; like when I hear words like "dunce-cap" and "Prozac".
20. Not all humans like cats, but that doesn't mean I should hide so well that my humans have to search the whole house come bedtime.
21. We will not climb up on the stereo shelves, figure out a way to get behind the densely-packed LPs, and hide there. We will particularly not entertain ourselves by pooping or puking while we're back there.
22. When I sit in the armchair I will not sit under the blanket my humans put on it for me - cat hair and velvet do not mix. Nor should I try to kill the human who forgets to check under the blanket and tries to sit down.

--- High-Tech ---

1. Even though I don't like it when my human is on the phone at two in the morning, it's rude for me to put my paw on her mouth to get her to be quiet so I can sleep.
2. I can sit still while my human tries to take photographs of me to show off to her friends, instead of running away and becoming merely a blur on the negative. ("He really *is* a cute cat, you know...you just have to get him to hold still...")
3. I will not climb behind the TV and not come out.
4. I will not do the Death Leap from the back of the armchair onto the male human's shoulder when he's playing with the new PC, as he appreciates neither my claws being dug into his shoulder nor the impact from my leap.
5. I will not longingly look out the window searching for birds I can't catch while warming my butt on the coffee brewer.
6. I will not spaz when I see or hear the vacuum cleaner.
7. I will not use the computer keyboard as a launch pad to try to get to the unattainable ceramic wall clock.
8. I will try to limit my period of schizophrenic hyper-activity to only six hours after my human puts away the vacuum cleaner monster (as opposed to the current practice of ten hours).
9. If my human wants to take a picture of me, I will not lunge at the camera.

--- Human-Related ---

1. After behaving like an angel for the duration of my stay in the nice boarding kennel, I will not turn into the Demon Cat from Hell and try to shred my human's arm when she comes to take me home.
2. Bare human skin possesses no nutritional value. There exist no logical reasons to attempt to extract milk from it by suckling and kneading. Humans also have been known to react rather violently when I do locate an actual nipple and attempt to bite it, especially when they are sleeping.
3. Even though I believe my human is my mother reincarnate, I will not climb into her lap, suck her clothing and pump for milk in a vain attempt to relive my kittenhood. It only results in frustration for me and a big, cold wet spot for my human.
4. Flex-All is not cat ambrosia. I do not have to come running and lick my humans whenever they have it on until their clothes are soggy and I get spacey and do rollies all over the floor. (We actually have a photo of her licking David's back!)
5. I am not a baby that needs to be burped. Therefore, I do not need to be held on someone's shoulder like one, especially not for hours at a time (usually while they are walking around the house patting me).
6. I am not a big horned sheep, I do not need to harm anyone, or knock food out of their hands, in the process of head-butting. (Kanga actually has knocked the wind out of me, when she rammed her head into my stomach.)
7. I am not a cute cat. Trying to look cute only makes my humans wonder which bit of them I am planning on attacking. (You can tell when she's about to go psycho because she suddenly becomes all sweet and nice.)
8. I am not required to bat the top of my human's head every time I pass her when I decide to take a stroll atop the back of the couch.
9. I am not starved for attention. I will not act as such whenever someone visits my human.
10. I can cope with music from a variety of composers. My human cannot play only Chopin and Bach. (Charlie gets up and leaves if I what I'm playing isn't by either of them.)
11. I can pose nicely for pictures like the other kitties do. My human would really like some updated pictures of me.
12. I don't have to be petted robustly for a good solid 20 minutes while standing in front of the speaker when my human puts a CD in the stereo.
13. I have never been thrown against a wall or tortured when picked up. I know my human only wants to cuddle me because she loves me. She doesn't even pick me up that often so I won't howl like a banshee and shred her chest. I especially won't expect her to allow free access to her lap fifteen minutes later when I decide it is OK to cuddle now.
14. I shouldn't reach out and grab my human's foot from under the bed, especially when she is home alone. She screams REALLY loud.
15. I will keep my claws in my paws when batting the human for attention.
16. I will not act insulted when my humans joke about my weight. I am a very large cat and the humans find it funny when I attempt to curl up on their chests. (We were sitting on the couch and somebody said that Jack is so fat now I don't think he can feel a heartbeat. Jack took great offence.)

17. I will not ask my human to rub my (fat) belly and then rip her hand off.
18. I will not attach myself to my human's calf (esp. after she has just put on stockings to go to work), and bite and scratch just because I got the impulse to do so.
19. I will not attach myself to my male human's leg and bite him when my female human is in hospital. It's not his fault she's been poorly. (Charlie blames the men of the house when Mum gets upset or is away.)
20. I will not attack my human when she is trying to change DVDs.
21. I will not be a complete and total brat when my human's mother tries to put the pink collar with bells on, and then in turn be such a good girl when my other human puts it on.
22. I will not beg to be picked up and petted only to leap from my human's arms when she does.
23. I will not blame my human's father after I make a stink in my litter box. (Yes, this happened.)
24. I will not bite and hiss at my human when she is trying to brush me. She does this for my own good so that I will not get hairballs. Furthermore, I will not tear like mad all over the house in an effort to escape her when she does this.
25. I will not bite my human's feet as she tries to walk down the stairs.
26. I will not bite or attack the hand that is currently petting me. I am being shown love and attention; this is not how I pay it back.
27. I will not cuddle my human's niece and purr sweetly when no one else is around, then growl if she comes near me when any other human or cat is in the room.
28. I will not dip my paw in my water bowl, then warm my paw on my human when she is on the computer and not paying enough attention to me.
29. I will not do anything (else) that warrants having the police called on me.
30. I will not go into seizure-like convulsions when my human puts my collar on. Also, I will not struggle against the collar so forcefully that my lower jaw becomes caught in my collar, forcing my human to remove said collar from my neck.
31. I will not go limp every time my human picks me up.
32. I will not go upstairs to hunt, return to my human and her house of guests "Mow-wowing" all the way, with a pair of dirty underwear in my mouth. My humans will not praise me and I do not impress the guests.
33. I will not growl and hiss just because my human is petting me. She thinks it is funny and shows it to her friends.
34. I will not hide under my human's desk and then attack her feet when she sits down because she is wearing flip flops.
35. I will not insist on sitting in the lap of and being petted by my human's mother-in-law who is allergic to cats.
36. I will not jump into the chair just as the human is sitting down and screech when he sits on me.
37. I will not jump into the lap of my human's visitors and then turn my back to them, with tail extended up and waving, in order to give them a good (close) view of my freshly cleaned private parts.
38. I will not leap into my human's chair which she has temporarily vacated, and then bite my human on the butt when she sits back down.
39. I will not lick the front of my human's top before she leaves for work, no matter how good her perfume smells/tastes.
40. I will not lie on my back like a like a cute kitty and shred my human's hands the minute she starts petting me.
41. I will not lie on the back of the chair and flick people in the head with my extremely furry tail. They don't need hair up their noses.
42. I will not look on jealously while my human plays with the dog and then hiss and growl when it is my turn.
43. I will not meow to be picked up then claw at my human's face to be put down as soon as I'm picked up.
44. I will not open the drawer where my human keeps her latex sex toys and drag them across the middle of the floor the moment that company walks in the door. (Talk about embarrassing!)
45. I will not pretend to be a human child by acting like a spoiled little brat. My humans won't put out a kid, but they don't have that restriction when it comes to me.
46. I will not prop myself up in my human's lap to reach my rear because I am too fat and can't reach it when sitting on the floor.
47. I will not puff my entire body to twice its size for no reason after my humans' finished a horror movie.
48. I will not rip around the house as if I have fire on my tail when my human wants to brush me.
49. I will not roll over onto my back inviting my human to rub my belly and then rip her arm off when she does.
50. I will not ruin weeks of leash training by scratching my human. She just brings me back inside and waits for four months.
51. I will not run through the house with a condom wrapper in my mouth, especially when my human's grandmother is over.
52. I will not seek, maim and kill my male human's jeans. He needs them to leave the house. Ditto for his socks, shirts and underwear. Nor will I barf on the inside crotch of his jeans. This makes him nag my female human to do the laundry.
53. I will not sit on my human's chest when he's sprawled on the couch without a tee-shirt and proceed to clean his chest hair so vigorously with my tongue that I might pull it all out, forcing my human to have to get a paper towel and make an anti-kitty-cleaning bib to wear to keep me from making him bald there! (the cat is 14 and my husband is pretty fuzzy, and it's too late to teach the cat not to do that...)
54. I will not sit on the end of the bed staring at my human while they are making whoopee. I will not become upset if my human then throws a duvet over me in order to get some privacy. (My human shouldn't get the giggles every time, either! She is sensitive.)
55. I will not sit on the top of the fridge and swat people on the head at any time of the day or night.
56. I will not sneak silently up on the empty stall door behind the human grooming her horse, blissfully unaware of my presences, and then make a flying leap onto her back. She makes a loud noise, grabs me by the scruff of my neck, and hurls me into the hay deck.
57. I will not sneak through someone else's cat flap in the middle of the night and jump on their humans' bed. Despite indications to the contrary, humans are capable of distinguishing me from their own cats by weight alone.
58. I will not sniff at my male human's feet after he takes his shoes off, freeze my mouth open in disgust and then sniff my private

- parts to compare odors. My female human might find it amusing, but my male human does not appreciate it, especially in front of company.
59. I will not stick my cold wet nose in my human's ear every times she picks me up.
 60. I will not take swipes at my human to get her attention, then proceed to take a bath in the sink to show her how it's done. (It's like she's yelling at me: "What are you doing?!? Look at all that water! Here, let me show you how to take a real bath.")
 61. I will not test strangers' stockings for ladder potential, when they come to tea and forget to feed me tidbits. (The stranger in question said in response to this ploy 'What a sweet cat' and Madam got her tidbit.)
 62. I will not use my Kitty-Voodoo to entice my human's father into opening the kitchen window when its 25°F outside.
 63. I will not wait until my human is just about to stand up before jumping on her lap and demanding cuddles. (Every cat I've ever had has had that particular unerring sense of timing.)
 64. I will not walk away while my human tries to pet me, then get angry when she can't reach me.
 65. I will not walk on my hind feet in front of a human. This causes him to tell his friends and leads to disbelief of the human who watched me. (This happened to my husband when he took care of his friend's pet while they were away.)
 66. I will not walk on top of the beeping stove buttons, activate the garbage disposal, or dump my water bowl on the floor to get your attention. I have plenty of other opportunities for attention. (I have been forced to cover the stove, install a cat-proof air switch for the disposal and push the water bowl almost out of my reach.)
 67. I will realize that I live with the people next door and stop trying to come into the wrong house. They do not like me and their humans do not like cat fights inside.
 68. I will stop jumping on the back of my human's mother's rocking chair. This is very frightening for her and if I continue this I will end up in the stew pot.
 69. I will stop shoving my face into every shoe that is removed from the feet of my humans' guests, then lick their toes when they are not looking.
 70. If I don't come in when my human calls me, she will do one of two things: She will either chase me in with a squirt gun, or she will get the human baby to chase me in. (No squirt gun required for our son.)If my human has had a bad day, I will be nice. I will not attack her until she is convinced the whole world is out to get her and starts crying.
 71. If I find my human lying down with the pillow on her head, I will not attack the pillow. It is not eating her head. She doesn't feel well and the longer she stays with the pillow, the sooner she can get up and play with me.
 72. If I must bite, I will give fair warning first.
 73. If my human is not feeling well and has turned the heating up in attempt to ease her joint pain, I will not go into demanding little hussy mode. I will only get to play outside in the cold and that's no fun.
 74. If my human tells another human that I am a sweet, good-natured kitty, that exact moment is a very bad time to arch my back and hiss like a melodrama audience.
 75. It is disloyal to live with 2 families that don't know each other.
 76. It is not my sole purpose in life to attack and kill the evil creature on the back of my human's head known as The Pony Tail.
 77. It is not necessary to constantly lie on my human's lap and knead his chest, no matter how much bliss it gives me, especially when he rubs my tummy.
 78. It is not necessary to offer my humans a "courtesy sniff" every time I get in their laps. My humans are unable to identify cats by the smell of their butts, and do not enjoy my offering this courtesy. I will especially not offer a courtesy sniff when I have a poop stuck in the fur around my butt.
 79. It's not nice to walk on the back of the sofa behind my humans' friends and lick their hair. They don't need grooming.
 80. Just because my human's friends call me the "Anti-Kitten" does not me I have to act like one, especially when those friends are over.
 81. Locking my claws around and sinking my fangs into my human's arm is not the right way to make him stop petting me.
 82. My human is perfectly capable of walking outside without me. The evil bugs will not kill her.
 83. My human lives in the basement. I will not take advantage of this by climbing on the pipes in the rafters and getting stuck. If I must do this I will not lacerate my human with my razor sharp claws when she rescues me.
 84. My human's cooking gets criticized enough without me starting on it too. (She comes through to the kitchen, looks at my food, shouts and ignores me. Weird.)
 85. The humans will never smell want my butt, no matter how close it is to their face. I'm fixed anyway.
 86. Turning into psycho cat is not a valid expression of love. My humans don't like to feel like they're playing Russian roulette every time they fuss over me.
 87. We must stop refusing to come in the door just because it is the male human at the door. He loves us all too and is only trying to be kind.
 88. We will stop running away when our humans attempt to pet us. We can stand being petted and even go to sleep on our humans' laps.
 89. When I am being sprayed with the water bottle for doing something bad, I will not give my Mommy my "please don't beat me. I'm only a little pitiful kitten" look. It doesn't work any more.
 90. When I am lying down on my human's lap, I will not use her tummy as a trampoline when I hear a sudden loud noise.
 91. When I ask politely to go out, I will not argue the point or give little sulky meows for hours because they tell me no. Nor will I try the lightning sneak escape if someone opens the door accidentally.
 92. When I walk up to my human looking all cute like I want to be petted, I will not suddenly turn into a slinky cat and bow my back

under her hand so she can't reach me.

93. When I'm spending the day at Gramma's house, I shouldn't jump on the back of the recliner while my uncle (who hates animals) is sitting in it. When Gramma puts me in the bathroom to prevent that, I shouldn't suddenly become intelligent enough to use a doorknob and let myself out, then sneak up behind the recliner and jump on it again. This is not a story my humans want to hear when she picks me up.
94. When my human has her leg in a cast, I will not wait until she crawls upstairs, hauling her crutches behind her, and then cry at the front door. It takes her a long time to crawl back down to let me out. After she DOES let me out, it would be a good idea to stay there for at least 5 minutes. (I won't bother you with the details about how they weave in and out between my feet and the crutches when I'm trying to get to the bathroom.)
95. When my human is being nice by letting me suck his fingers while he is lying on the bed, I will not punch him in the mouth. He does not appreciate my left cross.
96. When my human is having a party I will not burst into the room, dodge all the hands that are trying to pet me, jump into the lap of the one person who either hates me or is allergic to me and rub my cheek all along her face and arms.
97. When my human is ill in bed with a chest infection, I will not go and sit on her chest so that she wakes up unable to breathe. Having done this I will not try to look cute; it doesn't work.
98. When my human is tired and wants to have a cat nap and is hoping I will join her and have a cat nap as well (as I was sleeping only 30 seconds before), I will not suddenly spring into action and play battles on the plains of the queen mattress, then play wild Mexican tail fight on her back, then lie down and start cleaning myself with such heated passion that I have to hold on to my human and the blanket/mattress with all of my sharp claws, and when that fails to get her up, I will not repeat all of the above, and then purr in her ear, and then repeat all of the above again...
99. When my human's parents come over for Thanksgiving dinner, I will not dive behind the couch in terror because the human's mother wants to see the kitty, nor will I then turn into the evil clawing machine because I am picked up for loving and petting by the mother, who likes kitties.
100. When my humans take me to the "Kitty Salon" to be bathed and groomed, I will not behave like a perfect angel on the way there and then scream like a banshee while being carried across the parking lot.

--- Mess Making ---

1. After I have done something particularly awful, such as overturning the full 3-gallon boiler that was on the stove, knocking the Christmas tree into the television set, or knocking off the shelf containing my human's prized model collection, I shall not prance gaily about the house, proudly picking up my paws and tail as if I am leading a parade. I shall especially refrain from prancing about in this fashion when I have NOT done anything awful, but am merely happy; it makes my human go out of her mind wondering what I have been up to.
2. Even though I am a very smart kitty, I will not try to pull up the grates on floor that my human says leads underneath the house to the air conditioning unit. My human says this is probably not good for retaining my health.
3. I am fat, but I know I can still reach my parts. Therefore, I do not need to flip my hind legs behind my head and scooch my butt across the carpet to clean it, leaving unsightly marks. I especially will not do this on the only light colored carpet in the house. I will most definitely erase the look of pure unadulterated ecstasy from my face while doing so.
4. I am not required to shred the newspaper to save my human from it.
5. I will not climb the ladder when my human is already on it, painting the ceiling, resulting in (a) My human almost falling off the ladder, and (b) paint getting sloshed on the floor (and on me). And furthermore, if paint ever DOES get sloshed on me again, I will sit still until my human can pick me up & carry me to the kitchen sink for a bath, and I will NOT run pell-mell up the carpeted stairs and hide under my my human's bed so she has to spend HOURS cleaning up little streaks and dribbles of paint on the stairs, down the hall, and on her bedspread.
6. I will not open drawers just to sit on the clean clothes inside.
7. I will not open the dresser drawers in order to climb over or into them.
8. I will not play catch with the boy by knocking things off his dresser, then waiting for him to put them back up.
9. I will not put muddy paw prints on the sliding glass patio door, especially after it has just been cleaned.
10. I will not race out of the bedroom door at light speed in the morning, causing my human to bump my food dish and her hot tea together (ew!).
11. I will stop knocking my human's bike helmet off the bookshelf. It's up there so the bunnies can't chew on it.
12. I will stop pulling all the blankets or any other things that resemble bedding (but really aren't) off the furniture and dragging them into other rooms. I will especially stop bringing everything from upstairs to the downstairs living room and from the living room down into the basement. I will also stop dragging the covers off the bed after my human has made it in the morning.-
13. Walking over my human's many pictures of Diane Venora, Diane Venora movies, and other things of Diane Venora with my claws extended is not a good way to get her attention.. Especially because most of the stuff mentioned above is brand new!
14. Whenever my human is wearing a black shirt it is not nice to give him some fur.

--- Misuse/Misappropriation of Items ---

1. Although my name is Socks, this does not give me the right to take my human's socks, hide them, and growl at anyone or anything that comes near me when I am in possession of a sock.
2. I do not need to remove used feminine products from the bathroom wastebasket to show to company.

3. I don't have to grab my humans' shoes and rub my face and slobber all over them. I could show that affection to the humans instead.
4. I will not bring all of the pantyhose that my human took off in the bedroom and drop them at her feet in the living room every day. Pantyhose are not some dangerous creature and I do not have to save her from them.
5. I will not do a high-wire act across the curtain rods.
6. I will not drag dirty socks out of the laundry basket and bury them in the litter box.
7. I will not hide bath plugs under the lounge. My human has provided me with enough cat toys - bath plugs are not one of them.
8. I will not secretly extricate my human's silk lingerie from the 2 cm opening in her dresser drawer. I will not proceed to hide the articles of clothing under chairs, tables, or Christmas trees.
9. I will remember that I do not have to sit with the door open to watch it rain. I will use the window.
10. I will stop putting the dog's food into my human's shoes.
11. If I am upset with my human, I will not steal his hearing aid while he's sleeping and drop it in my water bowl.

--- Night Time ---

1. Humans do not find it funny when my brother and I are sliding across the freshly waxed floor and crashing into the closed bedroom door, especially when she is sleeping.
2. I am a cat, not a ground hound. I do not need to burrow under the blankets and attack my human's legs. Or worse yet, make a moving target for my brother to attack under the blanket causing one of us to dig our nails into my human's tender butt.
3. I will come home in the evening before my human goes to bed, not disappear for two or three days and make my human worry that something horrible has happened to me.
4. I will not bat loose change, glasses, alarm clocks, etc from on top of the head board onto my human's head to get him to wake up.
5. I will not crouch and hiss for no reason late at night when my human's husband is out of town.
6. I will not drop my catnip mouse in my human's mouth when she's snoring.
7. I will not get out of my cat run at night (black cat), hide behind the plants in the garden and then lift my head when my human comes outside, scaring the heck out of her, and then do it again the next night forcing her to fix it.
8. I will not hook a claw into my human's nostril to wake her up on weekends.
9. I will not insist on staying out all night because there are people who hate cats and wait at night time for one to come by. (Sky has done this a lot and the last time he did he was shot with a BB gun.)
10. I will not jump off the top of the cat tree onto the bed and/or its occupants.
11. I will not play little deaf kitty when my humans call me in at night when it's fine and dry and I haven't been out nearly long enough. They are only concerned about my well-being and do not want to spoil all my fun.
12. I will not trip my human at 3:30 in the morning when she gets up to go to the follow her back to her room, and 3 minutes after she gets back into bed demand to be let out because I have to go to the bathroom.
13. I will respond when my human calls my name in the middle of the night, especially once I realize she is getting frantic because I am just a small kitten and she thinks I might have gotten outside. I will not wait until she has turned every light in the house on and gotten completely dressed to go search for me before I crawl out from behind the bed.
14. If it is dark in the hallway, I will not creep up on the little human and get into a position so all she can see are my glowing eyes. It scares the living daylight out of her.
15. People cannot see me on the floor when they are making the 3 a.m. bathroom run or have an armload of groceries.

--- Noise ---

1. Humans do occasionally use the kitchen for reasons other than to feed me. I will not yell for food when I can see the humans are making toast, since I don't like toast.
2. I will not chatter my teeth and chirp while looking out the window. This gives my human the willies.
3. I will not come in shouting excitedly that I am a Great Hunter and inviting my humans to admire my catch - and then display half a sausage from the neighbour's dustbin.
4. I will not growl and hiss at my human for no reason.
5. I will not growl when I am put on a lap, and will not growl when I have to be moved from that lap.
6. I will not head butt the door just because I want to go outside.
7. I will not knock on the window when I want to come in because the window can't open.
8. I will not play "Marco Polo" under grandma's bed when my human needs to get me. This may be cute on occasion, but is annoying when we have an appointment to meet. (Ozzie would meow every time I called his name, crawling over and under the things stored beneath my mom's bed.)
9. I will not scream obscenities at my human when she tries to bathe me.
10. I will not sit in my humans' lap and cry relentlessly until she lets me suck on her fingers. (This is a kitten.)
11. I will not sit on the neighbour's garage roof without making it clear that I'm yowling because I'm proud to have made it and not because I'm stuck before my humans mount a rescue attempt.
12. I will not yowl for hours on end to be let upstairs, then yowl to be let back down again the minute my human sits down.
13. When my human is home alone I will not make it sound like somebody opened a door.

--- Not All There ---

1. A new flea collar is not an excuse for a six-hour sulk. If my human thinks that neon purple is my colour, I should wear it proudly, even though my human always gets me electric blue.
2. All three of us know how to get out of, and into, the house through the kitty flaps in the main door and then the porch. When our human is outside, and we think we might be missing something exciting, we all charge through the flaps like warp-driven sausages that sprout legs on landing. So when our human is inside the house, we will not sit staring resignedly at the kitty flap and making pathetic noises as though we are being held prisoner until she opens the doors for us.
3. I am a very smart cat with all my senses intact. I do not need to beg my human to walk me to my food bowl so I can sniff the food and start eating it.
4. I am an indoor cat. If I do get outside, I will NOT climb up the highest available tree. If I do get stuck, I will not wait for my human's uncle to climb up the 30 foot tree, then use his head as a launching pad to the ground.
5. I do not need to be somewhere else in the house right this instant. Running full tilt through the house will only cause me to run into things (like my humans) and make it likely that I knock something over. Whatever is in the other room will wait 30 seconds for me to get there.
6. I have no reason to do the high-jump every time anyone speaks to me or tries to pet me.
7. I will not "wall surf" if my human is not paying enough attention to me (this is when Edison runs across the room like a maniac, then UP onto the wall and back down when he reaches the other side!)
8. I will not act like a ram and smash my head against the window when I want to come in.
9. I will not be "Cute Kitty Extraordinaire" one moment, and "Demon Cat from Hell" the next. It makes my humans wonder about my sanity.
10. I will not become firmly, obsessively, religiously convinced that the kitchen window over the sink is the only window in the entire house. There are at least eleven other windows my humans not only allow me to sit in, but encourage me to sit in. (We finally gave up on trying to keep Punk out of the window and simply removed the plants that were there, which she kept knocking over onto the clean dishes.)
11. I will not climb 35 feet up a tree and refuse to come down just because the neighbour's dog barks at me. I will not do this when it is 39 F out and raining, and the only available ladder is 30 feet long. When my human tries to persuade me to come to his arms and be carried out of the tree, I will not jump 35 feet to the ground, and after doing so I can at least limp a little bit. I really tick my person off when I bounce off the frozen ground unhurt, and he is stuck up a tree clinging to a branch because I nearly knocked him and the ladder out of the tree. ("Flying" Bruno really did this. At least the 2nd time he let me catch him. Bruno is real good going up, but still hasn't figured out going down yet.)
12. I will not climb ladders to open ceiling tiles, walk across the tiles, then fall through the tiles into a locked bathroom on the non rented side of the building.
13. I will not climb up into the couch so my human can't find me.
14. I will not get on the roof, meow frantically, then claw my human as he tries to rescue me with a ladder.
15. I will not give my human dirty looks when I can't go out because it's snowing horizontally with a wind chill of -30 degrees. I should understand she doesn't control the weather. I will also not whine 10 minutes later because the weather hasn't changed.
16. I will not hide all of my (dozen or so) toys in a pile under the couch and then whine to have someone retrieve them.
17. I will not insist that my human hold me up to the ceiling when I see a bug there.
18. I will not lick the blinds.
19. I will not lick the washing machine.
20. I will not lock myself in the guest bedroom while my humans are calling me. When they can't find me, they get incredibly nervous - and besides, the only time they call me is when my food is ready.
21. I will not run into the house, run around under all the furniture, and immediately run back out.
22. I will not stare intently at the ceiling directly over my human's head, especially since I know that spiders make her jump.
23. I will not talk to myself in the litter box. It only makes my human nervous.
24. I will not wander off and get stuck in a cat trap, thus ending up in the cat pound costing my human's grandpa \$100 in fines and pound fees.
25. I will round corners slowly as not to run into the open cellar door when my human is going downstairs to do laundry. (Our cellar door, when open, blocks off the path from the hallway to the family room. Cinder used to come rushing around the corner from the hallway and bump into the cellar door while following my mother.)
26. If I get closed into the end table/closet/laundry chute, I will meow when my human calls me.
27. If I tear around the house playing rocket cat, I should not be surprised if I bonk into the furniture.
28. My humans return from work every day - they always have. I do not have to act as if every trip out the door is their last.
29. There is no need to keep staring into the funny-shaped curved holes in the cello. My human says that there is nothing in there, and that's that. I will not drop marbles into the holes just to prove my human wrong.
30. We will not lock ourselves into rooms, and then give the humans death glares when they finally come open the door.
31. While my human is petting me, I will not whine endlessly until she says my name over and over, nor will I watch my human's eyes to make sure her full attention is only on me.

--- Other Critters ---

1. I am not a dog, therefore I will not attempt to accompany my human's dogs on their daily walks, especially as I insist on walking by myself and am likely to get run over.
2. I do not have opposable thumbs, so I may as well cease trying to open the hamster cage.
3. I really do not need to go out when there are birds playing outside. My humans are smart enough to know the real reason that I want to go out.
4. I will not come into the house shouting that I am a Mighty Hunter and then display a worm to my incredulous humans. If I must do this, I will at least then eat the worm.
5. I will not hide (dead, fortunately), scorpions in my human's bed, between the sheets, for her to find, when I know full well she is absolutely terrified of them. Furthermore, I will not sit on the edge of the bed, purring proudly when I see her go into her frenetic fits of fear upon finding my present. (This actually did happen to me several times when we lived in Altus OK!)
6. I will not show my jealousy when my human pets a strange kitty by coming up to her, sniffing her and hissing at her the rest of the night.
7. I will not teach the new kitten to drop all toys, ponytail holders, spare pennies and dimes, twist ties, q-tips or other fake prey into the water dish, the toilet, the sink or the food dish.
8. I will not turn from CuddleCat into PsychoCat just because the new kitten is in a playful mood.
9. I'm the only kitten, so I may get bored. However, running around terrorizing the dogs, other cats, rabbits who are 20 pounds vs. my 3 pounds, and in general being naughty doesn't help the male human's cause that I need another kitten to play with. The female human just threatens to check him into the nearest padded room and throwing me in after him, while she goes back to her reasonably peaceful existence.
10. Leopards, lions and tigers and other big cats seen on wildlife programs on TV are not acceptable role models for me, no matter how much my humans may go on about how they're my distant relatives and how like mine some of their behaviour is.
11. The humans and cats that occupy my apartment have permission to do so; they do not have to be chased off like intruders.
12. Trying to kill baby birds in front of my humans will only get them angry.
13. When he comes back from the vet, my brother is the same cat he was before he went. I can be excused for hissing at him for a little while because he smells different, but I will not continue to hiss at him for ten whole days.
14. While one of my brothers is missing and our humans are searching for him frantically, I will not parade smugly up and down the front porch, looking like I did him in and I'm not telling where I hid the body.

--- Personal Comfort ---

1. After a bath, I will not shiver and look so pitiful that my human gathers my damp body into her lap, and turns on the baseboard heater. Its not cold, I'm just a baby.
2. Even though I think it is mine alone, I will not lie on the rocking chair and hiss whenever someone comes within 5 feet of me.
3. I shall not jump freely and easily on and off the bed if my human isn't there, but whine and cry to be lifted off and on if she is in bed.
4. I will not claw my human in petting ecstasy, causing her to get a thick blanket, and then miss the blanket.
5. I will not fall asleep and lock my spine and scare my human half to death because I want to sleep like a two-by-four.
6. I will not knock objects (detergent, fabric softener) off the dryer in order to clear a space to lie down when the dryer is in operation (such a nice warm bed).
7. I will not lie on the pillow when my human moves off it for just a split second, and then growl at her when she almost lies back on me.
8. I will not pace the window sill until someone opens the curtains.
9. I will not play dead kitty when my human puts a sweater on me. I only weigh two pounds, and I can't keep myself warm.
10. I will not roll on my back and expose my fuzzy belly unless I want someone to pet it.
11. I will not scare my human by using the rocking chair all by myself. She couldn't see me.
12. I will not sleep on top of the cardboard cat box that my human nicely gave to me to use and I will not get insulted when she takes my other cat box that I caved in. All she wants to do is cut the boxes in half to make a stronger cat bunk bed.
13. I will not somehow crawl into drawers with impossibly small clearances and go to sleep until my human is hysterical because I can't be found until she looks for stamps.
14. I will not super-glue my butt to my human's grandma's chair every time she gets up during dinner or other activities. She should not have to move the chair aside and pull up another chair.
15. If I insist on cuddling my human at one a.m. on a school night, I will sneak into her room quietly and cuddle her feet. I will not jump onto her back and paw at her hair until she wakes up.
16. My humans do not like to get kitty kisses when she is trying to sleep. (Romeo will literally shove his nose into my mouth and start licking--YECCH!!)
17. Nowhere in the contract does it say it is my cat-given right to have my humans drop everything and brush me or give me a backrub. I will not be nasty and spray something right in front of her; and/or walk around and tell her off at the top of my lungs until she gives in. (He has been known to keep it up for two hours...)

--- Toys ---

1. I can resist dangly earrings. I can, I can.
2. I will not leave my catnip mice in weird places like in my human's jean pocket or on a plate. (It happened once with me. I went to school with the mouse in my pocket. I screamed my head off when I found it.)
3. I will not pack toy mice into my human's suitcase when she is going out of town. She appreciates that I love her but does not need my toys to keep her occupied on her trip. (He has done this more than once so it has to be deliberate.)
4. I will not push pens, crackers and magnets under the fridge without my humans knowing, then later get down on my tummy and stick half my head and my right paw arm under the fridge to try to fish out my hidden treasures.
5. I will not stand up on my hind legs and try to knock my human's candy off the table so I can "kill" it.
6. I will not throw my catnip mouse into the litterbox because it gives my human a heart attack when she finds it, and she also refuses to wash it and let me play with it again. I won't do it with the second mouse I'm given either, within 24 hours of the first one.
7. My human brings lots of interesting things home, however the rest of the family do not need to be brought a 'dead' catheter or anything else mildly unpleasant including hypodermics, enemas, sample tubes surgical staples...
8. The feather duster is not a bird, so I do not have to kill it.
9. Trying to kill the crucifix at the end of the rosary is inappropriate and greatly offends some people.

--- Vets, Illness, Medicine ---

1. I do not need to remind my human that I was unjustly mangled in the crotch area by shoving my nether regions in his face.
2. I will not hold such a grudge about getting spayed that I still glare at her two months later. I wouldn't be able to go outside when I want to if she hadn't done this.
3. We live in a plague area (a part of Colorado where bubonic plague is endemic in some of the animal population). We need flea collars. It's not our human's fault if the collars only come in dorky pink and purple. We will not behave like our dignity has been affronted.

--- Bathroom Misbehaviour ---

--- Annoying Habits ---

1. I am a cat. The best way to call me should not be to put two inches of water in the bathtub and wait until I come to play in it.
2. I am a tiny kitty. Not a dog. I will not drink from toilets, all balanced inside, with my little paws at an angle. And if I have to do that, I will not come out and immediately try to kiss my human with my wet nose.
3. I shouldn't insist on having the bathroom door open at all times if I'm just going to scarper at the first trace of water.
4. I will allow my human to be in the bathroom by herself without pawing the door and meowing pitifully at her.
5. I will not beg for a glass of water while my human is brushing her teeth and then not drink any when I get it.
6. I will not beg to be allowed into the bathroom when my human goes potty, only to scream when she flushes the toilet.
7. I will not commence biting my human's toes when she exits the shower.
8. I will not dip my paw in the bathtub and flick water on my human's face.
9. I will not have a fit when my human takes me into the bathroom to weigh me.
10. I will not hide behind the curtains next to the toilet so that I can leap in the lap of the next person foolish enough to come in the bathroom and sit down on the commode without turning on the lights.
11. I will not hide between the shower curtains and then glare accusingly at my human when she finally lets me out of the bathroom.
12. I will not insist on digging out my human's used sanitary napkins the minute she throws them away.
13. I will not jump up on the counter and meow to get the bathroom faucet turned on, the water in my bowl is the same water that comes out of the faucet. (My cat has "trained" me to turn on the bathroom faucet for a drink when he jumps up and meows. Oh well, just another willing "slave").
14. I will not sit on the toilet tank, flushing the toilet over and over for hours on end, no matter how much I love to watch the swirling water.
15. I will not stand on my female human's tummy when she is lying down in the bath tub. I will get wet and hurt her.
16. I will not stick my paws under the bathroom door when it is closed and snag anything I can reach, including the end of the roll of toilet paper and bare unsuspecting toes.
17. If my human has locked me out of the bathroom, there is a reason. I do not need to put my weight against the door, nor do I need to slide my paw under the door so my human can see my little white paw move back and forth.
18. It is not necessary to open the drawers in the bathroom containing the curling rods.
19. When my human lets me out of the tub after giving me a bath, I will not make a beeline for her sweater. She took her sweater off to keep it from getting wet.

--- Bath Time ---

1. I will happily jump into the bathtub and enjoy being lathered and scrubbed.
2. I will not bite my human's hand while she is giving me a bath, drawing blood, making it difficult for her to work, and necessitating her getting antibiotics and a tetanus booster. It's not her fault that I picked up fleas.

3. I will not hide under the bed and refuse to come out after I have escaped from the bath. Especially when I still have shampoo in my fur.
4. I will not lacerate the child's chest just because she wishes to give me a bath.
5. I will not make my human nervous by walking on the side of the tub when he is taking a bath.
6. I will not rip a hole in my human's sleeve when she gives me a bath in the bathtub.
7. I will not sit up on my hind legs like a gopher while my human is taking a bubble bath. There is nothing of interest for a cat.
8. I will not try to run up the sides of the bathtub when my human gives me a bath and if I can not do it I will not run across the taps and turn the water on.
9. I will not try to run up the wall in the shower, and I will definitely not turn on the hot water tap when my humans try to give me a bath.
10. I will not use the bad word list or the no holds barred furious swear list at my human; when she decides smelly old me needs a shower and takes me in with her. She is very careful not to get soap in my ears, eyes, or nose, and I will get dried with a nice fluffy towel. (He has kidney problems, and has to be cleaned every few weeks or he reeks really badly). I will then not sit on the toilet lid and give her the drop dead look, the you are a (bleep) serenade, and do my best to escape until I dry off enough not to look like a drowned flushed rat.
11. Jumping out of the bathtub during bath time serves no useful purpose. Neither does wailing at the top of my lungs.
12. My human is a big, brave man. He does not need me to supervise him in the bath. He finds it off-putting when my head pops up over the edge of the bath tub and I start poking him with one paw.
13. When my humans decide to give me a bath, I will not walk backwards off the counter and land in the toilet. I shall not then shake myself off soaking them with toilet water.

--- Bodily Functions ---

1. I will not "sympathetic potty" every time my human is on the potty, or if I do, I will limit it to a whiz.
2. I will not do an especially stinky job in the litterbox when my human has just gotten into the shower, so she is stuck with the smell for 15 minutes.
3. I will not hack a hairball on the bathroom rug every time my human washes it and puts it back. This is especially bad since I wait until the middle of the night to have hairballs and do it in front of the toilet so my human can step on it in the morning when she doesn't have her glasses on and can't see it.
4. I will not have a dump in my box solely as an effort to stink my humans out of the bathroom when they are trying to talk. They don't like that, and it will not get me the attention I am looking for.
5. I will not have a smelly poop every 10 minutes when my human is trying to relax in the tub, because the cat box is right next to the tub.
6. I will not jump in the bath and pee immediately after my human has cleaned it.
7. I will not pee behind the toilet when it is bath time.
8. I will not pee in the bathtub when I think my litterbox is too dirty. I also will not pee on my human's lap when she tries to give me a bath.
9. I will not put kitty litter in the bathtub and then try to use it as a litter box.
10. I will not settle down to poop just as my human gets in the bath after a long day.
11. I will not spray the light socket in the causing no power in the bathroom for several days until the cause is discovered.
12. I will not wait for my human to get in the shower before I tell him of the presents I left there.
13. Leaving radioactive poop in the litter box when my human is brushing her teeth in the morning will not endear me to anyone.
14. No matter how much I dislike my human's new boyfriend, I will not spray him while he is sitting on the toilet.
15. The kitty box was put in the bathroom for me to pee in. It is not necessary to conserve and pee down the sink drain. My human does not like the yellow ring I leave.

--- Destroying ---

1. I will not chew up the toilet seat in the middle of the night. (A great surprise for the unsuspecting human to sit on in the dark).
2. I will not fling my furry little kitten-body at the shower curtain, hook my claws into its plastic surface, and slide down the curtain, tearing it in half like a miniature Errol Flynn, and do it again as soon as I hit the ground, turning my human's \$40 designer shower curtain into vertical blinds. I will not do the exact same thing with the next three shower curtains, forcing my human to decorate in Early Poverty with curtains from the dollar store.
3. I will not knock down the bathroom shelf while my human is in the shower, leaving her a minefield of broken objects to negotiate.
4. I will not sneak into the bathroom just so I can chew on the plastic shower curtains.
5. I will not try to tear the bath curtain, even if I don't like its big yellow and green flowers.
6. There are no Shower Curtain Mice. I will not shred the shower curtain in a vain attempt to disprove this.

--- Eating/Drinking ---

1. I do not need my human in the bathroom with me to eat. The food tastes the same whether she's there or not, and she does not want to share.
2. I will not dash into the bathroom for a little drink when my human gets up at 2 a.m. and doesn't turn on a light.
3. I will not drink from a full tub. I will remember what happened the last time that I tried that: my human came in and yelled, and I

fell in the tub.

4. I will not drink my human's bathwater, especially when it's a bubble bath.
5. I will not drink out of the toilet just because my water dish isn't the size I want it to be.
6. I will not drink the water in the toilet any more because in my old age, I am becoming rather clumsy and have occasion to fall in!
7. I will not eat chunks of my human's mesh shower poof and then have to be taken to the emergency room because I won't stop throwing up and refuse to eat, and have my human spend 300 dollars and then poop it out a few days later.
8. I will not go into the bathroom and drink from the tub, and then pretend to be scared to death of the room if my human tries to carry me in there.
9. I will not invite my friends in to drink out of the toilet. (This is a new trend in my house ... of course my cat is too much the princess to do anything so lowly as drinking out of the toilet. However, all the new cats she invites into our house aren't allowed near HER water, so she shows them the toilet. Nice manners.)
10. If I don't drink out of the toilet, I will not fall in.
11. It is not necessary to sample the toilet water after each flushing.

--- Hampering ---

1. I do not have to climb headfirst into the bathroom sink when my human is washing her face.
2. I do not like the taste of toothpaste lather. Therefore, I will not sit in the bathroom sink while my human is brushing her teeth.
3. I do not need to go in and out of the bathroom while my human is in the shower. I won't get mad if she refuses to get out and open the door for me between her shampoo and rinse.
4. I don't need to help people dry off by rubbing against them when they come out of the shower
5. I will not chew on my human's floss while he's using it and thereby give him cat breath.
6. I will not jostle my human's arm while he is shaving in my morning quest for love. A bleeding human is not a happy human, and I was not made to fly.
7. I will not sit on the newspaper while my human reads it in the bathroom.
8. I will not stretch up and stick my claws into my human's rear end when she is applying her mascara in the morning, just to let her know that my food bowl has a tiny little hole in it.
9. I will not violently attack my human when she's getting toilet paper because I want to eat it.
10. If I sit in the sink while my human is brushing her teeth, I will expect her to spit toothpaste on me. I will not get angry when she does.
11. It is not necessary to peer into the toilet to examine its contents the minute a human stands up, or reaches over to flush. It is also unwise to stand on the toilet seat when a male human is standing in front of the toilet. It is particularly unwise to be drinking from the toilet while a male human is standing in front of it. Also, humans get inexplicably irritable when I jump up on the toilet seat just as they are attempting to seat themselves upon it.
12. Since I don't want toothpaste on the back of my head, I do not need to drink from the faucet when my human is brushing her teeth.
13. The hair dryer is not attempting to attack my human's hair. Attacking its tail (and the little hole in the wall plugs into) is not a good way to protect her.
14. Toilet paper serves an important function for both of my humans. Therefore I should not try to whisk it out of their paws when they are trying to wipe their butts.
15. When my human is in the tub, she doesn't really want to play fetch. Dropping my toys in the water won't do much to change her mind.
16. When my human is kneeling in front of the toilet feeling the effects of too much goat cheese and sangria, it is not Kitty Love Time.
17. When my human is putting on make-up I will not bat the lids to her containers on the floor and then stare at it from my perch.

--- Human-Related ---

1. I do not need to keep my human company when she uses the bathroom. I do not need to sit outside the door and hit it to come in. She does not need me in her lap at this time.
2. I know that showering makes my human wet. If I must sit on the bathmat to wait for her, I will not sulk when she emerges and drips on me.
3. I realize that the human is not trying to get away from me when she closes the bathroom door, so I won't open it [especially] when we have guests.
4. I should appreciate that my human cleans and refills my water dish every day. I should not hide behind the shower curtain to jump up and claw and bite her on the scalp when she bends over to do this.
5. I will not attack my human while she is shaving. If I must, I will not wait until she gets to an ankle or a knee to swat her hand. This will only result in copious amounts of water being thrown on me and a very mad human. (My cat, Celina, does this almost every time she comes into the bathroom while I'm shaving. I consequently have quite a few scars on my legs.)
6. I will not attempt to climb my human, especially when he comes out of the bathroom soaking wet and without his clothing-fur, even though seeing him this way freaks me out.
7. I will not dip my tail in the bath water and then flick it in my human's face. (Strangely, she seemed to enjoy dipping her tail in the water, even putting it back in several times. However, even though she's only short haired, it seemed to take all day to dry out. It looked weird too, with the fur plastered down for half its length.)
8. My human and her friends are allowed into the bathroom by themselves, and don't need me to escort/guard them while they are in

there.

9. My human can perform her morning ablutions without my supervision. I will stop jumping onto the toilet cistern and staring at her.
10. My human is not afraid to go to the bathroom alone, and can go without my moral support.

--- Mess Making ---

1. I am not a gerbil, and I do not need to shred the toilet paper to make myself a nest in the bathroom.
2. I must not help myself to Q-tips, and I must certainly not proceed to stuff them down the sink's drain.
3. I will not carry a roll of toilet paper onto the living room rug and shred it beyond recognition because my humans went to a movie after work.
4. I will not destroy a bird in the bathtub.
5. I will not dump the bathroom garbage can, and bat the dirty Q-Tips all around the then try to eat them. My human says this is dangerous and disgusting.
6. I will not gather all loose towels in the bathroom to make nest in tub and sleep there, so as not to scare my owner half to death when she opens the shower curtain. (Seems to work every time, heh heh)
7. I will not hang my tail into the bathtub, and then shake water all over the room.
8. I will not knock off all the stuff on the back of the toilet just because it's fun.
9. I will not lean way over to drink out of the tub, fall in, and then pelt right for the box of clumping cat litter. (It took FOREVER to get the stuff out of her fur.)
10. I will not play in the litter box, then jump into the guest bathroom sink and make it dirty.
11. I will not play in the toilet and get the seat wet so my human will yell at my male human.
12. I will not sit on the bathroom sink every morning while my human is getting ready. She doesn't like it when I mooch for attention by batting everything off onto the floor. Particularly not full glasses of water.
13. I will not spread the kitty litter in an even layer through out the bathroom. This annoys my human.
14. I will not stuff my favourite toy down the toilet and meow at my human when she flushes and water runs all over the bathroom.
15. I will not unroll all the toilet paper off the roll.
16. I will not use the bathtub as my own personal theater of torture where I dismantle palmetto bugs. My human doesn't like it when she takes a shower in the morning to wake her up and realizes that there are roach parts swirling in the water at her feet.
17. I will not use the legs of wet humans, fresh out of the shower, to help me shed excess hair.
18. The toilet paper does not exist so that I can shred it into little bits.
19. Toilet paper is not a necessary staple. I won't starve without it.

--- Misuse or Misappropriation of Items ---

1. I will not chase my tail in the bath at 3 in the morning. There is a fantastic echo, but it makes my human think someone's broken into the house.
2. I will not take the hockey puck (my humans call it the plug) out of the bathroom and hide it in the basement.
3. I will not use my human's aftershave to disguise myself as a Persian.
4. I will stop throwing my toys in the toilet if the lid is left up.
5. I won't be grumpy anymore when being moved from the toilet lid ... my favourite place to nap.
6. The bathtub is not a skating rink. As I do not believe this, I understand that I will be locked in the shower when I do this. I also understand that my human may or may not turn the shower on, depending on whether or not she is trying to sleep.
7. The cute rug on the bathroom floor is for human use and does not always need to be scrunched up right in front of my litter box for me to wipe my feet on when I am finished doing my business.
8. When my human is drying himself off, and has one leg braced on the side of the tub, those things that hang down and swing are not to be used as batting practice.
9. When someone is in the I will not try to steal his/her washcloths and underwear by snagging them under the door.

--- Night Time ---

1. I will not lurk on the cistern of my human's toilet in the complete blackness of a midnight bathroom waiting for his girlfriend to make a nocturnal visit. Nor will I make my presence known by deciding to give her a back scratch. (I was the girlfriend. The cat's name, fittingly, was Damien.)
2. I will not play "hockey" with a shampoo cap in the bathtub in the wee hours of the morning.
3. I will not play in the bathtub at 2 a.m., lest my human close the shower door on me and bang on it, scaring me into next week.
4. I will not sit around the corner and wait for my human to get up at 3:00 a.m. to go to the bathroom and bat her on the ankle so she screams and almost doesn't make it.
5. I will not take my poop out of the litter box and play with it in the tub at 3:00 a.m., to get my human to clean out my box.
6. I will not teach my (feline) brother to talk in the bathroom (where it echoes) at 3 a.m. when my parents have to get up in four hours.
7. I won't play with my new rubber ball in the bathtub at 3 a.m.
8. If I look before I leap, I will not fall into the unflushed toilet at 3 a.m., thus forcing my human to hold me under the bathtub faucet to rinse me. (My new kitten, Kal, did this less than 24 hours after his flea bath. Neither of us was impressed!)

--- Noise ---

1. Humans sometimes occupy the toilet for reasons other than to pet me. It is thus unnecessary to paw at the door and loudly vent my complaints if they do not let me into the bathroom with them.
2. I realize that, because it acts as an echo chamber and resonates through the apartment, the bathroom is a tempting place in which to stand and yowl for hours, but my human may not think this so amusing, especially in the middle of the night.
3. I will not beg to be let into the bathroom while my human is taking a shower and then yowl incessantly while she's in there because she won't let me out.
4. I will not howl if the lid to the toilet seat is down, nor will I attempt to raise the lid myself, causing it to bang up & down.
5. I will not howl loudly in the bathroom until someone comes up and flushes the toilet for me to watch, especially when everyone is downstairs.
6. I will not make myself a hiding place under the bathtub, nor will I make strange noises which lead my humans to believe that I'm being tortured by a gang of stray cats outside.
7. I will not meow from the other side of the bathroom window when my human is in there.
8. I will not scream loudly if I am in the bathroom when the shower is turned on.
9. I will not scream so loudly when I get a bath that the next door neighbour calls the police. It is difficult to explain to the police that there was no murder just a cat getting a bath.
10. I will not sit outside the bathroom door crying and scratching until my human lets me in to pet me while she is sitting on the toilet.
11. I will not stand on the bathroom counter, stare down the hall, and growl at NOTHING after my human has finished watching The X-Files.
12. I will not yowl outside the shower curtain to try to scare off any monsters that might be inside with my human.
13. It is not nice for me to wait until my human is washing her hair (eyes closed) before leaping from the toilet to the top of the sliding shower door. Even though my sister and I do this daily, the noise still scares the bejesus out of my human whose imagination goes immediately to Norman Bates and not us.
14. My human will not drown in the shower. I do not have to sit on the toilet and scream to warn her.
15. The humans do not need supervision to use the bathroom. They also do not require company. I will therefore stop yowling at the bathroom door the entire time the humans are in there.

--- Not All There ---

1. Cats don't commit suicide, so I will stop fooling with my humans' razor. If I bat it about in the tub, I am likely to cut my paws, and my human becomes alarmed when she finds bloody paw prints on the bathtub.
2. I can't catch the water running out of the tap. I know this. I will stop glaring accusingly at my human when my attempts to catch the water only leave me with wet paws.
3. I do not have to take up residence in the bathroom and proceed to engage in guerilla terrorism just because the humans brought in a new kitten.
4. I will get over my fascination with the shower and bathtub. I don't know what those crazy people think they're doing in there, but trying to find out usually gets me wet.
5. I will not attempt to open the bathroom door by clawing a hole in the bottom of said door just because my human wishes to bathe.
6. I will not bite the bathroom faucet. It annoys the other apartment dwellers when the pipes clang together.
7. I will not climb into the toilet bowl, stand on the edge and drink from the puddle of BLUE water that is in it (a mix of water and toilet freshener... European toilets aren't just a big pot of water).
8. I will not dig in the trash to retrieve my human's used dental floss, only to end up gagging on it and making her retrieve it from halfway down my throat.
9. I will not fall in the toilet watching the water swirl.
10. I will not go into the bathroom and then jump up on the back of the door, closing it from the inside. I realize that this will trap me in the bathroom all day while my human is at work, without food or a litter box, no matter how much I yowl in the meantime.
11. I will not jump from the floor directly into the open toilet bowl while my human is standing there doing his thing. If I do jump, I won't get upset that I got wet from both landing in the water and getting sprayed from the top. I won't get upset when he says, "Now 'urine' trouble." Nor will I blame the humans because they named me Sweet Pea.
12. I will not jump onto the counter to lick the soap, then go to the toilet for a "chaser".
13. I will not lick the faucet to encourage my human to turn on the drinking water.
14. I will not lick the scuzzy underside of the toilet tank. (Repeated on more than one occasion.)
15. I will not lick the toothpaste from the inside of my human's mouth.
16. I will not run into a bathtub full of water (and a human) while doing laps through the house.
17. I will remember that I don't like water. I don't have to jump in the bath *every* time to jog my memory.
18. I will stop blaming my human every time I fall into the toilet.
19. If I don't insist on staring down the toilet when my human is about to use it, I won't get peed in the neck. ("Removing the cat from the toilet" is now an integrated part of the procedure...)
20. If I get in the shower while it's running, I will get wet.
21. If I jump on the toilet while my human is standing in front of it, I will get wet in a most unpleasant manner.
22. My human puts tampons in the garbage because they are disgusting, not because we are having a scavenger hunt. I will therefore

not dig them out of the trash and play with them, causing my human to feel extremely ill.

23. The bathtub is not a bed. It's not smart to take kitty naps there, especially when the shower is running.

--- Other Critters ---

1. I will not act hurt when my human and her boyfriend laugh hysterically at me for jumping straight up from the bathroom sink and almost hitting the ceiling to get away from the dog that my human is graciously babysitting. I never should have escaped from the bedroom in the first place.
2. I will not have an insane Cujo-jealous-hissy-fit at my human and the other cat because they are in the bathroom together with the door closed. The only extra attention that she is giving to the other cat is a bath and blow-dry, the very things I don't like. And hissing at them for that for two days just gets me my own bath and blow-dry!

--- Potty Time ---

1. Even though I think that I'm being considerate by keeping her lap warm on cold mornings, my human doesn't appreciate me jumping up on her lap to continue sleeping while she's using the bathroom.
2. Even though the swirling water in the toilet looks pretty, jumping in to play with it is not wise.
3. I am not a dog. I will not drink out of the toilet. Nor will I try to jump into said toilet.
4. I do not need to shove my head between my humans' legs to inspect every time she tries to use the toilet.
5. I promise that, despite living in a household of all women, and in spite of the fact that the lid to the toilet is ALWAYS shut (except when in use), I TRULY will double-check it from now on before jumping up on the toilet to visit with my human while she's getting ready in the morning (boy was that water COLD!).
6. I will not "hide" Q-tips or any of the cat-toys in the toilet and try to get them out while it is being used.
7. I will not bite my human on the rear while she is sitting on the Big White Drinking Bowl.
8. I will not blame the human if I slip and fall into the toilet while getting a drink. It is well known that 'blue' is my favourite flavor for water.
9. I will not climb into my human's dropped pants/shorts/briefs while he is sitting on the toilet. They are not a hammock.
10. I will not flush the toilet repeatedly while sitting on the tank when no one else is in the house but my human.
11. I will not flush the toilet while my human is in the shower.
12. I will not hide behind the commode so that I can pat the human on the backside when he sits down just to make him levitate.
13. I will not insist on being let into the bathroom when my humans is using it and when I am let in I do not need to climb into their pants. I will also realize that while my humans may be used to this it really freaks out their guests.
14. I will not jump on my human's back while she is on the toilet ill with "the big D".
15. I will not jump on the toilet seat just as my human is sitting down.
16. I will not jump up on my human's bare lap when she is enjoying a long sit-down on the white porcelain throne.
17. I will not leap from the window sill in the bathroom onto unsuspecting humans when they are using the scaring them nearly to death.
18. I will not open the bathroom door while my human is sitting on the toilet, and if the door is closed tight, I will not pull up the carpet until she opens it.
19. I will not pluck anything out of the toilet in an effort to save it before it disappears down the hole.
20. I will not put my nose under the toilet ring when my human is doing his business. I won't check out his anatomy when he gets out of the shower either.
21. I will not rub against my human's boyfriend while he is peeing. I may get unpleasantly wet.
22. I will not stand on the back of the toilet while my human's male guest uses it and stare disdainfully at his crotch. This makes him uncomfortable for some reason that I do not understand. I also will not bat at the dangly parts they use to pee, and if I really cannot resist the urge to bat, I MUST keep my claws in my paws.
23. I will not tickle my human's bum with my whiskers while she is going potty. Even if she is using my favourite water dish.
24. I won't prove my cleverness by opening the bathroom door while my human's 82 y/o grandmother is going to the bathroom.
25. If I insist on hopping onto the toilet seat to see what my male human is doing, I will get peed on.
26. If one of our humans needs to use the it is not the time to do group therapy.
27. It is not "pet me time" when a human is sitting on the throne.
28. My human doesn't need me to sit/lie on her shoulders while she is on the potty.
29. My humans can pee just fine without my supervising it.
30. My humans think it is funny when I drink out of the toilet bowl, but not when I leave wet paw prints all over the seat to startle my female human.
31. Running water is sometimes fun to play with. However, the stream made by my human when he relieves himself is not the same.
32. The toilet is not all mine.
33. The toilet is not my water hole, especially the one with the Vanish drop in bleach in it (you try to keep a rarely used basement toilet clean any other way!)
34. When my male human is using the toilet, he is not providing me with a special play toy.

--- Shower Time ---

1. I am a cat, not a goldfish. I am not supposed to like water, and I am certainly not supposed to sing in the (running) shower of my

own accord. (Petey does this. If you leave the bathroom door open, before you know it there'll be a splashing sound and a large, rather Burmese-sounding red tabby in the shower with you.)

2. I am not the Border Patrol. I do not need to leap onto the sliding shower doors and pace back and forth while my human is showering. This only results in my getting wet when she pulls me down.
3. I can share the post-shower bathtub drinks with other cats.
4. I do not have to jump into the shower every morning just as my human is getting ready to turn it on. If I do so, I will not be angry with her when she does turn on the water so she can get ready for work.
5. I will not dive bomb anyone taking a shower.
6. I will not insist on being in the bathroom while my human is having a shower and if she gives in I will not stand on the window ledge and meow to be let out after she has started the shower.
7. I will not lick then bite my human's legs when she comes out of the shower.
8. I will not rub up on my human's legs after she has just gotten out of the shower. Moisturizer and my fur mix too well.
9. I will not sit in the bathtub when someone is taking a shower because it makes the human nervous. Also, a person semi-submerged in bath water is not playing at being stepping stones.
10. I will not sit in the puddles in the shower and lick up all the water after my human or my human has been in it, and then sit in my human's lap and show her how good I am at cleaning my butt.
11. I will not tag my human's leg as she steps in the shower to warn her that water is dangerous. (My Calico does this EVERY time we get in the shower or the bath.)
12. My human is a big girl and owns many towels. I do not have to lick her dry when she gets out of the shower.
13. There is no need to rescue my humans from the shower. They are not cats. They like water. They take showers every day with no visible ill effect. Throwing myself at their shower curtain yowling like the possessed and screaming "hang on, I'm coming to save you" is probably not necessary.
14. While our human is used to my sister and I lounging on top of the sliding shower doors, we must take into consideration that human shower guests may not be used to this feline novelty.

--- Tub Time ---

1. I do not need to sit on the edge of the tub and try and be a tightrope walker and walk along the edge and almost fall in my human takes a bath.
2. I know that there is water in the bath, and I know I hate water so I really should stop trying to get in the bath when the humans are bathing in it.
3. I must not ambush my brother when he's sitting on the edge of the full bathtub, causing him to fall into the water and lacerate the human's ribs in his panicked attempts to climb out.
4. I will be more careful walking on the bathtub rim when my human is bathing; cats and humans in hot soapy water do not mix well.
5. I will not blame my human when I fall in a tub full of water. She warns me and I just don't listen.
6. I will not follow my human into the bathroom every time she needs to go and bug her until she turns on the water in the bathtub.
7. I will not go screaming into the bathroom and proceed to swat my 15lb older brother on the butt while he's standing on the edge of a full bathtub causing him to almost fall in and land on my human's 9 month pregnant tummy, claws extended.
8. I will not hide behind the shower curtain when my human is bathing and claw her to death because she is soaping up her arms vigorously.
9. I will not hide in the bathtub behind the shower curtain and then slowly reach around and put my paw on my young human's shoulder.
10. I will not jump into the bathtub when my human is bathing and get a bath myself. (My kitten did this all the time to my husband ... probably why we are divorced now!)
11. I will not swim in the toilet/bathtub/dirty dish water.
12. I will not use my human's body as stepping stones when she is in the bathtub. If I do and I fall in, I will not rip her body to shreds in an attempt to escape the evil water.
13. I will not walk along the edge of the bathtub while my human is taking a bath. I will also not proceed to try to smell the water. If I do all this and then fall in I will not scratch my human trying frantically to get out.
14. I will remember that I hate water. When I am in the bathroom with my human who's taking a relaxing bath, I will not sit on the edge and attempt to start a water fight with her by scooping water with my paw and throwing it at her. I may soak my tail in the water and then dry it, and repeat, as long as I do not turn into a kitten and chase my wet tail around the bathroom for 5 minutes each time before drying it, soaking everything.
15. Just because I watch Baywatch does not mean that I am a lifeguard. I do not need to watch my human (who *was* a real lifeguard) in the bath to make sure she doesn't drown.
16. My human can survive a bath without my being there. Also, when she does have a bath, I will occupy myself elsewhere, not sit outside the door and cry, thereby making her feel bad.
17. My human does not need rescuing from the bath. It is not dangerous for her.
18. Pushing my sister into the bath tub while the human is in it will not make either of them happy. Running through the apartment to do this is just mean (but loads of fun).
19. When I jump into the bathtub without thinking while my human's filling it up so she can take a bath, I won't get mad at her for laughing at me.

20. When my human is bathing, I will not walk across the faucet and get stuck, falling into the water and lacerating his legs.
21. When my human is taking a bubble bath, the two pinkish-brown things sticking up out of the bubbles in her chest region are NOT to be played with!
22. When using my human as stepping stones in the tub, I will not dig my claws into her breasts to keep my balance.
23. While my human is doing her morning bath at 5 a.m. she does not need a nostril cleaning added to the routine.

--- Bodily Functions ---

--- Gas ---

1. Even if I am mad I will not fart in my human's face.
2. I must not fart in front of my human's friends. Nobody ever believes it is the cat.
3. I should not fart while cleaning myself. I cannot blame anyone else for the stink.
4. I will not act all friendly to the visiting guest, snuggle up on her chest and then fart in her face when she is already feeling ill from a long plane journey... (Yes, one of ours did this to my mother.)
5. I will not ask for a tummy scratch just because I am too lazy to push the really big, stinky farts out myself. My human will stop scratching my tummy if I keep doing this.
6. I will not burp and fart in my human's face when she is cuddling me.
7. I will not eat the chives in my human's garden, then go to take a nap with my human in the hammock and commence to belch and fart chive gas in his face.
8. I will not fart in my human's face at night, even if it is good revenge for sneaking up and barking loudly at me while I am sleeping.
9. I will not fart in my human's general direction.
10. I will not fart in protest for being scolded.
11. I will not fart when my human's friend has me in her lap, when my human is holding me or is on the phone.
12. I will not fart while my human is petting me. It's gross.
13. I will not grunt and fart when my human picks me up.
14. I will not jump up in my human's lap, act like I want to snuggle, and then stick my butt in her face and blow a really stinky fart.
15. I will not wake up my human by farting in her face, then try to blame the other cat.

--- Inappropriate "Friskiness" ---

1. I was neutered almost a year and a half ago. I will stop making amorous overtures to the cat ladies in the house, who, at any rate, are not amused.
2. I will not have sex with the local tom cat in front of the human neighbours on a Sunday morning and then go chasing after him when we are disturbed. (I'm not sure my neighbour grasped what was going on, judging by the graphic description she gave me of the event).
3. I will not hump my human's arm at 3 a.m. He doesn't find it stimulating. (I think the cat was just ticked about someone new sharing the bed. My husband was not as amused as I was...)
4. I will not hump people's legs, especially if they are asleep in bed. (My human finds it embarrassing!)
5. I will not hump the other cat. We are both boys and we are neutered. This is not a necessary activity.
6. I will not hump the seven year old's teddy bear (my "girlfriend") on the bed with the nice aunt in it. This results in my "girlfriend" and me being kicked off the bed. I will not then proceed to drag my "girlfriend" into the living room and continue our activities there, sleep on her for the rest of the night, and start humping her again the minute that the littlest ones get up. (Gizmo really does do this. I should know, I was the aunt.)
7. I will not hump the throw pillow from the sun room, and then drag it into the family room.
8. I will not hump: my human's clean laundry; Uncle Peter's pillow; the foot of Grandma's bed; on top of the washing machine; on the arm of the sofa; any damned place in the house that's soft enough. (This is NOT a joke--my sister's cat Pesto, aka Gingy, did EXACTLY this sort of thing for several months before, and even after, being neutered.)
9. I will not make sweet kitty "love" to the new roommates ducky blanket thus calling embarrassment to my human, my human girlfriend and getting evil looks from the new roommate. (He is a male and we are not sure why he feels the need to "love" the ducky blanket, but we can't seem to stop him.)
10. I will not mount my human's other male cat, especially not on the coffee table when there are guests present.

--- Inappropriate Litter Boxes ---

1. I am not a jungle cat. I will not hide in my "den" the closet at 6 a.m., get shut in all day when my humans leave for work, relieve myself (both kinds!) all over my human's ties that I have clawed down from their hanger, then never say a peep when my humans return from work, even though they are frantically running through the house calling my name repeatedly, so that they can open the closet door and step in the mess I made in their stocking feet, when they finally remember that I might be in here after all.
2. I will learn to use the litter box instead of forcing my humans to let me outside in the rain, while the area is under a tornado watch.
3. I will not go to the bathroom right in front of the front door, bathroom door or bedroom door just because my litter box is not spotless. My human steps in these on her way in the door at night or when she makes her trek to the bathroom at 3 a.m. and it only makes her mad and swear at her beloved kitten.
4. I will not relieve myself in the laundry of the lady that rents our basement, especially since she owns silk shirts.

5. I will not relieve myself on my human's bed repeatedly, especially when she is in it.
6. I will not join my 5 month old brother in using my human's very hairy chest as my litterbox in the middle of the night, even if he does accidentally lock me in the bedroom.
7. I will not use my human's new leather purse as a litter box.
8. I will not use the garage roof as a litter box.
9. I will not use the house plants as toilets when I am unsatisfied with the location of my litter box.
10. I will not use the television as a substitute litter tray, not even if it does (most successfully) get people's attention.
11. I will stop using the bathmats as a new form of litterbox.
12. I will use kitty litter in the box, not in the bag.
13. If I am dissatisfied with the condition of my litter box, there ARE better ways to express this concept than by leaving "protests" on the bathroom floor. My humans do not appreciate having to clean this up, especially when they find it in the middle of the night (my female human is especially displeased by this when she didn't put her glasses on or turn on the light).
14. My human's comforter is NOT the ideal place to relieve oneself. Multiple times. In one day.
15. My human's hand is not a litter tray substitute.
16. My human's housemate's slippers are not a litter box. Nor are the trailing ends of the curtains, the newspaper on the newly mopped floor, the books my human is trying to sell, or the (brown) sofa cushions.
17. The box of aquarium supplies in the basement is not a litter box.
18. The guest bed is not a litter box. Whichever of us is leaving yellow spots on it will stop, or else.
19. The new nylon-covered beanbag is not a fancy new litterbox. (Very disagreeable to find, impossible to clean; we had to dispose of it). The litter bits were covered by the "sumptuous" nylon liner, but she still found that she could still use it. Worse, the pee seeped into the thing so I didn't discover the mess until I flopped down in it.)
20. The pile of clothes that need mending is not my potty.
21. The pots and pans cabinet is not an alternate litter box.
22. The toolbox is not a litter box.
23. There are two litter boxes in the house. If my sister is one of them, I do not have to viciously chase her away; I can use the other one.
24. When my human's house is being bug sprayed and I have to stay at a friend's, I will not be so angry that I retreat to their closet and stay for the entire two days, doing my business on their clothing.

--- Peeing ---

1. After my (female) human has enjoyed the company of a larger, but equally gorgeous, hairy animal, I will not leap onto the bed, smell where he's been, and then jealously wee to eradicate his traces.
2. Even if my human leaves her jacket where I can get at it, I will not hose it down and then look at my human as if to say I didn't do it!
3. I don't have to pee in every single box in the house.
4. I must not creep under the covers at night and do a whoopsie between my humans and make them think that each other has wet the bed and then sit there and watch the commotion.
5. I will be sure my back end is all the way in the box before I urinate. The mat in front of the box is meant to catch litter, not the puddles I make.
6. I will explain to my humans just how I figured out on my own how to pee in a human's toilet.
7. I will have the Bastet-given dignity to not pee on my human's math homework, even if I think I am doing her a favour.
8. I will have the good grace to look guilty when caught peeing on \$300 worth of silk shirts.
9. I will not bat my human's NEW shirt on the floor, and then pee on it.
10. I will not creep into the large humans' bedroom and pee on the bed every five minutes.
11. I will not display my opinion of the new Rival Male by peeing on his personal belongings, or the Rival Male himself when we are in bed. My female human loves me and doesn't want to get me clipped, so I should stop providing the Rival Male with reasons.
12. I will not dump my water dish so I can pee in it.
13. I will not make puddles in the ashtray.
14. I will not pee all over my human my human's favourite sandals just because I can smell that "other" cat in her room.
15. I will not pee and poop on the humans' bed, barf on the humans' bed and then walk in it and pee on the bed again all within the space of 48 hours, and especially not within two minutes of jumping on the bed the last time and being caught in the act by the female human, who has a very suspicious mind and an awesome hiss. (The house is now in its Early Laundry phase of decoration and the "male human" had the gall to ask if we could have clean sheets again for the fourth night in a row - I told him to arrange it with Gino if he was that desperate).
16. I will not pee in baskets of clean clothes because I'm mad at my human.
17. I will not pee in front of the litter box on the concrete floor if my human is ten minutes late in changing it. I have a bladder the size of Lake Erie, and stinky boy-cat urine, and 20 years after I am gone, the memory will linger on.
18. I will not pee in my human's open puzzle boxes.
19. I will not pee in my new cat bed just because it smells funny - like a store and not like me.
20. I will not pee in the fireplace ashes in front of my human's company.
21. I will not pee in the hole in the carpet where the key to the gas fireplace goes.

22. I will not pee in the human's husband's boat.
23. I will not pee in the toaster when my humans are away for the weekend.
24. I will not pee in the toaster. Toasted cat pee does not smell good, and I will regret it if someday it is on when I do it.
25. I will not pee in various locations in the dirt basement of the new country cottage my female human bought, making it a revenue-loser 18 months later.
26. I will not pee next to the litter box, especially right after it has been changed.
27. I will not pee on my human's bed every time I am let into the room.
28. I will not pee on my human's book bag when I want to go outside.
29. I will not pee on my human's briefcase.
30. I will not pee on my human's car seat before she gets into the car, especially when she's wearing an expensive ball gown.
31. I will not pee on my human's dirty clothes when he leaves them on the floor.
32. I will not pee on my human's freshly printed Japanese papers just because the words "Baka neko" appear and my human says them to me all the time and she means "stupid cat".
33. I will not pee on my human's grandpa's work gloves.
34. I will not pee on my human's leg as he or she is lying down while watching TV.
35. I will not pee on my human's new Playstation 2.
36. I will not pee on my human's pillow when she is sound asleep on it. My human doesn't like being awakened in such a manner.
37. I will not pee on my male human's new girlfriend in the middle of the night to show her who's boss. I will then not lie in wait and do it again after they've changed the sheets and have gone back to bed..
38. I will not pee on the back element of the stove, the one that has the vent into the main oven, rendering all cooking in that kitchen for the next xxxx weeks hideously odiferous!
39. I will not pee on the bed just as my humans are going to lie down, and have my human find it after he crawls in and keep my humans up until 12:34 a.m.
40. I will not pee on the bed while the humans are sleeping in it. I *will* stick to the litterbox -- it does not kick me in its sleep!
41. I will not pee on the bills.
42. I will not pee on the doormat. They just wash it and put it out of reach for days.
43. I will not pee on the floor in front of the sink just because my human can't turn on the faucet for a drink. Especially not two days in a row.
44. I will not pee on the floor just because the human left the laundry cabinet door open. (It's too close to the cat door for Blue's taste, so she won't go out to the cat box.)
45. I will not pee on the littlest human who is taking a nap on the end of the bed.
46. I will not pee on the mock-leather sofa, especially when my human is too sick to notice what she's going to be lying down in.
47. I will not pee on the pattern that my human finally finished altering. She was not happy when she had to throw it out and start over.
48. I will not pee on the wall no matter how mad I am, because I have altered genitalia and shouldn't do such things.
49. I will not pee repeatedly on the clothes that my human is forced to put in closet shelves because there is no room in her dresser, forcing her to have to hang them up to keep them out of reach.
50. I will not pee two inches from the litter box when my human is gone to show him how mad I am that I was left alone.
51. I will not roll on the floor and pee all over the place. (Kitty did this several times the last couple weeks.)
52. I will not show my humans how much I love them by peeing on their clothes.
53. I will not stare at the litter box for ages, watch my human clean it out, then pee in it just before she gets the new bag put in.
54. I will pee in the litter box, not on the bag with clean litter in it.
55. If, during the course of unloading groceries, my human inadvertently spills a quarter-sized pile of cat litter on the rug, I will not assume this is an alternate litter box and carefully pee directly on it.
56. If my human squirts me with a squirt bottle, I will not wait for an opportune moment to squirt my human back in my own inimitable style.
57. If my human puts a paper grocery bag on the floor for me to play with, I will NOT pee on it when it gets stomped flat. (Raven had the gall to do this in front of me once.)
58. If my humans refuse to let me go out, I will NOT go straight in their closet and pee on their shoes while staring straight at them. This is another self-limiting activity.
59. If my humans try to run a magazine, I will not "help" them by peeing on the worst stories. [It was always the worst. Uncanny.] Even bad writers are likely to get offended at getting their manuscript back with smelly yellow stains.
60. Just because I prefer dry food while most of my co-resident felines prefer canned food, I will not pee in the cat dishes that contain the canned food.
61. Just because I'm standing in the litterbox doesn't mean I'm going to hit the litterbox---I have to squat, not pee out the door.
62. Peeing on the human's shorts was enough. I do not have to go and pee on two other shirts and a blouse as well.
63. Sometimes my humans have to go on trips away from me. I will not indicate my displeasure by peeing on her freshly-washed blue jeans, and having the pee flow over the recently refinished oak floor and into her treasured Afghanistani throw rug. (To her credit, she didn't pee directly into the packed suitcase.)
64. Student essays are brought home to be marked, not to be peed on.
65. There are better ways to "punish" the human than peeing on something.
66. When I stand in the middle of my humans' bed and pee, it doesn't matter if I look surprised and jump away from it afterwards. My

humans are not going to think some other cat did it -- I'm the only indoor cat in the household, and they just watched me pee. I'm still going to get my nose rubbed in it and be scolded very fiercely.

67. When my former human comes over to visit my current human, who saved me from a trip to the pound, I will not pee all over her jacket. If I do, I should at least pretend to be sorry.
68. When the big cat is about to use the litter box, I will not climb onto the cover and reach down to swat his butt, as the shock makes him pee straight out onto the floor.

--- Pooping ---

1. Eating string, hair, etc. in order to create "poop on a rope" is both unhealthful and disgusting.
2. Even if I think the litter box got too full during the night, I will not leave a pile right in front of the bedroom door.
3. Even if I think the litter box is in a less than pristine condition, I will not poop on my human's foot to express my displeasure.
4. Even though my foster-sister and I eat at the same time, we will not use the litterbox at the same time - facing each other, so that our little kitty butts hang out over the sides of the box and we both end up pooping outside the box.
5. I can either use the other litter box or wait a few minutes for the other cat to finish ; I do not have to poop on her tail.
6. I do not need to "prepare my best recipe" right before my humans clean my box.
7. I do not need to use ALL the kitty litter to bury my poop.
8. I promise not to sit and watch as my human cleans my box (which she systematically does before going to bed), and then wait until she's in her warm bed, lights out, to drop another smelly into the box. This annoys her greatly, and I've learned that it not only results in her having to endure the smell all evening, but me as well since I sleep in her room.
9. I shall not tell my human that the litter box needs to be changed by pooping behind the television.
10. I should not poop outside, in front of a passers by. It is not funny to watch them step in poop.
11. I will continue to be fastidious in my cleaning. However, once I have covered my 'present' in the litter box, I can stop clawing litter over it.
12. I will cover my "presents" in the litter-box.
13. I will cover my poops with the cat litter, not shredded bits of the plastic bag lining the box. Furthermore, I will not stand outside the litter box and shred the liner to cover the existing poops as an expression of my distaste for said box's lack of cleanliness, before I squat prissily and then neglect to cover the new poop.
14. I will cover up my "smellies" in the litter box with actual cat litter instead of trying to summon it up from thin air. (Boots and Pouncer will scratch at the air around the box, but not the litter inside. While this is cute to see, it does nothing to reduce the smells they've just produced.)
15. I will keep my butt in the cat box when pooping.
16. I will not come in from the outdoors, poop in the litter box, and then ask to go back outside.
17. I will not crap on the little rug in front of the toilet, especially in the small hours of night.
18. I will not eat my human's long hair and allow poop balls to form on it, then drag my bottom across the carpet to show my artistic talent.
19. I will not express my anger with my human by pooping beside the litter box, on her coat, or on the sheets she just washed and was about to put on her bed.
20. I will not get stuck in the shirt drawer all day and poop in it.
21. I will not have a dump on my humans' \$200 feather duvet at 4 a.m. because they went to the bar and came home tipsy instead of staying home playing with me. When they get it back from its \$60 trip to the dry cleaners, I will not immediately attempt to repeat this.
22. I will not have a dump on the couch.
23. I will not have a huge stinky dump in the middle of the dinner party room five minutes before the guests are due to arrive and then stand there with the "now will you pay attention to me?" look.
24. I will not jump into the litter box while my human is cleaning it and take a big dump right under her nose.
25. I will not leave a little poop at the top of the stairs and try to blame it on the other cat.
26. I will not leave my poops uncovered in the litter box in hopes that the other cat will be thoroughly disgusted by them and cover them herself.
27. I will not leave the litter box with a poop ball hanging off my butt. I will also not get rid of the dangling poop ball by sliding my butt across the utility room leaving a nasty "skid mark" on the floor. (I've had these same two cats for eight years and keep saying that I've seen it all and they keep coming up with new stuff. They must be reading your list as well!)
28. I will not look up at my human in the hallway and meow sweetly just prior to leaving a very wet poop at his feet.
29. I will not poop and then lick my butt in front of everyone. Nor will I sit on my human's face after a poop.
30. I will not poop in my human's daughter's bed just because my human didn't change my litter box when I thought she should.
31. I will not poop in my litter box just after my human is done cleaning it.
32. I will not poop in the boxes under my human's bed. They are not litter boxes.
33. I will not poop in the plant pot that holds the ficus benjamina. It is not good for the tree, and it makes my human nuts until she can find out where that odour is coming from.
34. I will not poop in the washer, especially when it is full of clothes.
35. I will not poop on the floor just because the litter box isn't as clean as I'd like it to be.
36. I will not poop right before my human falls asleep making him smell the aroma all night or get up and clean it.

37. I will not poop/pee/barf a hairball in the plants that are in the room. I know the dirt is tempting, but my human is not impressed.
38. I will not save my smelliest poops for when company is over.
39. I will not smear poop on the floor of the storage room, nor will I bat kitty poop on to the carpet outside of the living room.
40. I will not stare at the litter box for ages, then watch my human clean it out, and put a little bit litter in it. Then, when she goes to get the extra bag of litter, I will not poop in the box.
41. I will not take a dump in my human's shoes or Auntie Heather's bed, even if I *do* have a touch of diarrhea, as the litter box is no further away than either of these other items. (Cruel, maybe, *but*...)
42. I will not take a large, smelly, offensive poop in the litter box and yowl until someone comes and looks at it. (This is actually true - the more it reeks, the louder he yowls.)
43. I will not take all the turds from my litter box and kick them over to the one spot in the living room where I insist on spraying. (Fortunately a five day treatment of female hormone called OvaBan cured him of spraying and I eventually learned to keep the box clean.)
44. I will not try to poop 4 times in 2 minutes. This worries my humans.
45. I will not use pooping in the back seat of the car to let my human(s) know I have worms - on the first day I come home. I will not wait until I hear my human coming home into the garage to run to the litter box (by the garage door) to have a big dump. (One or more will rush to the litter box and have a huge dump in the litter. The "fragrance" knocks me over as I come in and this is a daily event. It is as if to say, "We'll teach you to leave us alone all day!")
46. I will not walk into the kitchen while my family is eating and commence to poop on the living room carpet. (My friend's cat did this exact thing twice.)
47. I will not, even if I don't feel well, commence pooping on my human, run across to my human's side when they are sleeping, continue across the bedroom, one way, then the other, go down the stairs, and finish 1 foot away from the litter box. (The *poor* baby had intestinal problems, but washing the sheets, the rug, a cat, and myself at 3:00 a.m. was NOT fun. The husband was self-cleaning.)
48. I will poop in my own big, deluxe covered litter pan and I will not try to squish into the small ferret litter pan. The ferret gets very upset and will not use it and he will poop on the carpet making my human very angry.
49. I will wait until the last poop drops before tearing out of the litter box.
50. If my human is already late taking me to the Cat Show because the other human slept in, I won't make things worse by making the Smell from Hell in my cat carrier, causing an emergency de-smelling, de-pooing stop on the way, and many many apologies to the list steward at the show.
51. It is not OK to leave my human "presents" on her lap or in the back seat of the car on the way to the vet because we are upset about going.
52. Just because one of us needs to poop in the litter tray does not mean ALL of us have to poop in the litter tray one after the other.
53. My humans' occasional vacations are not to be construed as personal attacks. I will not, therefore, retaliate by leaving "presents" on her bed while she is gone.
54. Not covering my 'presents' in the litter box makes me look stupid. Trying to cover them with air makes me look even more stupid.
55. The garden is big enough not to have to take a dump right next to the barbecue table, while the humans can see (and hear and smell) me doing my business - even if I have my back turned to them.
56. The new cat is not an enema. I will control myself and not poop on the spot when he comes near me.
57. There is litter in the litter pan to cover up my poop. I will not drag papers, books, and photographs from the rest of the room to do the same job.
58. We will not leave our turds in my human's shoe when she comes to visit.
59. We will not watch my human change the litter box and then deliberately go poop in the corner.
60. When I go to the office with my human I will not crap under the copy machine. I have a litter box for that purpose.
61. When my human comes to clean out my litterbox, I will not insist on pooping in it right before she begins cleaning. She doesn't appreciate it.
62. While my humans appreciate my political views, it's probably not a good idea to inform my human's family that my litter box requires attention by pooping on an image of the president that is lying on the floor. (It was a newspaper article)

--- Spraying ---

1. Even though I am neutered, I will not spray on the bookshelf where another cat sprayed years ago.
2. I do not need to spray on my human's new shoes.
3. I will not pass gas when I am punished, excited, or don't want to be held, especially in the company of guests.
4. I will not spray my human's brand new \$400 bread maker.
5. I will not spray my human's Grim Reaper Halloween costume on Halloween day.
6. I will not spray my human's new golf slacks when he's wearing them, even if they do have cherry stripes and only cost 50 cents from a garage sale.
7. I will not spray on my human when she decides to sleep in the basement.
8. I will not spray on the nearly full paper sack of barbecue charcoal.
9. I will not spray the clean dishes in the dish drainer. My human gets very upset when she has to wash them again.
10. I will not spray the kitchen garbage can.
11. I will not spray the wall behind the kitty box ever time I pee. I am a spayed female, and I am not supposed to spray.

12. If someone is nice enough to bring me into their home when I am deathly ill, I should not spray every piece of furniture in sight.
13. The mirror is not a rival cat. I can quit spraying it.

--- Vomiting ---

1. I do not need to barf in my own bed, or anyone else's, for that matter.
2. I will at least try to get to the litter box or kitchen floor before I re-introduce my human to my previous meal.
3. I will not act as though I am about to hock up a monster hairball in my human's roommate's new shoes. (He acted like he was, so I moved said shoes just in case.)
4. I will not barf a combination of hairball and kibble on my human's head to wake her up on Sunday morning.
5. I will not barf a furball on my human's clean shirt cuff fifteen minutes before he's due to go out to work.
6. I will not barf a hair ball on the living room rug in the only place where my human can walk to the kitchen in his bare feet. (in the dark, I might add.)
7. I will not barf a hairball on my human's forehead while she's sleeping.
8. I will not barf at the bottom of the stairs, in shades that match the rice-paper flooring, in the middle of the night. This causes the female human, when she comes bolting down the stairs first thing in the morning, late as usual, to slip, and careen off the wall, and fall all over the place. Although amusing to watch, this also results in her tearing all the cartilage in one knee.
9. I will not barf in the boxes that are being packed for moving day.
10. I will not barf on my female human's side of the bed, and on the floor by her bed. It's not funny to watch her roll/step in cold puke when she wakes up.
11. I will not barf on the bed fifteen minutes before my humans are due to go out to work so that my human has to do some fast sheet and underblanket changing and has to put on her make-up in the car as a result.
12. I will not barf on the floor when I know my humans are out of paper towels and have to use flimsy toilet paper to clean it up.
13. I will not barf up a furball into my male human's shorts (even if they are left on the floor). This grosses him out and makes him throw out a perfectly good pair of shorts.
14. I will not chew on every plastic bag that I can find. They may make me vomit on my human's just freshly washed carpets.
15. I will not eat large numbers of assorted bugs, then come home and barf them up so the humans can see that I'm getting plenty of roughage.
16. I will not go to the bathroom, or puke, behind the entertainment centre, especially when my human's friend is sleeping over and they are trying to watch their favourite show.
17. I will not hack up a huge hairball on my human's brand-new futon.
18. I will not hack up an even bigger hairball into my human's first cup of coffee in the morning.
19. I will not help my sister "recycle" her barfed-up food.
20. I will not hide barf behind the couch. Barf is a thing of beauty and should be left where it can be found easily and without moving furniture.
21. I will not jump to the top of the refrigerator and then projectile vomit all over the kitchen. (My former roommate's cat did this on a regular basis.)
22. I will not lick the bathtub right after it has been cleaned. If I do this, I will not sit on top of my human's dresser and projectile vomit onto the bed at 3 a.m.
23. I will not puke up hairballs the size of a lemon in front of my human's blind date. (We were sure he was dying.)
24. I will not rush to the expensive rug when I have to barf. The tiles that cover 95% of the house are just as good to barf on (not to mention easier to clean).
25. I will not sit on the bookcase headboard and try to hack hairballs onto my human's head while he's sleeping. (Felix did this once, which is how I found out my husband can levitate.)
26. I will not sit on the window sill in full view of passers by and barf up my kitty biscuits.
27. I will not throw up from the loft into the dining room below. If I have to throw up, I will contain it to one floor, not two.
28. I will not throw up in my food bowl to show my opinion of the food.
29. I will not throw up on highly absorbing surfaces.
30. I will not throw up on my human's new Jeep Accessories catalog. I also will not throw up on my human's new Jeep when she takes me to the vet to discover why I threw up on her new Jeep Accessories catalog.
31. I will not throw up on the guests, especially when they are already afraid of me and they are sleeping.
32. I will not vomit in locations where my human can't find it easily.
33. I will not yield to morning sickness in the most inconvenient spots in the house. (Cats really can get morning sickness when pregnant. Luckily, it only lasted a week or so in Penny's case).
34. I will notify my humans of impending barfing activity, rather than surprising them.
35. If I have been outside on the deck nibbling the kitty grass my human planted for me, I do not need to run back inside to the living room carpet to throw up.
36. If I throw up on the kitchen floor, my human will understand that it was an accident. I do not need to cover it up with an empty Diet Pepsi box - she will find it anyway.
37. In the event that I have to barf, I will do it where my people can find it right away, not under the bed so they think something died in there.
38. We will refrain from cultivating concentrated sulphuric acid in our digestive tracts, so that when we do hurl, it will not

immediately lift the finish off the parquet floor.

--- Miscellaneous ---

1. Company time for my human does not mean bath time for me.
2. Even though I have sinus problems, I will not blow gobs of snot on Mommy's guests when they say, "What a beautiful kitty!" and lean over.
3. Having my nails clipped means my human will play with me more, and I stop tripping. Therefore, I will resign to the procedure, not go insane to the point where my human has to sneak up on me and wrap me in a towel.
4. I am a spayed kitty. Even if I *could* go into heat, it wouldn't be nice to have an orgasmic reaction to the hair brush. It is not a male kitty, and neither is my human.
5. I am an old kitty so I should let my humans clip my claws.
6. I can learn to use the litter box. My human knows that I know how. Even though I prefer the great outdoors, it must get painful to wait 12-24 hours while my human is gone! (He does wait that long! He must have the biggest bladder in the world.)
7. I can sit in the middle of the litter pan. I do not always have to sit right next to the edge, causing hard-to-remove clumps to form in the corners (or worse yet, for everything to spill over the side of the pan).
8. I do not need to exit the bathroom at the speed of light when I have finished using the litter box.
9. I do not need to loudly proclaim the completion of my 7 a.m. trip to the litter box (one of many ways to try to roust the lazy human out of bed).
10. I do not need to suck and knead on every blanket in the house, especially if a human is lying under it.
11. I have bad breath. My humans will never enjoy it.
12. I should not give birth in my human's bed.
13. I will let my human clip my claws. They were too long and getting caught on everything. When she clips them, I will not cry bloody murder, she didn't clip any too short. I will not then ignore her for extended periods of time.
14. I will make an effort to keep at least half of the litter IN the litter box.
15. I will not ask to be let in, only to go to my litter box, make a mess and then demand to be let out again, leaving my human with the mess (Happy seemed to have a phobia about doing his business outside).
16. I will not assault my human when she is cleaning up one of my accidents.
17. I will not become pregnant, then eat so much that my (female) human says that I am fat. When my youngest human says that I am pregnant because I look unrealistically fat, I will just let the said humans discuss it, but I will not fart in the middle of it.
18. I will not become so fat that my human has to clean my butt for me. No one wants to hear about her 35 pound cat and his poop problems.
19. I will not blame my human if I get cat hair up my nose, sneeze, and make her laugh.
20. I will not choose my humans' bed as the ideal place to have a litter of kittens--especially if they are in it at the time. (We moved her to a box we had prepared).
21. I will not continue to gain weight despite having tapeworms and being on diet food. I will not proceed to gain even more weight when the tapeworms are gone. Especially when I do not have any health problems or genetic predisposition to be fat.(He is 30+ lbs. His mother, brother and two sisters together do not weigh this much.)
22. I will not cuddle my human's dress shoes and drool in them.
23. I will not drag my butt on the carpet after exiting the litter box.
24. I will not drool in my sleeping human's [ear|mouth]. Yechhhh.
25. I will not drool on my human while she is petting me to show my thankfulness.
26. I will not drool when I purr.
27. I will not drool when petted. My humans do not appreciate it (both my kittens do this. They are that happy.)
28. I will not express my anal glands when my human is trying to get the knots out of my "pantaloons" with a comb.
29. I will not express my displeasure at being groomed by, shall we say, dribbling from my hind end.
30. I will not fall asleep when I am using the litter box.
31. I will not go to the linen closet to do my washing up when I come muddy and wet from my outing.
32. I will not go to the litter box early in the morning, do all my business and then go and jump on my human's face while she is still in bed and put my tail in her nose, just so she can appreciate how nice I smell after my bath the day before. (This really happened, with both cats this a.m. They love the bath and think they smell like roses.)
33. I will not groom my private parts while my humans are trying to eat.
34. I will not hang my aristocratic behind over the edge of the litter box to do my business.
35. I will not hyperventilate when I get outside, making people think I'm rabid and resulting in a call to animal control.
36. I will not jump up on the dining room table to clean my private parts.
37. I will not knead my human's neck with my claws extended.
38. I will not leave the litter box until I am finished.
39. I will not lie down on the bed my human is making and drool on the clean sheets.
40. I will not lock myself and Tigger in the boys bathroom because it is no fun be trapped without my litter box with a cat that has no shame and will do it anywhere. What a stink!
41. I will not panic when I am put in the carrier to drive to the new house. Panicking will cause me to drool, puke, and poop, and I will have to sit in it until we get there. (The good news: once we got there, he took about ten minutes and then was right as rain! It was

- the longest half an hour of my life, though.)
42. I will not pick my butt and tail bald because my skin itches. This makes me look like a deranged opossum.
 43. I will not put on so much weight that I can barely squeeze through the cat flap and break the flap itself.
 44. I will not scare my humans to death with a growth on my tail they think is a tumor, just to find out from the rush visit to the vet that it's only a wart (orange/red cats get warts, particularly if the cat has freckled skin).
 45. I will not shake my head when I have a drop of drool hanging from my mouth.
 46. I will not smurgle on my human's \$120 Polartec sweatshirt.
 47. I will not sneeze in my human's face.
 48. I will not sneeze into my human's mouth.
 49. I will not spray "flying nose sauce" in my human's face when I sneeze.
 50. I will not try to play the same bedtime games with my sister that the humans play.
 51. I will not use my litter box in full view of all my human's dinner guests *while* they are still eating. (These last 2 happened when I was living in a very tiny apartment, with the litter box in the living room and the kitchen merely an adjacent nook...)
 52. I will not wake my human up at 3 a.m. by trying to mate with his knees. I especially will not try to sweet talk his knees during this process. (And he's been neutered for months. Oh well.)
 53. I will not walk in on a dinner party and commence licking my butt.
 54. I will refrain from attempting to mate with my human's foot, especially since I am neutered.
 55. I will refrain from licking my butt while sitting on anyone's lap.
 56. I will remember that the vet removed the important equipment, and not attempt to relieve my unfixed sister when she gets in the mood. If I must, I will then not become distracted and walk away, leaving her even more frustrated.
 57. I will remember to use my litter box, not the living room walls.
 58. I will submit to being groomed. I have long fur, and I don't like tangles.
 59. I will try to remember to use the cinnamon air freshener when I get done using the litter box. I will also check the label so I don't use the hairspray again and end up as stiff as a wire brush.
 60. I will understand that my long-haired butt needs to be cleaned after a poop. My human doesn't like giving me a bath any more than I like having them.
 61. If I am going to plop my butt directly in front of my human's face, I will clean it first.
 62. If I have to sneeze in the middle of the night, I will jump off the bed and then sneeze. I will not stare into my human's face and sneeze a big juicy one, causing her to get up and wash her face in disgust.
 63. If I will not let myself be brushed and my hair gets all matted and I look like a molting buffalo, I will not leave huge, felty hair-things lying around the house when I pull them off by myself. And if I do scratch and nibble myself bald, I will not leap about in panic every time a fly comes to land on my bare, sensitive skin.
 64. If the litter box is not as clean as I like it I will not find a human, squeak for their attention, and then go to stand on some item that I know they hold dear and pretend I'm about to pee. Instead I will find another litter box that is cleaner. There are, after all, four boxes, two of which are cleaned daily. (We have four boxes, all of them large enough to fit two cats at once. Two are automatics, which are cleaned very other day, as they clean themselves. Two are standard covered boxes, which are cleaned daily. Blue insists on only using the automatic, and regularly informs us if she doesn't think that it's clean enough. This is why they get cleaned every other day.)
 65. Just because I was once abandoned in a gas station by some bozos many years ago, it doesn't mean my present humans will abandon me in a gas station. If I'm in a car with them and they pull up to a gas station I will not immediately protest it by throwing up/pooping in my carrier.
 66. My human does not need to sniff my butt to identify me. She knows who I am.
 67. My humans are not going to get rid of the youngest human, no matter how much we poop in his play area or pee on the stairs. We should quit trying.
 68. My mouth will not freeze open in disgust when I sniff something that is not to my pleasing.
 69. Noisily chewing my toenails at 3 a.m. and spitting the pieces out on the bed annoys my human. I will restrain myself.
 70. The litter box is for my duty, not my human's. I do not have to drag it around the house, and push it next to her toilet. She will not be using it. (Raiya also leaves it there, and won't go unless I go in there to do something!)
 71. When my humans kindly prepare a nice nest for me, I will not then have my kittens in the open suitcase on their clean shirts.
 72. When using my litter box, I will not dig a hole to Australia and then do my business neatly *beside* said hole.
 73. A litterbox that has just been cleaned does not immediately require me to leave a smelly deposit in it. I am not the litterbox monitor, and I do not need to "hold it" until just after the humans clean the box. I also do not always have to relieve myself in the box *as* the humans are cleaning it.
 74. Despite my name being 'Moody Blue', I will not continue to reinforce the human slaves calling me this.
 75. I have very long hair. This means that I must accept the brush that the human uses on me, otherwise my hair will become tangled and matted and then I will have to be shaved.
 76. I will not ask to go outside by standing next to my human on my hind legs and wiping my slimy nose all over my human's arm while she's trying to eat.
 77. I will not drool happily when I am being petted, then climb into my human's lap and shake my head.
 78. I will not drool on my human's friends.
 79. I will not fellate myself in unavoidable view of the human's elderly maiden aunt. I am neutered, no matter how much I reminisce

about the days of my misspent youth. (Wasn't Terrible Tom a good name for him?)

80. I will not get insulted if my human laughs when I sneeze or get sparked by static electricity. She just thinks it's cute.
81. I will not groom or otherwise air out my private parts in front of company.
82. There are only two of us now. We do not need four litter boxes, two up and two down, just because it's easier to use the ones upstairs, and only resort to the two in the basement when we feel like it.
83. While in heat, I will not give my humans continual, endearing looks (while presenting myself at the same time) in the distant hope that they have suddenly become boy cats.

--- Christmas Related ---

1. After my human's father has put so much effort into putting up Christmas decorations that are reasonably kitty friendly, I will not insist on pulling them down. Yes he's not an interior decorator, but I shouldn't rub it in.
2. Although my human appreciates my thoughtfulness in helping her wrap and tag Christmas gifts, she would rather do it herself -- especially since my idea of helping is to sit on the wrapping paper, bat the ribbons around and rub the pen with my nose!
3. Christmas lights and the cords they are attached to are not for chewing.
4. Christmas stockings and tree ornaments are not toys.
5. Christmas trees are not for climbing. (My cat knocked over my tree and scattered EVERY ornament around the room. I think I'm still missing some!)
6. I am not a Christmas tree ornament. Just because I wasn't allowed to "help" decorate it doesn't mean I should climb up and perch on a branch.
7. I am not helping my human hang the Christmas lights when I pull on the end that's still on the floor. It especially doesn't help when I decide to chew on the bulbs.
8. I do not need to help wrap Christmas presents, mess up the ornaments on the tree or the already broken Christmas village, or try to eat the fiberoptic Christmas tree.
9. I must keep in mind that even though Christmas trees smell wonderful and have lots of lovely bark, they are not appropriate for climbing as they are not attached in any significant manner to the floor. Climbing Christmas trees will lead to the inevitable tree toppling. Said toppling may result in: 1. Spillage of tree water (corollary: tree water tastes yucky); 2. Breakage of heirloom ornaments; 3. Toppling of television sets; 4. Crashing of said tree through a nearby window (happily, not injuring the kitty who is reporting this lesson)
10. I must not chew on electrical cords, especially when the appliances to which they are attached are turned on; my human says I will kill us both.
11. I shall not attack the red table cloth on the kitchen table. Nor shall I get up on said kitchen table and attempt to attack the Scottish Christmas decor.
12. I shall not attack the red table runner and move the already somewhat broken Christmas village closer to another fall.
13. I shall not use the top of my scratching post to get at the decorations on the fiberoptic Christmas tree.
14. I will no longer try to decorate the Christmas presents with my teeth. They look fine the way they are. (All three cats like to chew them, for whatever reason.)
15. I will not attack the ornaments on the "Charlie Brown" Christmas tree, even if they do look like birds and have feathers.
16. I will not bite the head off a Santa Claus figurine and proceed to dump it in front of a small child. This makes them cry.
17. I will not carefully select all shiny gold ornaments from the Christmas tree and remove them, nor will I place shiny gold ornaments into litter boxes. I must learn that litter boxes are for an entirely different kind of present.
18. I will not climb six feet up in the fake Christmas tree, causing all the branches to bend down, just to get a better view of the living room.
19. I will not drink the water of the real Christmas tree.
20. I will not eat all of the tinsel off the Christmas tree; it makes me throw up.
21. I will not eat the Christmas tree lights, whether or not they are plugged in.
22. I will not eat the Christmas tree, vomit the needles all over the rug and make my my human spend \$50 to "detox" me.
23. I will not eat tinsel from the Christmas tree--it will make my poop come out like beads on a string.
24. I will not get into my human's bag full of Christmas wrapping paper and ribbons and shred it until it makes a comfy bed.
25. I will not make the Christmas tree my home.
26. I will not open all the presents before Christmas.
27. I will not personalize all of my human's Christmas presents to her friends by shredding the carefully prepared ribbons. If I must, I will not then refrain from refusing to use my litter box after the first time I potty because it is unusually colorful in there.
28. I will not play hide-and-go-seek with pieces of my human's jigsaw puzzle or the pieces of the artificial Christmas tree.
29. I will not play with the ribbons when my human is wrapping (Christmas) gifts. And I will not try to kill the curlicues of ribbon on the finished packages.
30. I will not poke a hole in the can of Christmas snow with my claws and watch it blow snow around the living room.
31. I will not sit on top of a Christmas present that my human is trying to wrap. Nor will I quietly rip open the Christmas presents he wrapped 10 minutes ago.
32. I will not spray the computer printers, photocopier, kitchen garbage can, or Christmas presents.
33. I will not tell my human to bleepity bleep bleep, walking away flicking my tail when he says "no" because I think it is OK to kill Christmas ornaments.

34. I will not try to kill the little baby Jesus in my human's nativity scene. Some religious groups are greatly offended.
35. I will not turn in to the attack cat and bat balls off the Christmas tree.
36. I will not vanish off the face of the earth every time my human's sister's children visit.
37. I will not wrap the Christmas tree lights around me when the human is trying to extract me from the tree.
38. I will only open my Christmas presents, and I'll wait for Christmas to do so.
39. If guests arrive for Christmas it is not essential to disappear for the next week.
40. Lying under the Christmas tree is cute, but knocking the stuff already under there out of the way isn't.
41. My human can wrap Christmas presents without my help. If I decide to sleep on the paper she intends to use, I shouldn't be angry if she moves me so that she doesn't accidentally cut my tail off and wrap it up too. My human will clean up the dishes after cooking -- she doesn't need my help.
42. My sister and I promise not to knock the plug into the kitchen sink and turn the water on full blast while our human is at work 30 miles away. He worries when getting calls from the landlord informing him the two condos below his are flooding and would ordinarily prefer not to buy so many replacement hardwood floors for the neighbours.
43. Sitting and picking the green stuff off the Christmas tree does not help the humans put it up.
44. The Christmas tree is NOT a jungle gym.
45. The Christmas tree is not out to get me. (She runs away when she notices it in the corner of the room.)
46. The Christmas tree is not there for me to climb. My humans know I do not like the new puppy but that is no reason for me to sit halfway up the tree and hiss at them as they walk by.
47. The fiberoptic tree is not edible, so I will not pull on the fiberoptic fibres.

--- Destroying ---

1. Above all else, I'll *never* poke holes in a waterbed.
2. Blinds are not my enemy. I do not need to destroy them.
3. Cigarette packages are not chew toys, and my humans don't like trying to smoke cigarettes with tooth marks through them.
4. "Do not sharpen your claws on that side of the couch!" does not mean sharpen my claws on the other side of the couch, or the back of the couch either.
5. Even though it's OK to help my human clean house by licking dust of the blinds, it is NOT OK to get carried away and bite through the strings on the blinds and ruin them entirely.
6. Flowers brought to my human are not for me to eat or seek out when she isn't home, thereby shattering their crystal vase.
7. I am an indoor cat. I do not need to hang on the screen door. It tears holes and makes my human angry.
8. I am spoiled; my human accepts this. I will not, though, tear into the bags when she comes in the house because I know she has something for me.
9. I appreciate the fact that now my humans have finally learned not to put ornaments on the windowsills where I like to sit. In return, I won't change haunts unexpectedly.
10. I can share the scratching post. I can, I can, I can.
11. I cannot go outside for the next three months because of an epidemic of a diphtheria-related disease running rampant through the park. Considering that this stuff can be spread easily to dogs and people, I will refrain from destroying the house and testing all windows in hopes of escaping.
12. I cannot read, so I will leave my human's big, expensive, hard to replace books alone. I will not lick or try to eat them. (It's only the books that I have to order and cost more than a fortnight's food that she likes.)
13. I do not have to eat the aglets off anyone's shoelaces.
14. I do not have to rescue my humans from the evil foam underneath the carpeting and shred it on the bed to prove what a good job I have done. I will also refrain from eating the fingertips off of the rubber gloves my humans use when cleaning. It makes them very unhappy when I bring a "dead" glove onto the bed at 3am as a "gift" to them.
15. I do not need to attack the float ring my human has just inflated even if it has birds on it. This makes the little human cry because she can't use it for swimming. (Both of my cats and my sister-in-laws cat think that any inflatable toy should be destroyed or it will continue to grow until it takes over their domain. We can't have that happen.)
16. I do not need to climb all the way up to the ceiling on the door frames, destroying the new wallpaper in the process.
17. I do not need to eat the tasty feathers on my human's dreamcatcher, even if it's up high where I can only swat at it, at 3:30 a.m. I do not need to rustle around inside the lingerie drawer (where it now resides) for said dreamcatcher, until I can steal it.
18. I do not need to remove the ends of the slats of the blinds. I can see well enough just by pushing them aside.
19. I do not need to sharpen my claws on my human's sandals as soon as she takes them off.
20. I have my own scratching post. I do not need my human's brand new \$400 box spring instead.
21. I promise to start grooming my claws on the old fence, now that the bark on ALL the trees in my backyard is shredded at a height of 18 inches above the ground.
22. I shall not rip through the house and then launch myself from the couch over the semi-antique lamp and randomly attack the sacred four seasons native shield on my human's wall that she 'thought' she had put out of my reach, leaving the lamp teetering dangerously on the end table and the shield on the floor.
23. I should not attack the front door crochet curtain that took mom a year to crochet. Not only do I make holes in it, but I'll also end up caught by the paws and sliding on my back when my human opens the door. And she'll only laugh at me.
24. I weigh too much to nap on My human's little cardboard lingerie chest. Since I've already made one collapse, I will refrain from

- napping on the other one.
25. I will contain my passion for plastic, and not chew off the girl human's Barbie dolls' arms and legs.
 26. I will face the fact that the vintage 1950's cocktail cabinet my human lovingly restored is not mine and mine alone. I will realize that while it may be just my size and a great dog-spying height that does not give me the right to knock the plant pot off because it's in my way. I will also then not look innocent and accuse my humans of it being their fault for it being out there in the first place.
 27. I will leave the inflatable pillow in the bathtub alone. My claws do not do it any good.
 28. I will never again knock over the vase of glass flowers. My human does not enjoy spending an hour trying to vacuum up every last little tiny shard of glass (luckily, only one flower was shattered).
 29. I will never again pee and poop with great thoroughness on my human's beloved 100+ year old armchair when I feel cranky. After My human spends lots of money to recover and repair the damage, I will be understanding when she puts the chair in her office and keeps the door closed instead of lurking and trying to leap into the chair at every opportunity.
 30. I will not "move" the fishbowl off the kitchen counter just because it isn't normally there. My human doesn't like finding motionless fish on the floor (after stepping into water and broken glass in the dark!).
 31. I will not attack the silk bridesmaid's bouquet that my human saved from her brother's wedding. It is not my enemy, nor is it food.
 32. I will not attack the soft plastic water bottle. My human will just buy a new hard plastic one to squirt me with. (Yowie and Zeke actually chewed the nozzle off so the thing wouldn't work anymore.)
 33. I will not attempt to jump from the bed onto the top of My human's brand-new mahogany armoire. It's too high for me and I have to dig my hind claws in, gouging the wood beyond repair, in order to make it. (My cat Mouse did this and I was *not* impressed with her acrobatics.)
 34. I will not barf kibble and hairball into the box of silk flower arrangements, bouquets, and corsages My human just finished for a friend's wedding, all \$1300 of; when she pulled two days up straight to finish two hours before the wedding. (My friend was getting married, her sister paid for the silk flowers, and I made bouquets, hair pieces, flower girl basket, corsages, cake topper, pew decorations, the whole schmeil for five attendants; and the older of my two cats got to the box just before I got the last piece in the transport box. My gift was doing the assembly. He got most of the stuff. I literally sat down in the aisle of the local Hobby Lobby and made the stuff there, took the tags through the checkout; and we made it with five minutes to spare. Needless to say, I had to put about \$600 up to pay for what the cat ruined!)
 35. I will not barf, pee, and poop on Mother's just-from-the-cleaners white linen jacket. (We had a cat who actually did this--all three functions at the same time, after my mother removed the plastic from the jacket and laid it on the bed. She didn't catch the cat because she was in the bathroom during the feline "expulsion.")
 36. I will not bat all the Easter Eggs down the cellar steps.
 37. I will not censor my human's reading material by eating the book while he tries to read it. (I never knew paper tasted so good...)
 38. I will not chase bugs and leap on My human's favourite framed artwork causing it to come crashing to the ground.
 39. I will not chase the bunny slippers and chew their whiskers off.
 40. I will not chase the other cat onto the bed where my human has put a (cheap, cardboard-backed) mirror, causing it to be smashed to smithereens. (Nobody was hurt, fortunately.)
 41. I will not chew 85% of the way through my human's shoelaces so that they'll break the next time they're used.
 42. I will not chew a hole into my human's mattress and sleep inside it every night.
 43. I will not chew holes in the bags of clean kitty litter and spread it on the floor.
 44. I will not chew holes in the curtains, making it pointless to draw them down.
 45. I will not chew holes in the plastic garbage bag, even though the humans left perfectly good chicken fat going to waste in there.
 46. I will not chew off Barbie's hands. It upsets my human sister.
 47. I will not chew on my human's purse straps, especially at night and especially if the purse is new. (If I buy a new purse and give him the old one he will ignore the old one that he has been chewing on (and destroyed) on start on my new purse.)
 48. I will not chew on my human's toothbrush.
 49. I will not chew on my human's two hundred dollar textbook.
 50. I will not chew the beak off the decorative duck decoy. My human doesn't find this amusing.
 51. I will not chew the buttons off my human's bathrobe.
 52. I will not chew the cord of the (unplugged, fortunately) second-hand lamp, right after my human has told me not to and left to run an errand. (Own a cat, must own electrical tape)
 53. I will not chew the corners off my human's books/comics.
 54. I will not chew the ends of wooden clothespins down to little half-inch nubs.
 55. I will not chew the erasers off every pencil in the house -- these have no nutritional value. Lampshades don't have any nutritional value either.
 56. I will not chew the plugs off headphones and video game control pads. My teenage humans get very mad.
 57. I will not chew the shower curtain.
 58. I will not chew the young human's homework. First, because no one believes him when he says his cat ate his homework. Second, because my human doesn't enjoy cleaning the pulpy mess I spit up when I'm done chewing on it.
 59. I will not chew through every condom package that my human has left sitting on her dresser, even though it was her own fault because she knows how I LOVE to chew on anything that crinkles. Besides, I don't understand that they are for her enjoyment, not mine.

60. I will not chew through my human's crochet thread and then swallow the pearls. Likewise, I will not chew on her crochet hooks.
61. I will not chew up and destroy my family's tough rubber summer sandals.
62. I will not claw and tear at the cat food and dog food bags so that the food falls all over the place, and then do nothing when the mice eat it.
63. I will not climb into the bathroom window, lose my balance on the ledge, fall onto the porcelain toilet tank, knocking it onto the commode thereby shattering the whole toilet and soaking the carpet on Christmas Day when all good plumbers are at home with their families.
64. I will not climb my human's easel and slide down the wet oil paintings with my claws extended.
65. I will not climb on top of the cabinet in the bedroom and knock down grandma's vase, given to her by her mother, if I am not fed at 7 a.m.
66. I will not climb the drapes and pull the whole mess down, rod and all.
67. I will not climb up my human's new \$500 dollar black dress right before she has to go perform in front of her entire school! (Rambo tore up the entire front of it! I thought I was going to die, since it was my *ONLY* dress, and I had a concert that evening! It's a darn good thing my friend Maggie took him for the rest of the night.. And she was able to lend me a dress.)
68. I will not demonstrate my opinion of the pictures of me that my human posted up on her door by shredding a few of them.
69. I will not destroy every toy mouse my human buys me. They are to play with, not mutilate.
70. I will not destroy my expensive cat toys within a week of getting them.
71. I will not destroy the expensive aluminum blinds because my human didn't instantly yank them up the moment I came into the room.
72. I will not destroy the plastic container with the dog biscuits in it. The prime word in here is "dog" and those treats are not for kitties.
73. I will not drag magazine pages, photographs, or any other foreign objects into my litterbox to cover up when I need/want my litter changed, especially if it is a self-cleaning litterbox. (That jams it up.)
74. I will not eat an imported eel-skin wallet from Korea.
75. I will not eat and shred my human's agenda beyond recognition.
76. I will not eat dried flowers.
77. I will not eat holes in my human's socks, pantyhose, slippers, underwear, T-shirts or nightshirts any more. My human says I have a lingerie fetish and doesn't understand why I haven't got massive intestinal blockages by now.
78. I will not eat my human's bank book. She's not doing that well at work.
79. I will not eat my human's book contracts. She doesn't have so many yet that she can afford to have me munching on them. Also people at the publishing house might take it as a personal comment when they get back the signed copies with the corners bitten off and claw marks all over.
80. I will not eat my human's guests' purses.
81. I will not eat my human's knickers, clean or dirty.
82. I will not eat signed, first editions of books from authors my human likes.
83. I will not eat the fan coral my human has tacked to the wall.
84. I will not eat, drink lots of water and then throw up on my human's clean, white page proofs leaving her to explain the stain to her editor the next day. (Needless to say, I did not let on what the stain really was.)
85. I will not gather the other cats around, then sit on the dish drying rack and knock glasses on to the floor for their enjoyment.
86. I will not get my little cat head stuck inside the handles of a plastic shopping bag that contains a porcelain teapot that was just given to me 30 minutes prior by her mother. I will, furthermore, most certainly NOT run through the house, crash into the wall, and break the porcelain treasure into 47 pieces while my human is on the phone with her mother thanking her for the lovely gift! This will cause my human to have to make up a lie the next time her mother is over, and blame the breaking of the teapot on herself, causing her mother to call my human "clumsy" and "irresponsible".
87. I will not give my toy mice to the dog to chew.
88. I will not gnaw the orange rubber rims of an entire set of glass canisters because I happen to think rubber is the fifth food group.
89. I will not go and investigate the neighbour's pool, even when there is no water in the bottom. My claws may end up tearing their liner and causing my Mom lots of grief. If there is water in the pool, my Mom says I will have to learn to swim before the summer is over!
90. I will not help my human clean the cupboard by pulling all her crystal off the top shelf.
91. I will not jump up from the floor, onto to the sideboard to knock over my human's 60 year old Art Deco figurine that WAS made of ivory, brass and marble.
92. I will not jump/propel myself off of or onto the new leather furniture thereby leaving deep gouge marks and long scratches for my human to cry about.
93. I will not knock all 6 eggs off the counter that my human was vainly trying to bring to room temperature.
94. I will not knock breakable dishes off of the counter to get my human out of bed to let me out in the morning.
95. I will not knock down my human's brother's front door (although we all know it was time to replace that door any way.)
96. I will not knock my human's large antique blue glass mirror into the bathtub, shattering it into a million shards for my human to clean up (not a fun way to spend an evening).
97. I will not knock over vases full of water and flowers, especially the \$500 vase that was a present to my human's grandfather from his brother! I also won't wait 5 hours to tell my human, so that the water has time to soak the wood and ruin the nice expensive

table!

98. I will not knock the antique glass lamp onto the back of the twenty-five year old Hitachi TV. One is built to last, the other isn't.
99. I will not lean on the window screen until I fall out, making a new kitty door.
100. I will not lick the coating off of photographs, rendering them really soggy and blurry and possibly making myself really sick.
101. I will not make snowflakes out of a whole roll of paper towels / a whole box of Kleenex / an entire head of lettuce.
102. I will not miscalculate my leap and smash my human's much-loved figurine collection.
103. I will not pee on the washer as electric timers are expensive to replace.
104. I will not push the entire screen door off of the tracks (sliders) to get outside.
105. I will not push the screens out of my human's windows to get outside, my older brother taught me well.
106. I will not rend my human's dressing gown by climbing up and down it while playing in the closet with my brother.
107. I will not rip a hole in the screen window next to the deck at 2:00 a.m. and then try to make a kitty door in the screen door to the deck to get back into the house. This makes my human answer the soon to be kitty door with a butcher knife in hand!
108. I will not rip the cover of the box spring on every bed in the house.
109. I will not rip the insoles out of my human's shoes.
110. I will not ruin the new catnip mouse that my human gave me.
111. I will not put holes in the \$24 window plastic that is suppose to help keep the cold out.
112. I will not scratch the back of the entertainment centre.
113. I will not scratch up the wallpaper trying to catch the shadows of the fish in the tank.
114. I will not scratch up the windows when trying to get in the house.
115. I will not search out my human's package of condoms and proceed to bite into several individual packages while just piercing the rest, leaving none for my human to use.
116. I will not sharpen my claws on my human's inflatable couch.
117. I will not sharpen my claws on my human's leg, back, or nightgown. I will also not spray my human's nightgown.
118. I will not sharpen my claws on the (vinyl) record album covers. My human doesn't want to have to pull the record out to identify it.
119. I will not sharpen my claws on the back of the very couch my human is sitting on.
120. I will not sharpen my claws on the carpet in front of a human. If I do I will not fold my ears back and make pieces fly. I will not sneak into my human's bag to chew off all the ends of her pieces of spearmint gum. Eating gum and foil wrappers isn't good for me and it doesn't help with my breath.
121. I will not sharpen my claws on the door when I want too come in from out side.
122. I will not sharpen my shiny and sharp claws on my human's already broken bedroom door.
123. I will not shred at least one roll of toilet paper a week just because I think it's cute.
124. I will not shred the Bad Kitty List when my human prints it off the Internet, then lays it down in the floor and accidentally spills some catnip on it. (One of my cats did this last night and I thought it would make a cute addition to the Bad Kitty list. By the way I enjoy the list very much and it is so true it's scary.)
125. I will not shred the box spring lining on my human's bed, and proceed to use it for a fort in the middle of the night. (My three cats did this while I was trying to sleep. I thought that world war three was going on under my bed! They would run into the living room, and then tear back into my bedroom and up into the box spring! It was a pain trying to sew that back up!)
126. I will not shred the carpet and the front door in a temper because I am not allowed out at 3 a.m.
127. I will not shred the kitchen sponge all over the carpet.
128. I will not shred the newspaper while someone is reading it.
129. I will not sit by and watch my human spend 45 minutes fixing the screen door, only to immediately walk through it again when she's finished.
130. I will not sit there and pick off the green stuff on the fake pine garland while my humans are at work, they do want it to last until Christmas and possible next Christmas and next Christmas ...
131. I will not sneak into my human's bag to chew off all the ends of her pieces of spearmint gum. Eating gum and foil wrappers isn't good for me and it doesn't help with my breath.
132. I will not stand on the corner of "my" chair and glare at the my human until she moves her textbooks. I will also realize that those books cost over \$300 and stop scratching them and knocking them to the floor.
133. I will not steal the dog's food, and effectively destroy the TV by regurgitating the stolen food down the little air vents in the back of the TV.
134. I will not step in my human's open contact lens case.
135. I will not take off the radiator cover if it is loose just because I do not like the unholy noises the radiator produces.
136. I will not tear apart the sweater my human just finished knitting. It is not mine, it is for that little girl who occasionally comes to visit. Since it was her brother who threw me down the stairs and not her, I really shouldn't tear apart the gift my human so thoughtfully made for her.
137. I will not tear open the screen on the back patio and take off under the house causing my human to go into a panic trying to get me out when she's 9 months pregnant and can't fit underneath the house. I will also not do this when there has been a rash of male cats all older than me underneath the house trying to mate with a female cat and cause my human more worry as to if those cats are going to hurt me to get me out of their territory.
138. I will not tear the front window screens when I want to get in.
139. I will not tear the mini-blinds and their brackets out of the wall when my human is on the phone with her boss. She is only

embarrassed when she has to explain the racket and is **not** impressed by my athletic ability.

140. I will not tear the pages of the book my human left on the floor, even if it makes funny sounds.
141. I will not tear up the blinds if I'm stuck in the house all day when my human goes to work.
142. I will not tear up the curtains. If I do, I will not look at the humans like they're crazy while they're yelling at me. When they're done, I will at least wait until their backs are turned before doing it again.
143. I will not tear up the little kid rug. It is for toddler guests to sleep on, not for me to rip up, eat, make a nest of, etc.
144. I will not try to eat a wooden ruler or its metal edge.
145. I will not turn the brand new sofa into my personal scratching toy and ruin it completely within the first week of ownership, no matter how sumptuous the leather feels under my greedy claws.
146. I will not use my human's brand new overstuffed sectional as a giant scratching post.
147. I will not use the back of the TV for a launch ramp to get up on top of the dresser, knocking it out of the entertainment center and breaking it so that my humans have to use the remote to operate it.
148. I will not use the banister that is original to my 96 year old house as a scratching post, ignoring the actual scratching post until catnip is put down on it.
149. I will not use the nicely carved kitchen table leg or the kitchen drawers as my scratching post.
150. I will not use the packing cartons for a scratching post because it is hard to ship product in a box missing a corner.
151. I will not wait until my human is out of town to bring a bird into her mother's house, then pull on the lace tablecloth to pull the bird off the table, but only manage to shatter Grandmother's terra cotta angels into millions of pieces when they fall off said table. (The bird got on the table because kitty brought it in through the doggie door, still fully capable of flight.)
152. I will not walk delicately across a six-inch wide ledge twelve feet above the kitchen floor and knock off my human's collection of clay pots, causing her to come dangerously close to wishing to kill me. I especially will not knock off only those pots which were actually worth something, and will refrain from knocking off any more pots after my human's face has become that really interesting crimson color.
153. I will not wreck every bed that my human makes for me just because I don't like the design.
154. I will not wrestle with the foster kitten on the sink where my humans have placed the kitten's food bowl, (turning on the faucet full blast while doing so) while my humans are away to dinner, since they have pulled the drain closed to keep the kitten food from clogging the drain. This causes a house flood in less than an hour and a half, which in turn causes over \$20,000 in water damage. (Thank goodness for insurance!)
155. I will remember that the hallway curtains are only hanging from a tension rod, and I will not pull down the entire thing, curtain, rods, and all.
156. I won't sharpen my claws on an antique leather sofa. Its not good for my health.
157. If I must wreck the expensive metal blinds, I will at least do it when my human isn't in the room with me.
158. If I rip a hole in the box spring cover and take a nap in the box springs, it may be dangerous to my health when my humans decide to take a nap.
159. If I use my human's arm as a scratching post, I will have to endure the unpleasant ordeal of having my nails trimmed.
160. If my fellow felines and I manage to eat the entire 2-quart feeder of dry cat food during the night, I will not take it apart and bat the parts all over the house.
161. If my female human spansks me for doing something I'm not suppose to do, I will not get revenge on her by tearing up a whole semester's worth of notes. Further more I will not sit in the middle of the notes and give her the evil eye while my male human falls on the floor and laughs.
162. If my human locks me out of the computer room, I will not tear a 2 foot by 2 inch strip of wallpaper off the wall in the hall way as revenge.
163. I'm supposed to claw the scratching post, not the couch.
164. It is not necessary for me to bite large chunks out of paper towels, paper napkins, toilet paper and any other paper used by my humans so that they resemble Swiss cheese. It is also not necessary to run with the toilet paper throughout the house under and around furniture and furniture legs. It especially makes my human cranky to come home to this after a long day at work or a trip out of town.
165. Just because my humans go barefoot most of the time is NOT an excuse to destroy their good pair of shoes.
166. Just because my human's shower presents take up my favourite sleeping place in the living room does not mean I have to chew on every box, every bag and every card to show my displeasure.
167. Model airplanes do not deserve to be smashed and chewed.
168. My human's books are NOT for chewing. Neither is the kitchen chairs, the TV remote, the squirt bottle, electrical plugs, etc.
169. My human's CD's are not going to eat me. I do not have to continually attack and destroy them. (Rambo's favourite hobby.)
170. My human's diaphragm is not a chew toy, and I will not poke holes in it with my teeth then bring it downstairs to show to all her party guests.
171. My human's favourite and very expensive glass dish was on the top shelf expressly to keep me from knocking it off. I should not have gone up there and broken it. I will not go on the top shelf again.
172. My human's Halloween wig lying on the table is not evil and does not need to be shredded into tiny bits!
173. My humans have gotten very good at leaving the mini-blinds open for me to look out. If they forget, I will not remind them by punching cat-sized holes in them. It makes them mad and I may strangle myself one day.
174. My human's math homework is not dinner, and her professor will not believe that I ate it. My human's boyfriend's bills are not

dinner either, and it causes unpleasantness.

175. My personal motto should not be "I am the whole catastrophe."
176. No matter how fun it is, I will not chew through the dangling leather ties on my human's coat. Shoelaces aren't there for gnawing either. (Combat boot laces are especially enticing).
177. Paper may be yummy, but I will not eat the last three pages of good books, especially when they are loaned to my human by her friends.
178. Putting on "soft paws" nail caps does not have to be a grand-slam wrestling match. I will not use my back feet and claws to put a hole in my human's new shirt, even if she was dumb enough to forget to change into something expendable.
179. Scratching posts were meant to be used, not laughed at.
180. Scratching the backs of sofas and chairs instead of my readily available scratching post will not produce better tasting food. (It will produce something far more unpleasant...)
181. Stereo speakers are not \$400 scratching posts.
182. The badly abused screen door has enough problems. Therefore, I must believe my humans when they tell me that it doesn't need me climbing up and try to open it in a desperate attempt to escape.
183. The human has provided me with a scratching pad, a scratching post, and a scratch box. I should therefore not tear up the comic boxes and wallpaper.
184. The human's wallpaper may not be to my taste, but it is not up to me to draw attention to the fact by clawing it. (Needless to say, we dare not put up wallpaper in our house and have to rely on paint effects.)
185. The top of my human's stereo is not a bed, and that disk drawer that comes out when I put my paw on that button is not a jumping platform. (I had to go for over a week with no music.)
186. The wool/felt saddle pad that my human drove all the way to Shasta Lake for is not an ideal scratching post, nor is it there to be attacked, even if my sister is hiding behind it.
187. Walls, carpet, couch, chairs, suitcases, doors and people are not suitable scratching posts.
188. We are kitties, not the Hells' Angels. While our humans are asleep we will not: rip down the curtains, break any crockery left on counters, push down all the house plants, tear them out by the roots, grind the dirt into the carpet and pee on it.
189. We do not count ourselves clever for having sent my human's sewing machine on a three foot ride to the floor from the kitchen table, thereby nixing my human's only means of revenge by turning us into earmuffs.
190. We will not hold a claw sharpening contest on their water bed at two o'clock in the morning. (Needless to say, it took some time to patch the bed...)
191. We will not rip the cable connection out of the back of the TV set playing Roller Derby the very *night* that a new Babylon 5 is airing and thus force my human to break all traffic laws getting to Radio Shack to get a new one. (I made it. Barely.)
192. We will not sleep on top of the tuner, causing the repair shop to take a photo of the unbelievably thick layer of cat fur inside the thing when it finally gets upset and stops working. Aside from probably being a fire hazard, this is very embarrassing to our human.
193. When my human puts the dining room chairs upside down on the table, I will not become obsessed with getting on the table to check things out. When I get off, I will not knock the least balance chair onto the floor with a crash, breaking one of the legs.
194. When the horizontal blinds are down, it means I am not allowed up in the window. I will not jump up on the window sill and howl and chatter at the blinds while scratching them open. This will only ruin the blinds and make my human mad at me.

--- Food / Water ---

--- [xxx] is not Cat Food: ---

Any human food, any melon, strawberries, apricots, peaches, avocados, bagel chips, baked potatoes, bananas, Black beans (and it is my smelliest cat who loves them!), bread, Cajun ham, candle wax, cappucino, cashew nuts, Cheetos (I can hear her at night crunching on the ones she hides under the couch), Cheez-its, Chex Mix, chocolate, corn/chocolate chip muffins, coleslaw, corn chips, corn on the cob, egg shells, garlic bread, ice cream, cream of wheat, once tried to eat a plastic clothes hanger (she started gagging and that is when we noticed), fake pine tree needles, plain sugar, angel food cake, telephone cords (her latest favourite; I stop her from getting hurt), strawberries, cheddar cheese, green beans, french fries, peeled grapes, icing, lemon juice (not sweetened), Jalapeno Kruncher potato chips (Zoe loves chips, but you should've seen the face she made when she tried one of those. She literally ran from the room), loves ice cream, especially loves frozen strawberries, pears, salt, flowers, Chinese food, pizza, mashed potatoes, mozzarella cheese on the top of hot pizza, yogurt, or ice cream, my cherry flavored medicine (at first we had to wrap Miss Annie up in a towel to get this medicine down her. Then about 3 days later she decided she actually liked it. She began taking it readily from the eye dropper. We would call Miss Annie and she would come running for her medicine.) My sister's cat Angel has eaten dumplings out of chicken and dumplings (she doesn't like to eat chicken that much), yogurt popsicles, yogurt, tinsel, oatmeal, paper, pasta, pasta sauce, peaches and peach yogurt, pickles, pizza, pimentos in olives, pudding, popcorn, pretzels, Ramen noodles, ribbon, Szechuan chicken (HOT!), popcorn, likes wine (most types of liquor), and once she tried to eat peanut butter; tacos (including those with Cajun hot sauce), the new kitten's ears. tea, tinsel, tofu meatballs, V8, vegetarian casserole whipped cream, whole pepperoni sandwiches

--- [xxx] is not Food ---

Barbie hair, dental floss, plants, Kleenex, toilet paper, the human's hair, crayons, Christmas tree tinsel, flies, paper towels, plastic bags, electrical cords/devices, phone cord, vases of flowers, my poop, electric wiring, meat set out to thaw for the human's dinner, food in

your human's mouth or hand, my human's toe, the HUGE fly, used Q-tips, the other cat's vomited food, the human's homework, photographs, shoes, sweaters, socks, the couch, the rubber fish toy my human drags around for me to play with, rubber bands, the Shamrock, carpet, kitchen towel, the other cat(s), plastic shopping bags, your human's bouquet of flowers from Mother's Day, tufts of hair from the other cat, my human's wedding ring, twist ties.

--- Hampering ---

1. I do not need to be petted *every* time I eat.
2. I do not need to be spoon fed.
3. I will eat food that hasn't been warmed for exactly six seconds in the microwave. I really do not need to be that finicky.
4. I will let my brother eat without interfering.
5. I will not make my human get to the food dish any faster in the morning by insisting on walking between her feet.
6. I will not move into hyperspeed when my human spills the contents of my treat container all over the kitchen floor.
7. I will not play attack my human's toes when I want to be fed in the morning.
8. I will not prowl around the kitchen when my human is cooking.
9. I will not refuse all offers from my teen human of food or the offer to go outside and make her grandma get off the couch because she is the only one who is allowed to feed me.
10. I will not sharpen my claws on the brand new down-filled sofa or on the carpet just because my food dish is not as full as I want it to be. I will also not do these misdeeds when I want my humans to watch me eat.
11. I will not sit up on the shelf where we get fed and refuse to let the other cat up. I don't need all the food.
12. I will not sleep on top of the fridge or in front of the microwave, so that my human can't prepare a meal without feeding me first!
13. I will not stampede to the food bowl with the other cat(s), demanding to be fed, when a human walks in its general direction.
14. I will not start annoying the human to feed me until it's "only" 2 hours until suppertime - and when I am fed, I won't ignore it or try to "cover it up".
15. I will not wake my human up at 3 a.m. for breakfast.
16. I will resist the impulse to get too close to the stove when my human is cooking, so I don't burn my dainty nose or singe my beautiful fur.
17. If I want to eat, I will quit knocking our cat dishes behind the entertainment center, or else not complain when she feeds us out of disposable pie tins.
18. If my humans are late home from work, it would be nice to let them take their shoes and coats off before yowling at them for food. The more I shout, the longer I have to wait.
19. Just because I'm cranky I shouldn't hiss or attack my humans' feet when they are feeding me.
20. The human's calling me doesn't mean s/he is going to feed me. I will not lie on the sidewalk and meow until the human slave picks me up and bring me to my food.
21. The humans do not feed me from the kitchen counters. I will not hover around their ankles, hoping that food molecules will fall to the floor for my delight.
22. The mere act of a can opening in the kitchen does not mean I am going to be fed. I will not make a scene if said can turns out not to be for me.
23. There's nothing for us in the refrigerator. We don't need to put our heads in it every time our humans open the door. And when it's time to close the door, we won't try to make our search longer by not moving, someday we might get hurt.
24. We will not run under our human's feet when she is trying to give us our breakfast. This does cause some swearing and could end up with breakfast ending up on the floor instead of our bowls.
25. When I have started to eat my food, I will stay in place for two nanoseconds so that when my human steps to the side, she will not squash my feet because I am so close to her legs that she trips over me.
26. When my human feeds my kitty treats in the morning I will not hit her hand so more comes out than what I'm supposed to get (he does this to me every morning and he also hits my hand when I put his water down so it spills and then he mews at me when he gets wet).
27. When my human is feeding me, I will not run in front of her and stop unexpectedly so she steps on my or trips over me. It only delays my food getting to my place mat. And yes, I am a slob so I have a place mat to keep the floor clean.
28. When my human is stupid enough to leave a fresh bag of cat food out, I will not rip a hole in the side of it and stick my head in for a midnight snack. When my human puts my new bag of food in the pantry, I will not make a run for the pantry every time it is open.
29. While my people are bringing in the groceries, I will not "help" them unpack by sampling various items not meant for me, such as potato chips, bread, croissants, and rice cakes. I especially will not sample the poppy seed and blueberry muffins by taking a small bite out of each.

--- Liquids ---

1. Carrot juice is not a feline beverage.
2. Cats do not like beer. Really.
3. Cats should not drink Martinis.
4. Diet Coke is a human beverage.
5. Ginger ale is not a cat drink and I have no right to expect "leftovers".

6. I am high-energy enough as it is. I do not need to drink my human's iced coffee. [My mom's late cat Peaches (1984-1990) did this. At least it was only coffee--her brother Nibbles (1984-1987) liked my dad's Martinis!]
7. I can drink water out of a bowl; it doesn't have to come from a running faucet.
8. I do not drink wine, or orange juice, or coffee, or mixed drinks, or smoothies, or soda. I will keep my head out of my humans' drinking glasses, even though my head is just the right size to fit in the openings.
9. I do not need to drag the water dish into the middle of the room to drink.
10. I do not need to sip my human's black tea every morning.
11. I do not need to stick my head in every glass. If the glass I've inappropriately stuck my head into happens to have a carbonated beverage in it, I should NOT intentionally push the glass over because I don't like the bubbles up my nose.
12. I don't like sauerkraut, and I like hot peppers even less.
13. I don't need to sniff my human's Peppermint Schnapps and go racing at top speed through the house to get away from the scent every time she decides to have even a little drink.
14. I have my own water. I don't need to drink all of the dog's water.
15. I need to remember that cats don't like getting wet. On hot days I should not use the dogs' huge water bowl as a pool. When I do stretch out in it with just my head resting on the rim, I should not bat their noses with my soaking wet paw as they try to drink their water. And, when I have had enough "hydration therapy" I should not run through the house dripping all over the carpets until someone dries me off.
16. I will drink water from my water glass, since I expressed a preference for glasses over cat bowls. I will not drink out of dirty dishes, the toilet, or the bathtub.
17. I will not drink milk, as I know its bad for me. Coffee, tea, port, or anything else in a glass are generally not good for me either.
18. I will not drink my human's chocolate mint flavored coffee when she's not looking.
19. I will not drink out of any container in the house that holds liquid, including my humans' coffee cups, the toilet, the sink, the shower, and dishes under plants, and ignore my lovely dish of fresh cold water.
20. I will not drink out of the dog's water. I have my own, and it's not fair to the dog.
21. I will not drop kitty food into the water and not eat it forcing my human to change the water four times a day because the other cats won't drink dirty water.
22. I will not freak my human out by going on a water strike. I am on special medication for my kidneys, and if I do not drink plenty of liquids it will hurt my kidneys even more.
23. I will not ignore the fresh, clean bowl of water my human has put out for me so I can drink the stale, dirty water that's been in the water glass for two days.
24. I will not lick condensation off the windows.
25. I will not lick the outside of the milk bottle and, particularly, the inside of the milk bottle when there is still milk in it.
26. I will not put my paw in my human's milk then shake it off all over the table and lick off the excess. I will wait until my human gives me some milk of my own.
27. I will not remove the ice from my human's drinks with my paw.
28. I will not slurp the human's iced tea, whether she's looking or not.
29. I will not stand on my human's arm and make her lower her glass of milk so I can help myself.
30. I will not stick my entire head in the betta's fishbowl and drink all the water. The betta needs it more than I do.
31. I will not test my human's water to see if it is fit to drink.
32. I will not try to drink coffee from my human's mother's coffee cup. It is too hot for me.
33. I will not try to drink the milk out of the cereal bowl until my human is finished with her breakfast.
34. I will not try to steal my human's iced tea and then try to deny it when she finds gray hair on the glass.
35. I will not turn on the cold water in the sink to get a drink unless my human is home to turn it off.
36. I will stop demanding fresh water at all times. The water in the bowl is still fresh after one hour, so I will stop sitting next to the bowl meowing until the water is changed.
37. I will stop trying to drink every kind of rancid water I find, instead of drinking clean water.
38. I will try to wait for my human to pour any leftover milk into a saucer or bowl for me. I will not act outraged if my human laughs at me for getting my head stuck in the glass when I am impatient.
39. I will wait for my human to finish eating her Cheerios in the morning before I commence drinking all the milk out of the cereal bowl.
40. I will wait to drink out of the toilet bowl until I am big enough to do so without falling in.
41. If I insist on drinking out of the dog's water dish, I will expect to be barked at.
42. Just because my human likes to relax after a concert with a glass of neat vodka it doesn't mean that I'll like it. (She didn't, but I have to drink it standing up anyway because what's mine is automatically hers.)
43. Milk makes my tummy hurt, so I will stop begging for it.
44. My human is holding the bottle. I do not have to scratch, bite, or scream at it so it won't go away. It's going to stay there.
45. My human's coffee does not taste better with the addition of my toy mousie.
46. My human's tabletop fountain is not my water dish.
47. My water will not taste good and fresh if I mush up my crunchy food in it.
48. Once I have patiently trained my humans to leave the bathroom tap running just a little, so that I can jump up on the vanity and drink to my heart's content at any time of the day or night, I will stop drinking out of the fountain in the living room: it runs dry

and burns its motor out, the bathroom tap has no such inconveniences.

49. The agreement is set in stone: I don't get milk till the human's done with the cup and gives me what's left. I won't strike preemptively.
50. The bowl of holy water is *not* for feline consumption.
51. The paddling pool belonging to the mini humans two doors down is not a giant drinking bowl for my convenience. Besides, I didn't enjoy paddling at all when I fell in.
52. The toilet is not my personal water dish and I should not get upset when the humans use it for other purposes.
53. The water bowl is the only acceptable drinking place. The only acceptable liquid to consume is what's in the water bowl. Not the flowers, the fish tanks, the indoor pond, the toilet bowls, my human's drink, a dish soaking in the sink, what just got spilled on the floor, the pot simmering on the stove, the bucket of scrub water. Licking the condensation off my human's drink is just as bad. The water bowl is perfectly good water, and changed frequently to boot. I will not act like it will kill me when I am plucked from wherever and deposited in front of the water bowl.
54. The water in my dish is a much healthier drink than the muck in the refrigerator drip pan.
55. Waffle syrup is no fun when it has dried in my fur.

--- My Human's Food ---

1. A warm pepperoni pizza is not a good place for a nap.
2. After begging and making a general nuisance of myself to get some of my human's roast beef, I will have the decency to eat the beef when she gives it to me, and not just sniff it and walk away.
3. After my human and her friends have eaten a bag of potato chips, walking into the bag to lick the salt off of it will only make my fur frowsy.
4. As I am already slightly overweight, I will not stick my nose into everything my human is eating with an insistent meow for a taste. (Besides, as good as it may taste, what I manage to sneak doesn't always taste as good coming back up.)
5. Baby Ruths (candy bars) are not kitty food, no matter what!
6. Carnivore though I may be, my human's hands are not food. I will not attempt to draw blood with tooth or claw.
7. Cats don't like Chinese food.
8. Eating the candies my human brought back from foreign lands while she is sleeping is not a good thing to do. It will only upset her when she wakes up. Also, I will not barf the candy all over her face and not wake her up. (This has happened. The candy I recently got from Italy vanished. And a few years ago.. The stuff I brought from Tokyo did, too.)
9. Even if I am heavily pregnant and craving strange things like peanut butter, I look ridiculous if I follow the human's son around the kitchen meowing while he is making a sandwich. (This was a cat my friend was fostering.)
10. Food does not automatically become more enjoyable when being eaten by my human.
11. Hotdogs are definitely not kitty food.
12. I am 13 years old. If I want to live an even longer life, I should stop eating so much junk food. (My mom's cat Miles has been known to eat most kinds of cheese (including cream cheese), deli meat, tomato sauce, ice cream, marshmallows, Jell-O, and pastries, to name a few things. His favourite treats are Starbucks Frappuccino bars and Fudgesicles.)
13. I am 16 years old, and don't need the cholesterol from McDonald's french fries. I will not act hurt if my human doesn't share with me.
14. I am not a food inspector, and my human can eat without my help. She doesn't put her nose in my food when I am trying to eat, and she doesn't expect me to do this for her.
15. I am not a religious cat and my human does not want to baptize me in hot coffee.
16. I appreciate (and so would our visitors, if they knew) that my human keeps TWO butter dishes, one nice one for putting out when company comes, and one just for her and me (the one that holds the butter with the little kitty nibbles and lick-marks).
17. I cannot hide in the pizza box and devour the pizza; my human will see me. (Our blond kitten tries this EVERY TIME we have pizza; if we close the box she just knocks it on the floor.)
18. I do not like cheese or milk. I will not beg for them since I won't eat them anyways.
19. I do not need to know what my human's food smells like after she's put it into her mouth.
20. I do not need to lick my human's lipstick off right after she puts it on, nor do I need to eat it straight out of the tube.
21. I do not need to sample the contents of every pot on the stove.
22. I know I will get some human food if I'm patient and not if I try to take it.
23. I like this house, where my humans love me and feed me much more than they should. I will not sneak down to the retirement condos down the street and convince the folks there that I'm starving. Their vision is not that good any more and they might not notice I am a cat of truly vast proportions.
24. I understand that all of the cereal in the bowl is the same and I do not need to try for one particular piece.
25. I will NOT attack my human if she opens a can of tuna.
26. I will not attempt to bat chicken wings out of my human's hands if she pauses to talk during dinner.
27. I will not be so audacious as to jump on my human's lap at dinner time and proceed to eat off the plates/table while the human looks on in shocked amazement.
28. I will not claim the cream cheese and lox bagel on the kitchen table as my own.
29. I will not climb along anyone's arm to investigate mugs of soup/apricot yogurt.
30. I will not climb my human's leg to get tuna fish or pancakes.

31. I will not climb on the kitchen cabinet and open the shrimp my humans left out to defrost (and have a few).
32. I will not climb on top of the cello case to try to reach the donut which was put there for safety's sake.
33. I will not climb up on the dish rack when it is full of dishes so that I may get on top of the refrigerator in order to knock down the box of Quaker Harvest Crunch so that I may more easily chew a hole in it.
34. I will not come through my neighbour's bathroom window to see what goodies she has left on her kitchen counter (this is my neighbour's cat, Delilah, who comes in through my windows and likes to eat any leftovers I forget about and leave on the counter).
35. I will not creep up the back of the chair when my human is eating, lean over her shoulder, and suddenly slide down to her plate, stealing her steak on the way.
36. I will not devour my human's turkey sandwich in the family room, thereby strewing the rest of the sandwich all over the oriental rug, when she has to leave the room for two minutes to answer the phone. My human will be very upset if she has to make another sandwich AND clean up the old one.
37. I will not die if the humans don't share their food with me.
38. I will not eat a whole box of doughnuts, nor will I dig in the trash for the remaining bits my humans so thoughtlessly threw out.
39. I will not eat all my cat food when my teen human is cooking macaroni and expect her to fill up my dish with it. If she does decide to feed me, I will not nearly trip her up.
40. I will not eat all of my human's catsup off of her plate.
41. I will not eat all the jalapenos from my human's nachos and cheese and leave the rest.
42. I will not eat my humans' biscotti and leave the slimy uneaten end of it laying in the middle of the kitchen floor.
43. I will not eat soup from the pot while it is heating on the stove. And then, I will not act so smug just because I always manage to jump off the stove before it gets too hot.
44. I will not eat the cake that my human has just decorated for the church party. (My master Lucy has a sweet tooth enviable of any human.)
45. I will not eat the children's (or anyone else's) dinner when they leave the kitchen to go to the bathroom.
46. I will not get more ice cream by running from its tub, around the room and then jumping face first in the tub at full speed. This makes my human put the ice cream away, and my face very cold.
47. I will not get trapped in a glass fronted kitchen cupboard after eating a pound of frozen mince that was thawing for my humans' dinners. I will not then gouge a five inch long channel in my human's arm two days later when he attempts to extract from my bottom the plastic bag that held the frozen mince.
48. I will not go absolutely spastic when my human makes a ham sandwich.
49. I will not help myself to toast crumbs on my human's plate as she is finishing her toast and coffee.
50. I will not insist on being fed hot dogs every time the humans cook on the grill.
51. I will not jump into the baby's bassinet just to take her bottle out and eat her formula myself. My human can't imagine it being very good for me or tasting very good either.
52. I will not jump into the open car while my human is carrying in part of the wedding cake and take a bite out of the part left and then lick my lips in glee while my human comes back for it. (Dennis (the Menace) did this right before our wedding.)
53. I will not jump into the refrigerator every time my human opens it and crawl to the back of the bottom shelf so she has to pull me out.
54. I will not jump on the table and sample human food during parties. My humans might think it's funny, but the guests are not amused.
55. I will not knock my human's Cheerios off of her spoon as she brings it to her mouth. (This only happened once. I think she figured out this is not a good thing to do.)
56. I will not knock plates of bacon onto the floor so I may eat it.
57. I will not lick the (Parmesan) cheese from the grater when the human's back is turned for just a *second*.
58. I will not lick the butter off my human's toast.
59. I will not lick the ends of my human's licorice down to points when she accidentally leaves the open package on the coffee table overnight.
60. I will not lick the poppy seeds off of the plate after my human has finished eating her poppy seed bagel. They are probably not good for me. I will also not go around to any dirty dish I can find and look for scraps to eat. Cat food is always left in my dish and is much better for me.
61. I will not lick the pork fried rice off my human's mouth. He has a napkin.
62. I will not open the breakfast muffins box and only eat one bite out of each before my humans have a chance at them. Especially if I have already had my breakfast.
63. I will not pull the salami from the humans' sandwiches.
64. I will not purr cutely by plates full of food, and then flick off choice morsels with my paw when no one is looking.
65. I will not put my paw in my human's mouth to get food out while she's eating it.
66. I will not rip open the McDonald's bag to get to the fries.
67. I will not seek sympathy for my ice cream headache after stealing my human's fudge bar.
68. I will not shred the packaging on all prepackaged food so that I can do a taste test.
69. I will not sit in my human's lap and try to pull food (especially French fries) from their hands while they are eating. Additionally, when my human puts me on the floor after I have tried this, I will not then hop up onto the back of the sofa and play "Death from Above."

70. I will not sit in the pan of freshly baked brownies and eat my way around the pan.
71. I will not sit under the table and beg for scraps while clawing at Grandma Ethel's socks, and then poop on her when I don't get any.
72. I will not stare at my human the entire time she eats her cereal just because I want her milk.
73. I will not start eating my human's sandwich while she is working on the other end. (She thought that I wouldn't notice the little black ears and gold eyes peering at me from the opposite end of my sub sandwich.)
74. I will not stay out of sight until the chicken in the oven is ready for consumption and then wake up, stroll into the kitchen and demand my share. (Over the winter Polly learned to recognize the smell of perfectly cooked chicken. Well, it's useful if one is terminally disorganized and forgets to note exactly when the chicken went in the oven...)
75. I will not step on my human's friend's sandwich in an effort to get to it, just because it is tuna fish.
76. I will not stick my face in my human's bowl of salsa and help myself.
77. I will not stick my paw in my humans' ice cream just because they have not been quick enough to give me my share. I will not fling the ice cream I get on my paws from doing this across the room.
78. I will not stick my tail in the little human's lollipop, popsicle or anything sticky and drag it off in my fur.
79. I will not sulk when my human decides that the food on her plate is for her only.
80. I will not take a bite of my human's sandwich while she tries to eat it. (My first cat did this once. And it wasn't even tuna or meat of any sort. It was apple butter.)
81. I will not taste my human's pasta, decide I like it and growl when my humans tell me off, its not like they go to my food dish and help themselves.
82. I will not tear the cellophane off the box of donuts my human brought home and proceed to lick the icing off each and every one.
83. I will not try to bat a sandwich or Fudgesicle out of my human's hand.
84. I will not try to eat my human's (spicy) Thai food. I don't like it.
85. I will not try to rip my human's arm off when she uses the last of the tuna to make a sandwich for herself.
86. I will not walk or lie on the fresh, hot pizza box.
87. I will not wash out the bowl of ice cream until my human is done eating.
88. I will not wrestle my human to the floor for chocolate.
89. I won't jump into the middle of a platter of HOT fettucini, and then go ballistic when my humans hold me under the faucet to clean me off. (It was a real mess. And, of course, it was the cat who hates baths with a passion).
90. If I eat an entire jar of salsa, intestinal problems *will* result. (A friend's kitten did this once, and the litter box reeked even worse than usual. Fortunately she got over it in a few days.)
91. If I must have one of the freshly-baked cookies cooling on the table, I will eat only one entire cookie, and not bite a piece out of each one.
92. If I want the steak my human is eating, I will not stick my paw in her open mouth in an attempt to remove it and have it for myself.
93. If string cheese is eaten in the house, I am not entitled to half or even any at all if the human eating it does not wish to share.
94. Just because my human accidentally drops a cool ranch flavored dorito chip on the floor and forgets to pick it up doesn't mean I have to eat it.
95. Just because my human brought home a pumpkin pie from the bake sale at work doesn't mean she brought it for ME. Just because Gramma sent a loaf of pumpkin bread home with my human doesn't mean she sent it for ME. (I still think I should change Jake's name to Pumpkin!)
96. Kitty hair is neither spice nor garnish, so my human doesn't need any added to his food.
97. Macaroni and cheese and chocolate cake are both *people* food.
98. My human can cook bacon *without* my help.
99. My human closes her pizza box to indicate that I am not welcome to devour its contents, not to invite me to demonstrate my extreme cleverness by opening it and eating the cheese off every slice.
100. My human does not need to share every meal with me. When she wants to share she will give me something. I do not need to get between her and her food while she's eating.
101. My human has bought me expensive food. I will eat it and not beg and fight her for her own food while she is fixing or eating it. (Lil will try anything I eat and she can be persistent! I actually have had to eat standing up in the middle of the living room so I could finish my dinner with out her help!)
102. My human loves me very much; but she will not share her ice cream with me no matter how I beg.
103. My human's earlobes are not treats.
104. My humans like garlic. I should accept this and let them eat it in peace.
105. My people actually like Ma Po Tofu, so it is not necessary to try to bury it while they are eating.
106. Not all cans being opened are Tuna Fish. I do not need to make demands to clean them all.
107. Seasoned French fries are not catnip, nor do they contain any. I will not act like I am high when I get one, then play commando to steal more.
108. Szechuan beef tastes nasty. Really.
109. The casserole will not eat me or my dinner.
110. The human's food is not meant to be shared with me.
111. The humans know that I am addicted to cheese, and will usually save me a bite or two. But dashing up, grabbing it from their hands and then hiding with it is not okay. I will not growl, hiss, claw, and bite when they corner me and try to take it from me. (It took three of us to get it away from her. Behold the power of cheese?)

112. The human's steak is not free choice. If I insist that it is, I will learn what it is like to be a feline flier. (She tried to help herself at least ten times, and flew a further distance and landed less gracefully each time.)
113. The Thanksgiving turkey, the baloney, and other deli meats belong to the humans.
114. This year, I will not launch myself in a death-defying leap from the top of the china cabinet to land spread-eagled on the Thanksgiving turkey thereby causing the humans to be forced to eat canned ham.
115. We will not eat the meringue from a lemon meringue pie (and start to eat the filling!), even if our human was foolish enough to leave it on the counter. (Nibbles and Peaches, the brother and sister cats that we had when I was a child, ate a pie that my mom bought at a church bake sale.)
116. We will not insist on the expensive organic baby food as a treat. (A fellow slave - I mean, friend -- of mine told me her cats like baby food, so I started getting it for mine as a treat. Their favourites are combinations like chicken and wild rice or turkey and sweet potatoes.)
117. When eating an entire bowl of homemade spaghetti sauce, I will remember that my chin is white, and I will be known as the culprit when it has turned bright red. I will not attempt to blame my clean brother or get offended when I am punished.
118. When Grandma says, "I left the food on the table. If you want more, just help yourself." it does NOT mean me. I know I am not allowed on the table.
119. When I "ask" for one more tidbit of my human's garlic chicken, I will try to keep my tail out of her food.
120. When my brother gets a table scrap, I will not beg desperately for one as well and then hide it under the sofa instead of eating it.
121. When my human eats tuna, I will not try to eat their arm in attempt to get to the tuna in their hand. This is not likely to get me tuna.
122. When my human gets out yogurt, I will get some. Once I get my share, I will not try to steal the entire cup.
123. When my human is eating an ice cream sandwich, I will not repeatedly try to get up into her lap and slap the ice cream out of her hand. (I have to eat ice cream standing up where my cat can't reach me for this very reason!)
124. When my human is preparing tuna or steak for herself, I will not hang around and meow at her, then, when she puts a nice, cat-sized taste of it in my dish, sniff at it and walk away, leaving it to dry up, mold and smell until I get around to eating it later.
125. When my human is sharing her dinner with me, I will remember that she does not like my paws in her food.
126. When my humans bring bread home from the store I will not crawl into the grocery bags and rip open the bread bags. When they forget about my love for bread I will restrain myself from dragging the bread (or tortillas) onto the kitchen floor, ripping the bag open and eating only the crust.

--- Other Critters' Food ---

1. Dog food does not supply my daily nutrition needs.
2. Gerbil food is not for cats. (It doesn't even taste good, but I like to eat it anyway. If I can't eat them, I can at least have what goes into them.)
3. Horse grain is not cat food.
4. I diminish my reputation as a cat when I chew through the brand new cardboard and metal can of pet turtle food and eat all but one piece. Better to hide until the humans are gone than to be seen waddling at a fast pace out of the room.
5. I will not attempt to eat all my brothers' food as soon as my human looks the other way. I am fat, and losing a few pounds will not kill me.
6. I will not eat parrot food (he eats this before anything else).
7. I will not eat the *whole* bag of algae wafers that my human just bought for her pleco. [Plecostomus, sucker-mouthed catfish, an algae-eater.]
8. I will not eat the flavour coating off the dry dog food and then spit the rest back into the dog dish. (I had a cat that did this on a regular basis.)
9. I will not insist that my human let me eat the fish food. Just because it smells like fish, doesn't mean it is.
10. I will not leave my own food and move over to bully the smallest cat into leaving hers, especially when it has medicine in it that she won't eat and I gulp down to cure a condition I haven't got.
11. I will not slurp fish food from the surface of the aquarium.
12. I will not stretch my body out to cover both my pile of catnip and my sister's so that I can have both, causing my human to put out a third, remote pile for my sister.
13. I will stop eating the goldfish food that gets spilled; my breath is bad enough.
14. I will stop using my 17 lb body to muscle my brother away from any and all sources of food.
15. Other cats' food belongs to **other** cats.
16. The dog food belongs to the dogs.
17. The grown-up cat's food is not any different from mine. I will stop stealing it.
18. The other cat can have catnip too. It is not all mine.
19. The other cat's food is not automatically preferable to my own.
20. We don't like the food our human puts out for the feral cats, so we will not pester her endlessly every time she opens a new package of it.
21. When I am fed along with my little brother and sister, I will not gobble my food in record time so I can steal their food before they have barely started. I know we are eating the same thing, and their food is not better.
22. When one of my humans opens a can of tuna or chicken and puts three little piles on a plate (one for each cat), I will not gobble all three piles and hiss at the other two cats if they approach.

--- Rejection/Overenthusiasm ---

1. Changing foods is not a form of cat abuse.
2. I do have some say in what I like or don't like. This does not mean I can change my likes and dislikes at moment's notice, especially when my long-suffering human has just stocked up on what she thought was my favourite food.
3. I do *not* have to bury my food with any available item, especially plastic grocery bags.
4. I do not have to "mock" bury my food when I'm done eating.
5. I do not have to reject food simply because it has gone on sale. Food that my human can afford is not unpalatable.
6. I do not need to play dead when my human guesses the wrong flavour of the day with food. (She came and gave me the "back" view before flipping over on her back.) When I realize that my human is not going to give me anything different for breakfast it is not necessary to take all the round chunks out of my dish and spit them out because I only want to eat the square chunks.
7. I should not open the kitchen cabinets and steal 4 bags of cat treats, then gorge. I will just get an upset tummy and no dinner.
8. I will acknowledge that I have an eating disorder. I will no longer make sure that I'm the first one at the food bowl, eat as much as I can possibly manage, and then back away disdainfully, scratching the floor as if the food was used cat litter, to fake out my patiently-waiting sister and make sure that ALL the food is still there for me when I can squeeze in another morsel.
9. I will never again eat my canned food treat, given to me downstairs to distract me while my female human tries to coax my sick brother to eat upstairs, and then go upstairs, eat his food and then proceed to upchuck in a waterfall effect on the stairs just as the male human is walking by.
10. I will not "bury" food I don't like.
11. I will not act as though I have not been fed for a year when my human uses the can opener. (Especially for tuna fish - then they act as though they've never eaten their whole lives.)
12. I will not act like I am starving for hours at a time in front of a full bowl of food.
13. I will not act like I'm dying of hunger in front of my human when I just inhaled the dinner my human gave me twenty minutes ago.
14. I will not act like the world is going to stop turning just because my food dish is empty.
15. I will not bug everyone in the family to feed me treats by following them into the kitchen, meowing incessantly while looking pathetically at the treat jar, poking them with my paw or sitting up (my only trick, but it's cute). I'm round enough already and I don't even chew the tartar control ones to get the benefits.
16. I will not chew a gaping hole in the unopened bag of kitten food when the open bag is sitting there, especially when my bowl is heaped full.
17. I will not clamour around at odd times of the day demanding food, then refuse to get up when I get called for my meals.
18. I will not claw my human's legs for five minutes straight after I've finished eating claiming I'm still hungry.
19. I will not cry as if I have been starved for years every time my human enters the kitchen.
20. I will not dribble/spew/otherwise expectorate canned cat food all over the kitchen while I eat, thus giving my human one more giant mess to clean up.
21. I will not eat catnip, get the munchies, and then become so paranoid that my own human cannot walk behind me without me jumping 5 miles in the air.
22. I will not express my opinion of the food by trying to cover it up with the carpet.
23. I will not flip kibble out of my dish so that my human hears pings as it ricochets off of various things, drag my dish around the room, eat a mouthful of kibble and then go complain to my human.
24. I will not follow my human to the near-by restaurant after she gets off the bus after working all night because she did not feed me first, perch outside the window in the restaurant where she is sitting and cry and yowl piteously as if I haven't eaten for months and only weigh 14 pounds.
25. I will not freak out when a can is opened in the kitchen. It is not for me.
26. I will not go on a hunger strike when my humans' grandma and grandpa are out of town and the teen human is cat-sitting.
27. I will not gobble my food so fast, particularly since it makes me hurl at various strategic points all over the house.
28. I will not gulp down my dinner at lightning speed, and then barf it up under the heater or some other hard to reach place.
29. I will not jump out from around the corner and attack my human's leg because she won't feed me again. It is not her fault I scarfed down a whole bowl of food in 10 minutes.
30. I will not knock the can of Pounce from the counter, causing the lid to pop off so I can ruin my dinner.
31. I will not knock the Pounce container on the floor in attempt to try to break it open or to get my owner's attention to get me some.
32. I will not lick catnip off the carpet.
33. I will not only eat my kitty food when the bowl is completely full and ignore it if it is only half full.
34. I will not open the kitchen cabinet door, tear a hole in the cat food bag, and eat when I'm supposed to get neutered in the morning.
35. I will not pick up kibbles and spit out the ones I think "taste different".
36. I will not refuse to eat my food until it has been piled into a pyramid shape.
37. I will not scarf down a new variety of cat food as if it's the greatest thing I've ever tasted, and then refuse to eat it once my human has purchased a month's supply.
38. I will not scarf down my food just to throw it back up. My humans do feed me on a regular basis. I will not starve if my dish is empty for even a second.
39. I will not sit next to the pantry and meow pitifully, with my best helpless-little-hungry-kitty look, while ignoring my FULL food dish on the floor.

40. I will not stay outside for several years and become wild, then come home during winter and eat anything and everything because instinct tells me to, even though my stomach is so taut that my human thought he could play the drums on me.
41. I will not stretch my body to the limit to attempt to see if there's food on the kitchen counter.
42. I will not swallow my food without chewing it. It tends to make me throw up.
43. I will not tear into the bag of cat food just to see if it the same as what is in my dish.
44. I will not tempt the little human to feed me anything. She is not allowed to feed the animals in the house.
45. I will not topple the spice rack going for the catnip.
46. I will not try to get two meals in one night. All it means is that the next day I won't get breakfast. (We've had her a year and she still hasn't worked that out.)
47. I will refuse any milk and cheese so my human won't have to clean the walls off after I explode (from the rear...).
48. I will stop trying to do everything in my power to break into the cupboard under the kitchen sink to get at the grease the humans store there before throwing it out. (There are 2 elastics around the knobs, so we regularly hear bang-bang as the little monster tries to open a door and has it slam shut.)
49. If any food is left out on the counter I will not eat every last morsel of it.
50. If I don't eat all the kibbles at once, I won't barf later.
51. If my human gives me some treats right before bed, I will not lick my chops loudly about half a foot from her face.
52. If I have a dish of dry food available, I do not need to break into the cupboard and tear a hole in the bag to get something to eat.
53. Kitty kibble doesn't need to be put under the kitchen rug to be saved for later. My human leaves the food dish out all the time. It also annoys her when she steps on the rug and hears that snap, crackle, pop under it. (It's one of the reasons the dustbuster is kept in the kitchen now).
54. My food does not taste better if I take it out of the dish and eat it off the floor. (No wonder the poor little love is having a bout of diarrhea and is banned from most of the house at night or when we're out. Yes, the house is decorated in Early Laundry at the moment.)
55. My human may have fed us late once in a while, but in 13 years, he's never actually forgotten to feed us at all. Yodeling for food is therefore counterproductive. Especially only two hours after just having been fed.
56. My human's dog is fully 15 pounds heavier than I am and only eats 8 pounds of food in 4 months. I have no reason to demand that much food in only one month.
57. My humans will not forget to feed me if I don't start howling for food two hours beforehand.
58. Our food obsession will NOT lead us into the following series of crimes: a) forcing the human to install child-proof locks on the cupboard doors to keep us away from the cat food canister; b) reaching through the 1 1/2 inch gap and raiding the cat food canister anyway; c) spreading 40 black garbage bags over the entire apartment after she moves the cat food out of reach; d) raiding the canister holding the rat's food which the human didn't think she had to hide; e) and we must accept her amusement when the next item we manage to drag out and chew on is a bunch of dried jalapenos... (That week was a battle of wits, which I'm embarrassed to admit I only just *barely* won)
59. Pretending to bury my food will not improve its taste.
60. Shoving my human's hand while she doles out the kibble will make her spill it, but it won't magically produce more kibble.
61. The cat waterer is not possessed. (It only took a couple of exchanges to find one she would drink from.)
62. There is an identical bowl of food mere steps away in the kitchen. It is not necessary for us to form a line-up at the "good" bowl in the hallway.
63. We will not fight over the catnip.
64. We will not form the Starving Kitty Chorus a full hour before feeding time.
65. We will not give our humans dirty looks and expect them to stop what they're doing to fill our food dish if there are only a few pieces missing.

--- Stealing ---

1. I am a carnivore. I don't really need to steal broccoli and salad from my human's dish.
2. I am fed adequate quantities of nutritious food, so I don't need to steal cucumber parings/potato peelings/squash skins out of the compost bucket.
3. I am no longer an alley cat. I will stop raiding the trash can for chicken bones while ignoring the food in my dish.
4. I am not a starving invisible snake. I will not try to flip morsels of food from my humans' plates while making myself as long and flat as possible and hiding behind the salad bowl.
5. I am not a stray anymore; food is offered and I no longer need to beg or dig in the trash to eat.
6. I am not big enough to walk off with a 12 lb. turkey.
7. I am not starving; I am fat. This means, that I may not bolt down my food, then go steal the food belonging to new cat, and then eat the food belonging to the dog.
8. I am not the official food taster and I will not look innocent when some of the food "jumps" onto my paw and gets stuck on my claws.
9. I am perfectly well fed and don't need to look elsewhere for food. I will not get upset with my human when she tries to rescue me from the German Shepherd's mouth when I have been eating his food. I will then not proceed to sulk for hours afterwards.
10. I can control my passion for adhesives. I will not pull peoples' band-aids off so I can chew on them, nor will I raid garbage cans to steal band-aids (or tape) that have been thrown away. I will not lick glue off of envelopes either.

11. I have my own dinner. I do not need to race through the house, screeching like a banshee, and steal the hamburger patty from my human's sandwich, leaving her with a lettuce sandwich. I especially do not need to do this when the hamburger patty is larger than I am. (My late lamented Andy did this. He was all of five weeks old, and I had no idea what he planned to do with that hamburger since he was still drinking kitten formula + moistened kitten food.)
12. I must not attempt to steal either of my humans' food if they happen to have their heads turned. If it isn't on the floor, I know darn well it's not mine.
13. I will not activate "the paw" when there is food I like within snagging distance. While doing this I will not pretend "the paw" does not belong to me by looking the other way.
14. I will not grab the bag of cat treats off of the couch, take them to the other side of the living room and try to open it. When my human figures out that I've come too close to opening the bag and tries to take it away, I will not snatch it and run for the hills (bedroom) and drop it before hiding under the bed.
15. I will not open the refrigerator and steal the meat thawing on the shelf. This is especially true if opening the refrigerator requires me to snip through three strips of duct tape.
16. I will not pluck chicken out of the crock pot; it will burn my mouth.
17. I will not put my paw into the boiling water to snag a cooking shrimp.
18. I will not raid the neighbours' barbeques.
19. I will not steal a chicken breast off the stove, growl fiercely while my human chases me around the house, and finally make her pry my jaws open with her fingers to take it away.
20. I will not steal pieces of my human's steak when she gets up to go get the salt. If I am patient and look cute, she will give me a piece.
21. I will not steal potato chips while my human is busy at the computer.
22. I will not steal smoked oysters ever again.
23. I will not steal the cat's food, which is for adult cats. (When it was switched around, so he got cat food and the cat got kitten food, he stole the cat's food anyway; in the meantime, the cat's stealing his kitten food).
24. I will not steal the dog's special Saturday morning piece of bacon when I get my own.
25. I will not steal the olives/mushrooms/cheese off the human's pizza. If the human picks them off and gives them to me, however, I will eat them.
26. I will not steal the roast pork out of my human's fried rice bowl.
27. I will not steal the Rottweiler's food. I will not growl in the her face while I am chewing the food I stole from her.
28. I will not steal the turkey out of my human's sandwich while her back is turned.
29. I will not try to snag the James Coney Island Chili Cheese Dog with Onions my drunken my human and her friend are trying to consume.
30. I will not try to sneak up onto the dinner table and steal a piece of chicken from the other edge of the plate because despite my completely perfect method of sneaking, she can see a black cat on a light wood table.
31. I will not use the ninja kitty paw strike to snag my human's dinner entree for myself when she turns her head.
32. If I must steal 4 bags of cat treats, I will share them with my sister.
33. If I must tear off a piece of meat from the roast chicken, I will at least eat it in the kitchen, where the mess is easier to clean up.
34. Just because my name is Piggy does not give me the right to steal Twinkies, pastries, candy bars or drink alcoholic beverages out of my human's glass.
35. My human is not a fool. I will not steal a bag of treats off of the counter where my food is; nor will I try to hide it in my pyramid bed or in the box where my toys are. She will find them.
36. Olives were not meant to be stolen from my human's plate. They are not good for fat little kittens.
37. We will not steal cantaloupe seeds out of the garbage can, then vomit them up several hours later.

--- (Supposedly) Edible ---

1. After my human waters down my kibble, it is not necessary to spread it around the mat to "inspect" and then eat it.
2. After our vegetarian human borrows a can of tuna (albacore, no less!) from the nice neighbours and opens it in order to lure me out from behind the plumbing access panel, I will eat at least half of it, instead of eating a few bites and ignoring the rest.
3. I am a Royal Beast and I should be treated as such, but when it comes to opening tins and tearing the tops off those little sachets of food, it is galling to realize that I am at a serious disadvantage. I promise not to put on my expression of Aristocratic Disdain after I feign affection to get what I want.
4. I can eat a variety of different kinds of cat food.
5. I can eat canned cat food in flavors other than tuna.
6. I can eat tuna that has not been mixed with Miracle Whip -- even if the oil in the Miracle Whip does keep my coat nice and shiny.
7. I can finish all the food in my bowl before I meow for more, even if my whiskers *do* touch the sides of the bowl while I eat. (We ended up getting a wider dish for Whozit, because she wouldn't eat the last quarter inch of food in it.)
8. I do not need a can of Friskies every night before I go to sleep, and I do not have to knock all the dishes off the kitchen counter until my human remembers to give it to me.
9. I will eat the turkey my human has so lovingly sliced for me from her favourite package of turkey. I will not play with it, sniff and then walk away from it.
10. I will eat what is set before me and I will appreciate the trouble my human went through to provide such a great meal.

11. I will never ever again decide that I do not like my new cat food and go on a hunger strike in protest. I know that my humans had to switch the food because of my brother, and it was wrong of me to stop eating, which caused me to develop "fatty liver syndrome" and have a feeding tube put into my neck so the humans could feed me. This was especially bad when the humans had to get up during the night just to feed me because I had to have food every four hours. If for some reason I do decide to go on another hunger strike and have to be fed through a tube, I will have the decency to sit still while I am being fed, and not jump down and take off running through the house, flinging the brown liquid food out of the tube and all over the white carpet.
12. I will not be picky and eat only the jelly part of the canned food (or only the meat part).
13. I will not beg for "goodies" and haughtily walk away when they aren't as good as I thought they were going to be.
14. I will not beg for a piece of steak from my human, then leave it in my dish. I will also not get really mad when the dog eats the piece. If I leave it behind, it WILL get eaten. Just not by me.
15. I will not beg for a potato chip and then ignore it when I get one.
16. I will not beg for food until I have eaten what I already have in my dish.
17. I will not beg for my McDonalds French fry, then only lick the salt off of it, and leave the soggy thing on the floor for my human to have to clean up.
18. I will not eat all the kitty treats out of the courtesy bowl the vet provides. When my human tries to get me away from the bowl, I will leave quietly and not flap my paws at it trying to get back to there.
19. I will not eat so much dried food that it makes me constipated for two days.
20. I will not go on a hunger strike when my human buys a different kind of cat food.
21. I will not mooch for food from the table, then turn my nose up at it. Especially if it is chicken, hamburger, or pork chops. I really prefer popcorn, potato chips, pickle juice, and twinkies.
22. I will not stick my paw into my canned cat food, bring a chunk to my nose to check its quality, then promptly deposit it on the floor where it will remain until I decide to either eat it or make a vain attempt to dig up the linoleum and bury it.
23. I will not turn my nose up at dry food. My human will not give me treats or wet food until I eat the dry first; so the fast that I go one does not work.
24. I will not whine (with my mouth full) if I get dry food instead of canned.
25. I will not, after my human has served me a freshly opened can of my favourite food, look at her with eyes that say, "What is this? Vomit?" one day after eating an entire live sparrow (feet, feathers, beak and all) in the corner of the living room.
26. I will remember that the food at the bottom of the dish tastes the same as the food at the top.
27. If I am offered a piece of roast beef I will eat it. I will not refuse it then wait for a week until after the crumbs leftover on the plate in the fridge are thrown into the garbage and climb in and pick out a chunk to chew on. There is a reason it has been thrown out.
28. If I beg and whine for a piece of my human's chicken or pizza sub I will also eat it, not just leave it in my food dish until it petrifies.
29. If my human feeds me Monterey Jack jalapeno-flavored cheese, I will not spit out the pepper flakes across the room.
30. It is not necessary to stand at the door and yowl for hours upon hours until my humans feed me, and then refuse to eat the food.
31. Just because I can see the bottom of the food bowl does not mean that the bowl is empty and therefore I am starving. There is plenty of food left around that pea-sized bowl exposure.
32. Kibbles that are more than an hour old are still edible, and I should eat them before meowing piteously for more.
33. The canned cat food is already dead. I don't need to kill it by swatting bits of it all over the floor.
34. The canned food in gravy is just as nutritious as the stuff in jelly.
35. We will not ignore the gourmet cat food that cost 75 cents per can.
36. When my human is eating, if after I stand up to pull on her hand, pat her on the nose, stick my face in her face, stare at her pitifully with big wide kitty eyes, and sniff sadly in the air to beg for food, if after all that she is kind enough to offer me some of her dinner, and I decide I don't want any, I will not sneeze on it before walking away (this goes especially for egg rolls).
37. When my human's boyfriend offers me a bite of his sandwich, I will not turn my nose up at the meat and eat the bread.
38. When our human brings home King crab legs for us, we will not cry like we are dying, attempt to jump up on the counter, and rub madly against her legs for the 30 minutes it takes her to remove all the meat from the shells. When she is done and places it on the floor for us, we will eat instead of sniffing disdainfully and walking away, leaving her angry and her hands smelling like crab for two days.

--- (Supposedly) Inedible ---

1. Cardboard is not a food group.
2. Chocolate is NOT good for me. I will stop stealing it and eating it foil and all. I get sick and pooping bits of foil REALLY hurts. (Luckily he only got three little squares of chocolate.)
3. Crickets are not toys or snacks. I will not hide crickets (especially when they are still alive) or pieces of crickets under the rug.
4. Eating the cotton off of the Q-tips will only make me sick and throw up all over the carpeting, making my human worry and take me to the vet.
5. Eating too many bubbles makes me sick.
6. Hair is not a kitty-food-group. I do not need to try to ingest as much of it as possible.
7. I am not a goat. I will snack on only what is in my food dish and leave the plants, paper, plastic, string, etc, alone.
8. I will cease my obsessive/compulsive desire to wolf down grass. All I do is puke it up two minutes later. If I insist on eating grass, I must stay outside until I puke it up, because the humans are tired of cleaning up the puked grass in the house.

9. I do not need to eat all the fuzzballs off the carpet. My human already has a vacuum cleaner.
10. I will eat bugs to do my part in saving on extermination costs. However, it is not necessary to clean bug parts off my teeth by chewing on my human's fingers.
11. I will not attempt to eat Tiger Balm (a sports cream that's made mostly of camphor and menthol - smells like cinnamon).
12. I will not attempt to improve the fiber content of my diet by biting up numerous tufts of my human's cheap acrylic blanket and swallowing them.
13. I will not beg for the fish food.
14. I will not dive into the laundry basket when my human brings in clean clothes just so I can eat the fabric softener sheet.
15. I will not drink dirty dishwashing water.
16. I will not eat 3 feet of yarn and make my human stay up half the night making sure I'm still alive (she's okay now).
17. I will not eat all of the baby's breath out of my human's birthday bouquet.
18. I will not eat an entire tube of Monistat because I am a male and not plagued by pesky yeast infections.
19. I will not eat dental floss and have it go through my system so my human has to pull it out of my butt when she sees the blue string and yowl when she removes it.
20. I will not eat fine Swedish tapers (candles) like they're candy canes.
21. I will not eat fishing line off the reel. (There was no hook or weights on it at the time, just line and he was sitting there eating it like a long piece of spaghetti. I pulled the line out slowly and it came out of his mouth completely intact. It just kept coming. I pulled about three feet out of him.)
22. I will not eat glass. It is very bad for kitties. (My calico really tried this!)
23. I will not eat my human's birth control pills even if the package DOES crinkle when I chew on it!
24. I will not eat my human's make up.
25. I will not eat my human's work boots.
26. I will not eat paint chips.
27. I will not eat random things I find on the floor (i.e. carpet lint, plant pieces, dust bunnies) just because they are there.
28. I will not eat Styrofoam meat trays and then barf up white bingies.
29. I will not eat the glitter when the kids are making Christmas tree decorations on the kitchen table (even though it does make my poop look like "diamonds").
30. I will not eat the human's cigarettes (my mom's cat Sam loves tobacco, but we can't figure out why. Must be the Abyssinian in him. I made the mistake of leaving a soft-pack of Parliament Lights on the counter one night and came down the next morning to the sight of filters and chewed-up cigarettes all over the kitchen floor).
31. I will not eat the plastic bags the bread came in. (Oh, and I won't eat the bread, either.)
32. I will not eat: pillowcases, the duvet cover, towels, bathmats, drapes, my human's sweaters, socks, or bathrobe. This is not dietary fibre and she is not happy to find the holes I chew.
33. After grabbing something off the floor, I will not run away from the yelling human, duck under a kitchen chair, swallow it and look at my human as if to say "so sorry, all gone". (Fortunately, it was only a bandage wrapper.)
34. I will not have a fit anytime anyone says anything that rhymes with snacks.
35. I will not insist on smelling each of my human's prescription medicines EVERY morning. I should be convinced by now that there is nothing good to eat in them.
36. I will not jump onto the washing machine and lick the soap off the Tide detergent bottle.
37. I will not knock my brush off the shelf and eat all the hair out of it, thereby producing the hairballs my human was trying to prevent by brushing me in the first place.
38. I will not lick the outside of the wine bottle.
39. I will not lick the Peppermint foot lotion off of the soles of my human's feet after mistaking it for catnip! (We had to lock Conan (1989-1996) out of the room during foot massages).
40. I will not lick the plastic bags my human brings back from the grocery store, no matter how good they taste.
41. I will not nibble on my human's fingernail clippings.
42. I will not open my human's sister's purse, rummage through it, remove the pack of cigarettes and refuse to give them back even when chased through the house by a severely nic-fitting aunt.
43. I will not try to make tape an integral part of my diet. I will not chew on little bits of leftover tape, especially if I have to go into the garbage to get them, or on rolls of tape. I will also not eat the wrap from individually wrapped pills that my human so carelessly left on the counter.
44. I will remember to chew large crickets when I eat them so they don't screech in pain when I poop one out whole.
45. I will stop digging into the trash after the Braunschwager wrap. It just makes me throw up, and I always throw up on the human female's side of the bed, which makes her like me even less than she already does.
46. I will stop eating huge chunks out of cardboard boxes.
47. If I am caught devouring toilet paper (my favourite snack) I will not tear out of the bathroom with the paper stuck to me which both leaves a mess and makes it easy for my human to find where I am hiding.
48. Licking the sofa does not provide me with nourishment.
49. My human leaves lots of tasty food in my dish. I do not need to hunt down dust mice in the corners of the house and eat them in order to survive.
50. My human's ceramic greenware is not food. I will not eat the hands off of any more clay statues before she has a chance to fire

them in the kiln.

51. My human's students' papers are not prey. (Silly students... they want to know why they get toothmarks back with their comments...)
52. My human's styling mousse is not food, nor are her long ringlets a dark forest to get tangled up in.
53. Nerf balls are not a food group. Neither is Styrofoam. Besides, they make my poop turn funny colors. (my human has had to ban Styrofoam "peanuts" from the house altogether.)
54. Palm trees are not cat snacks.
55. Plastic bags are not part of a nutritional diet. Neither are powder-sugar donuts. So I will not cry or fuss when plastic bags of sugar donuts must be locked away in the microwave to reinforce this point.
56. Plastic is not a delicacy. I will not eat any plastic out in the open because my human is not perfect and cannot detect all the open plastic in the house. I will leave garbage and shopping bags, my humans' fitted sheet elastic, tape, etc. alone and thus keep myself from barfing all over the place.
57. Plastic is not a food group. I will not insist on eating anything resembling cellophane or plastic grocery bags.
58. Since my human never puts wood in my food bowl, I should be able to figure out for myself that balsa wood ornaments are not edible.
59. The plastic swimming pool float ring is not dessert.
60. Woolen jumpers are not food, really. Nor are newspapers, knitting wool, ink pens, colouring pencils, watch straps or cleaning products and it's probably not good to eat cheese and pasta, as my breath smells bad enough.

--- Vegetables ---

1. I have a fragile stomach. Eating my human's leftover salad and the leftover boiled green beans will cause me to puke all over the boys' bedroom, and then have diarrhea out in the hallway. My human will not be happy. And then I won't do it again.
2. I will no longer help myself to the jar of green olives. Last time I stuck my leg in the jar, I singed my tail on the candle that was on the counter I wasn't supposed to be on.
3. I will not beg for a slice of cucumber when my human is making a salad, then only eat the seeds out of the middle and leave the rest on the floor so my human can step on it with bare feet.
4. I will not confuse my humans by eating all of the vegetables and leaving the meat when my human gives me scraps.
5. I will not eat my new human's salad.
6. I will not eat onion ever again! It made me VERY sick and I had to stay at the vet's for a LONG time. I also will not try to eat onions the same day I come home, nor I will not try to open the container my human puts the onions in.
7. I will not jump on the table to eat cantaloupe if no one gives me a piece of my own.
8. I will not knock vegetables off the kitchen counter so I may play with them.
9. I will not look all pitiful when my human is eating until she gives me a bean. I will not lick the sauce off and leave the bean on the floor.
10. I will not mooch for green beans from the dinner table. I know they make me sick if I eat more than two or three. I especially will not get into the sink to lick up the juice drained from them.
11. I will not peel and eat the raw potatoes that are in the basement.
12. I will not try to get my share of the watermelon (or any other melon) while my human is eating it.
13. I will stop begging for berries. My human will give them to me, I don't have to beg. I will also not get berry juice all over my nice white fur.
14. I will stop begging for salad, since I don't like it.
15. I will try to remember I am a carnivore instead of liking potatoes, tomatoes, peas, corn, carrots, lettuce (green or red leaf ONLY), and cucumbers.
16. Melons are not kitty popsicles.
17. Raw corn is not cat food. Especially when it is sitting on the counter waiting to be cooked for dinner.
18. Strawberries, cantaloupe, tomatoes, and peanut buttered toast are not cat foods. (Squeaky, my 15-pound Maine Coon, will literally push my hands out of the way in an effort to get at these foods, should I attempt to get them out of the fridge and on to the counter!)
19. We will not be the parties responsible for the tomato with tooth marks in it lying on the bedroom floor.
20. When my human is cutting up melons, she will give me some. I don't have to sit on the countertop with my head stuffed inside the melon, licking out the whole thing.

--- Miscellaneous ---

1. Humans will feed me even if I don't bring them fresh rabbit's head.
2. I am not allowed to eat the Siamese fighting fish that belong to the little humans, unless I really want to take a flying lesson with destination unknown.
3. I am only four weeks old and haven't started eating solid food yet. It isn't necessary for me to crawl overtop of my brothers and sisters to see what they are doing with that bowl of stuff. If I MUST crawl over them, I will watch where I am going, so I don't fall into their food. If I do accidentally fall into their food, it is rude to wipe my paws on my brother's head while he is eating.
4. I can wait the last few milliseconds for my kibble, I do not have to dance around and make quacking noises.
5. I can wait until after 6:00 a.m. to be fed on the weekends.

6. I do not belong on the table or counter. If I do get up on the counter, I will not eat the butter, the garbage bag full of bones, and the rest of my cat food and if I do, I will especially not puke in some hidden place.
7. I do not need to kill the kibble by batting it around the kitchen and pouncing on it a few times before eating.
8. I get fed wet food once a day after supper. I do not need to run into the kitchen every time someone opens a can of coke "just in case" it's the pull top on a can of food.
9. I promise never again to beg my human for supper when her mother has already fed me (and then turn up my nose at the new food and walk away).
10. I shall not lick all the gravy off the newly-opened can of cat food in my dish, saunter off, and then come back and complain 15 minutes later that my food bowl is empty after the other cat comes and eats the remainder of my now-devoid-of-gravy dinner.
11. I understand that all of the food bowls hold the same flavor of cat food.
12. I weigh 18 pounds (or more). I will not starve if I can't get to food overnight. I'm supposed to be on a diet anyway.
13. I will keep my nose out of the recycle pile, no matter how good those old empty cat food cans smell.
14. I will learn to eat my cat food without my human adding cheese and milk. I will not climb her leg every few minutes demanding more additives. I will not play dead in front of the fridge if she ignores my pleas.
15. I will no longer combine dry and moist food to produce exotic, bohemian art designs on my human's carpet.
16. I will not be a "mean drunk" (bite and claw and kick) when I'm given catnip.
17. I will not bring in my friend to share my food. [Seriously -- our cat -- neutered female -- has a friend -- entire Tom -- who she brings in EVERY DAY to share her meals and the other facilities of our house. He is an outdoor cat who would obviously like promotion.]
18. I will not figure out how to open the cat food container.
19. I will not ignore most of the food in my dish all day until moments before the human is about to put it out into the garden for the visiting hedgehogs to enjoy. Neither will I then take a few mouthfuls from the fresh food and then go outside and eat heartily from the hedgehog dish.
20. I will not leave my home without notice and go hang out at the five-star seafood restaurant three streets away. My humans don't really care if the help puts out seafood leftovers at the back of the restaurant. While I was living high off the hog, they were planning my memorial service. (The kids were devastated.)
21. I will not let every cat in the neighbourhood eat my food, thinking that my human will just fill my bowl up again.
22. I will not show my human my gratitude for my canned food by yawning in her face right after I eat. She does not enjoy fish as much as me.
23. I will not sneak out the garage door to eat grass when my human's father washes his car.
24. Just because my humans got new food dishes for my new sister, doesn't mean that I have to have new food dishes too.
25. Just because someone goes near the cabinet holding my treats, it does not mean that it is time to eat and I will not complain when they don't feed me.
26. Licking or batting the empty food dish around will not make food appear.
27. My human's parents are more than capable than feeding me. I will not whine and complain when they do while my human isn't feeling well or has to work early.
28. One kitty kibble is the same as another. I really don't need to have back the one I knocked under the fridge.
29. The garbage can is not a buffet.
30. The sound of a paper bag being opened does not mean that food is being served.
31. We do not kill our prey in the house.
32. We do not leave bits and pieces of our prey on stoves, beds or kitchen counters.
33. We will not attempt to train our new human to give us catnip, milk or canned cat food every day as at least one of us is fat and the new human has never lived with cats before.
34. When I finish my supper, I will not stand on the human's chest and belch in his/her face.

--- Games/Playing ---

1. A record player is not a fun ride.
2. Cats do not come with brakes. (Neither do dogs, actually.)
3. Curtains are not for climbing. If I forget, I must be careful not to snag my collar on a hook and almost hang myself.
4. Demolition Derby is NOT a cat-oriented pastime.
5. I acknowledge that my humans don't have the patience to play fetch non stop with me and I promise to stop clawing at them and/or crying pathetically when they won't play. (Yes, he IS a cat.)
6. I am a black cat who is functionally invisible when my eyes are closed. My humans are not being mean to keep me in at night. They are tired of complaints from neighbours when I play my favourite game of jumping out from behind bushes with a yowl and flashing my green eyes and pink tongue at unsuspecting passersby.
7. I am not a ferocious panther.
8. I do not need to climb into EVERY box in the household.
9. I will hide behind the bench and scare my human when she comes outside.
10. I will keep my claws sheathed when playing "covers" with my human's toes.
11. I will not ask my human to throw metal coat hangers for me to chase.
12. I will not attack the mat in the kitchen.

13. I will not bat at and try to play with my human's bras as they are hanging up air-drying! (Can't you tell he is a boy!)
14. I will not climb the wallpaper in my human's new house.
15. I will not drag my human's knitting around the house, unravelling it in the process.
16. I will not force any available human to throw the mousie for me to fetch until their arms hurt. Our medical insurance doesn't cover "mousie elbow".
17. I will not go ripping across the couch with my eyes glowing (reflection), and a mischievous look on my face.
18. I will not hide behind the shower curtain so I can scare the other cat, then jump out of the bath after him and run down the stairs at full speed, jump on the refrigerator, in the cupboard and then jump down in a flash and run right back upstairs to hide behind the curtain again so I can repeat the chase three or four times in a row.
19. I will not hide in the kitchen drawers and jump out at my human.
20. I will not interrupt my human when she is busy by bringing her my favourite ball to play fetch and when she throws it, bring it back and drop it just out of her reach, so she has to move. And I will not initiate playing a game with my humans and then walk off bored.
21. I will not jump onto the [aaa] to knock over the [bbb] or I will be [ccc] (if they can ever catch me, that is). aaa - fireplace mantel, counter top, window box, entertainment center; bbb - wedding album, vases, dishes, house plant, curios; ccc - scolded, locked in the basement, (shot, punted, terrorized)* *(These are jokes! I only THINK of doing these things. God, how I think of these!)
22. I will not leave the plastic rings from milk carton jugs in my humans' bed, then insist that they play fetch with them in the middle of the night.
23. I will not lie on my back on the middle stair, all claws in the ready, so that no dog can go up or down the stairs without barking and whining for a human to remove me. (A favourite game of Squeak, our black and white female.)
24. I will not lurk under the bed and pounce on the unsuspecting human's feet when s/he is getting in or out of bed.
25. I will not make sounds like I'm trying to kill my brother, or that he is killing me, when we are playing. This alarms my male human who has to ask the female human if we're fighting. She has already told him to look at our fur and if it's not puffed that we are just playing but he doesn't understand.
26. I will not meow at the top of my lungs as if something horrible is wrong, wait for my human to come outside after me, and then chase her while alternately rubbing and biting her legs.
27. I will not play "Charge of the Light Brigade" with the other cat in the hallway at 3 a.m.
28. I will not play "dead cat on the stairs" while people are trying to bring in groceries or laundry, or else one of these days, it will really come true.
29. I will not play "find the mouse" on the bed at midnight.
30. I will not play "Hunt the ribbon" when my human is attempting to pray from the breviary.
31. I will not play "Kitty Be Underfoot." Humans do not have eyes in their knees, so if I get stepped on it is my fault.
32. I will not play "Wild Mexican Bullfight" with the shirt in the bathroom that's hanging on the knob of a very solid door.
33. I will not play ball and bring it to my human at all times of the day and the night.
34. I will not play chase the toy mouse at midnight.
35. I will not play dead when I am lying down beside my human.
36. I will not play hide-and-seek in the pianola, especially not when it is being played.
37. I will not play Tarzan of the Drapes.
38. I will not play the "jump and snag the door jamb 5 ft from the floor, hang, and drop" game.
39. I will not play the game "tiger attack" when my human is weeding the garden.
40. I will not play trapeze artist on the curtain rods.
41. I will not pounce on hand drums just to bounce and hear a neat noise. Jumping onto drums from high altitudes, with my claws out, can break them.
42. I will not pounce on the fly line as my human attempts to practice fly-casting in the back yard.
43. I will not present the entrails of dead things on my human's brand new welcome mat on the deck, even though I am thoroughly impressed with myself and think I am the most perfect of hunters.
44. I will not pry my way into my human's clothes closet and then proceed to hang off of her favourite sweaters bungee-style.
45. I will not sit on top of the kitchen cabinets playing 'vulture'.
46. I will not stalk and kill my human's shoes when she leaves them in the middle of the floor.
47. I will not step on my male human's nether region while running across the bed playing tag with my sister on a sunny Saturday morning, even though my female human finds the noises he makes amusing.
48. I will not stop playing fetch (which I have enjoyed all of my life) just because I found out dogs like to do it.
49. I will not suddenly leap from a sleeping position in the hallway to my hind feet, front paws fully extended above my head, mouth snarling, eyes bearing that "this might be a good time to call an exorcist" glaze and then proceed to bounce down the hall on said hind feet toward my human, all for the sole purpose of scaring the bejeezus out of her. She does not find my "possessed kitty" charade nearly as amusing as I do and I understand that if I persist, I may well find myself taking an impromptu aerial trip back down the hall courtesy of my human's boot toe.
50. I will not turn on the toy train at 5:00 a.m. and watch it like some car race with my visiting kitty friends as it derails, flashes it's headlight, and makes choo-choo noises.
51. I will not use my female human's chest as a springboard.
52. If my human puts me up on his overhead train layout, I will not lie on the tracks and sulk. Nor will I try to pick a fight with his 500

- locomotive. I will come down eventually, despite my great fondness for heights.
53. In the mornings when I get *wired*, I will not bite my human hard enough to draw blood, even if he does annoy me by rubbing my tummy. I will also not ambush him from under the bed, behind the couch, or from my cat pole. (My human only gets warning bites, but just the first time. After that, it is pester me at your own risk.)
 54. It frustrates my human when I beg her to play catch with me, then hide the toy and get mad at her for not being able to use her human-Radar Device to find it.
 55. It's not nice to act as if I'm sleeping, then bonk my unsuspecting feline siblings on the head before resuming this facade. Awareness that I am, in fact, quite awake comes with sharp claws from other cats and many shouts from humans.
 56. My human does not like it when I grab her ankles and sink my teeth in as she walks past. (When I turn out the lights at night to go to bed, Siesta runs up behind me, grabs me around the ankle with both front paws, hangs on, and sinks her teeth in. She does this *every* night.)
 57. Sneak attacks on the other cats are not acceptable forms of entertainment.
 58. Suddenly deciding I must play pounce when my humans are tired will just get me put outside.
 59. The bed is not a WWF wrestling ring.
 60. The blanket will not eat my human. She wasn't blessed with a beautiful fur coat like I was. Therefore, I won't attack the blanket whenever she crawls under it.
 61. The cupboards under the sink are not play places.
 62. The doorjambs are not made for climbing.
 63. The litterbox is NOT the best place to play and sleep.
 64. The living room is not a jungle gym with walls and curtains to be climbed.
 65. The outer windowsills, on floors 3 and above, are not good playing grounds. (Ours fell down 4 floors, limped a couple of days afterwards).
 66. The piano is for humans to play.
 67. The roof is not a racetrack for cats (or crows).
 68. We are senior citicats. Playing like we are having our second kittenhood is cute, but we need to remember we're not as resilient as we used to be. (Mom's cats' favourite new game is "cat bowling"--running toward each other and knocking each other down.)
 69. We will not play "Risky Business" when left alone in the house.
 70. We will not play on the roof. It makes our human dream she's in Africa listening to monkeys on the roof.
 71. Wheelchairs are for people, not for a free ride to the kitchen.
 72. When getting around the house, it isn't necessary to run at full speed across the backs of the furniture. I can actually walk on the floor. It will not absorb me.
 73. When humans play ball games in the garden, I will not attack and move the balls.
 74. When my human does play with me I will not jump on her and hang onto her pants. This makes her scream and does not convince her to give me the toy.
 75. When my human has friends over, I will not sneak up behind them on the back of the couch and jump at their heads.
 76. When my human knocks over a lamp in the bedroom and breaks the light bulb, I shouldn't play with the broken glass and drag it all over the house. I also shouldn't stand on the other side of the door and whine when she locks me out so she can clean it up. She's trying to protect me, not punish me.
 77. When my human plays with me, I will not attack her then eat the ball of string. (I pulled about three feet of twine out of her after mopping up the blood.)
 78. When the humans play darts, I will not leap into the air and attempt to catch them.
 79. While we play 'Commando Kitty' we will make sure that it is the other cat that is coming around the corner and not one of our human parents. They do not like prying us off their legs or receiving bruises when we careen into them. (I had a bruise on my shin for days after that!)

--- Gross! ---

1. After I am done sulking, I do not need to curl up at my human's feet, unhinge my jaw and proceed to almost hack up a new "decoration" for grandma's couch unless I want a swift lift on my rear end. Furthermore I will not proceed to hack up the same "decoration" a few seconds later on the carpet instead of on the newspaper that my human placed under me.
2. After playing "Lion tamer" with the dog (repeatedly and bravely sticking my head/feet/tail in his mouth) I will not rub my slimy appendage on unsuspecting humans.
3. Although I may lick the tip of my human's nose, I will not lick UP my human's nose or on her lips.
4. Although I think a nice dead baby bird would be a lovely present, my human has other preferences.
5. Dead mice and birds delivered to my human's Grandma's doorstep are just not the best gifts.
6. Dead mice do not belong in my human's slippers.
7. I am not Iron Chef. Bolting down my food and spewing it back up to 'create new and exotic dishes never seen before by my human' is not acceptable behaviour.
8. I do not have to pre-wash the dishes.
9. I do not have to sneeze on my human's essays when she has finally got the printer working and it is three in the morning on the day she has to hand it in for her degree.
10. I shall not place incomplete mouse kits in my human's handbag. It does nothing for her business reputation when she pulls it out of

- her handbag during a business meeting.
11. I will never projectile vomit into an oscillating fan ever again. I will also never again vomit into the heating vent no matter how much egg salad I've gotten into.
 12. I will not barf in my human's brand-new shoes.
 13. I will not barf on my human's desk chair so that she gets a "surprise" next time she sits down.
 14. I will not barf on the bed when my humans are having sex.
 15. I will not pull my human's socks off with my teeth as he watches TV, and chew on them, no matter how deliciously stinky they may be.
 16. I will not bite the heads off birds and leave them at my human's bedroom door. Nor will I not leave dead bunnies at the bedroom door.
 17. I will not bring a dead bird into the house in order to show my kittens basic plucking technique, particularly not if my human is in the room at the time, working on her computer. (Polly came in and crooned at the kittens to get their attention. It was only a few minutes later that something made me look around to see the three kittens sitting in a row watching their mother in action. It took AGES to get up all the feathers.)
 18. I will not bring slugs into the house on my fur.
 19. I will not cough up hairballs in the middle of the night by the bedroom door to be stepped on by my human in the morning. My gray long hair, Missy, does that or up chucks them in the morning while I'm eating breakfast, and then jumps up beside me to lick the bowl when I'm done.
 20. I will not dismantle small animals on the kitchen floor.
 21. I will not drag used Kotex (tampons) out of the trash and tear them to pieces.
 22. I will not drink sudsy dishwater out of the sink. When the water goes down the drain, I will not lap the leftover suds off the bottom of the sink. When the leftover suds are gone, I will not proceed to eat all the soggy grey food bits out of the strainer basket in the sink. I acknowledge that my humans both water me and feed me, with filtered water and a delicious and astonishing variety of canned and crunchy foods formulated to the highest feline nutritional standards. I cannot possibly be so hungry that I need to eat garbage out of the sink.
 23. I will not drink the fish tank's dirty water when there is clean, fresh water in my beautiful water dish.
 24. I will not drool into my humans' cup of tea, especially "Dad's" since he is less soft on me than the other three.
 25. I will not drop a gift of a dead mouse into my heavily pregnant owners shopping bag. I do not want her to feel inside the bag to get her book, scream and frightens the other passengers on the bus. (Pootel, my lilac point Siamese, loved leaving me 'gifts')
 26. I will not eat my brothers' and sisters' vomit. They didn't want it and neither should I.
 27. I will not eat my human's hair and then produce poop in little balls connected by her hair. I will especially not show her I have this talent by scooting by her on the floor and leaving my little poopy-hair chain for her to pick up.
 28. I will not eat my own vomit. I didn't want it the first time around.
 29. I will not eat strands of my human's hair. Since her hair is so long it does not pass through me too well and I am left with hair hanging out of my butt, much to my human's disgust.
 30. I will not eat the pelt of the fake pink mouse my human's mother gave me, only to projectile vomit pink puke all over the living room carpet and then look angrily at my human for letting such a disaster occur.
 31. I will not expel the contents of my anal scent glands at my human just because I don't like the new puppy. People don't believe my human when she tries to tell them cats can do this. (Smells just like skunk in gas-only form.)
 32. I will not explode with diarrhea at the exact moment the vet puts the thermometer into my rear end.
 33. I will not fart every time my human picks me up.
 34. I will not forget to clean my rear and then park it on my human's face.
 35. I will not get poop on my feet and climb into my human's lap.
 36. I will not insist on running in to the human female's side of the bed every time that I have to throw up.
 37. I will not kill a lizard 3/4ths of the way and bring it home all wriggling and bloody.
 38. I will not leave half eaten prey lying around where my humans can walk on it in bare feet.
 39. I will not leave half-eaten once-living presents at the feet of my sleeping human and cry to get attention. Most notably no squirrels, no mice, and definitely no SNAKES.
 40. I will not leave headless rabbits on the porch for my unsuspecting human to step on when he's ready to go to work. (or should I say WAS ready to go to work)
 41. I will not leave the litter box with poop balls hanging off my butt that I try and get off by scooting across the utility room floor. I will also not try to make amends for this by trying to hide it with some dust bunnies and scattered bits of litter on the floor. I will also not do this twice within a five minute time span, especially while my human is trying to iron her outfit for work.
 42. I will not lick my earwax off the Q-tip when my human cleans my ears.
 43. I will not lick my sister's butt when my humans have company over for dinner.
 44. I will not lick the bar of soap in the soap dish as if it were ambrosia.
 45. I will not lie on my napping human and then barf - she can only tolerate so much.
 46. I will not play with a dead mouse on my human's grandma's bed. Grandma finds that very disgusting.
 47. I will not projectile vomit all over my big brother when we are both shut into one carrier on the way to the vet.
 48. I will not projectile vomit down the open stairwell.
 49. I will not shove my entire head into my human's water cup next to her bed at night without her knowledge. If she does become

- aware of this, I will not promptly sneeze into the cup.
50. I will not show off my excellent hunting skills by eating spiders, then getting sick and leaving a trail of diarrhea and barf all across the house.
 51. I will not sit on the edge of the bed and barf off the edge so there is a long stream of barf down the bed onto the floor.
 52. I will not sleep all day, wake up and suddenly barf dead rotten bird all over the carpet, causing my humans to open all the doors and windows, run outside screaming and wonder if I need to go to the vet.
 53. I will not sneeze directly into anyone's face.
 54. I will not sneeze on my human's face at night, leaving thick, sticky green boogers all over him.
 55. I will not spew green boogers on the wall. My humans have a difficult time scraping them off the wall.
 56. I will not take a dump in the litter box, not clean up properly, and then try to climb on my human's lap. It is gross.
 57. I will not use my human's spaghetti bolognese as a litter dish before she's eaten.
 58. I will not vomit from/onto the beams twenty feet over the great room floor. It frightens those underneath and is impossible to reach to clean.
 59. I will not wipe my eye boogers on my human's arm, which then itches, even though he is not allergic to cats.
 60. I will not wipe my snotty nose on my human's hand. Despite the similarity in sounds, there is a huge difference between "hand" and "handkerchief".
 61. I will stop drooling when I am being petted, and especially will not shake my head over my humans while I drool.
 62. I will stop slobbering in my human's hair as I am not a kitten.
 63. If I am feeling gassy, I will not crawl up on my human's pillow, and give her sweet looks and endearing purrs while exposing her to gasses not yet dreamed of by modern science. The humans are considering loaning me to the Pentagon's chemical warfare division for this very reason.
 64. If I find vomit from another cat on the floor I will either eat it or let the humans know. I will not continue covering it with things as that just means the humans step on it later and get a disgusting surprise.
 65. If I have a hairball, or I've eaten something that disagrees with me, I will hack it up all in one place (on the tile floors, not the carpet) and not leave little piles all over the room for my human to clean.
 66. Ribbon hanging out of my butt does not constitute a Christmas decoration. (He eats ribbon if he gets half a chance. The other night I was wrapping presents and he grabbed one end of a ribbon and just ran. Fortunately I got my hand down on the other end in time.)
 67. Used tampons in the garbage are not food.
 68. We must learn to start burying our smelly, rank and disgusting poops when using the litter box. Our humans are starting to wonder what Kitty rugs would be like when their "Formulated for Multiple Cats" litter only lasts for a few hours.
 69. We will NOT throw up in a guinea pig cage. We will not hit the guinea pig with the vomit if we do throw up in the cage.

--- Hampering ---

1. A cello bow is not a toy. I will not groom the bow, despite the fact that it resembles a long skinny Persian strapped to a piece of wood. I will not attack the bow while my human plays, as she is playing "music," not "catch the rapidly moving flat Persian on a stick" as I had previously assumed.
2. All three of us will not hang around the female human's ankles singing kitty trios when there is roast chicken/beef/lamb/pork/fish on the menu and she is trying to hack it up for us all (including her and the male human) to enjoy. Furthermore, we will remember in the midst of our feeding frenzy that humans are big clumsy creatures and liable to tread on one or more of us. (I'm not very good at carving, hence the use of the verb hack).
3. Although exploring the new house is my right as lady of the manor, will not go into the kitchen cupboards, through the small hole, behind the dishwasher and into the walls. And if I do, I will not stay there four hours making my human think I've gotten out and gotten lost. And when I come back I will not immediately get the other kitty to show him the neat cave I found. I will also give up trying to get back to the cave after a couple of weeks of being spanked for trying to get into the cupboard.
4. Although I am named after the composer Debussy, I should not assist my human at the piano. She doesn't need me in between her feet while she's pedaling and she doesn't want me on her lap playing the keys with my paws. (Debbie helps me more with pedaling than anything.)
5. Although my name sounds like someone who writes (music), that does not mean my humans want my help with pens and other writing utensils or the computer. Nibbling the pen does not equal "Hello" and the only person who would appreciate the "awolirhrrrrrh" message I create by stepping on the keyboard is my human "mom" who has been temporarily exiled from the house to graduate from college.
6. As much as my human loves me, she does not need my help wrapping presents (especially if she uses ribbons!). I usually end up ripping the paper anyway and the ends of the ribbons do not look pretty after I've chewed them.
7. Attacking the human's shoelaces as she tries to put her shoes on is not smart. I usually end up with my claws in her shin and then she gives me a free flying lesson.
8. Attempting to make a tent out of the Sunday newspaper does not help my human read it.
9. Black clothes on the bed do not mean naptime. They mean someone's about to get dressed, and that someone doesn't want silvery hair all over his clothes.
10. Burrowing into my human's desert camouflage uniforms and refusing to get off them is not going to keep her from deploying. Nor can she take me with her to the Middle East. She already feels crappy enough about deploying; I will not give her pathetic looks so

she feels even worse.

11. Cars. They are to be sheltered under, not ridden in. If I am forced to ride in a car then I WILL yowl as if being de-furred with tweezers and I WILL crawl into the most inaccessible area of the car, preferably under the driver's seat.
12. Doors are allowed to be closed.
13. Even if I can read the newspaper through my butt, my human isn't going to ask me for a summary and would rather read it herself.
14. Even if I hate car rides, I will not take a dump in my carrier an hour into the ride. I will not then hit the automatic door locks while my human is at the side of the road cleaning the carrier and refuse to unlock the doors while he spends two hours in pouring rain trying to persuade me to. (In the end, AAA was called but in the meantime that was **not** a very well-loved cat!)
15. Even though it may be the best perch in the living room, I will not lie down on my human's mother's ample "shelf". She would like to see the TV or the book she's reading instead of the exquisite patterns in my beautiful tabby fur. However, it sure does make my human giggle. (Yes, Debbie will park her furry body down on my mom's, um, chest.)
16. Hand cream is not dirty. It does not need to be washed off my human's hands.
17. Humans are often in the kitchen for reasons other than to cater to my wishes or to get me kitty treats. I do not need to dart into the kitchen under their feet every time I think they are heading in that direction.
18. I am a cat. Cats do not like water. Therefore, I should not enjoy 'helping' my human's father mop the kitchen floor.
19. I am not a computer technician and my human does not need my help to replace the CD-ROM drive in his computer. I also realize that the tools he uses to do this are not mine and I will not curse at him when he takes them away from me.
20. I am not a pane of glass. My human cannot see the computer monitor, newspaper, TV, or book through me.
21. I am not the reincarnation of a classical master. Therefore, I will not attempt to show my human my musical talents when she's trying to practice on the piano.
22. I am sometimes welcome on car rides but I have no business under the gas pedal (or the brake).
23. I can stay still while my human is brushing me.
24. I cannot actually help with measuring, marking, and cutting patterns, as I do not have opposable thumbs.
25. I cannot read the paper with my rear.
26. I do not have to lie on every pair of shoes in the house especially those of the human who is running late.
27. I do not have to sit on my human little brother's race track every time he tries to play with it, and swat the car off of the track. I also do not have to fuss when someone walks into his room until they turn this toy on for me.
28. I do not need to "help" by dragging my face across my human's hands when she is trying to paint her fingernails.
29. I do not need to finish the note to the human's teacher so that it reads: Dear Mrs. Smith, I would like to thank fgke fgbyhgiq hefeugfwfgfla
30. I do not need to go outside every time the door opens.
31. I do not need to help my human by rearranging the topiaries, even though they are sitting on the floor in the living room where the presents are, just because I can't sleep in my favourite place.
32. I do not need to help my human make out checks. She knows how to write and can sign her own name.
33. I do not need to help my human type.
34. I do not need to jump into the kitchen sink every single time my human turns on the faucet.
35. I do not need to jump up on the kitchen countertop to supervise every single step of the meal preparation process. If I insist, I will not be insulted when my human puts me in the bathroom to get me out of the way, until she's done.
36. I do not need to race across the kitchen floor and stick my head into the refrigerator every time my human opens the door. I also don't need to try to climb inside because I like all the interesting smells and want to investigate.
37. I do not need to sleep/sit/urinate in the suitcase any time I see it. My humans are not abandoning me, they are just going on an overnight trip.
38. I do not need to supervise the human when s/he is working at the kitchen counter.
39. I do not need to supervise the painting of the guest room while perching on the newly-painted windowsill. (Both our cats did this and were subsequently dunked to clean them off!)
40. I may have been a manicurist in a previous life but my human can do her nails without my intense scrutiny.
41. I may sit on my human's legs when he is playing the cello, but I will not get up, walk along, and try to help him move the bow in what I consider to be the correct rhythm.
42. I must not lie right next to my human's feet when she is not looking.
43. I promise not to play "Me First! Me First!" and then "Barricade!" on the stairs, in the dark, while my human is carrying a load of laundry down to the laundry room. (And considering that Senior Oso -- Mr. Bear weighs 19 pounds, he makes quite a barricade.)
44. I recognize that my human's paint brushes are not toys, especially when my human is busy painting a masterpiece.
45. I will accept that until I grow thumbs, I am unable to help with the crocheting. I will also not sit on the yarn and power-shed in an attempt to create faux cashmere.
46. I will allow my human to have more than one quarter of the bed, even if she doesn't deserve it.
47. I will allow my human to use her pillow.
48. I will cease my obsession with the box my humans keep their condoms in. This box is not for me. I will not knock it on the ground, I will not sit on it, I will not try to scratch it open. Especially when my humans are using the condoms.
49. I will choose to be in or out of my human's room. Not in and out and in and out (etc.) She has a baseboard heater in her room, and an open door means it tries to heat the whole house.
50. I will get it through my walnut-sized brain that the only way I can go outside is by wearing my harness, so I will not try to kill it

- when my humans put it on me.
51. I will never again roll down the driveway in front of my human to show off to show off my gymnastic ability while she is carrying the groceries.
 52. I will not abuse the hospitality of the radio station where my human works by worming my way into an invisible niche under the control board, and napping silently, causing great consternation with my absence, and subsequent reappearance during the next jock's shift!
 53. I will not act as if I'm being tortured when being flea-powdered. It is not painful.
 54. I will not ask for the door to be opened when my human is making an international telephone call.
 55. I will not assist the UPS driver, when delivering packages to our business, by pacing in front of him over his clipboard, waving my tail in the air and showing him my private parts.
 56. I will not attack my human's shoelaces when she is tying them.
 57. I will not attack the mail when my human tosses it on the table or drops it on the floor.
 58. I will not attack the metal miniatures unless my human has created an adventure calling for a gargantuan cat-monster.
 59. I will not attack the porch window by my human's computer so she will let me in, only to scratch the porch door to be let back out 5 minutes later.
 60. I will not attempt to "help" my human while she's trying to cut out a new dress by lying down in the middle of the fabric on the table, and then trying to rip my human's arm off when she has to move me in order to avoid slicing off my beautiful tail.
 61. I will not attempt to play with the ribbon my human's mother is using to decorate the ivy bowls for my human's wedding reception. I will also not try to eat the ivy and silk flowers my human is using to make topiaries for the wedding party table.
 62. I will not attempt to prevent my human's leaving for work by hiding in his backpack, nor will I surprise him by popping out at work.
 63. I will not block the view of the computer monitor.
 64. I will not bolt out the door when my human is calling the other cat in.
 65. I will not brush my fuzzy tail against my human's freshly moisturized face, causing her to go wash her face again to get the hairs off. I will also refrain from doing the same to her newly polished fingernails.
 66. I will not bury dirty socks in the cat box, even if they do smell bad.
 67. I will not chase the humans while they are carrying a full laundry basket up the dark spiral staircase.
 68. I will not chase the light sabers when my human and her boyfriend are watching a Star Wars movie, even if I have seen this part before. (My cat Thomas did this to me every time I tried to watch Return of the Jedi. I hardly ever got to see the entire movie without obstructions until he ran away from home.)
 69. I will not claw my human's work chair while she is working on her computer just so she will chase me.
 70. I will not climb into the ceiling when one of the tiles is removed, crawl around until I get to the storage room, climb out and yowl because I'm stuck while my human goes crazy looking for me.
 71. I will not climb on the piano keys and meow in my human's face when she is practising. Practice makes purrfect and she does not need a music critic.
 72. I will not climb onto the Step when my human is working out.
 73. I will not comb my human's hair with my claws in the very early morning even though I love her and want to make her beautiful. I will remember that she likes combing the tangles I create out as much as I like taking baths, and usually rewards my hairdressing efforts with a good soaking.
 74. I will not complain when my food dish is cleaned out, if it isn't cleaned out regularly, my tummy gets upset.
 75. I will not crawl into the open suitcase to help my human pack.
 76. I will not crawl into the pup tent my human is folding for storage until I am almost folded, spindled and mutilated.
 77. I will not curl up on top of the book my human is reading.
 78. I will not drag my water bowl to the middle of the kitchen floor while (Thanksgiving/Christmas/Easter) dinner is being prepared and lie down and watch everyone fall over each other (and step into my water bowl) as they try to avoid me.
 79. I will not drape myself across my human's shoulders like an ugly boa when she's on the phone. I may be a light kitty but she has a bad back. It also freaks out the Jehova's Witnesses who come to the door (which might not be such a bad thing...).
 80. I will not eat the expensive silk floss from my human's needlework. Then maybe she will let me sit in her lap while she stitches. (Madame Fiona will only eat silk, not the cotton floss. Clearly a cat of elevated tastes.)
 81. I will not engage in head-butting while my human is sipping at a cup of hot coffee.
 82. I will not fall asleep on my human's back or chest, then refuse to move when she has to get up.
 83. I will not first tug at my human's socks with my claws, then bite my human on the ankle when she is using a power sander to finish the new plaster in the breakfast room.
 84. I will not get in between my human and her sheet music when she is practising the flute. That won't stop her from playing high notes. If the notes are too high for my delicate, sensitive ears, I should simply leave the room.
 85. I will not get in the middle of my human's jigsaw puzzles and try to eat the pieces, or try to nose them off the table.
 86. I will not get in the way of my human when she is trying to rearrange or to put up more cat pictures in her room.
 87. I will not go tearing out of the cat run every chance I get just because my human decides too put me in there.
 88. I will not grab my human's wrist while she's petting me and lick off all her hand cream.
 89. I will not growl and hiss at the other cat when my human and her friend are having their picture taken.
 90. I will not hang from the petticoats of Grandma's square dance dress, especially when she is wearing it.

91. I will not head-butt the glass when my human is trying to swallow her medication, causing her to spill water all over both of us.
92. I will not help my human make chocolate-covered pretzels by sprawling out in front of the stove so she can't dip the pretzels in the melted chocolate.
93. I will not help my human make the bed by lying down underneath the sheets. This just causes a kitty-shaped lump.
94. I will not help my human model with clay by bumping her arm.
95. I will not help my human remove her contacts.
96. I will not help my human remove the the pool pump for repairs. (Oh - you need to turn those valves? Let me sit on them and try turning them myself with my paw. Oh - you are using a screwdriver. How does that work? Can I stick my nose in the electrical witing to check out and see how the screwdriver is used? Hey - neat hole that water is pouring out of. Let me get closer to check this out and see up close. Oh - a wrench - cool. Shiny. Gives reflection. Lifting 70 lbs? Let me get right under it to make sure that you are doing it right. And so on.....
97. I will not help my human roll the dice for his Dungeons & Dragons game. My human is an accomplished DM of 15-years experience and knows perfectly well how to thoroughly roll dice.
98. I will not help my human sweep or mop. Attacking the broom to save her does not help, nor does leaping upon the dust bunnies as she carefully puts them in a pile (spreading them all over the house again so we can chase the broom again).
99. I will not help my human to pray the rosary by patting appropriate portions of it.
100. I will not help my human with the jigsaw puzzles. She does not need me to warm the boxes, lie on the puzzle, or carry pieces off in my fur.
101. I will not help the human write an essay by moving the pen with my paws.
102. I will not hide around the corner when I hear my human's keys (and I know she's going out) and take a running leap out the door. She gets really mad when she has to carry all twenty pounds of me up the stairs when she is in a hurry. I will try walking upstairs myself; the exercise would do me some good.
103. I will not hide behind the computer monitor and attack her hands while she is typing.
104. I will not hide Grandma's \$35 prescription eye drops or Grandpa's most expensive blood-pressure pills so well they haven't turned up almost *four* years later.
105. I will not hide in the attic in a nook in my human's parents' house so my human has to crawl in a three foot high space that goes back about ten feet to catch me to put me in the cat carrier to go back home.
106. I will not hide my human's keys under the sofa so she's late for work.
107. I will not hide the plug for the bathtub under the couch the night before Mom's big meeting.
108. I will not hold the pen in my mouth while my human is trying to write.
109. I will not insist on lying across my human's homework when she is working on it. I understand that if I don't allow her to study she will flunk out of school and won't be able to afford to buy me the expensive cat food that I insist on having.
110. I will not insist on taking a long, leisurely drink from the tap every morning when my human runs the water to wash up and brush her teeth. It makes her late for work.
111. I will not interfere in my human's attempts to eradicate the house of (in her humble opinion), an offensive critter (i.e., mouse, fly, mosquito, spider, etc). I realize that tripping her, getting in the way, or scaring off the intended target are not helpful to her and that my actions are not appreciated!
112. I will not jump in the car every time the door is left open for a second.
113. I will not jump into my human's lap while she is breast-feeding the small human.
114. I will not jump on my human's back while she is getting into bed, so I can have a "free" ride to get some kitty treats. My human says it hurts her back and she will "get" me if I do it again.
115. I will not jump on my human's back while she is trying to get out the door.
116. I will not jump on my human's lap immediately prior to the commercial breaks.
117. I will not jump on to my human's lap with claws extended just as she has finished painting her nails, causing her to pick me up, throw me off and have to start over. This does not make for a happy human.
118. I will not jump on to the table where my human is doing her jigsaw and slide to the other edge, sending all the pieces flying in a million directions, and most of them into the heating duct.
119. I will not jump on to the trunk, closing it, when my human needed to leave it open for a second.
120. I will not jump onto my human's car as she is trying to leave and then jump into it as she opens the door to get me off of it.
121. I will not jump up on my human's chair at supper time, making her sit in the guest chair. I will not then clean myself because that is bad table manners.
122. I will not jump up on the stove and knock the battery-powered clock into the pot of boiling macaroni.
123. I will not keep my human from making bead necklaces, no matter how enticing they are to drag away and kill, because I will get my paw poked by the beading needle.
124. I will not knock my human's new glasses off the TV and under the couch when she is taking a nap on said couch, making her wear her old glasses for a month while she searches for her new ones.
125. I will not knock the brush my human uses on me into the garbage can just because I don't like it.
126. I will not leap up onto the couch and lie down on my human's silk black pants just before she has her spring concert.
127. I will not lick all the envelopes, sticking them to all the bills, then chew up all the stamps. My human is capable of organizing her bills herself.
128. I will not lie directly behind my human when she is putting on her makeup in the morning. If I forget, I will not rip her ankle/leg to

- shreds when she backs up and steps on my tail.
129. I will not lie in the middle of the kitchen floor while it is being swept or mopped. Even if I see no particular reason for cleaning, since it doesn't involve feeding me.
 130. I will not lie on my human's belly when it's 6:30 in the morning and she has to go to the bathroom.
 131. I will not lie on the car or truck. If I must, I will at least get off when the human wants to use said car or truck and not make him/her get out (after starting it) and remove me.
 132. I will not lie on the newspaper, right where my human is trying to read, and purr as loud as I can just to get her attention.
 133. I will not lie right by my human's knee when she trying to put some wood into the fire, and then get very mad when she kneels on my tail.
 134. I will not look like a sweater during a game of Dark Tag. (My friend kicked my cat once and thought she was a sweater.)
 135. I will not look proud after knocking every single one of my human's dice off his card table when what I was really trying to do was run from across the room and jump up on it without sliding across the slick surface and off the other side.
 136. I will not nudge my human's cereal bowl while she's eating it. (I have gotten dribbled milk down the front of my shirt on numerous occasions.)
 137. I will not open up the kitchen cabinets and sit in the stewing pot. My human hates having to drag all the pots out to wash them every time I get in it. And I will not rip off the duct tape that she uses because of me to keep the cabinets closed.
 138. I will not play with the mouse or use the laptop screen for a backrest while my human is writing stories about me for the Bad Kitty List.
 139. I will not plop my fat black body down onto the black rug in front of the sink and then become mortally offended when the humans step on me and/or trip over me.
 140. I will not poop in the litter box while in transport to another place inside the car. This causes my human to act crazy trying to find a place to pull over and get rid of the smell.
 141. I will not pounce on the sheets and crawl under them when my human is trying to make the bed.
 142. I will not prance merrily across my human's keyboard and resist being pushed off.
 143. I will not purr so loud when on my human's lap, that she can't hear the TV.
 144. I will not push my head between the cereal bowl and my human's spoon.
 145. I will not put my head in my human's mouth while he is trying to eat.
 146. I will not race into the bedroom (our only clean room free of cat hair) every time my humans opens the door and hide under the dresser.
 147. I will not ride on the string mop while my human is cleaning the floor and then grab her ankles and hold on when she tries to remove me from the mop.
 148. I will not run directly under foot when my human is trying to groggily make her way to the bathroom in the morning.
 149. I will not run down the stairs and try to trip my human when she comes down to feed me.
 150. I will not run down the stairs to get way ahead of my human and then suddenly stop with my tail across the next step just as she is about to stand on it. Or if I do, I promise to rise above the indignity of being called rude names in a very loud voice.
 151. I will not run out of the house when my human is trying to go to work. I will not let her get within reach of me and then scamper across the yard to someone else's yard. She has to go to work to feed me. If she is continuously late because of me she will lose her job and I will NOT get fed.
 152. I will not scratch at the bedroom door at 5:30 a.m. when my human's alarm goes off, even though I know she hits the snooze button several time, and then proceed to follow her around all morning, meowing constantly, until she has to stop in the middle of brushing her teeth, to run downstairs and feed me so I will leave her alone long enough to get ready for work, and then decide I'm not hungry after all.
 153. I will not shove my head under a book that my human is reading, causing her to highlight my nose green, and then jump down and run away. (Gargy is a lap cat and gets very frustrated when you ignore him. I had to chase him into the kitchen to clean off his nose.)
 154. I will not shove my human's \$65 textbooks off behind her desk so that she is frantically looking for them on the morning she is late for class. It is not necessary for my fat hairy body to have yet another place to nap.
 155. I will not show my sympathy when my human is having an asthma attack by sticking my furry little body in her face. All this does is make my human kick me off her lap.
 156. I will not shut off the alarm on a workday so that I can get my beauty rest. My human's boss will not understand.
 157. I will not sit in front of the human's cable TV box while she is trying to figure out why the remote control isn't working (of course, he was sitting right in front of the part that receives the remote's signal).
 158. I will not sit in the centre of a board game to be at the exact centre of attention.
 159. I will not sit in the dog's food bowl.
 160. I will not sit on my human's checkbook while she is attempting to balance it, and try to move her pen with my nose.
 161. I will not sit on my human's chest and try to lick all the Chap-Stick off her lips.
 162. I will not sit on my human's essay/reference books, even though I know he/she far prefers stroking me.
 163. I will not sit on my human's grandma's newspaper, especially not on the crossword page.
 164. I will not sit on my human's hand and purr while she is using the computer and then hiss at her when she tries to use the mouse. She is allowed to move her hand out from underneath my hot fat body.
 165. I will not sit on my human's lap when she is trying to use the computer, and bite her until she takes her hands off the keyboard and

pets me.

166. I will not sit on my human's lap, refusing to get up, until she can no longer feel her lower limbs.
167. I will not sit on the bed while my human is trying to get it ready for guests.
168. I will not sit on the flautist's lap and head butt her when she is playing. It is impossible to play flute when you are laughing.
169. I will not sit on the key marked "Del".
170. I will not sit on the newspaper when I feel that I am not getting enough attention.
171. I will not sit on the newspapers while my human is trying to fold them.
172. I will not sit on the remote control when my human is watching her favourite TV show.
173. I will not sit on the sheet music when my human and her friends are rehearsing. They cannot read through fur.
174. I will not sit on the stairs in such a way that everyone has to step over me and risk falling.
175. I will not sit on top of the piano and threaten to jump down when someone is practising the piano, especially if that person is practising for an exam.
176. I will not slam-dunk my tail into my human's first and *only* cup of coffee in the morning, as my human's coffee maker only brews 1 cup at a time.
177. I will not sleep on the video game controller wires. My human sometimes likes to move those, and becomes quite irate when she cannot.
178. I will not sneak up behind my human when she is concentrating on work and yowl as loudly as possible to get her attention.
179. I will not snooze on top of the TV, with my tail dangling over the screen, while my human is trying to watch something good.
180. I will not spelunk into every garbage can when my human takes the garbage out, and then swear at her in kitty language when she tips me back out to replace the liner.
181. I will not sprawl on the counter while it is wet from being washed. My human does not appreciate my fur sticking to the counter that she is trying to clean. I will not scare my human by licking the cleaner off the counter so she thinks I will be poisoned.
182. I will not sprawl on the papers my human is trying to mark.
183. I will not squirm and struggle when my humans are trying to trim my claws. They have never hurt me and they are not going to hurt me.
184. I will not stand in front of my human's face when he is trying to retrieve one of my paper wads from beneath the refrigerator.
185. I will not stand in front of the front door like a sentinel and refuse to move when I know full well that my human must get to work. I will not then lie in front of the door knowing that the only way I will move is if my human gives me a treat.
186. I will not stand in front of the TV screen only when a human is watching an interesting program, and ignore it when there is no interesting program. I will also not stand on a newspaper only when someone is reading it, and ignore it other times.
187. I will not stand on my hind legs and bat at the TV screen when figure-skating is on. My human wants to see Todd and Michelle, not me.
188. I will not steal every seat that is vacated for the smallest moment by visitors. No one is fooled by my ability to make it look like I've been there for hours instead of seconds. I will not glare when everyone in the room wonders why I am not bald, considering the amount of hair left in the seat in the few seconds I was there.
189. I will not step on the remote control and change channels while the humans are watching TV.
190. I will not stop people at the door to pet me. I can at least let them get their coats off and get settled.
191. I will not straddle all 25 pounds of myself across my sleeping human's face and then lie down, refusing to move.
192. I will not suck on the afghan/sweater my human is trying to make.
193. I will not swat my human's head repeatedly when she's on the family room floor trying to do sit ups.
194. I will not tackle my human's ankles because she's dressing for work instead of staying home with me.
195. I will not take my elderly human's medicine bottles and use them for toys. Hiding them where she cannot find them or bend down to reach them does not help to make her feel better!
196. I will not tell my human I don't want her reading by attacking the newspaper/book.
197. I will not trip my human on the way to the kitchen, even if they are walking too slow.
198. I will not trip my human when she is walking down the hallway, causing her to fall and sprain all the tendons and ligaments in BOTH wrists, which made her have to wear very expensive wrist braces for eight weeks. This made it very hard for her to play her flute in the marching band. (No one was happy with me after that trick.)
199. I will not try to bite my human's pen when she is writing and reaches the end of a line or when it comes within biting range.
200. I will not try to climb up the inside of my human's skirt when she is on the phone in 'responsible professional mode', since the laughing as I tickle her legs tends to destroy the illusion.
201. I will not try to grab a nail file from my humans while they use it. Nor will I sniff at it, causing my nose to get filed. (He was intrigued by the sound the file made.)
202. I will not try to nibble the comb/brush when my human grooms me.
203. I will not try to sneak under my human's book as she's trying to read it in bed. (She does this every night, thinking I won't notice her eyes staring at me from under the edge of the book.)
204. I will not try to steal my older brother's medicine. It's his not mine. I don't need it and if I did I'd fight tooth and nail before swallowing the tablet. Shoving my face in front of his while my human is putting the tablet down my brother's throat will only get me slapped, kicked or otherwise pushed away with whichever appendage isn't already engaged in a to-the-death wrestling match with my brother.
205. I will not try to type while sitting on my human's lap at the computer. I am not a programmer.

206. I will not turn into an octopus with suction paws when my human tries to put me into a cat carrier.
207. I will not turn off the computer with my nose in order to get attention, especially when my human is trying so hard to finish an important project. When she plunks me on the floor in exasperation, I will not march to the credenza and slam the doors open and closed to indicate my displeasure.
208. I will not unthread the sewing machine and tear around the room, even if my human leaves it alone for just one minute. (My cats are notorious for "unthreading" my machine if I forget to put the cover on. This includes going out of the room just to answer the phone. They grab the thread and run across the living room. It is a game for them, I now realize, because it makes a wonderful whirring noise.)
209. I will not use my human's back as a bed when she bends over to get something from a drawer or cabinet. She may want to stand back up.
210. I will not use my human's grandma's tummy for a bed when she is lying down especially not when she is wearing her church clothes.
211. I will not wait until my human gets in her car, then jump on top of the open garage door and howl like mad when it starts to close. I will not act like my human was trying to commit a violent act against me for days afterward. I will especially not do this on a weekly basis.
212. I will not walk across the piano keyboard when anyone is practising, nor will I look surprised when it makes odd sounds.
213. I will not walk into the baby's room and demand attention at the top of my lungs. My human wants the little crying machine to stay quiet and sleep. She doesn't want me to wake him up. (Shadow did this with both of my children. Luckily, after a few months of this both kids ignored the cat).
214. I will not waltz onto the newspaper and lie directly on the article being read.
215. I will not wedge myself in the sofa bed while the humans are trying to take it out for the garbage man.
216. I will not wrap myself around my human's leg and then fall to make her trip.
217. I will not wrap myself around my human's legs when they are carrying something heavy and can't see where they are going. It is not funny to make them fall and besides, they say I could get hurt.
218. I will refrain from knocking my human's wallet off the kitchen table and hiding it under one of the chairs or table. (My cat did this to me one morning. I ended up tearing around the house looking for the wallet when I happened to see it under one of the chairs.)
219. I will refrain from rolling over to be petted in front of my human's feet as he is hauling a 50-lb. bag of cement in from the car.
220. I will remember not to rub against my human's hand when she is trying to put in her contact lens. She will pet me when she is finished. She does not appreciate cat hair in her eyes or having her contact lens knocked to the floor where she will spend a good 15 minutes searching for it on hands and knees.
221. I will remember that in order for the human to get the food into my bowl, she needs her coffee. I will learn to be patient and not try to trip her as she pours water into the pot. This only gets us both hurt and does not get me fed any faster.
222. I will remember that sometimes I get stinky and need a bath. I will also remember that I am a small cat, and there is no reason it should take three humans to give me a bath. I will not cry loud enough to wake the dead (or the human who works third shift and sleeps during the day) when I am getting a bath. If my humans give up and take me to the vet to be groomed, I will be a good kitty so they do not have to get a telephone call asking, "Do you mind if we sedate her? She's just a little tense."
223. I will remember that there are five other throw pillows on the couch and will not demand the one my human is napping on.
224. I will stop changing the TV channels with the remote control.
225. I will stop chasing and batting at the vacuum cleaner.
226. I will stop insisting that I need to sit on the keyboard as soon as my human sits down at the computer.
227. I will stop playing "slip and slide" in the stacks of IRS receipts and records my human has so meticulously arranged.
228. I will understand that my female human suffers from a psychological condition known as Stripe Envy and has to paint markings on her face every day as a result. I will therefore not impede her efforts by climbing on the dressing table and knocking her paints down. (Penny did this regularly for several days until I suspect a minor injury caused her to stop for a few months, only to have the cycle repeat when she forgot about the pain).
229. If I am lying where the wheelchair needs to go, and the person occupying it says "Move!" I will not twitch my tail and glare at her as though daring her to do something about it. I should know by now that she will run over my toes/tail if she doesn't have room to get around me.
230. If I choose to play Iron Chef, I will not throw bread into my human's crock.
231. If I continue to get into, under, over, in front of, and behind EVERYTHING, one of these days I'm going to get stuck and my human is going to laugh.
232. If I have just run across my human's face, ripping open her bottom lip with my razor sharp claws, I will not then attempt to trip her up as she stumbles to the bathroom with blood pouring down her chin.
233. If my human has a book on her lap, I won't push it off.
234. If my human has a pan full of hot grease in her hands and is juggling six raw eggs at the same time, I will not climb her leg.
235. If my human is editing a book, I will not bite the illustrations, even if they *are* of tasty parakeets.
236. If my human straightens out the shoes by the door, it is not the time to do 'Tip Toe Thru the Shoesies'.
237. I'm a grown cat, and I weigh many pounds. It's not like I'm a tiny kitten any more, when I could curl up to sleep on the human's arm without him noticing (I was so cute then). Now, I cause muscle fatigue, and make the human have to type messages like this with one hand. (She's asleep on my arm right now. And snoring.)
238. I'm not really helping when I jump into the washing machine to tamp down all the dirty laundry,

239. It is not a good idea for me to lie behind people's feet while they are in the kitchen. Not only will they not feed me any faster, they will often trip over or step on me and really get mad.
240. It is not helpful for me to climb on my female human when she is on the floor doing her exercises, knead my claws in her crotch and whack her in the face with my tail. I do want to encourage her to exercise, and it is not easy for her to do situps under these circumstances. (Sara started doing this on her own and it is terminally cute; she will actually come into the living room and *howl* while I am on my skiing machine, asking me to start my floor exercises, so she can sit on me!)
241. It is not necessary to burrow into the laundry basket and then play Tiger Attack when my human decides to fold up the laundry.
242. It is not necessary to lick off my human's deodorant or perfume by scaling her leg.
243. It is unnecessary for me to protect the bed from being skinned and then smothered when my human changes the sheets.
244. It will not assist my human's golf game in the least if he has to learn to putt around me. I can let the ball pass without knocking it off line.
245. Just because my person likes his girl person's lips in his face does not mean he wants me to interrupt with my butt in his face, even if it is much more attractive.
246. Just because the child drags yarn for me to play with, doesn't mean I can help with the knitting.
247. Laundry baskets are used by humans for purposes other than as kitty toys. I do not need to occupy every laundry basket at all times, particularly when the basket contains wet clothes which my human is trying to hang up.
248. Leaping into the box and chasing my tail does NOT help my human pack.
249. My human can make her bed without my help.
250. My human can write her notes without my help. Since she writes in ink, I will end up getting my nose washed to get rid of the blue.
251. My human can write her stories all by herself, thank you. That's why the checks are made out to her, not me. I do not need to rush to the keyboard as soon as she gets up and add my touches to her efforts.
252. My human can write novels all on her own. She does not need our help. If we insist on typing pages and pages of nonsense that she must delete, we'll soon find ourselves running out of kibbles when her advance checks stop.
253. My human cannot use the laptop when I lie across her wrists. I can sit beside someone; I don't always have to be *on* them.
254. My human does have to compose music from time to time. She doesn't need my help, or my criticism. (Charlie hates modal music, the only stuff I compose!)
255. My human does not have the word Stupid written across her forehead so we (the dog and I) shall not even attempt to help unload the groceries and she will not leave them out for us.
256. My human does not need my company or assistance to care for her contact lenses, and I should not be hurt (and tell her all about it) when she shuts me out of her bedroom until they are dealt with.
257. My human does not need my help when mounting and framing photographs for an art exhibition, and trying to get in the way will only result in my risking being spray-mounted and matted myself.
258. My human does not need my help when she draws, especially if it's something for class.
259. My human does not need nor appreciate my help with her latest cross-stitch project.
260. My human does not need to be rescued when she is singing. She is not hurting.
261. My human doesn't need my help writing novels. I will stop attempting to type while she's typing.
262. My human has repeatedly told me that golf is not a contact sport. Therefore I will refrain from playing "goalie" when she is practising her putting in the living room.
263. My human hasn't hacked off a limb with the nail clippers yet, so I don't have to yowl like I'm being disemboweled when she trims my claws. (Note: be careful when trimming claws not to cut the very sensitive quick! --HR)
264. My human is kind enough to let me lie on her bed, but that doesn't mean I can lie on her black velvet performance outfit when she's about to dress for a recital. (I've now got several black outfits so that I've got something to wear if she eats, lies on or sharpens her claws on the stuff I just got out.)
265. My human's boot laces are not toys, especially when she's just been called in to work.
266. My humans did not move house just to annoy me. Therefore, I will not spend three days sitting at the top of the stairs sulking and tripping everyone going to or from the bedrooms.
267. My humans do not need help reading. When they push me off of what ever they are reading at the time, I will not swat at their hands and generally be a grump.
268. My human's father is more than capable of paying the bills himself; he does not need my input.
269. My human's flute is expensive. I will not take every opportunity to lie on it when she's practising. It's embarrassing for her to explain how the keys got stuck *again* to the nice repairman.
270. My human's leather belt doesn't have to be inspected every morning. If he's running late, he isn't required to spend the regulation 5 minutes of belt wriggling so I can play with it before he puts it on.
271. No matter how well the 20-sided dice roll when I bat them, I will not knock them under the couch, requiring three players to move so the couch can be lifted and the die retrieved. I will not do this often enough to give a professional weight-lifter a workout.
272. Nobody in Canberra is announcing auditions for "Cats", so there's no need for me to sit on the Arts announcement pages in the newspaper, *every* Saturday morning, refusing to budge. (She's not interested in a new car or the foreign exchange rate, just auditions for some weird reason).
273. Pouncing on the breast pump hoses while my human is using it is not a fun game
274. Pouncing on the piano keys at one end while my human plays at the other is not considered a duet.

275. Sitting on the piano bench when my human plays is permissible. Sitting in the piano itself is not. (Note: Mavis hasn't done this since I played a two-arm power chord while she was in there ...)
276. The box of little tiny screws and parts that belongs to the guy re-keying my human's doors is not fair game.
277. The broom works better when I'm not attached to it. (Squeak sees the broom as The Enemy and has to attack it, grabbing with all four paws and biting too. I can sweep the floor with him...)
278. The doorway to the bathroom isn't a very smart place to plop down for a tummy rub. Especially if it's in the dark at 5 a.m. and my human's coffee hasn't begun to take effect.
279. The foot pedal under the desk is there for my human to use while she works. It is not a kitty pillow, and my removal from it is not just cause for toe-getting.
280. The hammer dulcimer is not my mortal enemy, nor is it prey. There is therefore no reason for me to attack the hammers or pounce the strings while my human is tuning them.
281. The male human is a fully qualified electrician with nearly 30 years experience. I, on the other hand, am a 4 year old cat with no experience. I should keep my nose out of whatever it is he is doing, even if it means he's not fussing over me.
282. The male human will never let me climb up his \$200 suit, no matter how much he loves me. I will accept this and move on.
283. There is no such thing as a guard kitty.
284. Unless I am going to participate, I will leave my human alone during her yoga exercises.
285. Wanting in and out and in and out and in and out while my human is rearranging her room at three in the morning is not a good way to insure my continued existence.
286. We will leave our human alone when she is trying to get ready for work. She won't forget to feed us or scoop our litter, even if we don't take turns running in front of her.
287. We will not jump on the bed and sprawl out all over it when our human is getting ready for bed.
288. When my human bends over, I will not leap onto her back, refuse to move, then lie down as if I'm going to go to sleep!
289. When my human comes home from work and wants to pet me and I ignore her, she will eventually give up and settle in to read the paper. This is NOT the perfect time to crawl up in her lap, smash the paper and purr affectionately.
290. When my human digs trenches for the sprinklers, they are not subterranean catways. I will not use them to sneak up on him or to sleep in.
291. When my human has a seminar to lead she doesn't need my insights into the lives of French composers, she needs to do the work.
292. When my human is busy at the computer and not paying enough attention to me, I will lounge on the desk, curl up in her lap and wash, sleep, or settle for only one hand petting me, instead of pestering her every five minutes to play with me.
293. When my human is doing her morning exercises, I will keep out of her way.
294. When my human is exercising, she doesn't need my tail in her face. She's out of breath as it is.
295. When my human is trying to print a huge paper for her graduate school, I will not try to kill the little thingy that moves back and forth in the printer and tearing and smudging her papers.
296. When my human is trying to read a book I will not get all happy and affectionate and rub my face on the book then go lie down on it. I will especially not leave cat hairs behind.
297. When my human is typing at the computer, her forearms are *not* a hammock.
298. When my human is typing on the computer, stomping around and crying and complaining will not get them to get up. Neither will sharpening my claws on the chair they're sitting on. It will just get me sprayed with the squirt gun.
299. When my human is very busy (out of the house for up to 19/20 hours a day) she really doesn't need me to come and sulk on her when she finally gets to bed. And as for sitting on her food...
300. When my human opens the door for me to come in, I will not decide that now is a good time to go through my 10 minute stretch of each and every limb routine.
301. When my human takes a walk, she does not need my help to find her way home. Crying on the neighbour's porch will not shorten her visit, either.
302. When my humans are loading the freezer downstairs, I will not jump up on the freezer and almost land in the freezer face first.
303. When my humans are playing RPGs, I will not steal the dice, carry them away, and hide them under the fridge. (When we were moving house, we found about two dozen dice under the fridge!)
304. When sitting on the human's lap with an expression of mere tolerance, I will not immediately start purring and being affectionate the moment the human thinks of getting up.
305. When travelling by car, I will not attempt to sit on the driver's lap. Nor will I drape myself over the dashboard right in front of the driver, thus blocking his view of the road ahead. When foiled in these maneuvers, I will not then wait until we get to a town, rear up on a passenger's lap, and yowl my displeasure loudly enough to frighten passing pedestrians.
306. While my human is on the computer or folding origami, we don't need to sit on her lap in shifts. And if we do, we will allow her time to get up and use the bathroom or get a drink of water.

--- High-Tech ---

1. Attacking the toaster while it is on is not a smart idea. We will only get burned, yelled at, and squirted. (Plus Rambo and Raiya ruined the toast! We call them the "Krispy Kitties" now.)
2. Because my humans use the computer, it does not mean that they love it more than me. I therefore do not need to stand in front of the screen for attention or sit on the mouse.
3. Computer and TV screens do not exist to back-light my lovely tail.

4. Even though I love the vacuum monster, I will not get underfoot or ride the machine when my human is trying to vacuum all my hair out of the carpet.
5. I am a cat and cats aren't meant to send faxes. (Our cat stands on the fax and sends cover pages to anyone who happens to be in our preprogrammed list.)
6. I am a cat. Cats do not use computers. If I attempt to use the computer, it will make a loud noise frightening me and making my humans angry.
7. I am a walking static generator. My human doesn't need my help installing a new board in her computer.
8. I am not a reincarnated washing machine repairman, and I do not have to inspect the washing machine every time the laundry room door is open.
9. I am not allowed to send e-mail to my foreign kitty friends.
10. I am not computer compatible. Sleeping on the keyboard does not change this.
11. I am not transparent: I shouldn't sit in front of the TV screen.
12. I cannot hold a pen to take a message so I will stop trying to answer the phone when it rings.
13. I do not have a credit card and will not be ordering anything online, in spite of the Pets.com ad campaign.
14. I do not have to stand directly in front of the TV to watch it.
15. I do not need to attack incoming faxes and chew them so that the humans can't read them.
16. I have not sent anyone an e-mail and I do not need to hover around the computer or lie on the laptop when it's not in use.
17. I know that my humans have the right to use the computer. I will not yowl as if my best friend just died, nor will I sharpen my claws on their legs to get their attention, nor will I walk all over the keyboard, nor will I go deliberately break something, and then look smug.
18. I should not play back the messages on the answering machine at 3 a.m. It makes my human think someone has broken into the house.
19. I understand that anything I type on my human's laptop makes no sense to anyone else. I will not type my own message and send it when my human addresses a new message box. I will never do this again when the address is for a job application.
20. I understand that if I choose to sleep on the printer (and not move when I'm warned), I forfeit the right to attack the paper that it spits at me when my human turns it on.
21. I will never again step on the phone base, disconnecting my human from her long distance phone call which is costing her an arm and a leg to make.
22. I will never jump up on my human's brand new \$5,000 laptop.
23. I will not (hang up the phone | press the buttons) when the human is on the phone.
24. I will not answer the phone for my people, even though I think I am doing them a favor. (When they see the phone dangle off the desk, they know they missed a call.) I will stop trying to take a message for them, since no one is bilingual in cat anymore.
25. I will not answer the phone when no one is home and leave it off the hook all day.
26. I will not attack my human's new DVD player. It does the same thing her old DVD player did.
27. I will not attack the answering machine and purr all over it when my human calls home to leave a message for my human.
28. I will not attack the computer when my human is playing music, even if it's music I don't like.
29. I will not attack the pages as they come out of the printer.
30. I will not attack the stereo speakers when my human is playing a Celine Dion CD.
31. I will not attack the toaster.
32. I will not attempt to kill the monster that lives in the VCR every time the machine turns on or off.
33. I will not barf up hairballs on my human's computer keyboard anymore.
34. I will not bat ewirvmdsjut0958 at the keys of my human's computer, and expect treats to come out of the back (why else would my human spend hours sitting at the stupid thing?).
35. I will not bat the TV remote to the floor every time a human leaves it unattended.
36. I will not become angry when my human pays more attention to her phone conversations than me. Therefore, trying to knock the telephone out of her hand is unnecessary.
37. I will not bring the city police to the front door by stepping on the speaker phone button and then the automatic 911 dial button.
38. I will not call my human's mother-in-law long distance at 2 a.m.
39. I will not call someone on the phone. (Yes, this happened. 1) Step on the speaker button 2) Step on speed dial button.)
40. I will not catch the CD-ROM as it ejects it from the computer.
41. I will not chase the pointer across the computer screen.
42. I will not chew on the antennae of the cordless phone when my human's trying to talk.
43. I will not chew on the telephone cord while my human is talking.
44. I will not chew through the cords to my human's sound blaster speakers, especially since he just replaced the other set I chewed through. My human needs those speakers so he can hear all the cool noises when he plays computer games. Besides, there are plenty of other cords jumbled back there to chew on, like the printer, fax, phone, computer, keyboard, etc.
45. I will not chew through three phone cords in the space of one week denying my human the privilege of outside communication until she can get to the store to buy new ones.
46. I will not climb on the very tiptop of my human's computer desk where the printer is, as I've been repeatedly told not to do, and press all the buttons on the printer in such a combination as to cause all the paper in the feeder tray to be fed through the printer and marked with a large black line all across every page, thereby rendering them unusable. This makes my human make some very

- odd noises, and gets me banished to the bedroom.
47. I will not climb the TV.
 48. I will not compete with the computer keyboard for attention from my human.
 49. I will not crawl behind the human's computer desk just to play with the wires, especially while my human is online (Moofie hasn't unplugged or disconnected anything yet, fortunately).
 50. I will not demonstrate my intelligence by playing with the alarm clock and a) turning on the alarm in the middle of the night, b) turning off the alarm so my human doesn't wake up, c) changing the time. If I do this, my human will be angry, not impressed.
 51. I will not disconnect the phone while my human is talking.
 52. I will not faithfully chase the cursor around the screen.
 53. I will not get behind my human's computer monitor and unplug it. Yes it purrs like my mother and yes it is warm, but it freaks my human out and she thinks it is defective. (Salem did this as a kitten. He was abandoned at a very young age, so not only did my hair get slept in, but the back of my computer was slept behind.)
 54. I will not get caught watching Oprah when my human comes home. (Seriously, I came home to find a 6 month old kitten loafing on the back of the couch watching Oprah--she had to turn on the TV AND change the channel to get there.)
 55. I will not get jealous of my human's computer.
 56. I will not hang up on a long-distance telephone call.
 57. I will not hang up the phone when my human's brother is talking to his girlfriend because I am jealous.
 58. I will not head butt the control pad/joystick when the human is 10 seconds away from completing a game after 2 hours work, when on his last man.
 59. I will not investigate the brand new washing machine. I will also order my human to keep the lid to the same appliance closed. (The new washers come with smaller openings and much bigger agitators. There was Muschi stuck in the washer looking up and trying to figure out how to get out, which was not possible. The tub is deep and narrow and no way to get around the agitator. In fact, I had trouble figuring how to get Muschi out once I stopped laughing. It was really funny to see the expression on his face!)
 60. I will not jump on the answering machine at 3 a.m. causing the messages to play and make my human think someone has broken into the apartment.
 61. I will not jump on the break key when my human is on the modem.
 62. I will not jump on the monitor and threaten to barf a hair ball on the mouse pad while my human is using the computer. (The male did this just this evening. Luckily I was able to get him out of the room in time.)
 63. I will not jump on the TV converter and change the channel when the batteries on the remote are dead, making the (lazy!) humans have to get up and change the channel back.
 64. I will not jump onto my human's computer while he's working on it and short out a 25 amp fuse with my rabies tag.
 65. I will not jump onto, and sit on, the cable box, no matter how nicely it warms my fanny. When I sit or walk on those little buttons, I make funny things happen, but my human is not amused.
 66. I will not jump up on the microwave and push the phone off with my paw.
 67. I will not jump up on the table just to barf a hairball on my human's electronic day planner. (I've had to replace two this way...)
 68. I will not knock a speaker onto the fax phone, breaking both, if I feel I am being ignored.
 69. I will not knock over the stacks of CDs.
 70. I will not knock pictures off the wall onto the color printer so we to buy a new one.
 71. I will not knock something down (that I shouldn't have been fooling with anyway), scare myself and then jump onto my human's keyboard while he is entering a search on the Internet. He wasn't looking for a Web site called "www.asdfpjm.hjk" (My son said amazingly the search engine came back with a hit ... a cheese factory in Wisconsin.)
 72. I will not knock the fax machine off the hook just because my human isn't ready to get up and feed me yet. She gets tired of hearing "Please hang up and try again".
 73. I will not knock the phone off the hook just to hear the neat BEEP-BEEP-BEEP noise it makes when left that way for a few minutes.
 74. I will not leap onto the table with the computer keyboard on it. I may pull the keyboard out of the CPU again.
 75. I will not lie on the computer monitor and hang my paw down to block the screen.
 76. I will not lie on the scanner and try to grab the pretty light when my human turns on the computer.
 77. I will not lift the receiver off the phone when it rings and listen to the voices.
 78. I will not pace back and forth on my human's computer keyboard when she's composing email and send it to the customer before it's done. It looks bad and I get screamed at.
 79. I will not pee down the back of the television, causing its innards to short out, melt, and spew cat-pee-scented smoke throughout the house.
 80. I will not pee in the \$2100 21-inch monitor so that it blows up beyond repair when my human turns on the computer.
 81. I will not pee on the laser printer. The fumes are awful and my human hates to hear the repairman snicker when he is replacing the third fried fuser in six weeks.
 82. I will not place my paw over the telephone receiver, when my human is selfishly using the phone, and not talking to ME.
 83. I will not play with the computer's power bar.
 84. I will not press "stop" when my humans are recording movies.
 85. I will not press the reset button on the computer.
 86. I will not pretend to chew the telephone wire when my human is on the phone.

87. I will not pull the phone cord out of the back of the modem.
88. I will not push the VCR off the top of the TV.
89. I will not reconfigure my human's laptop computer while he is booting up, at least not so badly that tech support can't fix it.
90. I will not rename any more of my humans' desktop icons with enigmatic labels like '6' for Internet Explorer.
91. I will not replace the recorded message on my human's phone message machine.
92. I will not reset my human's alarm clock by walking on it.
93. I will not rip the paper out of the printer and tear it to shreds just because I can hear a MONSTER in there, trying to get out.
94. I will not rub my nose on my human's ham radio antenna when she's transmitting.
95. I will not rub up against the monitor controls while my human is using the laptop computer. She doesn't generally appreciate it when I turn the screen black; she usually figures the computer crashed and restarts it.
96. I will not run behind the TV and turn it on and off by stepping on the power switch button. This does not make my humans laugh.
97. I will not send secret kitty code messages into cyberspace while my human is trying to answer her e-mail.
98. I will not short out the computer's power supply with my powerful streams of spray. All the cats in my house are neutered; there is no need for me to prove my masculinity in this manner.
99. I will not shove my nose into my human's mouth while she is on the computer.
100. I will not shut down my human's computer while she is working on it.
101. I will not sit directly in front of the keyboard and chew the mouse cord while my human is trying to write out Bad Kitty Lists. It only gives her another entry to make on my behalf.
102. I will not sit on my human's desk at 11 p.m. and repeatedly press the 'redial' button on his desk phone. The angry voice coming from the speaker is not amused by my cleverness, nor is my human when he calls the next day to apologize. No one wants to believe I could do this by myself, even though my human witnessed the 4th time I pushed that button. (Gray actually did this, and even I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't watched her do it)
103. I will not sit on the answering machine and replace the outgoing message with one of my own choosing ("Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, meow, BEEP!").
104. I will not sit on the answering machine while my human is gone, causing all of the messages to play and be lost forever.
105. I will not sit on the computer desk directly in front of the monitor to attack the mouse pointer on the screen so my human can't see what she is doing (and stepping all over the keyboard on my way up).
106. I will not sit on the computer mouse. I will not sit on the computer mouse. I will not....
107. I will not sit on the keyboard when my human is trying to load new software. The computer and my human both make funny noises when this happens. (It took me three tries to get my net software loaded.)
108. I will not sit on the scanner to watch the birds outside the window. The windowsill is wide enough.
109. I will not sit on top of the answering machine every time the phone rings because I think it is my human, (I went away on vacation and spoke to them on my machine, now he sits on it and erases my messages).
110. I will not sit on top of the television when cricket is on and will not try to pat the cricket balls whizzing across the screen.
111. I will not sleep on the cable converter box so my human cannot use the remote to change the channels.
112. I will not sleep on the TV/computer monitor and swipe at anyone who tries to move me.
113. I will not speed dial the overseas numbers.
114. I will not stand in front of the computer monitor when my human is trying to surf the WWW.
115. I will not stand in front of the computer screen to keep my human from reading this list.
116. I will not stand on top of the CD player making the lid open up, and then when my human closes it, jump back onto the CD player and do it again. This type of behaviour will make my human go crazy and I don't want that. Really, I don't.
117. I will not step on the (volume control | channel changer | power button) on the (stereo | VCR | TV) remote. (I make sure they point away from the item in question to avoid this after the stereo started getting really loud seemingly on its own one morning.)
118. I will not step on the 'alt', 'cntl', and 'delete' keys simultaneously.
119. I will not stomp on the stereo remote and increase the sound level to 120 decibels when my human is playing Nine Inch Nails, and then attack the speaker.
120. I will not stuff my nose into the ink-jet printer and get high on the ink fumes.
121. I will not take the phones off the hook.
122. I will not tap on my human's shoulder in the middle of the night when she is using the computer and not expecting anyone to be there. (I work nights, and my nights off I'm often on the computer. Both of our shoulder-tappers get yelled at a lot.)
123. I will not teach myself to turn on my human's Macintosh when she is at class. I will not play with the mouse and the keyboard to make it beep, either, even if I am feeling lonely. Renaming her files, folders, _and_ hard disk will not help her graduate faster so we could move out of the dorm room. (Yes, this actually happened; Macs are *way* too user friendly and I had to unplug it when not in use! Luckily I graduated before she learned how to plug it in...)
124. I will not toggle my human's word processor from insert to overtype mode.
125. I will not trample my paws on my human's keyboard when he is e-mailing in a vain attempt to send mail to all my little kitty pen pals around the world.
126. I will not try to answer the phone while my human is at work. Not everyone speaks kitty-cat.
127. I will not try to climb on the human's lap when he/she is using the laptop computer.
128. I will not try to grab the arrow on the computer monitor every time my human uses her mouse.
129. I will not try to sprawl across the computer keyboard, even though I like the sound the keys make and the way they feel under me,

- causing my human to drop it on the floor while trying to take it away.
130. I will not turn my human's new answering machine off or play with all the buttons because I like to hear the noises it makes. It also gets me lots of attention first thing in the morning when my human is in the bathroom and I want to be fed, but I will be patient and wait.
 131. I will not turn off my human's computer, especially not while she's still using it. I will not then run into my human's roommate's room to turn on her printer.
 132. I will not turn off my human's radio when she is trying to listen to it. I will not turn it on when she doesn't want to listen to it.
 133. I will not turn off the answering machine when I play, which greatly upsets my human and destroys her already impaired social life.
 134. I will not unplug the cordless phone unit while my human is talking long distance. It freaks her out.
 135. I will not use the keyboard as a springboard trying to catch the pretty flashing cursor.
 136. I will not use the telephone as a pillow.
 137. I will not wake up my human by turning off his air supply. (I have sleep apnea, a sleep disorder that disrupts breathing during sleep. As a treatment I use a Continuous Positive Airway Pressure (CPAP) machine while I sleep. Molly, our 10 month old black mutt-cat, figured out where the on/off switch was at age 6 months. I know no longer need an alarm clock, since promptly at 6 a.m. each morning she reaches over with one paw and shuts off my air supply! Very subtle...)
 138. I will not walk across the remote when my human is taping something.
 139. I will not walk around on the computer table so that my human cannot see the computer screen.
 140. I will not walk on the keyboard when my human is writing important email.
 141. I will not walk on the keyboard while my human is doing an on-line treadmill workout, thereby disconnecting her from the Internet.
 142. I will not walk on the surge protector and step on the OFF button. It shuts down the entire computer system and scares my human.
 143. I will not walk/sleep on the cable box in the master bedroom and invoke Parental Control on the Playboy Channel.
 144. I will recognize that then Zip drive, alarm clock and my human's open laptop are not good places for me to lie down and go to sleep, nor are they steps to the window sill that I'm not allowed on anyway.
 145. If either or both of us yanks the modem cable out of the back of the computer when my human has spent FIFTEEN MINUTES dialing up and getting a modem that WORKS on the other end, we *will* get screamed at and kicked out of the bedroom.
 146. If my human comes home and finds that her computer is searching for @*#@#_@#*\$&, she will blame me.
 147. I'm not authorized to play back messages on the answer machine and then delete them. I can not dial a phone so I do not make a good secretary.
 148. In the course of my explorations behind the computer I will not pull out the monitor data cable (naughty humans forgot to secure it) and cause the female human to freak when the screen remains totally blank next time she boots it up.
 149. Incoming faxes are for the humans. They are not attacking me, even though the paper hits me in the tush when I am napping.
 150. It is not my job/responsibility when the phone rings to answer it and then to leave the receiver off the hook. It tends to make the humans in the house very angry.
 151. It is not wise to try to sniff the ink cartridges while the printer is working. They won't stop, and it hurts my nose.
 152. Just because it's called a flat bed scanner doesn't mean I can sleep on it.
 153. Mario and Luigi are not alive. Neither are football quarterbacks.
 154. Mouse cables and phone cords are not prey. (Dee has nailed one mouse and 5 phone cords ... that I know of.)
 155. My human checks the magic black box on the wall (the answering machine) regularly and if her mother's voice comes through the black box and talks to me, she will know about it soon enough and I do not need to wake her up to inform her of this magical event. (If my mother has to call for any reason, she tries to leave him a message too and he always wakes me when this happens.)
 156. My human does not appreciate it when I unplug her TV and cable box.
 157. My human does not need my help when she is printing a document. Sticking my paw in the printer *will* hurt. Tearing the paper as it comes out of the printer only makes my human mad.
 158. My human is allowed to talk on the phone without petting me the whole time. (TJ will stand in front of me and meow at top volume unless I pet him the WHOLE TIME I'm on the phone.)
 159. My humans do not need me to run printer diagnostics. They can do that on their own.
 160. My human's laptop is not a \$1000 heated cat bed, on which I am forbidden to sleep. I will not scare my human when she comes home unexpectedly early, can't find me because I'm being very still, then stand up and stretch.
 161. My human's laptop computer is not a rival for affection from my human. I will not get between it and my human's face.
 162. My human's Sony PlayStation is not a litterbox. (My cats peed on not one, but two of my PlayStations.)
 163. Post-It Notes can stay on the computer, not on my tail.
 164. Sneaking up on grandma when she's on the phone and jumping on her hand is NOT a good way to get her attention and will NOT make her get off the phone.
 165. Sticking my paw inside an open bay on the computer will get me hurt every time I try it, no matter how the flashing lights inside beckon.
 166. Telephone cords are not cat toys.
 167. The computer is not my enemy.
 168. The computer keyboard is not a bed, and if I stand in front of the monitor, my human can't see.
 169. The computer speakers are not dangerous, no matter what weird sounds come from them. They do not need to be killed.

170. The cordless phone cannot swim, not even in the kitchen sink.
171. The cursor on the computer screen is not a horrible monster that I must slay. I will stop pursuing it.
172. The digital cable box is not a space heater.
173. The dove on "Touched by an Angel" is not going to fly into the room, and that cat meowing on "Animal Planet" is not asking me to come over and get acquainted.
174. The keyboard is not a mattress, and the mouse is NOT really a MOUSE.
175. The laptops are not kitty perches and we will not pounce on them hard enough to crack the screens or engage in "king of the mountain" games atop of them. It gives our humans cold sweats.
176. The phone cord is not alive and is allowed to be plugged into the wall. It isn't my job to kill it and remove it from the house.
177. The phone is not eating my human's ear. I don't have to scale his leg to save him.
178. The printer is a wonderful thing, and I will not try to stick my paw in to "catch" the paper as it comes out.
179. The printer is not a possessed thing. I do not need to stick my paw inside it to get the little creature that makes it run.
180. The Roomba is my female human's pride and joy. It is not a marauder, which we need to stalk, and attack. Or bolt away from at blinding speed, knocking everything over in our path. If it finds us cowering under the bed, this is only its programming, not a fiendish plan to search-and-destroy us. It is only after the dust-bunnies, not us. We will stop smacking it, hard.
181. The sound of the electric can opener does NOT necessarily mean it's feeding time.
182. The vacuum cleaner is my *friend*. It is not out to get me.
183. There is no need to turn on the TV and stare at the fuzzy-white screen. (Cerridwen's addition - "Mummy always says something about a upholstergeist".)
184. Turning off the humans' phone answering machine makes them upset.
185. We will not step on the TV remote and turn on anime at top volume early on Saturday morning. (I had a houseguest who is an anime fan, but she swore she hadn't turned on the TV.)
186. We will not unplug the VCR/DVD player. This makes our female human think that there was a power outage in the apartment and annoys our male human.
187. When I flick my tail and it gets "stuck" on the computer screen's static field, I should not blame my human.
188. When my human and I are visiting at Grandma's house, I will not wait in ambush for someone to open the screen door and then dash out, especially at night. My human and Grandma know that I'm not sure which house is mine so they will have to chase me in their pajamas and stocking feet, and this is then I usually get a spank.
189. When my human is not home, I will not destroy the printer. It might be cheap, but it still should not just magically stop working.
190. When the answering machine is on and a human is talking, I will not walk on the machine causing it to stop recording and to cut off the caller.
191. When the little human is watching "The Lion King", I will not try to pounce on the meerkat (Timon) on the screen. It scares the heck out of the little human.
192. When the phone rings I will not run madly to the phone - the call is not for me.
Yes, it is my human's new monitor, and no, it isn't a new cat perch.

--- Human-Related ---

1. "My human's boyfriend" is not synonymous with "mortal enemy".
2. After being the sweetest cat in the world for the last twelve years, I will not become the banshee cat from hell when the pre-schooler takes me to school to show me to his friends.
3. After my human and her parents have told everyone in their family about how smart and cute I am, I will at least have the good grace to come out and greet the family at Christmas.
4. All bags coming into the house do not need to be inspected by me. If my human has bought something for me she will give it to me.
5. Although my human loves it when I cuddle up on her and purr, she is less than happy when I decide to stand on her chest.
6. Attacking my human's sister is not a good thing. Especially because she is older than my human, and can hurt me. (Not purposely, of course.)
7. Attacking the human's butt is hazardous to my health.
8. Attacking the lady who comes to do physical therapy for the human in the wheel chair has not made me popular. (The first time she showed up, Miha jumped on her leg and sunk both teeth and claws in. Now she won't come in the house until the cat is in the bedroom.)
9. Biting the human's feet and ankles will not convince her to let me outside.
10. Biting will get me spanked. I must not then bite harder and hiss; this will result in my getting dunked and then given a flying lesson.
11. Bouncing off of my human's stomach in order to reach the shadow on the wall is not acceptable.
12. Considering the fact that I am 20 lbs of pure muscle (OK, maybe a *little* flab) I acknowledge that my human's "family jewels" are *not* the ideal launching pad to reach the open bedroom window. Especially at 3 o'clock in the morning.
13. Despite my feelings to the contrary, I do not own the house. My humans are allowed to go into other rooms of the house. I will not sulk when they are not in their proper area or sit in the doorway and scold them.
14. Even though my human's male friend is a big softy and loves cats, he is 6'3" and weighs 230 lbs. He will hurt me if I trip him.
15. For some reason, even though I think it's fun, biting my human on the back of the knee is not an effective way to get her to play

with me.

16. Human fingers are not food substances. If I keep insisting on trying to eat them, then the humans will stop petting me.
17. I accept that when I ask to play tag through the house, there is a real possibility that I may lose. If this should happen, I will NOT seek to draw blood to gain my revenge for the humiliation.
18. I am a cat, not a human. I should not spend hours "petting" my human's head and face with my paw. It's very cute, but it tickles.
19. I am a cat, not a parrot. I do not need to climb onto my human's shoulder and perch there digging my claws into said shoulder to keep my balance. The same goes with perching on her at night while she trying to sleep.
20. I am cute and little. This does not mean that my humans want me to join in when they are enjoying each other's company. It also does not mean that I can get in the middle and watch from there.
21. I am not a statue. I do not have to lie perfectly still on top of the TV for 2 hours while the nice lady from Merry Maids cleans, only to scare her to death by stretching just as she starts to dust around me.
22. I am not allowed in the baby's room, especially when she is sleeping, even though I have figured out how to open the door.
23. I am not an alarm clock and am not obligated to wake the humans.
24. I do not feel that I have to personally inspect each and every guest who comes into the house. Some people are allergic to big, fluffy cats.
25. I do not need to climb Mount [insert human's name here].
26. I do not need to have my human dusted for paw prints whenever she comes into the house.
27. I do not need to have one claw buried in the skin of a human at all times.
28. I do not need to jump on the little human's back while she watches a horror movie.
29. I do not need to sit in my human's lap all the time. I'm a secure kitty and do not need constant attention (Even though I want it.)
30. I do not need to take the dirty diaper to the diaper pail. The human is quite able to do that himself.
31. I do not need to whisper sweet nothings in my human's ear when she is sleeping past 8 a.m.
32. I don't need to check my male human's aim in the bathroom.
33. I have really long hair. I shouldn't be miffed when I visit the litter box right after it's been changed and my human can't stand the 'eau de cat litter perfume' in my fur and she sneezes.
34. I have two human brothers and it was the one with the funny facial fur who trod on me. Therefore I will not treat the other brother as if he were the criminal when he visits.
35. I know my human likes cats, but not when they climb up on her tummy and stare at her so when she wakes up she jumps causing me to land on the floor in a heap.
36. I know that I am a big black cat, and as such frighten my human's very superstitious aunt. I will not sit on top of the sofa and proceed to glare and growl at her for the duration of her visit.
37. I must not jump on my human sibling's head or push toys down on her from the bed head. By making her jump I am not saving her life.
38. I must not stalk my human as she lies in her bed just because she has turned out the light and stopped moving. She is not dead, just trying to sleep.
39. I must realize that some people are superstitious and that if they are attempting to shoo me away they don't want to play with me. (A solid black cat.)
40. I must remember that my human does not appreciate having to explain the small hickies that I leave on her neck to my male human.
41. I shall not adopt two families or else one of them will spend three days believing me drowned during a hurricane when the other family has shut me up for my own safety.
42. I shall not arrange for my identical twin to die on the front lawn, causing heart attacks when my human walks in for her tea.
43. I shall not, under any circumstances, come into to my human's room while she is on the computer and make her scream by placing my cold nose on her leg when she thinks she is alone. This only serves to get me yelled at and scares her.
44. I was cute sitting on my human's shoulders when I was a 1 kilo kitten, but now that I'm 9, and weighing in at 5.5 kilos, I will shred her flesh when I climb up.
45. I was named by my human's friend, Maggie. I do not have to pulverize my human for the name, as I was not named for the Rambo movies. (He should go after Maggs if he doesn't like it!)
46. I will accept the fact that since it is OK for me to give love bites to my humans that, at times, they feel the need to do the same thing back to me, and I should just stay still until they are done.
47. I will allow my human to groom me. It really does cut down on the discomfort of hair balls.
48. I will allow the human to get back to sleep after he goes to the bathroom.
49. I will be just as kind and cheerful to the humans who live in my house as I am to the occasional visitors. (Petey has this unconditional love for anyone who visits the house, and just tolerates those of us who live here.)
50. I will be more tolerant and patient of the humans' offspring.
51. I will be nice to the neighbour lady my humans asked to come take care of me while they were gone for Christmas. Especially since they were considerate enough to ask the lady without pets and not the one who has two nasty dogs.
52. I will continue to know exactly when my human needs cuddles and me to climb into her lap, and purr like mad because I know how much it soothes her.
53. I will keep my claws retracted when I knead my human's face.
54. I will leave my male human's head and hair alone. It's falling out fast enough without my help.

55. I will let my human comb my hair with out a hassle or hissing and slapping at her. She is only trying to help me get rid of some of my heavy long hair coat so when I shed, I do not get hairballs or intestinal blockage and have to go to the vet.
56. I will let my human have her throne (chair) back in front of the TV. (Fat chance.)
57. I will not "mark" my human's lap as my "territory", as it will result in a quick aerial trip across the room, followed by a close hug with your hands and feet dangling while my human takes me outside and puts me down then slams the door in my face. S/he will probably also close the cat door against me! (This happened to my cousin, whose cat is having difficulty adjusting to the presence of three new feline members of the household!)
58. I will not act incredibly friendly towards my human, and then swipe at her face as soon as it's close enough.
59. I will not act like a love-starved masher towards my male human, and then pointedly avoid my female; she feeds me too.
60. I will not act like a total snob when my human's cousin is trying to make friends with me after she just finished telling him what a "sweet kitty" I am.
61. I will not alter my local gravity so that my normal 10 pounds increases to *40* when I walk on the sleeping humans.
62. I will not ask to be (fed/petted/let out) when the humans are making whoopee.
63. I will not ask to be taken care of while the human(s) is otherwise occupied kissing.
64. I will not attack my female human's arm as it lies on the back of the couch, startling her and causing her to whack her husband on the back of the head.
65. I will not attack my human's boyfriend, just because he scooted me over to be closer to her.
66. I will not attack my human's ear just because she put me on a diet.
67. I will not attack my humans' feet while they're making whoopee.
68. I will not attack my human's foot when it has blisters on it from wearing uncomfortable shoes.
69. I will not attack my human's hand while she is petting me. This only serves to make her stop petting me.
70. I will not attack my human's legs while she is having a conversation with a distraught friend and walking back and forth across the deck. She is not challenging me to a duel. This not only frightens her, but causes her friend on the phone undue stress.
71. I will not attack the hand of any human that is trying to pet me.
72. I will not attack the land lady, even though my human thinks its funny.
73. I will not balance my 25 pound body on my human's full bladder.
74. I will not bat at my male human's family jewels while he is engaged in the act of mating with my female human, no matter how tempting the danglies are. My humans get mad and I might get free flying lessons.
75. I will not be miffed at my human all day and then kiss her on the nose at 2:00 a.m. to tell her that she is forgiven and can now pet me. (My male cat has pulled this on me on several occasions.)
76. I will not beg to be picked up by stretching to my full length and digging my extended claws into my human's leg when she is still sore from working out.
77. I will not beg to be picked up for 30 minutes straight when my human is working on the computer then growl/hiss at her to show my disapproval for taking so long.
78. I will not bite any human hand that tries to pick me up.
79. I will not bite guests' toes.
80. I will not bite my human even when she insists on playing "this little piggy" with my paws.
81. I will NOT bite my human on the arm just because she won't sit back, rub my face and let me climb on her.
82. I will not bite my human on the neck. This is a good way to get bitten back.
83. I will not bite my human when she is brushing my fur.
84. I will not bite my human whenever she tries to sing with her Alanis Morrissette record.
85. I will not bite my human, no matter how much I despise him.
86. I will not bite my human's feet when she is using the computer.
87. I will not bite my human's foot through the duvet.
88. I will not bite my human's mother's hair. There is no food in there, though it does smell nice.
89. I will not bite my human's wrist when she tries to rescue me at 7:15 am (or any time) after I awaken her with my screaming because I am dangling by my back paw from her kitchen mini-blinds because I can NOT go around them but have to go through them! (My cat Tanny did this to me in June! I ended up in the ER getting intravenous antibiotics and had to go on a 10 day regimen of Augmentin. I couldn't type and I type for a living, so I ended up missing work. The worst part is that I was getting on a plane to see my boyfriend at 6 a.m. the next morning! The infection she gave me made for a great trip. And she wasn't even a year old yet!)
90. I will not bomb the human from a 7-foot height in the Jacarada tree. Nor will I use this prime position to jump on the roof of the aviary in an attempt to get to the nice, tasty budgies within (Vinnie has left three large, cat-shaped holes in the aviary roof. I wonder if he realized that we had lined the roof with chicken wire...)
91. I will not bother my human when she's practising her suture patterns.
92. I will not bring June bugs into the house from the porch, climb up onto my human's lap, and the proceed to let them go to tumble, buzzing excitingly, into the crevice of her crotch. I will most definitely not then try to help by fishing around in there with my little paw, claws extended to full length.
93. I will not chase the child down the hallway on my hind legs, trying to get my claws into his clothes. He screams too loud.
94. I will not chew on another human's wrist.
95. I will not choose the persnickety, neatly tailored, black pants wearing flooring salesman to be the first human (other than immediate family) to ever show any affection for by rubbing my beautiful white coat all up and down his leg, especially not after

- he turned up his nose and gingerly pushed my litter box aside with the tip of his expensive shoe in order to measure the floor.
96. I will not claw my human's knuckles, creating wounds that will not close right before she has to go to the dark room (developer stings!).
 97. I will not climb inside the trousers of my human's boss while he is wearing them. (My relatively new kitten was exploring my office and decided to see what was up my boss's trousers while he was talking on the phone. He couldn't swat it because he doesn't like the sight of his own blood. His voice got higher and higher as the kitten did. Luckily she came down of her own accord. She has outgrown this behaviour -- she is now a lean 13.5 lbs and won't fit.)
 98. I will not climb my human's legs when my brother is getting a ride on her shoulders. Nobody wins and I have to go to my room.
 99. I will not climb on the two younger humans when they lie on the floor. I will especially not climb in their jumper, nestle in their armpit and head-butt them in a deranged request for love.
 100. I will not climb up my human's bare leg using my claws in an attempt to get onto the table to see what she is eating.
 101. I will not climb up to the peak of the two story roof and fall off while my human is painting her room, sending her down the stairs screaming, rushing outside in shorts and a tank top into ten-below, snowing conditions, and when she sees me, I will not run away from her, climbing up a tree, only to perform this suicidal act as soon as my human's mother has just got her calmed down.
 102. I will not crawl up onto my human's lap, purring contentedly, and then bite her in the arm because I do not like the fact that she is typing. I understand that my human frequently works from home and there is a relationship between typing and cat food.
 103. I will not curl up on my human's boyfriend's lap and purr when he pets me, then bite him hard enough to draw blood.
 104. I will not decide to visit the students at the nearby university. They are freaked out when they come into their kitchen to see a cat, especially when all the doors and windows are shut. (We still don't know how she got in.)
 105. I will not demonstrate my dislike of my human's boyfriend by leaping from the windowsill onto his "family jewels" while he's asleep. (Note - he's now an ex-boyfriend...)
 106. I will not diarrhoea poop all over the little human when she picks me up.
 107. I will not dive bomb my female human with claws extended simply because she is wearing a full skirt or baggy pants.
 108. I will not eat my human's toes.
 109. I will not eat the flowers my human's date brought, and then hork them back up again five minutes later on said date's shoes.
 110. I will not exploit my human's addiction to nicotine in order to make more frequent visits outside.
 111. I will not fight my human when she is trying to brush me. I understand that removing my hair for me is a doing me a favour, and the human does not appreciate it when I attack the brush and hit her hand instead.
 112. I will not fly around the room at head height and land on the back of my human's office chair, knocking the chair over and my human onto the floor.
 113. I will not follow my human around the house and bite her legs.
 114. I will not follow my human into the closet in the morning. She can dress herself.
 115. I will not free climb up someone's leg/body just so I can say hello. I can ask to be picked up. (Polite requests are almost always honoured.)
 116. I will not frighten my human by staring at things. I can see things humans can't, and it creeps her out.
 117. I will not get in a contest with my brother to prove who loves our human more by getting closest to her face while she sleeps.
 118. I will not get into the middle of intimate moments between my human and her boyfriend.
 119. I will not get mad and run when my human accidentally steps on me. It is not her fault when I am wrapping myself around her ankles when she's walking.
 120. I will not get under the couch and bite my human's guest's ankles when they are sitting down.
 121. I will not give my human death-glances when my human pulls fur knots out of my butt. I am fat and can't reach my back and butt, so my human has to help. My human doesn't really mean to laugh so hard.
 122. I will not go for my human child's eyes, even if she is my rival, as this causes me to be drop-kicked down the stairs and chased out the door while the human child wails in fear.
 123. I will not go into a frenzy when my human removes me from a windowsill to close the window during a storm, puffing up to three times my natural size and removing small chunks of skin from her toe as I run across her foot to escape.
 124. I will not go lick, lick, lick, *chomp* on the human's chin, especially when he is trying to sleep.
 125. I will not grab my human's hand when he is done petting me. This makes my human not want to pet me, since I use my claws.
 126. I will not gripe or sulk when the humans get back from vacation just to make them feel bad for being gone.
 127. I will not groom guests until their hair and face are completely soaked in kitty saliva. They might say it's okay, but notice they haven't come back, right?
 128. I will not groom the back of my human's neck.
 129. I will not growl at every maintenance man (or other person) that approaches the door.
 130. I will not growl when my human is petting me. I should purr.
 131. I will not harass the visiting salesman (deathly afraid of cats) by showing my long nails while sitting in front of him on the showroom table (a place I'm not allowed to sit) when my human leaves the room to get a purchase order.
 132. I will not hate my human's 26-year-old son and his girlfriend with every fibre of my being. Furthermore, I will not punish my human or my sister with the silent treatment for 2 days after he visits. After all, if it weren't for him, I would not have found my human.
 133. I will not have a "Bite and Run" with my human's little humans. I know that I should not bite them, but they make it so easy by being that close to the ground at all times. I know that the smallest human usually retaliates by dragging me around the house by

- my hind legs. I am too BIG for her to carry normally.
134. I will not have a total hissy fit and bite my human's hand and give her blood poisoning and cost us \$500 in vet bills and in bills to take care of my human!
 135. I will not head-butt humans so hard that it makes them dizzy.
 136. I will not hide in a drop ceiling and jump on my human mother's head. I shouldn't be up there at all. (He crawled up a bookcase and pushed a panel back. All but one of my cats are multi-toed, and they seem twice as smart as normal...)
 137. I will not hide under the couch and attack people's ankles.
 138. I will not hiss and growl at every new person my humans introduce me to. I am not a watchdog and therefore don't have to protect my humans and their possessions.
 139. I will not hiss at every man that I come in contact with. (Kittly does this no matter who the man is. We think for some reason she doesn't like men but can't figure out why.)
 140. I will not hiss at my human when she makes fun of my funny coloured butt. If I'm stupid enough to sit in her paints, I'm bold enough to endure her jeers.
 141. I will not hiss at my human when she walks by. It gets me scolded.
 142. I will not hiss at my human's father when he is nice enough to clean my litter box and feed me while my human is away.
 143. I will not hiss at the mail carrier.
 144. I will not hold a grudge against my human for abandoning me to go to college.
 145. I will not hunt the human's children, nor will I wish their deaths. The human's children pet and love me even if the male does try to ride me like a toy horse and amuse himself with pantyhosing my head. All right, I will not hunt the human's female children.
 146. I will not hurl myself from the windowsill onto my human's tummy when she's trying to sleep, especially when she's just had an emergency appendectomy.
 147. I will not insist on being held like a teddy bear while I suck on my human's shoulder.
 148. I will not intentionally lean my entire 16 pounds on one paw that is planted on a sensitive part of my human's anatomy. My human does not intentionally damage my toys, I should not intentionally damage hers." (I've seen Felix paw around to *find* the part in question before he steps.)
 149. I will not jump from the dresser onto my human's pregnant belly to get to the dish of ice cream that my human is eating, even though her belly is the highest spot on the bed. I will also not show my face in the same room for the next hour until she is over her distress.
 150. I will not jump into the human's lap, and then see how far I can get the tip of my tail up his nose.
 151. I will not jump into the neighbours' open window when they are not home and then stare blankly at my human as she screams at me to come out.
 152. I will not jump on my human's back while she is standing bent over in a yoga position.
 153. I will not jump on my human's lap while my brother is there and proceed to engage him in a no-holds barred cat fight.
 154. I will not jump on my human's shoulders and bite his neck. I am not Vampire Kitty. (He got a quick flying lesson out the door...)
 155. I will not jump onto my human's back while he and my other human are making whoopee, miss the airbrakes, and leave red skid marks across his backside as I fall off and go face first off the bed. (Needless to say, that cat no longer bothers us. He was scared enough by the screech and landing face first on the floor between bed and wall. He's fourteen and I wonder why we let him live that long.)
 156. I will not jump onto my human's stomach when he is taking a nap and spit a foam ball in his face to encourage him to play fetch with me.
 157. I will not jump up and bounce off of innocent people's thighs when they are walking through the dining room, even if the 3 metre run up is really fun.
 158. I will not jump up from a cat-nap in the storage closet just as my human is stepping across me to reach a new roll of paper towels, so that she has to twist to avoid stepping on me and jams her bare foot into the leg of her easel in the corner, breaking her toe.
 159. I will not jump up on my human's lap and drool all over her arm. (I was doing home work and I thought that it was Sky under the table and not Striypier so I patted my lap and Striypier hopped on and started drooling all over my arm. Every time I tried dumping him off me he sunk his claws into me).
 160. I will not kick my human in the face, pull her hair, or bite her toes at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning. Nor will I do this to her new boyfriend the first night he stays with us.
 161. I will not knead my female human's breasts while she is in bed, then look straight into her eyes as I am boring holes in her ribs with my bony legs. I will, in addition, never decide that my human's thighbone is a balance beam and let my weighty body roll her skin from side to side, actually causing a black-and-blue-mark.
 162. I will not knead my human's crotch.
 163. I will not knead my human's jumper just because it smells of her perfume.
 164. I will not leap from great heights on to my seated human's genital region.
 165. I will not leap on my human to try to suck her hair.
 166. I will not leap on my human's back and engage docking clamps, especially when she is painting.
 167. I will not leap onto visiting grandmother's shoulders by catapulting myself from the back of a chair after getting a running start from across the room. (Yes, my cat actually performed this circus stunt, almost sending my grandmother into coronary care.)
 168. I will not lick my human's skin cleanser off.
 169. I will not lick or nibble my human's cheek when I want to be fed in the morning.

170. I will not lick the Oil of Olay off of my human's face. She has it there for a reason.
171. I will not lick the papaya conditioner out of my human's hair.
172. I will not lie directly on my human's bladder to wake her up at 3:30 a.m. on a Saturday.
173. I will not lie next to my human's ear and purr as loudly as I can to show my devotion.
174. I will not lose a baby fang in my new human's arm.
175. I will not lunge for my human's face with out giving fair warning that I do not want to snuggle anymore.
176. I will not make my feet smaller, so that they gore the human when I'm standing on his chest/belly.
177. I will not make my human sit in my food dish.
178. I will not make plays for attention while the adult male and female human are doing whatever the heck they do on the bed. They will be happy to allow me back on the bed when they finish. (However, I am expected to bother the teenage human as much as possible when the adult humans are away and he and his girlfriend seem to do the same sort of thing on the couch or his bed, and if possible alert the adult humans to this.)
179. I will not massage my human's hair from the top of her recliner every time she shampoos it (the hair).
180. I will not meow at the nice delivery people to open the door for me. While they are nice people and will do as I wish, they have no idea that I am an indoor cat.
181. I will not move my eyes so that I am looking one way while my head is pointed in another. Most cats can't do this, and it creeps out my human.
182. I will not nibble affectionately on my human's ear in the morning, making her wake up suddenly and violently with a profound case of the giggles.
183. I will not nip or swat the neighbours' little rugrats when they play nicely with me, even when they start to bore me. This embarrasses my human, especially when the brats' parents are present.
184. I will not open the crawl space behind the bathtub after my human moves into a new apartment and manage to get down into the locker of a neighbour who just had left for Italy and would not be back for a month. I will not watch calmly as she tries for two hours to get me out of the locker, then go upstairs and grab a hammer and start for the basement stairs only to see me come prancing out with a smug expression on my face, my white fur filthy and filled with spider webs. (That'll teach her to move without asking my permission!)
185. I will not open the window coverings and cause the unclothed human to flash his/her neighbours. (The little scamp likes to play on the window sill with the vertical blinds and has done this to me.)
186. I will not paw a human to pick me up and love me, then growl at her when she tries to put me down.
187. I will not pee on my human's boyfriend's wallet when they have an argument. Especially if they have already made up.
188. I will not perform impromptu plastic surgery with my claws upon my human's face.
189. I will not pretend I can't hear my human calling me when she can see me from where she is standing, especially when it is pouring rain and she is getting drenched on my account.
190. I will not push up the ceiling tiles and walk through the ceiling into the house next door. If I do this, I will not fall through the neighbour's ceiling at 7:00 on a Sunday morning and land on his newspaper, nearly giving him a heart attack.
191. I will not purr and nudge my human awake at 6:00 a.m. every day. She feeds me at 9:00 and does not need 3 hours notice and reminders. I will definitely not do this when she is having a bad dream, as it may result in a flying lesson for me and a gash on her hand from a flailing claw, which will make her even less likely to feed me early.
192. I will not put kitty litter in my human's hair.
193. I will not put my hind quarters in my male human's face. He's not a boy cat and truly has no interest.
194. I will not put my rear end in my human's face when I am walking on the arm of the chair she is sitting in, and I will also refrain from trying to put my tail in her mouth. Cat etiquette recognizes this as polite, but humans have other ideas.
195. I will not race past my human at the speed of light between her feet when she attempts to ascend/descend the stairs, thereby causing her to trip and either slam into the wall or hang onto the handrail for dear life. I will not sit smugly at the bottom/top of the stairs with an "I beat you!" look on my face either.
196. I will not rearrange my human's hair when she sleeps, making her look like an even more scary hag and making her frighten herself when she gets up in the morning and crosses in front of the mirror.
197. I will not release static electricity by touching my tail to the back of my human's knee.
198. I will not remind my human about the size of her butt by jumping on it and settling as though it is a comfortable piece of furniture when she is sitting chatting to a friend on the phone. (The cat involved weighs six kilograms and is quite large - talk about a hint to lose weight.)
199. I will not run along in front of my human and then come to a dead STOP in front of her, making her nearly trip and squish me flat, *especially* after I've awakened her at some ungodly hour demanding to be fed.
200. I will not run from my human as soon as she comes back from vacation, just because I don't remember her with red hair with black streaks, cut short with rings on each finger.
201. I will not run under my human's feet and almost land her on her face as she walks through the living room.
202. I will not rush out from behind the couch all of a sudden and bury my claws in my human's leg.
203. I will not scare the bejeebers out of my neighbour by jumping off of her roof onto her deck (only a few feet) in full view of a window when she doesn't know I'm on the roof.
204. I will not scratch the children of lawyers, no matter how much they chase me or how hard they pull my tail.
205. I will not shake my head wildly and run away when my human comes towards me.

206. I will not sharpen my clawless paws on my humans' butts.
207. I will not sharpen my claws on my human.
208. I will not show affection by attacking my human so viciously it would seem I consider her prey; it scares her half to death.
209. I will not sink my new, sharp teeth into my human's flesh as a sign of affection; the scabs don't match her new bikini.
210. I will not sit inches away from my human's face and stare at her so that she will scream when she opens her eyes.
211. I will not sit like a statue at the end of the bed, purring innocently, while giving my human my best death look. She finds this rather unnerving.
212. I will not sit on top of my human's new husband's head during breakfast on the first day home from the honeymoon.
213. I will not slap my human (Pumpnickel did this once. I picked her up and she "slapped" me with her paw).
214. I will not sleep on grandpa's chest and then sneeze in his face to wake him up. (My Birman with allergies did this to my father.)
215. I will not snap the underwear of my human when he is getting dressed and is not paying attention to me.
216. I will not sneak out of the house and make my human go outdoors in her nightgown during Hurricane Hugo to look for me.
217. I will not sneak outside when I *know* I'm an inside cat, causing my human to chase me and fall into the pool when she's only dressed in a nightgown.
218. I will not sneak up behind my human and try to push her over. Human tipping is against the law.
219. I will not sneak up behind my human so that when he turns around he either trips or twists his ankle when trying to avoid stepping on me.
220. I will not sneak up on my human's guests, cry pitifully, and then jump into the air, at eye level with them, and expect to be caught on the way down.
221. I will not sniff my human or my human's underwear and make a goofy disgusted face.
222. I will not snub my entire family and then pounce on the visitor and act like it's my long lost friend. I'm neither abused nor neglected.
223. I will not snuggle, cuddle, and adore my human and then suddenly try to bite him (several times) when he has done nothing to deserve it. (Dizz has pulled this one on me on several occasions.)
224. I will not squirm and run right up my human's face just because the tap's running.
225. I will not stalk my human when she is taking her vitamins because her vitamins rattling in the bottle sound the same as my "snacks".
226. I will not stare at my human's mother while she eats. She isn't the one who feeds me.
227. I will not stare at the humans while they are making whoopee.
228. I will not startle my human's insomniac friend by sitting right beside him during DnD (Dungeons and Dragons) nights. While it is hilarious when he spazzes out and trips over himself while doing a stupid sort of hop-jump to avoid hitting me, we do not want him to hurt himself. Even if the entire room starts laughing hysterically.
229. I will not step on the scales at the same time as my human, causing her to shriek "I've put on 2.5 kilos in a week!"
230. I will not stick my head into my human's mouth to see where all the noise is coming from.
231. I will not stick my head up my human's skirt or between her legs when she's sleeping. It makes me look like a pervert and freaks both my human and her parents out. (Yes, my cat does this.)
232. I will not stick my paw into my human's mouth while she's sleeping.
233. I will not swat my Mom on the leg any time I do not get my way or am mad because it is raining/snowing outside. After all, she does not control the weather (at least that is what she claims.)
234. I will not take advantage of my human's cataplexy (sudden loss of muscle tone with full mental awareness throughout) to do whatever I want until she can move again. I am a service cat. I am supposed to *help* her, not infuriate her.
235. I will not tell my human I don't want her talking while she pets me by putting my paw on her mouth.
236. I will not terrorize the guest who is staying at my human's house to baby sit me while the humans are gone.
237. I will not throw a hissy fit when my humans friend picks me up and tries to cuddle me.
238. I will not trip my human again, or she will make mitts out of me.
239. I will not try to bite off my human mom's finger when she is scolding me.
240. I will not try to French kiss my human. (My kitten has yet to differentiate between smelling someone's breath and trying to lick his/her mouth. Gross.)
241. I will not try to kick my female human out of the computer chair just because it's a comfy spot to take a nap. There's a big comfy bed not two feet away from that chair.
242. I will not try to knead my human's pants when sitting on her lap...when she doesn't have pants on.
243. I will not try to play with my human when she is scolding me.
244. I will not try to tear my human's arm off when she picks me up.
245. I will not turn around and bite my human after being petted for 2 hours.
246. I will not use my human as a springboard to get to the cat on the top of the couch directly behind her - no matter how loud the cat is yelling at me to "bring it on".
247. I will not use my human to hide behind in hide and seek.
248. I will not use my human's chest as a launch pad to the top of the couch, or when I spring up from her lap because something frightens me. (I had 8 gouges from toenails in my cleavage when Raven did a "turn & burn" on my chest when a car backfired outside and scared the hell out of him.)
249. I will not use my human's head to pull myself up from between the bed and the wall. Forehead skin doesn't provide very good claw

traction.

250. I will not use my human's stomach as a launching pad.
251. I will not use my human's stomach as a trampoline.
252. I will not wage full scale war on my human's head at 3 a.m. (or 4 a.m. or 5 a.m...), when she is obviously asleep.
253. I will not walk away when my human whistles at me, although I used to walk towards her.
254. I will not wedge myself between my human and her boyfriend when they are in bed and then dig my claws into her boyfriend's abdomen and pretend to be just stretching. It's OK for my human to share her bed with someone besides me.
255. I will not yowl and chomp on my human's thumb when she talks back to the cable company's phone menu and I realize she's not talking to me (against the "rules" in the cat's book).
256. I will not zip out the front door when the delivery man comes and the house guest answers the door, and then is forced to run all over the neighbourhood chasing the 'cat on the run' in her house coat.
257. I will play with the humans when they want, not when I want.
258. I will realize that I am not always right and that possibly my human is.
259. I will refrain from wandering into the house and not telling the humans I've decided to live with that I'm moving in. If I must do this, I will show them my face BEFORE 1 a.m. and my female human thinks my male human is nuts when he wakes her up to ask when they got a white cat. (Persephone probably sneaked in when the dogs came in for the last time at night and we didn't see her until 1 a.m.)
260. I will remember that even though my human's balls look like toys, he doesn't like it when I play with them.
261. I will remember that there are five other throw pillows on the couch and will not demand the one my human is napping on. (My Velvet does this every day, and irate Siamese howling can wake anyone up.)
262. I will remember that two people "playing" together in bed do not necessarily want another playmate, and will not appreciate getting their toes bitten.
263. I will remember to retract my claws *before* batting my human's eyelashes.
264. I will stop clawing my human when her sister says she's going to their brother's house. I will realize that most of the time my human's sister is lying because she finds it funny.
265. I will stop thwacking at my human's ankles as she walks past me and I will especially keep my claws retracted if I am not able to fulfill the first half of this statement.
266. I will stop unbuttoning mom's blouse with my teeth. Particularly in front of guests.
267. I will try to adjust to the change back to Standard Time quickly. My human wants to get up at 7:45 a.m., not 6:45. She will never be a morning person.
268. I will try not to snore/twitch while sleeping on my human's laps (Burrito snores and Taco twitches).
269. I will under no circumstance pick out the guest that hates me the most or the guest that is allergic to me to have a good snuggle with.
270. If a member of my family or anyone else is nice enough to pet me when I request it, I will not suddenly bite the hell out of them and thump their arm with my hind feet like a kangaroo when I decide that I don't want to be petted any longer.
271. If I dart between my human's legs and he accidentally kicks me, I will remember that he didn't do it on purpose and not glower at him.
272. If I get riled up from being petted, I will politely excuse myself from the love session and go attack my littermate, not the human's hand.
273. If I jump on my human's sensitive bits then leap (hard) off of them to land claws out on his girl person's chest, I will not yowl in surprise when I'm kicked out.
274. If I meow at the baby and ask her to pet me, I will not act mortified when she grabs my fur.
275. If I must claw my human, I will not do it in such a fashion that the scars resemble a botched suicide attempt.
276. If I must give a present to my humans' overnight guests, my toy mouse is much more socially acceptable than a live cockroach, even if it isn't as tasty.
277. If I must go into my human's parents' room, I will leave the room immediately when my teen human finds me, since she is just saving me from getting into trouble.
278. If I sit in someone's lap, it is not unreasonable to expect that the someone will think it's all right to pet me. I will not attempt to kill the someone. (We think she's improving slightly.)
279. If I slug my human and then sit around looking pleased with myself as she ices her black eye (it lasted two weeks), I will understand when she threatens to sell me for parts.
280. If I'm going to knead my paws (not claws!) on my human, the least I can do is knead on her shoulders so I'll double as a masseuse.
281. If my human has company, I will not jump on the dining room table and stick my face in the food immediately after using the litter pan/licking my rear. This behaviour does not help convince squeamish humans that cats are clean animals.
282. If one of the humans takes pity on me after I get my bath and let me snuggle in close to them while they read the paper and cover me with a blanket, I will not expect this every time they sit down to read the paper. (Now Skye as well as Baghera decide that they can read the paper too. So Baghera will sit on the paper and Skye will snuggle in as close as he can get!)
283. If the female human gets one of her rare urges to pet me, I will accept it. I will not run in terror or attack her. It is not her fault that she always ends up disciplining me, because the male human is a wuss.
284. If the house guest is looking for me, I will not follow her silently from room to room until she's sure I have escaped and been run over.

285. If the human slaves wish to play with my Manxy tail, I will allow it for at least a short period of time before attacking them. They let me play with their hair, so I should allow them the same.
286. In the future, I will not run full speed across the dining room and kitchen and up my human's back while she's doing dishes at the kitchen sink so I can sit on her shoulder and look at myself in the mirror (she tends to drop and break dishes when I do this).
287. It is an inappropriate display of my personal opinion to bite my human's ex-wife. (So why was my human smiling when I got yelled at???)
288. It is impolite to move in with my human's ex-boyfriend.
289. It is very impolite to jump on the bed when my female human is making whoopee with her male human friend, and to meow and paw in an attempt to separate the humans. My human understands that I want her to myself, but she is entitled to occasional companionship from members of her own species.
290. It makes my human look dumber than she really is when she tells company how smart and sweet I am, and all I do while they're here is talk to myself, lick my butt and attack her head.
291. It was my previous humans that had my claws removed, not my current. Therefore, when my hind claws need clipping, I will not treat my current owners as though they have plans to tear the claws out by the roots.
292. It's very nice to have a cuddle with my human when she's at home and lets me lie in her bed with her in the mornings. This is a privilege not a right, so I will stop kneading her bosom with my claws if I know what's good for me.
293. Just because I love my humans, I should not lick them for hours on end with my little raspy, sandpaper tongue.
294. Just because I see a human eye open during a nap/bedtime does not give me license to lay on his/her head, purr like mad, lick/bite their hair, and make a nuisance of myself.
295. Just because my human bends over does not mean he wants me to jump on his back.
296. Just because my human is lying on top of her boyfriend on the sofa, it doesn't mean I can lie on top of her at the same time.
297. Just because my human's (only and older) sister is shorter than she is does not give me the right to use her head to jump for my human's shoulders.
298. Just because someone wants to stroke me does not mean they are axe-murdering, sheep-stealing cannibals.
299. Just because the neighbour's cat rolls over onto his back does not mean that he wants his belly scratched. In fact, he will most likely be the one doing the scratching if I try anything funny.
300. Kneading my human's back is good. Kneading my human's privates is not.
301. Legs are not scratching posts. Bare legs are not ultra-deluxe catnip-scented super-inviting scratching posts.
302. My human can groom his moustache all by himself. He doesn't need Liver-Treat scented kitty spit to make it stay in place. Especially when he's sound asleep.
303. My human did not give birth to me, so trying to nurse on him will only make him laugh at me. My human is a *male* human.
304. My human did not want to have me neutered, and I will not take it out on him by trying to neuter him back.
305. My human does not grab my hair and swing off of it, so I will not do it to her. I most especially will not go psycho when she shoves me off the couch upon doing it.
306. My human does not hang enticingly shiny things from her ears in order that I may have something to chase.
307. My human does not need me to precede her wherever she goes in the house. This will only cause her to lose her balance trying to avoid stepping on me. If I do get stepped on, I will not be hateful and take vengeance, as I brought it upon myself.
308. My human has to practice his guitar and his bass since he is a musician. I will NOT run away as if he is torturing me when he is jamming or practising.
309. My human is capable of grooming himself. There is no need for me to, especially when he is trying to sleep.
310. My human is not a cat highway. I will not walk across her to reach the other human to mooch goodies. Alternatively, if I want to get to my human at night, I will not tiptoe all the way along the edge of her side of the bed and across her head to reach him.
311. My human is not a jungle gym.
312. My human is not an acceptable surface to do my "turn and burns" off of when I'm in my "bouncing off the walls" mood.
313. My human is permitted to move his feet under the blanket without my pouncing on them.
314. My human is very ticklish, I will not get offended when she collapses, laughing, as I lick her leg. I'm the one causing it.
315. My human loves me, but does not like to breathe through my fur.
316. My human pets me. I do not pet my human.
317. My human thinks it's sweet that I use my paws to pet her the same way she uses her hands to pet me. But she will enjoy it more if I keep my claws in.
318. My humans are quite able to look after their children. I will not scold them whenever one of the little ones cries.
319. My human's back is not a bed, therefore, I will not sleep on it, nor is it a litter box, so I will not poop on it.
320. My human's boyfriend is not the same person as my human's brother; I do not need to run from the former every time he visits because I mistake him for the latter. Especially since I HAVE seen them together in the same room. (I've been told they look similar...)
321. My human's breasts are not pillows that need fluffing.
322. My humans' cocktail parties are not enhanced by my hiding behind table legs and attacking guests' ankles.
323. My human's eyelids are not toys to kill when they move -- like when he is waking up.
324. My human's fiancé does not need his beard groomed.
325. My human's finger is not a teething ring.
326. My human's glasses are not toys. I will not come up behind her while she is in my arm chair and very carefully wrap my teeth

- around the hinge on her glasses and pull them off her face.
327. My human's hair is not dental floss.
 328. My human's hand is not a chew toy.
 329. My humans have no fur. They don't think it's very nice when I bite them just a little to show my appreciation.
 330. My human's head is not my personal springboard.
 331. My human's legs and the movie room sofa are not props for guerrilla warfare. I will not hide under the sofa only to leap out suddenly and scratch the unsuspecting leg.
 332. My humans' making whoopee is *not* an invitation for me to jump onto my human's back for an exhilarating round of "Kitty Cat Rodeo".
 333. My human's mother is allergic to us. We will therefore not insist on her attention *only* when she visits.
 334. My human's mother is a very nice person and is more than willing to spoil me when I come to visit. Therefore, I will not diss her and try to make friends with the human's father, who hates cats.
 335. My human's niece is not my property. Other humans and cats are allowed to go near her.
 336. My human's privates and my springy cat toy are not interchangeable.
 337. My human's sister does not like me. I should leave her alone.
 338. My human's skin condition, which makes her skin (especially on her hands) very sore, is not helped by my turning into psycho cat when I am being petted.
 339. My human's stomach is neither a launch pad nor a landing strip.
 340. My male human's morning "problem" is NOT a bed mouse and does not need to be pounced on.
 341. My sister has long hair. She likes it and I like it too but I shouldn't try to snuggle in or hide in it.
 342. Never again will I sharpen my claws on my human's butt.
 343. Next time the human's mother visits from England, I will not crawl into her bed, just as she's falling asleep, and bite her butt.
 344. On Thanksgiving Day and other holidays, it is really not necessary for me to claw and hiss at every guest who tries to pet me (my sister and brother-in-law's cat; actually a nice cat, but she doesn't accept strangers easily).
 345. Oozing into my human's lap is always noticed, no matter how slowly I do it.
 346. Our human really can recognize us without sniffing our butts. We will not make her sniff them EVERY SINGLE DAY. (I pretend to sniff, but they know that I'm faking it!)
 347. Regardless how tasty the skin is, I will not bite. I will not bite. I will not bite.
 348. Running up the stairs to get away from the baby will only increase her determination to learn how to climb them.
 349. Sniffing my humans' privates while they are making whoopee is dangerous.
 350. Sticking my head into my human's mouth while she yawns does not endear me to her, especially if I leave a hair in there.
 351. Taking flying leaps to land onto surgery wounds is BAD and I shouldn't immediately present myself to my human's face when he yells at me for it.
 352. The cute guy that visits is my human's boyfriend, NOT MINE; I will discontinue my unwanted advances toward his leg.
 353. The doctor on a house call does not need assistance. His bag is not the perfect hiding place.
 354. The face belonging to my human's mother is not a good pillow. She makes weird noises and my human says she's allergic to me.
 355. The female human has no power over how long the male human is gone. Bringing her his dirty shirts and shoes and growling at her will not make him come home any sooner.
 356. The female human is well aware of the fact that I adore the male human beyond all reason, tolerate her, and actively hate the rest of the world. This does not mean that I get to bite her when I feel like it, though. She feeds me and changes my litter box.
 357. The human doesn't bite my whiskers, so I won't bite his beard.
 358. The human lying down in the bed at night is the same human who walks around the house during the day. He is not dangerous just because he is vertical.
 359. The landlord is not a tree and I will not climb him.
 360. The male human is not my property. I won't swipe at anyone who tries to cuddle him, including the female human.
 361. The male human will sometimes go away on business. It is not the female human's fault, and so she does not deserve to be punished with growls, glares, and bites whenever she tries to pet me. She misses him too.
 362. The pillow on the bed belongs to my human. I am not supposed to cuddle around her head and slowly push her head off the pillow while she is sleeping.
 363. The top of the refrigerator does not exist so that I may get on my human's shoulders more easily.
 364. The wonderful hair coming on the visitor's head is not something to be pinned down and played with while the human visitor is still attached. There's a reason my human always keeps her hair pinned up around me.
 365. They're not aliens or demons from Hell. They are toddlers. And if I don't like seeing them visit my humans, I should hide in the bedroom, not follow the child around the house glaring at it and arousing its curiosity.
 366. Though I have no claws in front, I will remember I do have them in back, and can hurt my human if I try to climb her back while she's sitting at the table or desk.
 367. Toes are not prey.
 368. We don't need to hide under the bed while our human's boyfriend is watching sports on TV. Yes, he does make a lot of noise, but he likes us and will not throw us across the room if Ohio State, the Cavaliers, or the Browns lose.
 369. We will not defend our 'Mum' when the community nurse comes to change her dressings. The nurse is not out to get us or Mum. (My mother has this problem with one of her patient's cats.)

370. We will not hiss at or run away from our human when she comes home from college for a weekend or a holiday.
371. We will not use our humans as trampolines when we are chasing each other around the house.
372. We, along with the rabbits, will not assault mom's soon-to-be-ex (now is ex). Well, mom doesn't care that much.
373. When humans sit on the couch, they do not need to be held in place by the head with my teeth. (Buddy will jump up on the couch behind you, slip his paws down the side of your head, and bite the top of your scalp.)
374. When I am lying on the human's stomach I will not bite her when she tries to get up.
375. When I am reclining on my human, and she begins to sing, hum, or whistle, I promise I will no longer reach up and bite her on the chin to get her to stop (although, I have noticed that my human seems to do this on purpose at times to show visitors that she has a music critic for a cat).
376. When I am walking up to my human for attention, I will not stop just out of reach so that my human has to get off of the chair/couch to pet me.
377. When jumping onto a lap, I will not use claws.
378. When my (female) human has her boyfriend spend the night, and every other animal in the place loves him, I will not pee on him. He's not really a cat person and I don't sleep on the bed anyways. The kitty that sleeps in that spot doesn't mind him.
379. When my (female) human's new boyfriend stays over for the first time I will NOT climb under the duvet and secretly wee in the bed where they will be sleeping. (Explain that to your new man when you both inadvertently climb into a urine-soaked bed...)
380. When my human and her boyfriend become engaged, I will not lower myself to lunging at him every time I see him. She loves me; the new human to be may not love me so much if I'm keeping with the evil ideas.
381. When my human has a full mug of hot (coffee/tea/herbal tea) in her hand, that is not a good time to head-butt her hand in an effort to be petted.
382. When my human has guests over, I do not need to make a beeline for the only guest who is allergic to cats, jump in his lap, turn around, and wave my dander-laden tail under his nose.
383. When my human has had a long day and is having a lie down after feeding me I will not jump on her and try to drink her milk, acting cute won't help.
384. When my human has just had surgery, it is nice of me to lie with her. However, sometimes, she needs to get up and go to the bathroom. Also, when someone comes to change the gauze in her mouth, it is not my job to hiss and growl and make a nuisance of myself.
385. When my human has the flu she does not need me to lie on top of her and knead her stomach. This does not make her 'feel better'.
386. When my human has to leave me at auntie's until she gets an apartment and job, it is very bad form to rake auntie's face with claws when she's trying to comfort me, play with me, and give me attention and protection, three times in one day. Auntie is a kitty person, and will treat me with the dignity I think I have; and will not turn out to be an axe murderer. (I just love the four stitches I had to have; with my face ripped from cheekbone to chin--the cat just had her claws trimmed -- and the cat is still breathing, but I think it's face guard time.)
387. When my human invites her friends over, it is not for my benefit, it is for hers. They do not exist solely to pet and adore me.
388. When my human is cooking dinner and she hands me to her boyfriend in order to keep me out of her hair, I will not jump out of his arms and walk right back into the kitchen, getting underfoot. (Oliver did this one night.)
389. When my human is paying attention to the other cats I live with, and I'm ignoring them, I will not walk over to them and bite her hard enough to draw blood. I don't like attention.
390. When my human is very sick and has an IV tube in her arm, I will not pounce on it every time she moves.
391. When my human is writing, she doesn't need her neck massaged by a vibrating, purring kitty. And if she refuses to pay attention to me, it doesn't mean I should nibble on her hair.
392. When my human occasionally gives in and allows me to clean her hair for a few seconds, I promise I will not use my teeth as a comb to pull out any tangles (My human yelps when I do this).
393. When my human practices her belly-dancing, I will not bite her necessarily bare feet; she has tried practising in combat boots, but it doesn't quite work.
394. When my humans' 2-year-old grandnephew comes to visit, I do not need to run away from him. After all, he's not that much bigger than I am. However, it is wise to run away from the 3-year-old next door who pulls my tail.
395. When my humans are mating, I will not sit on the end of the bed watching them interestedly. Nor will I interrupt them with demands to be petted.
396. When my humans are trying to do the 'wild thing' I will not curl myself around my human's head and refuse to budge no matter how frantic the activities may get!
397. When my human's girlfriend is reaching for him under the covers, I will not pounce on the area she is reaching for from the top of the dresser.
398. When my human's neighbour is nice enough to let me come over, launching an unexpected, high speed attack at the side of her head from the book case is not a good way to say thank you.
399. When our idiot brother, the dog, tries to play with me, and our female human picks us up, I will recognize that she is trying protect and soothe me. I will not lacerate her stomach and hand, sending her to the emergency room for a tetanus shot, to which she is allergic.
400. When people walk past my garden while I'm sunbathing I should not growl at them and threaten to attack. I'm not a dog and must stop behaving like one.
401. When riding in a car (which I like to do), I will not stick my head out and meow at startled pedestrians.

402. When the arguments about my behaviour get so bad that my human decides one of us (fiancé or cat) must go, I will not prance about like I've won the lottery because I'm the man of the house again...
403. When the deranged neighbours come to my human's door and ask her if the dragon on the mailbox means she belongs to some satanic cult, I will refrain from jumping on her shoulder while she's trying to dissuade them from their delusions. Since I'm all black, very large and have expressive eyes, they just *might* view my shoulder-riding as proof of their worst suspicions.
404. When the fiancé comes in the door from work I will not be waiting at the top of the curtain which hangs from the front door. Furthermore I will not leap from the curtain and land on his head, scratching, spitting and trying to bite his ears off.
405. When the housekeeper comes to work, I will not attack her by taking a flying leap and latching onto her between the shoulder blades, all the while yowling and hissing. This only results in my being banished to the laundry room for the day, and it makes the housekeeper squeal and run. (My cat thinks she's a Rottweiler or a Dobie, and she's an expert attack cat. This is great if someone happens to breach our security system. However, it's not so great when friends, relatives, or service people come to call.)
406. When the new boyfriend becomes the fiancé and moves in with us, I will NOT stand on back of the sofa, balance my rear end just right and then urinate upon his head.
407. When visitors come over I will remember that visiting humans are not giant cat toys. I will not: a) Climb their legs like trees b) Steal their coats and try to hide them under the end table c) Steal pens out of female visitor's purses d) Kick their arms with my back feet until they bleed e) Play in their hair, no matter how interesting their shampoo or hairspray smells to me f) If the visitor is a small child, wrap my front legs around the said child's waist and bite said child's finger, scaring said child half to death (My cat Percival has, at one time or another, done all of the above)
408. While I may get away with grooming my human's eyebrows, she does not appreciate my grooming her hip-length hair, and is likely to laugh at me when it chokes me.
409. While licking the human's lips will wake her up effectively, it will *not* induce her to feed me.

--- Mess-Making ---

1. After my brother has overturned the basket of fake fruit onto the floor, and my human has picked it up, I will wait at least ten minutes before doing the exact same thing myself.
2. After my human's grandma finishes cleaning her house, I will not scratch up some styrofoam and trail it all through the house.
3. Although I find my black and white coat very attractive, I must remember that my humans sometimes like to wear black only and I don't need to add colour to all their clothes.
4. Being in heat does not give me permission to jump on the humans' beds and pee on the comforters (especially my human's roommate's \$250 down comforter). Repeatedly. Over the course of several days. Then using the sheets after the comforters have been taken away for washing.
5. Catnip toys do not **have** to be instantly opened to scatter catnip throughout the house.
6. Clean black shirts do not need my white hair on them. (My husband puts aluminum foil across the laundry baskets now.)
7. Dumping an entire pitcher on the human from the top shelf is NOT a good way to get her attention. (One of the cats at a shelter I work at did this; she got my attention all right.)
8. Even if it is adorable and very clever, I will not climb up the clothes horse like a jungle gym to lie across the top two rungs when there are clothes drying on it.
9. Flinging litter and poop out of the box because I dig excessively is not appropriate. If I must, I should clean up after myself.
10. Getting into the kitchen cabinets and removing all the items within will not make my human come home from work any faster.
11. I am a cat, not a pig or a horse. Therefore, I will stop rolling in the dirt every day to scratch my back and coming in the house just filthy.
12. I am allowed full reign over the house, and may sleep anywhere I wish. It is entirely feasible and proper for me to choose a place that isn't made of black wool. (Simon, who is quite capable of shedding an entire cat's worth of pure white fur in the course of one hour, loves to lay on anything black, preferably wool or velvet.)
13. I am not a bird, so I do not need to build a nest. I certainly don't need to hook clothing off of hangers in order to get "materials".
14. I am not a dog. When my human leaves the Sunday paper on the table it doesn't mean I have to jump up on there and pee on it.
15. I am not to spray on my human's record collection, unless I want to be neutered in a very painful way.
16. I can drink the water out of my dish, I do not need to throw it all over the floor, with my paw, first. This makes my human's socks wet, and I get in big trouble. (He does this every single day.)
17. I can keep more than half the litter in the pan. (I finally decided to really clean the food and litter areas today took me at least 15 minutes.)
18. I do not have to clean my litter box by myself when I think it's too full. My humans don't like to find poop everywhere on the floor.
19. I do not like globs of toothpaste on my head, so I will try not to jump into the bathroom sink when my human is brushing her teeth. I will remember that she doesn't like it when I try to wipe it off on her clothes that she has freshly ironed for work.
20. I do not need to gnaw the edges of the miniblinds off simply because I'm too lazy to move them aside when I want to peer out.
21. I do not need to push dry cat food over into my water dish and then refuse to eat it OR drink the food-laden water. (Our male cat, Tom, does this EVERY SINGLE NIGHT!)
22. I do not need to set a world record for the amount of black fur shed on the white bedspread.
23. I do not need to shed on every single book my human checks out from the library.
24. I do not need to splash all the water out of my dish so I can lick it up off the floor.
25. I do not need to tip over the garbage can in the kitchen to inspect the contents.

26. I promise I will not climb my human's new good drapes so that when the sun is shining you won't be able to see it through all those little claw holes running all the way to the top.
27. I promise never to come from the litter box with litter collected in my paws and sit on my human's newly folded laundry just because it is nice and warm.
28. I realize that I am a cat, not an interior decorator, and I will not rearrange the pictures on the walls, the knickknacks on the shelves or the silk flowers in the vases to suit my taste, regardless of my personal opinions. My human paid for them, it's her right to put them where she wants them.
29. I realize that when I succeed in removing the metal wall sculpture from over the bed, my human not will be as impressed with me as I am, especially when she is IN the bed.
30. I really don't need to knock over the clothes hamper every time my human leaves the closet door open.
31. I should not open drawers in the dresser if they are open an inch and proceed to pull out all of my male human's ties and spread them around the room, especially after my female human has just tidied everything. This will get my male human in trouble and she will not believe him when he tells her that the cat did it. (She did not find out the truth until a week later when I decided to open up another drawer in the middle of the night and pull the socks out of it.)
32. I shouldn't roll in my kitty litter.
33. I will accept that humans actually like drinking fermented fruit juices and I will not try to save them from drinking the noxious stuff by knocking over their glasses.
34. I will always check to make sure the cover on the fish tank is closed before I jump on top of it. I don't swim as well as the fish.
35. I will at least bury my mess in the litter box before tearing out of it and leaving my human to deal with the smell all morning or until it is buried, whichever comes first.
36. I will clean my paws before jumping on furniture.
37. I will eat over my dish and not leave bits of food on the place mat and carpet.
38. I will learn to run on 3 legs when there is food attached to a front paw to keep the yummy from leaving a gravy, messy trail on everything that is dry clean only.
39. I will never again pull every item out of my human's purse whenever she forgets to close the zipper, and then proceed to bat everything around the house all night so that when she gets up in the morning, she has to move ALL the furniture to find all the different places I've put her keys, wallet, change purse, gloves, makeup, checkbook, credit cards, driver's license, etc.
40. I will not allow myself to get so fat (because I push my sister out of the way to eat her wet food and I do nothing but "chow" all day long on dry food) that for Thanksgiving while my humans were away, I develop an infected anal pocket/fold and be unable to "complete and separate" poops in the basement, and smear stinky excrement all over the house on the white rug, making my human go out and spend \$150 on a Big Green Clean Machine to clean the carpets, exclusive of the \$100 mobile vet visit, the pill antibiotics that I was uncooperative with in "taking", and also having the vet "yell" at my human for allowing me to be so fat in the first place (Stoli was 16 lbs.--she is on a diet as we speak!). What a great pre-Christmas present...
41. I will not barf all over the main areas of foot traffic. I will instead do it outside.
42. I will not barf on the human's just completed and typed Ph.D. dissertation.
43. I will not bat a mandarin orange under the Christmas tree onto the heat vent, where my parents can't find it for a week and it ends up smelling like death.
44. I will not bat the dog's food out of the dish at 3 a.m. and then leave it somewhere for my human to step on in the morning (big dog food chunks- ouch!)
45. I will not bite the mini-blinds when no one is home just because there are birds in the trees outside that I can't get to. It is not the miniblinds' fault.
46. I will not burrow into the bag of Christmas presents, rip open three packages of home-made fudge, eat about half of the contents of each package, and then have diarrhea all over the house for two days.
47. I will not chew holes in the bottom of the new cat food bag when my food bowl is full.
48. I will not chew on every wicker basket I see.
49. I will not chew the corners off a new library book my human has left lying around. (The librarian didn't say a word when I returned it and it was still circulating in its nibbled state months later.)
50. I will not climb into the baskets of freshly washed laundry my human has just spent 3 hours at the laundromat cleaning. I know she is not trying to slight me by washing off my lovely hairs I carefully shed on *ALL* her clothes. I, therefore, will not then dig through and make sure that every article in each basket is covered again before I takes nap in there. (Pouncer thinks it's his duty to cover every piece of clothing I have, even those on hangers in the back of the closet.)
51. I will not climb into the cupboards so I can make the humans refold all of the towels and bed sheets.
52. I will not climb on top of the fridge and knock the magnets off the front.
53. I will not climb the macramé plant hangers. If my human loses a hoy, she'll throw me in a snowbank. Nor will I encourage the other cat to try it.
54. I will not come back with unidentifiable bones larger than I am.
55. I will not come cuddle with my human only after I have lain in mud and have it all over my belly where she won't notice until I get up. I also will not run from her to her parent's bedroom and lie on their brand new (and of course) light colored quilt.
56. I will not cover the windshield of the clean car with muddy paw marks.
57. I will not create a mess by picking up every toy from my toy crate and then depositing the unwanted toys all over the house until I reach the toy I want.

58. I will not curl up on the basket of warm clean towels and go to sleep leaving fur all over them.
59. I will not deliberately do an entire season's worth of shedding on my human's one pair of dry clean only black pants.
60. I will not deposit my disgusting chewed up furry mice on the folded laundry as an "offering" for the use of said laundry as a bed.
61. I will not dig all my human's lingerie out of the drawer so that I can hide in the dresser.
62. I will not dig around in my "garden" repeatedly and trail stuff through the house.
63. I will not dig the bag of pipe cleaners out of my human's craft box and strew them around the house.
64. I will not dig up my human's freshly-potted plant for no apparent reason other than to make a mess with the still-wet soil.
65. I will not dig up the carpet to expose the foam pad beneath, chew numerous little bits out of the pad, and strew them about the living room.
66. I will not disembowel one of my stuffed mice, nor will I eat some of the insides. Polyester stuffing is not a food group.
67. I will not display my worm collection on the kitchen floor on a rainy night. My human does not like finding it at 11 p.m.
68. I will not dissect my toy mouse. My human doesn't want to keep buying me new toys.
69. I will not dive behind the desk, taking 3 pens, 4 bills and a box of computer disks with me.
70. I will not drag my human's clothes from the bedroom all over the house, so that it looks as if she did a striptease routine the minute she got home.
71. I will not drag the tin of cocoa out of the cupboard, pry it open, spill the contents all over the kitchen floor and roll around in it, transforming myself from a black-and-white cat to a calico one.
72. I will not drink lots of water and then go upstairs, eat a piece of spider plant and barf on the carpet.
73. I will not dump half a box of clean kitty litter in the floor and spread it across the house.
74. I will not dunk my paws into my water bowl, creating a turbulence that creates a small lake in the kitchen.
75. I will not dunk wadded up paper balls or tin foil balls in my water dish.
76. I will not eat things that make it difficult for me to reach the litterbox in time.
77. I will not eat three pounds of grass and wiggle my tail with happiness only to puke all over the carpet the next day.
78. I will not fall asleep in my human's dresser drawer, get stuck there all day while she's at work, and leave kitty presents all over her clean clothes.
79. I will not fight with my brother on the counter until we fall in the garbage and get coated in coffee grounds like shake n' bake.
80. I will not fill the windows with nose prints immediately after my human has cleaned them.
81. I will not find a way to sneak into the fireplace, (even though we have it blocked off, he is a magician) when my humans are not home, so that I am covered from head to toe in soot. (especially since I happen to be white!)
82. I will not get between my human's legs while his is walking in the kitchen holding a watermelon. Nor will I and my co-conspirator laugh when he trips, dropping the watermelon and having it smash and splatter all over the kitchen (even under the fridge).
83. I will not get into my human's herbs and scatter her bag of cinnamon all over the kitchen floor, leaving cinnamon paw prints all over the place then staring at her blankly when she walks in the kitchen saying "What the?"
84. I will not get into the Doctor Dreadful stuff (that my human has bought for her kids) and get all covered in powder so that my human has to take me outside to wash me. I will not run, hide under the deck, and growl at her when she picks up the hose.
85. I will not get on my human's studio workbench and dump about five pounds of beads, stone chips, and other tiny things onto the floor at 2 a.m., when my human just crashed after pulling a long day. I will not work one earring off each card and bat it into places she can't find, when she has to get up and deliver it all at 7 a.m.
86. I will not get out of the room I've been shut in, run onto the very sticky just sealed hardwood floor that isn't supposed to be walked on for four hours, sit just out of reach yowling and shaking my now sticky paws, and get my fur stuck all over in front of the basement door.
87. I will not go to sleep in the dryer full of clean clothes. Especially not in a load of dark clothes, which will show the shedding orange cat fur that now adorns them.
88. I will not go to the bathroom, and then pretend to bury the unwanted material by clawing everything but the litter (The outside of the litterbox, the furnace and the floor).
89. I will not gorge myself full of food and leave the kitchen to throw up on the expensive carpeted floor. Also, when my humans see that I am about to throw up and dump me in the kitchen, I will not try to escape the kitchen so I can throw up on said carpet.
90. I will not grab an entire mouthful of toothpicks and drop them into the stove burners (the toothpicks got put away fast after that one).
91. I will not gut my Bill Clinton catnip doll on the living room rug.
92. I will not hang on the porch screens, doing my imitation of the Garfield cat with suction cups on his paws stuck in car windows.
93. I will not hide in the attic and get dirty so my beautiful white fur is gray and then lay on my human's clean white sheets.
94. I will not hock up hairballs on my human's antique bedspread just because she won't let me burrow under it.
95. I will not insist on knocking every container on my human's desk onto the floor just to see if it will pop open and give me a present.
96. I will not interfere with the broom when my human is sweeping the floor.
97. I will not jump from the deck outside into the house when my paws are wet and muddy, skid across the tile floor (leaving mud of course), and continue to track mud across the carpeting.
98. I will not jump into my litter box while in PsychoKitty mode and fling my litter as far as I can. I will not then jump out to inspect the piece that went the farthest, and after determining that it wasn't as far as I would like, repeat the process until my litter box is almost entirely empty, or until I am sprayed with "Cat Solvent".

99. I will not jump into the middle of the acrylic painting my human is working on and then race around the apartment leaving red footprints on the carpet, the walls and my human's roommate's new sofa. (This actually happened to me twice with two different cats.)
100. I will not jump on the furniture refinishing project, leaving white paw prints on dark wood and dark paw prints on light wood.
101. I will not jump onto my human's dresser (where I am not supposed to be anyway) and knock her box of seed beads onto the floor, breaking the latch and embedding billions of teeny tiny beads into the carpet, then go off and sleep like nothing ever happened.
102. I will not jump onto my human's nightstand and drink from her cup when I'm thirsty, then knock the cup off when my head won't reach any more liquid.
103. I will not jump onto the kitchen counter containing the washing up queue and knock stuff down on my way to my observation post in the window.
104. I will not jump up and run around on top of my human's beloved grand piano. I leave lots of scratch marks on the wood when I do this and he gets very upset with me.
105. I will not jump up on the table and spill baby's expensive medicine and then try to make it all right by licking it up.
106. I will not jump up on the top of the bookcase and knock all our books on the floor as well as anything else that is there. All because I want to go outside.)
107. I will not kick clumping cat litter onto the bathroom floor.
108. I will not knock books off the bookshelves -- there is nothing behind them worth getting.
109. I will not knock my human's Lego models off the bookshelves. Those small pieces are hard to find; and besides, they're her toys, not mine.
110. I will not knock over full fast food sodas just to remove the straw. It gets soda everywhere, and I will get the straw when they are done with it anyway.
111. I will not knock over the kitchen garbage can to get at the chicken bones.
112. I will not knock over the oil lamp (fortunately, not lit) in an attempt to jump to the top of the dresser.
113. I will not knock over the trash when my human tosses in something that I feel I MUST retrieve and rescue (such as a crumpled piece of paper, a meat wrapper, a completely destroyed toy that I haven't played with in months, etc.).
114. I will not knock the 20 oz. jar of Vaseline off the dresser and then sit back and watch the puppy eat the entire contents. (And most of the plastic jar.) I will not do the exact same thing two weeks later.
115. I will not knock the area rugs all over the hardwood floor.
116. I will not knock the pictures over.
117. I will not launch myself from the top of the breakfront and land in the middle of the table while my humans are eating. I am a very large cat and I will shake the table, skid, and dump my human's plate into her lap. She does not appreciate wearing her food, even though I do.
118. I will not leap into my human's arms when I have freshly-squished wild blackberry juice all over my paws and he is wearing a new polo shirt.
119. I will not leap onto the dining room table at full speed, sending the tablecloth and everything on the table crashing to the floor.
120. I will not leave (tortoiseshell) cat hairs all over my human's habit when he comes home to visit in the holiday time.
121. I will not leave hairball hockers outside the bedroom door for early morning discovery.
122. I will not leave litter up to 10 feet away from the cat box.
123. I will not leave mice's hind legs on the doorstep as yummy present for my human. If I have to eat mice, I will eat them whole. Humans do not eat mice, no matter how juicy they are.
124. I will not leave paw prints and hair on the toilet seat and lid from my attempts to wash in the Big White Drinking Bowl. I will not try to blame my human for the mess, either.
125. I will not let my ice cube melt where someone can step in it after I'm done playing with it or carrying it around.
126. I will not lie in wait, just waiting for a glass of liquid to be poured, so I can immediately run over to it and tip it over. My human is tired of having to hide her glass of water in the microwave oven whenever she has to leave the room for more than three seconds. This goes double if the liquid is something that will stain, like iced tea or fruit punch.
127. I will not lie on the clean dark clothes; they do not need to be covered in hair to be worn.
128. I will not mess up the rugs as soon as my human straightens them out.
129. I will not open the door to the tea cabinet, push out all the boxes of tea until I find a box with bulk tea, and then open the box and spread it all over the kitchen floor.
130. I will not open the kitchen cabinet and spread my loose catnip treat all over the appliances, counters and dining room carpet.
131. I will not open the pantry door (the night before Mardi Gras) and knock over a full bottle of chocolate syrup and make the humans spend time scrubbing the sticky stuff off of everything.
132. I will not open the sliding mirror closet door to get at my female human's delicates. She doesn't like having to pick up her underwear and pantyhose out of the living room, kitchen and bathroom. (I found it amazing that Shumai could do this especially since she is only 6 pounds and that mirror door is heavy and sticks!)
133. I will not paw at and flip dry cat food out of my bowl to get to the theoretically tastier morsels at the bottom of the bowl.
134. I will not pee on my human's entire 1997 income tax receipts before she has a chance to give them to the nice accountant who does her bookkeeping. (He got them unstuck, plugged his nose and I got a \$200 refund.)
135. I will not pile all the fresh clumping kitty litter in the front of my litter box and pee on it, thereby creating a single lump.
136. I will not play vacuum and suck up all the empty and not so empty sunflower seed shells that one of the feathered flock has

dropped, then puke it all up in the middle of the bed.

137. I will not play with my water dish, dragging it around and making the floor soaking wet.
138. I will not poke holes on my humans assignments.
139. I will not projectile vomit grass and (semi) digested food in the back seat of my human's car and all over my human's shoe.
140. I will not pry the closet door open and shed all over my human's skirts and shoes. (Both the girls do this.)
141. I will not pull all the bagged food (rice, beans, macaroni) out of the pantry and drag the bags through the house after chewing holes in them.
142. I will not pull all the Kleenex out of the box and shred it.
143. I will not pull all the towels off the towel bars and I will not open the closet and pull all the clothes off the hangers.
144. I will not pull down on the cereal bowl when my human is distracted so I can see what's in it and spill milk all over myself.
145. I will not pull Kleenexes out of the box with my claws.
146. I will not pull one dog biscuit after another on the floor and eat part of it, decide it is not to my liking and leave it in pieces on the floor for my human to clean up.
147. I will not pull the window curtains down so that i can peek outside and start meowing.
148. I will not purposely knock all the items off the kitchen counter within a paw's reach so that I can have a nice place to lie down or use that area for a jumping off point.
149. I will not push all the dustbins over.
150. I will not push toolboxes, of the people who don't love me, on the floor every night and make a big mess.
151. I will not put all the food out of the dry food dispenser. There is no need to count it all.
152. I will not put my paws on the freshly painted shelves. (Drop paintbrush in tray, grab kitten before she gets off the drop cloth, run into the bathroom, stick kitten in sink and wash paws with one hand while trying to hang on with the other hand.)
153. I will not put on my "parking brake" after using the litterbox and leave skid marks across the kitchen floor.
154. I will not put paw prints on the coffee table, rug, floor, and the windshield of the car(s).
155. I will not reach into the catnip jar and spill all the catnip onto the rug.
156. I will not remove my human's cigar stubs from the outdoor ashtray and proceed to roll on them. If I do this, I will not complain when my other human bathes me because she doesn't like the smell of cigars (much less a kitty that smells like a Double Corona!!!).
157. I will not repeatedly put my feet in the water bowl when they are muddy and slide around on the kitchen floor and shake the water off my feet while the mud flies everywhere. (Yes, he really does this--I think he is part raccoon because he is fascinated with water).
158. I will not repeatedly tip over the water dish, even if it makes pretty puddles as it spreads across the floor.
159. I will not rip a hole in the kitty treat bag.
160. I will not rip open the new cat litter bag just to crap in it.
161. I will not rub the legs of the telescope until it falls off, then blame it on a minor earthquake.
162. I will not rummage in the boy human's Crown Prince's closet and try to rearrange his comic book collection.
163. I will not run across the deck right after my human has just finished painting it.
164. I will not run around the house vomiting up piles of undigested cat food just because I'm lonely when my human goes away for the weekend.
165. I will not run between the wall and the plant pots so that everything has to be repotted.
166. I will not scoop the kitty litter out of the box and replace it with the bath mat or anything else made of cloth that I find on the bathroom floor.
167. I will not scoot across the carpet on my butt to wipe off any excess poop.
168. I will not shake my head with my mouth full and spew chewed up food pieces all over the kitchen. (Bingo does this EVERY time he gets his first mouthful.)
169. I will not shed on my human's new clothes the day before school starts.
170. I will not shed ten pounds of fur the instant I am placed in the car. We are not always going to the vet's.
171. I will not shoot crap 5 feet from my litter box and than take a few more soccer strikes at it.
172. I will not sit in the garden and then track mud into the house.
173. I will not sit on top of the pink cake box when I know there is a very fancy frosted cake in it that my human bought to impress her future mother-in-law.
174. I will not sleep inside the carton on the black trade show fabric and leave my white fur all over. My human gets mad at me when we have to do a trade show.
175. I will not sleep on top of my human's felt hat, thereby leaving an indelible fur imprint of my personal markings on it.
176. I will not slide across my human's newly washed kitchen floor.
177. I will not slobber and drool all over the pile of clean underwear sitting on top of the washing machine. It does not make a good replacement for my mother.
178. I will not sneak into the music studio when my human isn't looking, especially if he has told me many times that I am not allowed there. If I do sneak in, I will not knock over his guitars.
179. I will not sneeze boogers all over my human's eyeglasses while she is wearing them.
180. I will not snuggle up to my human when she is wearing clothes that contrast with my fur color.
181. I will not soak my catnip toy in the water bowl to make tea. I will not get high and sit there drinking my tea and kneading the floor

afterwards. I will not then get delusions of grandeur and make tea in the toilet bowl or the tub. And I will not try to make tea with used socks, dirty panties or hair scrunchies when my humans take the catnip toy away from me. (Neko not only learned how to make tea, he remembered it almost six months later when we finally gave him another catnip toy.)

182. I will not stand on the bedroom hamper and shake the closet doors so I can make an opening wide enough to squeeze my wide kitty butt inside and shed all over my human's clothes.
183. I will not step in my poop in the litter box and then proceed to parade around the house making beautiful yet smelly kitty toe art all over the hardwood floors.
184. I will not step into the "mess" I have made in the litter box, then run around the apartment ("forgetting" to clean my paws) and leave "trails" of dirty cat litter on the rug.
185. I will not stuff my 20-pound body under the 2-by-4s that cover the unfinished basement ceiling, causing my fur to be covered with black dirt, just because my humans have decided to move into a new house. I especially won't do this just after the new, cream-colored rug has been delivered.
186. I will not supervise my human when she is cleaning my litterbox. Above all, I will not go into the newly cleaned out box and mess it up again, just so I can make sure my smell is still in it.
187. I will not take my human's herbal tea bags and scatter them all over the floor.
188. I will not take the toilet paper from the roll, drag it down the hallway and into every room.
189. I will not take used dental floss out of the wastebasket in the bathroom and drag it through the house. (I usually find it on my bed or in the middle of the living room carpet.)
190. I will not taste-test the white paint that my human accidentally spilled, thinking it is milk. When I discover this fact, I will not tear through the house, leaving white footprints everywhere.
191. I will not tear down the curtains while trying to catch a fly which will most likely escape anyway.
192. I will not tear open the bottom of my treat bag (and eat them all) just because I can't figure out how to use the zip-lock packages.
193. I will not think that I am being clever when I unravel the entire roll of toilet paper into my litter box.
194. I will not throw cat litter a half of a mile from my litter box.
195. I will not tip my food dish upside down.
196. I will not tip over every glass I encounter, just to see if it has milk in it.
197. I will not tip over the litter pan when my human is out.
198. I will not tip over water glasses, even when they are on the floor, which is my territory. I will especially not tip over water glasses when they are on the table where my human's father is sorting through his magazines.
199. I will not tip the water out of my water dish for the sheer evil pleasure of watching my human slip on the wet kitchen floor in the morning.
200. I will not track kitty litter all over the apartment.
201. I will not track muddy paw prints in the cat cage the day after my human cleans it.
202. I will not try to convince my humans that I am a dog by dragging my buttover the carpet to create a skid mark.
203. I will not try to make sculptures or pretty things from the paperclips on the magnetic holder on my human's desk.
204. I will not turn over every glass just to watch the liquid pool.
205. I will not unravel half of the toilet paper onto the floor and leave the remaining paper looking like Swiss cheese.
206. I will not upset the recycling bin all over the kitchen floor.
207. I will not use a jug of laundry detergent as a scratching post, allowing the pretty blue liquid to run out on the light grey living room carpet through the holes I made. (Twinky did this one day when I returned from shopping and set the jug on the floor while I put other things away. When I came back to get the jug, it was sitting in a puddle of detergent which was rapidly being absorbed by the carpet. Not till it was steam-cleaned did it all come out.)
208. I will not use car windshields as slides when I have muddy feet.
209. I will not use my human's knitting wool to construct a cat's cradle of stunning complexity and beauty while she is out shopping.
210. I will not walk across a cake my human has just made then look innocently at her as she throws my litter box, then me out the back door. Then proceed to meow my innocence as loudly as possible. (our old cat Sassy did this to my aunt's Easter Bunny cake...white frosting with little pawprints in it kind of gave her away.)
211. I will not walk across the human's car roof right after she just washed it, especially when my feet are muddy.
212. I will not walk all over the car with muddy paws in order to get the humans to wash it so I can sleep on its clean hood.
213. I will not walk around the duvet and pillows with poopy feet when my humans are making whoopee. Nor will I look surprised when two non-furred humans jump out of bed with shrieks of disgust, start pulling off the pillowcases and duvet cover, and follow it up by dunking me in a bath, feet first. Finally, I will not act hurt for quarter of an hour as if it has been *my* dignity that has been compromised.
214. I will not wallow in a driveway mud puddle, even if it is sun warmed.
215. I will not wipe my butt on my human's manuscript.
216. I will not write cat graffiti on windows covered with condensation.
217. I will properly dispose of the bodies of fake fur mice. My human freaks when she sees either something she thinks missed the litter box (plastic body form) or something resembling a dead mole (bunny fur covering).
218. I will reveal the source of the black paw prints I managed to get on every available surface (including the Japanese paper lantern hanging over the dining room table) while we were in the condo (I was an indoor cat at the time)
219. I will stay off papers, particularly resumes, that are on my human's bed.

220. I will stop climbing on the hood of my human's boyfriend's new, shiny and clean car with my muddy paws and rubbing against my human's back when she kisses him good night.
221. I will stop rearranging the flower bouquets by pulling out my favourites and eating them.
222. I will try to control my exuberance for covering my messes in the litter box. (We do not know any other kitties that have to have their litter box inside a doghouse just to contain the litter!)
223. I will try to restrict my hair deposition to only ONE of the living room chairs.
224. I will understand that just because the tissue or paper towel is not on the roll it's still off limits to me. I will not drag it from room to room shredding it to pieces. My human will be VERY upset when she was to clean it up.
225. If I attempt to jump up into the bird bath, I will not be surprised when it tips over because I weigh much more than a bird.
226. If I chew on the fringe of my human's new wool rug, I will get kicked out of the living room. Ditto if I play "mouse" with my human's silver service.
227. If I do not like what my human is drinking, I will not knock it over so he can't have any either.
228. If I forget that rubber bands and ribbon are not food, I will not run all over the house with 3 feet of poopy ribbon hanging from my bottom after barfing up an entire bag of rubber bands behind the toilet.
229. If I gorge myself by going out and eating a mouse, I should not come in and eat until I cause myself to puke on the staircase going downstairs.
230. If I have the bad taste to kill a small animal on the front porch, then I should have the decency to clean it up. My human doesn't like stepping out the door onto animal parts.
231. If my human forgets to close the closet door, I will not jump on her best and most expensive clothes and use them to play "Tarzan of the Apes."
232. If my human is in the kitchen doing dishes, I will not put my paw in my water dish and splash her.
233. If my human is kind enough to share her warm bed with me, I will not drool all over her and the sheet, and then cry to get out because I've become damp.
234. If my human picks my toys up for the night and puts them out of my reach on the hall mirror shelf, I will not try to climb up after them. This will only result in an avalanche of bills/keys/bits and pieces on my head.
235. If my human smears some flavored hairball medication on my front paw before leaving for work, I will not be a slob. I will lick it off instead of leaving it there for her to find smeared all over her bed, the bookcase and the sofa quilt when she gets back from work. (I have to smear the stuff directly in her mouth -- and she *used* to like it.)
236. If the kitten is sitting on our human getting treats, and I get up to get treats also, it is not nice to chew a treat, then see the kitten and hiss, thus spewing gooey treat bits over the chair, kitten and the human.
237. If the kitty litter bag rips open on the way home, I will not push it down the stairs.
238. It is not for me to draw attention to the female human's lack of domestic skills by dusting shelves, etc, myself; at least not until I have learned to put the ornaments back where I originally found them.
239. It is not my human's fault that I fractured a fang, had to have it removed, and must now take antibiotics. When my human gives me my liquid medicine, I will not spit it out all over her brand new nightgown. The medicine is Angus beef-flavored, and I will swallow it like a good boy.
240. It is not necessary to leave my tooth-marks on every book and piece of paper I encounter. My human knows that they are ours and will not need my help in identifying them.
241. It's not up to me to recycle the newspapers in the recycling box.
242. Japan does not want my poop either. I do not need to dig so much.
243. Just because my human leaves a dish of ice cream out doesn't mean it is for me. Eating it will just make me barf, and make my human very upset. (It was my last dish! Then Raiya comes in and she's like.. "Oh, sorry. Here ya go. *BURP!*" on my lap.. Oy..)
244. Just because my human leaves dirty half-full glasses all over the bedroom doesn't mean that I should see how many I can knock over.
245. Kitty barf directly in front of the bedroom door will not make my humans happy first thing in the morning, and neither will presents removed from the litter box.
246. Kleenex has a right to exist. I do not need to kill all of them if they keep coming out of their box.
247. Milk does not taste better from the floor. I will stop upsetting the bowl.
248. My brother and I do not need to spend 23 hours a day destroying our human's apartment. She does not appreciate it and it only results in our being flung bodily across the bedroom occasionally. (Pumpkin and Panda REALLY didn't sleep for the first year of their lives)
249. My continuous feeder bowls are not designed to double as play equipment. I will not climb on top of them and fall off, knocking them over and covering the floor with an enormous puddle of water and soggy kibble pieces.
250. My dry food is not in need of being caught and devoured, because my human places it in a dish, there is no need for me to scoop it out and bat it clear across the kitchen before I can eat it.
251. My head does fit in most of the glasses here, as I'm all of 11 weeks old. But if I snort fizzy drinks up my nose again, I will refrain from sneezing in the glass. After sneezing, I will further refrain from slapping the glass, thus knocking it off the table and spilling the said drink over the Golden/Great Pry (dog) who is freshly washed and now needs another bath.
252. My human knows that I love to carry my toy mouse all over the house, and drop it places where it is noticeable. While it is all right to drop it in my food or water bowl and various other items like inside shoes or on top of the remote control, it is NOT all right to drop the mouse on the paint palette when it is covered with wet paint. If I DO this and my human catches me, I will not then snatch

- the mouse and run away with it and hide under the bed, forcing the human to drag me out and get paint all over everything including me. I will then submit to my bath quietly, and not attempt to scramble out of the bathtub by climbing my human the way I would climb a tree. I will recognize that entire situation was all my fault.
253. My human's dirty undies belong in the laundry pile, not in the middle of the living room floor or next to my food dish.
254. My humans keep my food bowl full every day, so there is no need to tear open the cat food bags in the pantry. It is still the same yucky stuff that is in my bowl.
255. Never again will I leap out of the tub during my bath and into my litter box.
256. Raspberry yogurt is NOT a means for us to express ourselves creatively by "paw painting" on the kitchen table.
257. Rice noodles belong in the package, not spread all over the kitchen floor.
258. Since I am a docile cat, I am allowed to sit on the bird's cage. However, I am not allowed to topple it over, scattering bird seed and water all over AND letting the bird out for the not-at-all docile cat to get EVERY TIME I jump off.
259. The cat food in bags is the same as the cat food in the bowl. I will not open the cupboard and chew open every bag. (Dax did this so often I had to move the cat food to the coat closet.)
260. The dressing table is the female human's territory. She does not appreciate having the stuff on top knocked to the floor.
261. The flour canister is not to be explored.
262. The litter is meant to remain inside to box, I do not need to throw it all over the kitchen.
263. The lost city of Atlantis is not in the dog's water bowl, hence there is no reason to dig all the water out with my paw.
264. The mini blinds will bend if I climb them.
265. The table cloth is not anchored well enough for me to climb.
266. There is, in my apartment, a box of firewood which should serve admirably as a scratching post. I need not use the furniture for my scratching purposes.
267. Those of us who are white or mostly white will stop shedding on our human's dark clothes. Those of us who are dark will stop shedding on our human's light clothes.
268. Though I have an amazing sense of what good interior decorating is, my human doesn't appreciate it when I walk through fresh messes in the litterbox and track poopy pawprints throughout the house.
269. Walking on the adhesive side of shelf paper is not only a bad idea, it gets my human mad.
270. We are both tricolors and hence our hair shows up on ANYTHING, and we must be extra careful not to spread it ALL OVER THE PLACE.
271. We are red tabbies, and our fur does not add a certain "je ne sais quoi" to the black brocade altar cloth. It merely annoys our human.
272. We will not get together with the dog while our human is sleeping and spill her spices all over the living room floor, or pull the stuffing out of her slippers, or run the toilet paper from the roll in the bathroom up stairs down to the living room downstairs.
273. We will not go and dig up the neighbours gardens and flower beds unless we don't want to be let out side again. (Snow has FINALLY melted and every body is getting there yards cleaned up now, so now the cats are going around helping in a not very good way.)
274. We will not smash the nice plants to the ground, then use the dirt on the floor as a litter box.
275. We will not walk on the valance over the living room curtains, causing the valance to be pulled out of the wall and send us and it flying to the floor, scaring all of us (kitties and humans) into next week.
276. We will try not to use the litter box within seconds after my human has put the vacuum cleaner away.
277. When coming in after prowling through long wet grass I will make a serious attempt at drying myself before jumping on the nearest available bed and/or showing my humans how much I love them.
278. When I drape myself elegantly across the computer monitor, I will not shed; that way, my human will not have to clean my beautiful fur out of the inside of her mouse or use a lint roller on her mouse pad every damned day of her life.
279. When I have muddy paws, I will not parade over the one bed in the house my human grudgingly lets me lie on. Brown mud doesn't go well with white cotton.
280. When I want to stare at myself in the mirror above my human's roommate's bed, I will sit only in the space that has been so kindly cleared for me. I will not knock over the items already there, especially the oil-lamp candle that spills and leaves stains all over the expensive wood.
281. When my human drapes all the nice furniture with sheets to keep my dirty, shedding body off, I will not crawl up underneath and roll around on the cushions. Especially not after my human has had said furniture professionally steam-cleaned.
282. When my human gets up in the morning, I will not climb into her nice clean bed and fall asleep in the Warm Spot (thus soiling the nice clean bed with dirty, shedding fur).
283. When my human gives me a fuzzy lambs wool duster to play with, I will not tear hunks of fluff out with my teeth and leave them all over the carpet.
284. When my humans are lazy and drop their underpants on the floor instead of the hamper, I will not stick my paws under the closed bedroom door to snag them, pull them through, nibble them, then leave them on the floor next to the house guest asleep on the couch. (Try explaining that one!)
285. When my humans are sleeping, I will not spend the majority of the night throwing litter out of the box in the loudest, most annoying way possible, causing at least one human to get up to shush me. At this point, I most certainly will not attempt to trip my human so that I can gnaw on the first body part to hit the ground.
286. When my humans switch the litter to a different brand that I don't like, I will not rip open bags of dirty litter, cover the floor with it

and then use it as a litter box.

287. When my human's too busy on the computer to pay attention to me, I will not spill her coffee across the computer.
288. While romping and ripping through the house at warp speed, we will not plow through the shoes. Scattering them only creates an obstacle course, bringing our rampaging to a painful and abrupt end.

--- Miscellaneous ---

1. "NO!" does not mean, "Not while I'm not looking" or "Try again in 5 seconds".
2. Cats do not really need the TV on all day. If we must have the TV on, it's a little odd to prefer sports to the cat DVDs.
3. Even though I am known around the house as the "Tormentor", the "Partner in Crime", the "Female", I do not need to have such enthusiasm about such things. (Although I have to admit it does make things all the more entertaining.)
4. Even though the baby and I have the same taste in toys, I will not take her toys and leave them all over the house where she can't find them.
5. Getting my teeth brushed is an affirmation of love and caring, not an open declaration of war.
6. God gave me four legs for a reason, and walking around the house upright on my hind legs gives my human nightmares.
7. Having my claws trimmed is a good thing and doesn't hurt, so I shouldn't struggle.
8. I am a cat, not an escape artist.
9. I am a cat. I am a goddess of my territory. Humans are mere appliances provided by the great Felines for my comfort, convenience, and amusement. Humans are mine to play with and there is nothing they can do about it except to embarrass me by refusing to worship me as the goddess that I am.
10. I am not a professional contortionist, and as such I should not curl myself up into awkward positions which show off my "naughty bits."
11. I am not curious, I am not curious, I am not curious!
12. I am not the center of the Universe. Astronomy tells us that the Universe is expanding, not revolving around Pumpkin the Cat.
13. I am not the Egyptian cat goddess Bast, and should not insist on being treated as such night and day.
14. I don't *always* have to be the centre of attention.
15. I have full run of the house; I have no need to walk around on the ceiling too.
16. I know I have a good vocabulary, for a cat. I understand my name, "treats?", "wanna go outside", and "gerbils". And I can ask nicely to go out, have a drink, be fed or petted, and go see the gerbils. So why can't I understand the word "no"?
17. I realize that I am not supposed to be in the kitchen, so I won't sneak past my human when she has her back turned.
18. I used to be such a good cat. There is no need for me to take over the role of my dearly departed friend who refused to eat cat food and made the entire house his litter box, no matter how much I might miss him.
19. I will behave more like my name sake (Nermal) and less like my nickname(Irate).
20. I will learn to meow when I want to come into the house. I will not climb up the screen door and hold on until someone sees me and lets me in. After all I am a really large cat. I can stretch out to over 5 feet long!
21. I will leave the vicinity of my human's car if he ever gets anywhere near it. ('77 Malibu, 400 engine).
22. I will not climb the fence into the neighbour's yard and then suddenly leap back over the 6 foot fence when said neighbour yells at me in German.
23. I will not climb up the side of the house to get to the top deck.
24. I will not conspire with the other cats to freak the humans out by all staring down the hall or out the window with big eyes and hair on end. I will not growl at invisible aliens when a human is home alone late at night.
25. I will not cuddle my fluffy toy cat so hard that I charge my fur with static, terrifying my heavily pregnant owner when she picks me up in the dark and I emit bright blue sparks.
26. I will not freak my human out when the power goes out by hissing and screaming at nothing, so that my human thinks someone has broken in. (It turned out to be one of my friends--but of course Max and Ginger weren't sure.)
27. I will not get mad at my human when she teases me. I can take some kidding and I do not have to "duke it out" with my paws to her face or legs.
28. I will not groom myself so much that my hair wears down to the root.
29. I will not growl when I hear someone drive into the driveway or ring the doorbell. (People don't believe me when I tell them I have a watch-cat.)
30. I will not hide behind the curtains.
31. I will not hide in the baby's carriage and cause it to rock back and forth mysteriously, making my human think it's haunted.
32. I will not hide under the back porch, leash and all, so that my humans will forget me and leave me outside all day (or all night) long.
33. I will not join my human while he/she is on the roof by climbing the ladder or the nearby tree, and then demand to be taken down from the roof because I can't remember how I got up there.
34. I will not jump off the ceiling fan when my human comes home and turns it on. (I have NO idea how he got up there! It scared the S**T outta me!)
35. I will not pace the perimeter of the house when I want to be let out.
36. I will not put my tail/paws in places where they can be stepped on.
37. I will not sink my claws into my human's shoulder to get better traction for a jump.
38. I will not steal a cracker out of the cracker package while my human is eating her soup. I will then not carry it over to my food dish

and leave it lying in front of the dish without even eating it.

39. I will not try to dig to China from my litter box.
40. I will not use my psychic powers to project myself into my human's dreams when I am hungry, causing her to dream that I am a talking cat, and I can say "Where's my supper."
41. I will recognize that my human does own this house, technically.
42. I will show remorse when I'm being scolded.
43. I will stop opening the bedroom doors even though my human's husband doesn't believe that I can.
44. I will try not to be as bad as I want to be.
45. I will try to be a good boy. Just for one day, just for ONE MINUTE, I will try to be a good boy.
46. If I actually follow all of these rules and regulations, be aware that I am not a cat. I am a dog.
47. If I want to sit with the male human and the big tabby longhair, eating salty chips, drinking soda, watching NASCAR, that's OK. But the female human will laugh at us. He and the big tabby longhair aren't offended, so I shouldn't be either. (Boys will be boys?)
48. If I will not groom myself, I must not rip my human's hand off when she tries to do it for me.
49. It is not kind to jump ten feet in the air off my human's lap two hours after her mother dies, and stare into the hallway behind us as if seeing a ghost. It only makes her get goosebumps, and my fur to stand on end. (This was way too spooky for me...)
50. Looking adorable after misbehaving will not negate my crime or keep me from getting yelled at.
51. My "I meant to do that" look doesn't fool anybody. My "Oh, is that your plate? I wouldn't *dream* of touching it!" look doesn't fool anybody either.
52. My human knows I like to have my butt scratched; I do not need to stick it in her face when I want to remind her.
53. No matter how much I rub against it, the squirt gun is not my friend.
54. Our nicknames are "little monsters" and "demon cats" for a reason. We need to learn to behave in such a way that we can be known as the "angel cats". We are only 20 months old and therefore have plenty of time.
55. The "Cute and Innocent" routine doesn't work anymore. My humans know better, and have the pictures to prove it.
56. The 12-pack of beer contains nothing of interest to cats.
57. The bed is not "home free."
58. The most important thing for me to remember is that if my house ever burns down while my human is out of town (AGAIN), I will stay nearby. My human would never leave me, and making half of Hollywood look for me for three weeks is not a funny game.
59. There are NO Martians hiding in the new drapes. (Especially since I helped my human make them!)
60. There are no other cats in the house, so "All the other kitties get to do it," and "You love all the other kitties more than me," are probably not going to work with my humans.
61. Two people should not be needed for a simple claw clipping job.
62. We will not look so darn sweet, and be so darn evil that our human says our life quote is "When the angels kiss the demons,... you'd better be ready" (quote mooched from the movie "The Adventures of Mike S Blueberry")
63. We will sit still for 5 seconds while my human tries to take our photograph because my human loves us and just wants to show us off to her friends.
64. When I register a protest about anything, my lips and chin should not quiver like I am about to cry.

--- Misuse/Misappropriation of Items ---

1. Aquariums are for fish, not cats. Upon finding an empty one, I will not climb into it on a DAILY basis and go to sleep with all four feet in the air and my face mashed against the glass. If I do so, I will at least have the good grace to stay put until my human gets his camera ready.
2. Cats should not steal or do serious damage to the plumber's, exterminator's, electrician's, or handyman's tools or equipment, especially while they are using them.
3. Dresser drawers are meant for clothes, not for cats to hide and play in. Especially when they slither in behind the drawers like furry snakes and get stuck.
4. Every pillow/bed/plastic bag/food item is not for me.
5. I do not have to hide all of the pompoms under the furniture.
6. I do not need the pop tart wrapper even if it is shiny and silver. I especially don't need it when the pop tart is still in it.
7. I do not need to sit on paper. The carpet is perfectly comfortable and I look silly sitting on old newspapers.
8. I don't need to hide all of my treasures behind the refrigerator, especially the pop tarts.
9. I don't need to open drawers to get at the plastic baggies, this worries my human as she fears I'll choke to death.
10. I promise I will no longer bite the rim of the pink plastic waste bin in the bathroom (it looks like it is recovering from a horrid case of teenage acne already).
11. I promise not to hunt down all the dirty socks and hide them around the house. I like my human to go outside with me but she insists on wearing those sock and shoe things.
12. I promise to stop stealing and hiding one of every pair of my human's earrings. (It's her own fault for leaving them on the bureau while she's dressing.)
13. I shall not jump through a neighbour's kitchen window and steal the foil-wrapped joint of roast beef intended for their Sunday dinner - if it just proves irresistible, I shall not leave evidence in the form of foil wrap right outside my own cat flap.
14. I will acknowledge that my human's hand bag is not a suitable storage facility for my cat biscuits.
15. I will allow my human to have his half of the bed.

16. I will never again steal two of my human's clean bras off the line, drag them under a chair in the living room and chew them until they are nice and soggy. This makes my human really cross.
17. I will not break into the (supposedly) securely latched pantry to steal individually wrapped Twinkies. If caught stealing Twinkies, I will then not run over to my food dish and drop the package in and look at my human smugly as it is now mine by virtue of it being in my food dish. (The pantry in question was one that was built in the 1940's and had a latch that you had to turn in order to open it - he figured out how to turn the latch and then pull the door open. It was funny to come into the kitchen and see him half-way into the pantry and then come out with the Twinkie sticking out on either side of his face ... he literally took one look at me and dashed PAST me to drop the Twinkie in his food dish then looked at me again. I really couldn't argue with the theory that if it's in his dish it's his.)
18. I will not bury my human's hair barrettes or other personal belongings in my litter box. She does not appreciate digging for treasure.
19. I will not cache durian seeds.
20. I will not cache oil palm dates (these are the parrot's).
21. I will NOT carefully and quietly enter the backpack of the diabetic human and carefully investigate the bags inside, until I find the one containing the turkey sandwich. Once found, I will NOT silently remove the sandwich, and carefully open it, discarding the bread for my partners in crime (3 other cats and 2 chickens) while I devour the turkey with little grunts and growls that immediately informs the humans of my theft.
22. I will not chew on my human's necklaces. (She has a real fetish for my ruby pendant. Sparkly?!?)
23. I will not climb inside the sewing machine console to steal the thread spindle.
24. I will not climb on my human's hanging clothes just to get to the top shelf in the closet.
25. I will not climb the shower curtains.
26. I will not drag my human's underwear into my litter box. They are not mine to use.
27. I will not drag off a whole loaf of bread, shred it to pieces (leaving it inside the bag), and then hide it under the couch.
28. I will not drag the apple peels out of the garbage to play with them.
29. I will not drown my human sister's doll's face down in my water bowl.
30. I will not fish out my human's partial plate from the glass so that the dog can "wear" it and pretend to be my human. (It is somewhat unnerving to wake up, roll over in bed, and see the dog grinning at you with your own teeth.)
31. I will not get on the car even when it's warm.
32. I will not go to sleep in the tumble-drier. It's not good for my long-term health.
33. I will not hide inside the speakers. They are not kitty condos.
34. I will not hide my collar with a metal license tag. (We searched the entire place, including underneath all of the furniture and appliances and in all of the heating ducts to no avail.)
35. I will not hide my human's asthma inhaler.
36. I will not hide my human's contact lenses under the refrigerator.
37. I will not hide under the clothes on my human's dress form and then try to use the item as a scratching post and scratch my human.
38. I will not ignore my perfectly good water bowl and instead drink out of my human's goldfish bowl.
39. I will not insist on making my human's 20 year old dollhouse my own. I look like I belong in a monster movie when I stomp through the rooms.
40. I will not jump on the kitchen counter and make off with the roast beef (or the roast chicken).
41. I will not jump up on the table where the female human's wallet is sitting, and daintily, adroitly, delicately, without unfolding the wallet, without disturbing any of the other papers in the wallet, without so much as touching the enveloped bank deposit sticking out of either end of the wallet where it folds, select from the wallet the leftover \$11.22 gift certificate from Tatnuck's Books, and "Rrhewwr" with it to the spot in the kitchen next to where I have forced the humans to put down newspapers because I've designated it as my second bathroom, and proceed to pee so copiously that it overshoots the newspapers and forms a vast inland sea with the bookstore gift certificate I have stolen floating in the middle of it.
42. I will not keep stealing my human's wrist-rest - the kind for keyboards, which is filled with gel.
43. I will not knock an oven mitt onto the stovetop, then turn the gas burner on to get my human to come out of the one room I am not allowed in. (But then they shouldn't have named me Felony!).
44. I will not lick the large plastic bags my humans bring food home in just because I can fit inside them.
45. I will not lie on my human's girlfriend's clothing and knead, since all this gets me is a heavy spritzing and a swat with the broom. (My human's girlfriend doesn't like kitties.)
46. I will not nap in the bathroom sink when my human has company.
47. I will not pee in my little human's potty.
48. I will not pee on my step-human's bathroom rug - especially after the fourth time (2nd new rug), when my punishment was taking an unwilling shower so I could appreciate how the poor, helpless rug feels.
49. I will not play soccer with the Christ child's head from my human's roommate's nativity set, just because my human is not Christian.
50. I will not pull dirty socks out of the laundry basket and a) leave them artfully scattered around the house when my human brings guests home, or b) soak them in my water dish and leave them on my human's pillow.
51. I will not put small items down the bathroom sink. This really annoys my human. (We had to call the plumber to have her sink repaired, and he found four pairs of tweezers in the drain.)

52. I will not read the last two pages out of any book that is left lying around.
53. I will not remove all the nifty shiny things from the jewelry box on top of the five-foot tall clothes dresser.
54. I will not retrieve used sanitary products from my human's waste basket and then bring them to the living room.
55. I will not roll in all the fresh laundry to reduce the static cling in my fur.
56. I will not sit on top of the fish tank hood and make the plastic part in the back of the aquarium go splashing into the water, giving me a chance to stick my paws into the water.
57. I will not smurgle (attempt to nurse from) my human's stuffed animals just because they feel like my mother.
58. I will not snitch dinner from the humans.
59. I will not steal 12 Hershey's kisses per night from the holiday candy dish, unwrap them, play hockey with them, and leave some under the area rug where they will be immediately found, while hoarding others amongst the pillows so I can play for days on end.
60. I will not steal all the macadamia nuts out of the bowl and chase them all over the house, though they DO roll so beautifully when still in the shell. Ditto for hazelnuts and hard candies.
61. I will not steal an open package of bandaids from under the bathroom sink. If I do, and my human sees me, I will not stop and stare at him and then run away and hide the bandaids in the pantry. If caught, I will put the Bandaids back where I found them.
62. I will not steal and eat the humans' nail files.
63. I will not steal and hide the curtain tie then glare at the humans that do not promptly open the curtains.
64. I will not steal any more of the little human's Lego people and eat their heads off, leaving only the tooth-marked bodies lying under the sofa and chairs to be discovered at vacuuming time.
65. I will not steal Barbie Dolls and groom their hair so that it looks like they've had their finger in an electrical socket.
66. I will not steal dice when my humans are playing games.
67. I will not steal food from people's plates as soon as they look away.
68. I will not steal letters, bills, typed poems, grocery lists, coupons, and recipes from every horizontal surface in the kitchen and living room after my humans have retired for the night, carry these items around in my mouth proclaiming, "RRerwwr, RRerwwr, RRerwwr, RRerwwr" and then proceed to bat them noisily about and pounce on them.
69. I will not steal my (female) human's wedding rings and carry them all over the house. (She came trotting into the living room with my diamond ring in her teeth. It had been on the bedside table because I was painting. My other rings were on the floor in the doorway.)
70. I will not steal my human's \$450 college graduation ring.
71. I will not steal my human's bow ties as an aid to courting beautiful female cats.
72. I will not steal my human's Cheetos and leave them all licked but not eaten on her bed.
73. I will not steal my human's cotton balls.
74. I will not steal my human's glasses when she is asleep, and hide them under the stairs.
75. I will not steal my human's good-luck charm (a four-leaf clover encased in plastic) from her dresser at 7 a.m. in order to get her out of bed to feed me.
76. I will not steal my human's hair scrunchies and play hide and seek with them, so she has to run around the house looking for them when she is running late to begin with.
77. I will not steal my human's jewelry and bury it in the litter box. I am not a pirate and the litter box is not for buried treasure.
78. I will not steal my human's pendant and hide it under the pillow.
79. I will not steal soda straws out of my human's drinking glasses when her back is turned.
80. I will not steal the female human's pay envelope and hide it so successfully up inside the mechanism of the swivel rocker that it is lost for an entire weekend while my human worries and searches in desperation.
81. I will not steal the other cat's toys.
82. I will not steal the plastic bag in which my human disposes of her sanitary products while my human is preparing to shower and race madly through the house with it in my teeth.
83. I will not steal the roach bait from under the bathroom sink to play with when my human has left the cabinet door open and turned her back. I will especially not put toothmarks in the package, lest I risk being whisked immediately to the vet.
84. I will not steal the scrub pad from the sink and drag it all over the house.
85. I will not steal used tissues, no matter how excitingly they rustle. Neither will I chew holes in magazine covers.
86. I will not surf on the Age-of-Aquarius furniture.
87. I will not take any and all little boxes (i.e. cigarette packages, condom boxes) from the coffee table and hide them in the basement on my "invisible" cat bed. Neither I nor things I have stolen are rendered invisible when I place them on my bed, and when I decide to chew on the cigarette packages at 2:30 a.m. I will get caught.
88. I will not take items (toothbrushes, hair products, medicines, etc.) off the bathroom counter and hide them.
89. I will not take my human's wrist watch, dunk it in my water dish for a while and hide it behind the stereo cabinet to be found 3 days later!
90. I will not use my human as a ladder to the top of the highest bookcase. And if I do, I will not then make an insane leap to the valance above the blinds, bringing it crashing down and scaring myself silly.
91. I will not use my human's shoes as a scratching post. That is what my scratching post is for. Also, said scratching post is not for peeing on. (Dommino did these things as a kitten.)
92. I will not use the bathtub to store live mice for late-night snacks.
93. I will not use the ficus tree for a litter box. It will eventually cause the tree to get sick and my Mom will then transplant it and

discover why the tree is sick.

94. I will not walk around the building with the best small magnetic screwdriver attached to the ident tag on my collar.
95. It is not necessary for me to have every bottle cap in the world. My human is aware that I have a bottle cap fetish and will give me the bottle cap when she's done. I do not need to steal it or the bottle it's attached to.
96. It is not nice to play "hide the palmetto bug in my human's bedclothes." It bothers him when wiggling cockroaches crawl on his legs, then emerge from the sheets.
97. Kitchen cabinets are not kitty dens.
98. My human's bath towel belongs on the towel rack. I do not need to drag it to the floor and bury it in my litter box. I especially should not do this when my human is in the shower.
99. My human's face is not a pillow.
100. My human's hair is not an anchor if I happen to be falling off of her pillow.
101. My human's nose is not a toy, especially at 2:00 a.m.
102. My human's nose ring is not a teething ring.
103. My human's spools are *not* hockey pucks. I can leave them alone, I can I can I can.
104. Next time the human gets a new nerf gun, I will not steal and eat the foam darts.
105. Photographs aren't meant to be licked. They have no nutritional value whatsoever.
106. Pin-up pictures of any kind are not toys!
107. Socks are not kitty litter and do not need to be dragged over to cover food dishes, nasty stuff in the litter box, or other cats vomit.
108. Stealing my human's pencil while she is doing homework will only get me locked in the bathroom.
109. Stinky socks stolen from my small humans' hampers are not toys. Besides, my big human is going to get really mad if she finds a nest of them in the middle of the living room again.
110. The computer table is off limits to me and my partner in crime. I have been roughly removed and scolded enough times to know this.
111. The human's phone cord is not something to climb.
112. The male human's groin is not a launch pad.
113. The pretty things on the mantle were not put there for my sole enjoyment and will stop trying to steal the lace angel. Or eat the pretty flowers my human's father got for her mother.
114. The spaces underneath the coffee table, the refrigerator and the bookcases are not storage spots for toy mice, plastic jug rings, nail files, hairpins, used kleenexes and anything else I have managed to get my little hairy paws on. I also acknowledge that it is my own fault if I cannot then retrieve said items.
115. There are a number of doors in the house and several obliging humans to open and close them for me. I will no longer insist on going in and out the kitchen or basement windows when the door is available.
116. Toilet paper is for people, not for cats. I will not unroll my human's brand new roll of toilet paper, then try to use it to cover up the stink I just made in my litter box. (Tigerlily's litter box is in the bathroom, on one side of the toilet. One time I came in to find that not only had she unrolled the whole roll of toilet paper, but she had dragged one end into her litter box. She frequently scratches outside the box, not having figured that this act doesn't make the smell in her box go away.)
117. Twist ties are not food, nor are foam ear plugs. I recognize that my human has the right to use her foam ear plugs without my digging them out of her ears while she's sleeping.
118. Under the stove is not a good stashing place for all my kitty toys and my all of human's hair ties. They are not accessible there, and mommy needs her hair ties.
119. Various rugs are not prey. I will not kill them and drag them into other rooms, then proceed to chew holes in them.
120. When my humans bring 2 identical furry mouse toys home from the pet store, and give one to my sister and one to me, I do not have to steal my sister's mouse because it is "better".

--- Night-time ---

1. After my human has had a long day and has just gotten into bed, no matter how much I want to play, I won't bring all of my toys onto the bed one at a time and drop them by her nose.
2. After trying to catch the fish in the middle of the night, I will not walk all over my human with wet paws.
3. Although I am worried that she may be dead (and therefore unable to give me any more attention), I do not have to check on my human when she is sleeping by touching her face with my paw at 3 in the morning.
4. Although I'm starving to death at 5 a.m., awakening the human by tickling his nose with my whiskers may get me flung unceremoniously off the bed.
5. Although my new humans are happy that I love them, and like it when I seek out attention, 2:00 in the morning is a bad time to walk all over the face of the sleeping female human, purring loudly. When she becomes annoyed and removes me from her bedroom, I must not then go to play with her father's beard, purring loudly while tickling his nose with my tail. He will not be so gentle about my removal from his bed.
6. An unstable stack of videos is not the best place to climb, especially in the wee hours in the morning.
7. At 3 a.m. I will not go tearing through the house as if the hounds of hell were on my tail.
8. At night, when my human is trying to get some sleep before her OB/GYN appointment the next day, I will NOT spend 6 hours in an attempt to sleep on her pregnant belly, causing the baby to kick more enthusiastically than before, and resulting her getting no sleep. (The baby, of course, thought that this was a terrific game. I have NEVER had such a sore tummy as I did that morning.)

9. At six in the morning, it isn't necessary to make my human get out of bed so she can see that I still have enough food and water in my dishes to last until lunch time. (He did that last one THIS MORNING! I was SO mad! I was going to sleep in for an extra hour, but he HAD to get me up and make me think he was starving to death until I walked in the kitchen and turned on the light and saw that his dishes were BOTH almost completely full. Then he was happy. I was not. Oh well. Such is life when you live with the most important creature in the universe. :))
10. Biting my human on the nose is not a good substitute for the alarm clock.
11. Continually stepping on my human's bladder at 4 a.m. is not the best way to get attention.
12. Creeping into bed with the male human. is a Bad Thing and he will not heed my crying, since he was inoculated against cuteness at an early age.
13. Directly after using the litter box, I will not jump up on my human's night stand and wash my paws (or drag my long, impressive, somewhat poopy tail) in his or her 'water dish.' Nasty, nasty!
14. During the middle of the night while my human is asleep, I will not awaken my human by chewing/ripping paper up into wet, sticky confetti causing her to step into the disgusting gooey mess when she comes to take my paper "prey" away.
15. Even though I can, I do not need to open all cupboards and knock over the contents. Especially in the bathroom in the middle of the night. I am not the cupboard monitor.
16. Four a.m. is not time to get up and I do not need to walk around yowling or jump on my human's head like a furry alarm clock at that time.
17. Getting off the humans' bed to use the cat box really is not too difficult or strenuous a task. If I don't, I will be hurled off instead.
18. Getting to go into the backyard is a privilege, not a right. I will not wake up my humans and demand to be let out at 3 a.m., because I'm only allowed out during daylight; and even I can see if it's still dark or not.
19. I am a black cat. I will not refuse to come in at night. I realize there is a skunk out in the backyard that looks an awful lot like me.
20. I am a cat of extreme silliness who is pampered within an inch of his life. I will not roam the hallways letting out with awful cat laments at four a.m. I really have nothing to complain about and it only gets me locked in the kitty pokey (a large dog pen in the powder room.)
21. I am a cat, not a gladiator. The door does not need to be bashed open so it bounces off the wall with a thud at 6:30 in the morning.
22. I am an indoor cat. I will not slash a hole in the screen door and run out at 2:00 a.m., forcing my human to run out in her nightgown in total darkness to look for me. When she locates me, I will meow so she knows it's me and not the skunk that's been hanging out in the back yard. (After this incident, I switched from nylon to aluminum screening!)
23. I am much smaller than my human, and therefore, while I may sleep in my human's bed, I will not sleep in the CENTER of her bed, causing her to sleep in odd positions.
24. I am not starved for attention. I do not need to crawl up on the humans' pillows in the middle of the night, and wake them up by licking their foreheads and purring in their ears.
25. I can sound more like a cat and less like an elephant. Especially when the humans are sleeping.
26. I do not have to pace the length and breadth of the human's bed every single night when he's trying to sleep. The bed has not changed sizes since last night.
27. I do not need my human's arm under some part of my body to fall asleep at night. Nor do I need to get up and frequently change my position, thus, waking her up EVERY single time.
28. I do not need to attack my new step-brother just because he is there. He has claws and I don't. I especially won't attack him at 3:00 in the morning when my humans are trying to sleep.
29. I do not need to clean or play with my human's hair, especially when she is trying to sleep.
30. I do not need to kill my human's feet every night before her bedtime.
31. I do not need to make a 2 a.m. bed check of my humans, and clean my human's nose and lick my human's beard until they have to hide under blankets. I can do the check a lot later in the morning.
32. I do not need to wake my human up at 3:00 a.m. by chewing on her head.
33. I do not really need to squirm my way between my humans in bed and then lie on my back spread-eagled under the ceiling fan, hogging the bed and the cool air.
34. I don't need to groom my humans eyelids while he is sleeping. He doesn't appreciate being woken up by a bristly tongue on the eyelids.
35. I have a basket full of kitty toys to play with and will not ransack my human's bathroom cupboard and tear apart the Q-tip box to get out one Q-tip. THEN I will not treat the Q-tip as it is the mortal enemy of the world and run around the house at full speed, waking up my human, as I will only get yelled at.
36. I have my allotted time to go out. I will not beg, plead, or otherwise be a general nuisance when it is past that time and the human have to go to bed. My female human gets cranky when she has to let me in at a quarter after one in the morning. (My cat Timmy does this all the time.)
37. I know I am not allowed on the dressing table as it's the female human's territory, especially regularly between the hours of 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. Neither will I wake them at 6.30 by going there again and making a HUGE crash by dislodging a wooden ornament.
38. I know my humans are night-owls, but that doesn't give me the right to chew on their fingers if they decide to stop petting me and go to sleep.
39. I know that my human has a sleeping disorder that makes her talk in her sleep, so I will not jump on the bed when she says my name, scaring the **** out of her and making her fall out of bed.
40. I must not jump from the bathroom counter to the top of the bathroom door, sending the door smashing into the side of the tub,

- then try to balance my 32 pound body on the top of the door while crying with fear.
41. I must not repeatedly swat the alarm clock in an effort to make it go off so the human will get up and feed us. Nor will I swat the human.
 42. I must not wake my human up in the morning by dropping a coffee maker on her head. That is not how humans use coffee to wake up!
 43. I must remember my human's head is not a female cat and I must not try to mate with it at 2 a.m.
 44. I pawed my way into the bathroom cabinet, but pawing won't let me out. I must push quietly, especially if it's 3:00 a.m.
 45. I promise not to turn on the TV at 3:00 in the morning by walking on the remote control so that My human thinks a burglar has broken in and comes down the stairs holding a baseball bat (although why a burglar would break in just to watch TV, I'll never know).
 46. I realize that my humans do not wish to have hourly night watch reports on sectors 4 and 5 (which they commonly call the windows next to the bed). I can quietly patrol these areas without meowing loudly and stepping all over them in bed while saving my sector report for the next morning.
 47. I really do not need food at 5 a.m. Purring and rubbing my human's face at 5 a.m. is not going to get food any faster. Instead, I will be locked out of the room for the rest of the night.
 48. I really do not need food at 5 a.m. Purring and rubbing my human's face at 5 a.m. is not going to get food any faster. Instead, I will be locked out of the room for the rest of the night.
 49. I really should not attack overnight guest's feet in the dead of the night unless I really want to give my human's father a heart attack.
 50. I shall not lie on the floor beside the bed noisily sucking and chewing at the crotch of my human's discarded knickers when she is trying to sleep.
 51. I shall not wake my human at 6 a.m. by cleaning her ear, making grunts of joy as I am doing it and leaving a pool of slobber in her ear.
 52. I understand that my human has insomnia, and she does not like the game called "Behave well all day, then run in and out of the bedroom at 100mph every 35 seconds as soon as she goes to bed".
 53. I will accept that my human is clean after her shower and will not wash her eyes and ears while she is sleeping.
 54. I will ask my friends not to come by for choir practice at 3:00 a.m.
 55. I will cease trying to sneak onto my human's pillow. I weigh 14 pounds, and sneaking on the bed is impossible.
 56. I will never again walk on the clock radio buttons and set the clock an hour ahead so that the human will be fooled into feeding us at 5 a.m. (I'd been vaguely aware he was on the clock, but didn't realize what he'd accomplished until *after* I got up and fed them!)
 57. I will no longer, after doing my usual walk across my human's belly, sniffing in his ear, knocking something off the dresser, or choking him by lying on his chest and putting my paws on his Adam's apple, chew his hair down to the skull in my wake-up-the-human ritual.
 58. I will not "kill" pantyhose at 3:00 am and bring it to my humans while they are sleeping. Furthermore, I will not LOUDLY announce my kill to them while I bring it to the side of the bed.
 59. I will not announce my grand entrance into my human's bedroom at 3 a.m. by howling at her for not petting me, then proceeding to dig through the wastepaper basket until I find a suitable toy (approximately half an hour later, 29.99 minutes after my human first gets woken up and starts complaining). I sleep twenty hours a day; she deserves to be left alone for seven hours or so.
 60. I will not ask my human repeatedly if it is time for bed at 2 a.m. because she decided to stay up late.
 61. I will not attack feet at 12 a.m. unless I want my human to use her feet to send me to who knows where.
 62. I will not attack my cat sister when she sleeps on my human parents bed. She has as much right to be there as I do. Besides, she's a much quieter sleeper, who neither hogs the blankets nor hisses/slaps at my human when she tries to get them back.
 63. I will not attack my human's hands in the middle of the night. My name is supposed to mean "protector of mankind".
 64. I will not attempt to disembowel my human's leg at 3 a.m. Or 4 a.m.
 65. I will not attempt to groom my human's hair in the middle of the night. He uses a product called "shampoo" and does not need the assistance of my tongue.
 66. I will not attempt to stop the human's snoring by sticking any combination of paws in his mouth, as this only results in a) wet and possibly human-bitten paws, and b) a very angry human with a mouthful of cat fur.
 67. I will not await the need to fart just so I can go in the bedroom, put my butt in front of my girl human's nose, and cut the cheese. She has an alarm clock.
 68. I will not awaken my human before dawn with frantic cries begging for food and/or water. A big strong cat like me can wait until the sun comes up.
 69. I will not bang on the bedroom door at 5 a.m. when I want my breakfast.
 70. I will not bite and pull on my human's hair when she is sleeping.
 71. I will not bounce on the bed to get my human up at three in the morning to turn on the faucet just because I want a drink. My water dish is downstairs and they will turn on the water when they get up.
 72. I will not bring offerings of toy mice to my humans in the middle of the night (she's an inside kitty...she's been deprived of the chance to bring real ones!).
 73. I will not carry a Lego piece from my human little brother's room to the top of the stairs, and throw it down the stairs to hear it hit the tile floor at the bottom in the middle of the night.
 74. I will not cat-bomb sleeping guests by jumping off six foot tall bookcases to land on their pillows two inches from their faces.

75. I will not charge myself with static electricity and zap my sleeping my human at 2 a.m.
76. I will not chase my tail in the bathtub at 3:00 in the morning. Not only do I look stupid, but the sound echoes loudly and wakes my human up, making her grumpy in the morning.
77. I will not chase my tail wildly on my human's bed long enough to half-awaken her, let her fall back to sleep, then sink my claws into her feet (through the covers) enough to draw blood and make her go after me like she never has before.
78. I will not chase the other invisible cats across my human's belly and groin in the middle of the night—especially not at 3:30 a.m.
79. I will not chew on my human's hair while she is sleeping.
80. I will not clean my human's ears in an attempt to awake him/her.
81. I will not climb inside the wardrobe armoire (which is missing part of the back), so when my human opens it there are two glowing kitty eyes staring at her. I will not be shocked when the next night my human has applied some double-sided sticky tape to the path I used to sneak into the armoire. (Love that tape...)
82. I will not come up the stairs and scratch on the bedroom door when I know my human is on the brink of falling asleep.
83. I will not commit "drive-by" attacks on my human's legs when she walks through the house at night.
84. I will not complain loudly and interrupt my master's habit of taking position 1/2 inch from my soundly sleeping head and springing up to the dresser, leaving my head bouncing up and down like a beach ball at 3:30 a.m.
85. I will not cover my "presents" in the litter box continuously for more than 20 minutes at 4:00 a.m. The noise of the litter box liner being pricked by my claws wakes my human. I will also keep in mind that scratching the wall next to the litter box helps to cover nothing.
86. I will not creep up onto my human's bed at 2:30 am while she is sleeping and stare her down until she wakes from that "being watched" feeling. I realize I am very good at it but one day, she'll have a heart attack, and I don't want that. Besides, I need her around for when I hang over the headboard just inches from her face, staring her down.
87. I will not cry and keep my human awake when my other human leaves for work at 3 a.m., and rudely forgets to scratch me behind the ears before he goes.
88. I will not curl up on the bed when my human heads off to the bathroom to brush her teeth for bed (I usually lock Jack out), and when she returns give her a killer look that says "Touch me, move me, or come near me and you are dead." (I just left him on the bed and took my "rightful" place on the other half of the bed.)
89. I will not decide that 3 a.m. is the perfect time to get some attention by meowing piercingly until my human wakes up and tosses me (gently, mind you) onto the floor. I especially will not proceed to poop on the carpet behind the blowing fan, thus wafting the delicate scent of my poop over to my human and making her gag in her sleep.
90. I will not decide to play "Mexican Staredown Standoff" with my sister at 1 am. My sister does not like this game and it only makes her hiss and cry until my human wakes up. I know she doesn't like me looking at her.
91. I will not deposit a dead mouse on the carpet just inside the front door and then meow to go out at 3:00 a.m. just to see what my human will do when she steps on it in her bare feet.
92. I will not disturb the humans during their hard-earned sleep.
93. I will not do anything in my power to keep my human's visiting daughter awake at night while she sleeps in the living room, including: leaving a particularly smelly "present" in the litter box, knocking heavy objects off shelves or tables, climbing in between the metal venetian blinds to get a good look at the street activity, acting like her toes are the tastiest cat treats ever produced, crawling down beneath the head of the pull-out couch mattress to explore the cavern beneath, reacquainting myself with a long-lost toy with a variety of bells or janglers on it on the most slippery surface possible, or yowling plaintively as a last resort.
94. I will not do triple gainers from the dresser onto my human's stomach in the middle of the night.
95. I will not drag crinkly plastic into the bedroom and play with it incessantly at 3 a.m.
96. I will not drag dirty socks up from the basement in the middle of the night, deposit them on the bed and yell at the top of my lungs (Burmese LOUD yowling) so that my human can admire my "kill."
97. I will not drop a live mouse on my human's bed at 3 a.m. in order to "play" with it. I will not hamper the search when the mouse runs under the covers and the human has to spend 45 minutes trying to grab it and toss it outside.
98. I will not expect my human to get out of bed at midnight just because I just finished my homework and he was, after all, keeping the geometry demons at bay.
99. I will not fight with my evil nemesis the plastic bag at 5 a.m.
100. I will not find the noisiest possible thing to bat around when my people are sleeping.
101. I will not flick my tail on my human's face at 3 a.m. while enjoying sleeping on my human's pillow.
102. I will not gaze upon my human while she sleeps and attack her in the face at the first sign of movement. (My cat Zero is Psycho. He waits until you are sound asleep and then as soon as you move, Pow! right in the face.)
103. I will not get into a fight with the white feral cat in the early hours of the morning. It only gets the neighbours mad at my humans.
104. I will not get into my human's bed so I can chew her earrings.
105. I will not go into false pregnancy. I will especially not do this at 3 a.m. because when I do I loudly attack my sister under my humans bed, causing my humans to have to get up and yank me out, thinking I'm hurt, and tolerate my scratching, biting and hissing. If I do this, then I will be put in my cat cage the remainder of the night and banned from the bedroom, until I remember that I was spayed two years ago and that I can't have kittens.
106. I will not go outside at the exact time my humans are going to bed, refuse to come in even for treats, stay out until 2:00 am then go to their bedroom window, shove my paw through the open window and knock stuff off the window sill until they wake up and let me in.

107. I will not go under the bed and yowl at 4 a.m. to wake the human and not get squirted.
108. I will not grab my human's exposed toes with my claws when she is sound asleep.
109. I will not groom my (male) human's genitals. It tickles and will get me thrown out of bed.
110. I will not groom my human at 2 a.m.
111. I will not head-butt the lamp on the nightstand at 1:00 in the morning, causing it to bang loudly against the wall and nightstand and wake my humans up. They understand that I am wide awake and bored, but there are better (and quieter) ways to entertain myself. Continuing this behaviour will only get me sent to jail for the rest of the night.
112. I will not hide on the dark rug in the basement in the dark and grab my human behind the knee when she comes downstairs.
113. I will not hide under the bed in the darkest corner getting my self shut in a room for the night and then jump on what ever human is in bed scaring them half to death, earning myself more frequent flyer miles.
114. I will not hide under the footstool and wait for my unsuspecting human to make a trip to the kitchen in the middle of the night so that I can run out from under it, jump up, grab her around the waist and charge off at turbo-speed leaving her passed out on the floor in a dead faint from fright.
115. I will not hit my rubber balls around the house at 2 a.m., especially on hardwood floors.
116. I will not hog the blankets when I sleep on my human's bed. If I must do it, I will not hiss or slap at my human when she tries to get them back. I also will not nibble on her toes when they become exposed.
117. I will not howl at my neighbour's door the minute her alarm clock goes off in the morning (both of my neighbour's cats do this on occasion).
118. I will not hunt mice at night, then bring the little dead bodies into my human's room and proceed to eat them, crunching on all the bones, and leave little mouse parts for my human to step on when she gets up in the morning.
119. I will not impersonate an alarm clock by tipping my human's bedside glass of water onto him while he is sleeping.
120. I will not jump 10 feet straight up when my sleeping human rolls over. I usually land on his head, stomach, or groin and he really hates that.
121. I will not jump from the nice perch my human made for me onto his face in the middle of the night making him look like a really scary ad for razor blades.
122. I will not jump into the little corner space behind the 6 foot bookshelves so that my humans have to unload all of the shelves and move the bookcases at 1:00 a.m.
123. I will not jump on my human's chest at three in the morning (knowing full well that my human works to put food in my fat belly) from the very high up windowsill so that I don't have to jump that far down.
124. I will not jump on my human's head at five a.m. while trying to save her from a bug on the wall above the bed. Having wakened her, I will not convince her with my persistence and anxiety that it is a large spider. I will not cry in disappointment at the door when she evicts me, having turned the light on (in a fit of arachnophobia) to find only a tiny cockroach.
125. I will not jump on sleeping guests in the middle of the night, then leave long scratches on them when I realize it's not my human and launch myself back off.
126. I will not jump six feet onto my human's bedroom window screen at 5:00 in the morning just so I can "play Jesus".
127. I will not jump straight up in bed in the middle of the night, hissing and fluffed to twice my natural size, only to realize that it's just noise from the ice-maker and that everyone can go back to sleep now.
128. I will not jump to the window above my human's head while she is sleeping until I am big enough to make it in one try.
129. I will not jump up on the window sill and start making all kinds of weird noises at 12 am when my human is trying to sleep, I will especially not start getting all excited while I am making the noises, causing my human to flip out because she thinks somebody is at the window and wake up the other humans in the house, only to find out 5 minutes later that it is only the flags outside marking the gas line.
130. I will not jump up on the window sill and start making all kinds of weird noises at 12 am when my human is trying to sleep, I will especially not start getting all excited while I am making the noises, causing my human to flip out because she thinks somebody is at the window and wake up the other humans in the house, only to find out 5 minutes later that it is only the flags outside marking the gas line.
131. I will not jump up on the windowsill and then dive off it, landing only inches from my humans face.
132. I will not kill a mouse and leave it in the middle of the living room at night. My human is not fully awake in the morning and might not see it until she steps on it.
133. I will not knead my claws into my human's scalp while she is asleep.
134. I will not knead my male human's groin at 2 a.m. with claws extended. It seems to cause him some discomfort and he wakes up all grumpy.
135. I will not knock my human's communication board off of the desk onto her head to wake her up in the morning.
136. I will not knock my kitty treats into the garbage can and then run around the house knocking over garbage cans looking for them at 3 a.m.
137. I will not knock pennies off the nightstand at 3 a.m. in order to get my human's attention.
138. I will not knock smashable knick-knacks off the dresser at 5:00 a.m. when my human is trying to sleep.
139. I will not knock the clock radio off the head board onto my human's head. She does not like to be awakened that way.
140. I will not knock the kitchen trash can over at 3 a.m. EVERY NIGHT scavenging for scraps.
141. I will not lead Yang in a game of Midnight Rugby followed by a Hallway Derby. My humans do not like to be awakened by kitty bodies ricocheting off the bed. They always lock me out of the bedroom and I do not like that at all.

142. I will not leap on my human at 3 a.m., nuzzling and crying for food--then refuse to eat it after she gets up and feeds me--following her back to bed, there to snore contentedly as she tosses and turns!
143. I will not leap onto my sleeping human's butt with claws extended.
144. I will not lie on my human's head and purr at 3 a.m.
145. I will not lick my human's armpit in the morning to wake him up.
146. I will not lick my human's eyelids to wake her up, no matter how hungry, bored, or lonesome I am.
147. I will not lick my human's eyes while she is trying to sleep.
148. I will not lick my human's hair in the morning.
149. I will not lick my humans' noses raw to wake them up and will not try to smother them by making myself comfortable on their faces.
150. I will not lick the heater with my raspy tongue at 2:00 am in a passive-aggressive attempt to get my human out of bed so she can feed me. This only gets me squirted.
151. I will not lick, suck or bite the humans' fingers causing all the humans in the house to play hide the extremities all night long. I will not, under any circumstances be surprised at being unceremoniously dumped on the floor when I figure out how to burrow under the covers and then proceed to do the same to their toes.
152. I will not lie across my human's face when she is sleeping and almost smother her.
153. I will not lie down on my humans face
154. I will not lie on the first step when it is pitch black and expect my sleepy human to see me when she is going downstairs for a drink of water.
155. I will not lurk at the side of the bed during the night or I will be stepped on by the human getting up to go to the bathroom.
156. I will not make a noisy attempt to open the hall closet door at 3:00 a.m. Nothing has changed in there since the last time I managed to pry the door open.
157. I will not make friends with the mice in the attic and play with them all night long.
158. I will not make lots of noise at 4 a.m. to awaken the humans. I will not get food, but instead will get a kick, or squirted, or something thrown at me.
159. I will not make passionate love to the clock/radio at 4:00 am, causing both my humans to wonder whether there's a poltergeist inhabiting it.
160. I will not make scratching, poop-covering-type sounds all over the house at 3:00 a.m. making my human lie awake listening to see if I'm about to poop/pee all over one of his prized possessions.
161. I will not make the worst smelling poop in the entire world in the kitty box at three am. My human does not like to wake up to her eyes watering and gagging from the smell.
162. I will not make very subtle moan/meow noises under my human's bed at various random times through out the night.
163. I will not meow loudly when my human is just falling asleep.
164. I will not meow sweet nothings in my human's ear to make sure she is out of bed 1 hour before my "scheduled" breakfast, and then go back to sleep. If my human goes back to sleep too, I will not meow with increasing loudness about 5 minutes apart until she is fully conscious.
165. I will not outsmart the bark / spray collar which is only set up to detect high frequencies by emitting a very gentle, very quiet, but very audible mew, and keep it up for an hour.
166. I will not pace from night stand to night stand. My humans do not enjoy my walking on their heads.
167. I will not pace on my human's boobs at 6 a.m. on Saturday mornings just because I am so excited that the birds are finally waking up, completely neglecting to acknowledge the fact that my human would really like to sleep in to at least 8 a.m.
168. I will not paw my human's face at 3 a.m. just because I want to be pet. This will not get me the type of attention I want.
169. I will not pee on my human at 4 a.m. when she's sleeping in bed.
170. I will not pee on my sleeping human just because she doesn't want to play fetch at 3 a.m.
171. I will not perch on my human's chest in the middle of the night and stare into her eyes until she wakes up.
172. I will not pick my human's necklaces out of her jewelry box at 5 a.m. in an attempt to wake her for some petting.
173. I will not pick the hours between 1 and 4 a.m. to do 'thundering paws with auto-reverses' throughout a small apartment with hardwood floors. Furthermore, I and my buddy will not use the daybed with our human in it for the spot to do the 'turn and burn' on that end of the run. She does not appreciate 30 pounds of cat every few minutes.
174. I will not pick the night before an important concert to get hyper so that the next day my human feels like an extra from Night of the Living Dead and looks it too. (She only picks the nights before really important events. I don't know how she knows...)
175. I will not play Attack Cat in the middle of the night when my human moves in her sleep.
176. I will not play chase across my human's head at 3 AM.
177. I will not play 'Hunt my human's fingers' in the middle of the night, when all he is doing is holding up the sheets for me to burrow under them.
178. I will not play mole in the middle of the night and burrow under the covers to touch my cold nose to my human's warm tummy.
179. I will not play NASCAR racing/long jump by running along the end of the bed, picking up speed going up the side, launching myself on to the night stand and landing on the window sill a good 3 feet (if counting height) away with a thump.
180. I will not play so enthusiastically on the teen-aged humans' beds at night that they cower in the adult human's bedroom to sleep because hers has the only properly shutting door. If I do, I will not cry piteously all night and scratch at the door because I am lonely.

181. I will not play the 'can you hear me now' game until my human gets out of bed, then proceed to play the 'can't catch me' game.
182. I will not play the 'wasn't me singing' game at 3am, by yowling at the bed room door and then running and curling up under the kitchen table.
183. I will not play with dog food nuggets in the wee hours of the morning, and leave them for my humans to step on barefoot at seven a.m.
184. I will not play with the handles on my humans' dresser while they are hugging each other in bed.
185. I will not play with the nice springy doorstep so that it goes "SPROING" at 3 a.m. when I am bored.
186. I will not poke my human's nose with my claw and mew in her ear until she gets out of bed because I think I need breakfast at FOUR IN THE MORNING.
187. I will not pop my claws in my human's hair when she is sleeping. Nails on my human's scalp hurt.
188. I will not pounce on my human's head as she sleeps giving her a swollen black eye.
189. I will not practice my piano skills at 2:00 in the morning when my human's sister is visiting and sleeping on the hideabed 10 feet away from the piano. I will also not practice singing while practising my piano skills, etc.
190. I will not prowl around the apartment yowling at the top of my voice just because the human has gone to bed and left me alone. I certainly do not need to sound as if I'm dying an agonizing death. (Part Siamese. Which part? Just the voice!)
191. I will not purr and nudge my human awake at 6 a.m. every single day. She doesn't feed me until 9 a.m. and I will not starve to death in those three foodless hours.
192. I will not put my paw in my human's mouth while she is asleep. No matter how inviting her tonsils look. (My oldest does this to everyone that sleeps with their mouth open.)
193. I will not reach into the water glass my human takes to bed at night and pull it over on her in the middle of the night.
194. I will not rudely wake my human by dumping a cup of water on his face, just because he's been asleep and not petted me too long.
195. I will not rummage through the trash at 4 a.m. looking for any piece of cellophane to chew on and wake my human. She doesn't get home from work until 1a.m. and I get my butt kicked out of the room upon awakening her.
196. I will not run across my humans' heads during the night in order to check if the other end table is more comfy to sleep on.
197. I will not run amok through the house in the middle of the night, thumping up and down the stairs and rearranging all the floor rugs/runners.
198. I will not run around howling and fighting with the other cat right when the kid is trying to sleep. It always wakes him up.
199. I will not run out of the door late at night when friends are leaving. My human cannot find me in the dark because I am jet black.
200. I will not run out of the house right before my human goes to bed and refuse to come back in, especially if it is freezing out.
201. I will not run outside at 10 at night so my human has to spend an hour trying to get me out of a tree. I won't climb all the way to the top of the very tall tree and watch her, then come down to a low limb and cry to be let down.
202. I will not run under my human's feet when she is walking in the dark. I am black and she cannot see me so I should not make her feel bad if she steps on me.
203. I will not run up and down the hall for four hours straight at night.
204. I will not scare the heck out of my young human and her friend by hanging on the window outside, eyes shining in their full glory with my rather long teeth exposed. (Needless to say, we did not get much sleep after that.)
205. I will not scratch my human's gym bag at 5 a.m., terrifying her. She only thinks she potty trained me!
206. I will not scratch on the bedroom door for hours so I can get in. My humans won't allow me in their bed.
207. I will not scratch the door, meow, and flop on the floor and stick my paws under the door when I want to be let into my human's bedroom.
208. I will not scratch the side of the bed at 5 a.m., and then get up and bat my human's nose just because I think it's time for my tuna. (Sergio gets tuna EVERY morning - it's something my Mom started!)
209. I will not shred the wicker storage units my mom just bought that she keeps next to the bed with my claws. I especially won't do this at 4:50 a.m. every single night.
210. I will not shred the wicker storage units that my human just bought that she keeps next to the bed. I especially won't do this at 4:50 a.m. EVERY. SINGLE. MORNING.
211. I will not shut the bedroom door in the middle of the night so that my human walks straight into it because he doesn't want to wake my other human by switching on the light. (The loud bang his face makes hitting the door wakes my human every time!)
212. I will not sit at the head of my human's bed where he can't reach me, then swat him in the face with my tail just because he didn't want to pet me.
213. I will not sit in the middle of the living room after everyone's asleep and then meow at the top of my lungs as if something were wrong just so they'll all get out of bed and run into the room in a panic, just because I'm lonely.
214. I will not sit next to the alarm clock at 6 a.m. (when it rings) pounce on my human. She is quite capable of waking up on her own!
215. I will not sit on my human's face while she is sleeping.
216. I will not sit on my owner's face while she is trying to sleep.
217. I will not sit on top of the refrigerator in the middle of the night and touch my human's head as she walks by, thereby scaring her to DEATH! (I didn't have glasses on, I was going for a drink of water and I almost fainted. And this is from the cat that normally absolutely, positively does not get on top of anything higher than the back of the couch, not the one that sleeps on top of my bookcase.)
218. I will not slap the wooden blinds against the windows at 5 a.m. in my humans' bedroom, even if I think it's hysterical when my human's boyfriend tries to shoot me with the water gun and narrowly misses me every time, including the times when he chases

- me all the way to the top of the stairs...sucker.
219. I will not slap the wooden blinds against the windows at 5:00 a.m. in my humans' bedroom, even if I think it's hysterical when my human's boyfriend tries to shoot me with the water gun and narrowly misses me every time, including the times when he chases me all the way to the top of the stairs (sucker!).
 220. I will not sleep all day conserving my energy so I can start playing (loudly) as soon as my humans turn off the lights and go to bed.
 221. I will not sleep on my human's face, lick his nose, and nibble on his ear while he tries to sleep at night.
 222. I will not sleep on my human's head and then decide it is time to sharpen my claws.
 223. I will not sleep on my human's head knowing that she is deathly allergic to me then when my human pushes me to the floor proceed to sleep on her chest and breathe in her face all night.
 224. I will not sleep on my human's head knowing that she is deathly allergic to me then when my human pushes me to the floor proceed to sleep on her chest and breathe in her face all night.
 225. I will not slither under the bed covers in the wee hours like some fat, furry viper and then proceed to burrow my cabbage-sized head into my human's boyfriend's butt. This only serves to disgust him and send her into paroxysms of uncontrolled laughter. It also tempts her to suggest to the male human that if he would only remove his own head from the object of my affections (e.g., his butt), then I would have plenty of room to comfortably "navigate." While this struck me as being a perfectly reasonable solution, the suggestion did not endear either one of us to the male human who immediately launched into an atomic snit. ("Crafty" is the same cat I recently wrote to you about who attacks me in the hallway by leaping onto his hind feet and bouncing towards me like something from "The Exorcist." I fear there is something fundamentally wrong with this feline, but you just gotta love any critter who can keep life this interesting!)
 226. I will not smack my human in the face when I want her to get up.
 227. I will not smack my human in the face when the alarm goes off. She can hear.
 228. I will not smack the front window at 3 a.m. causing my human to fall off the couch and hit her bad knee on the coffee table.
 229. I will not sniff at my human's face while s/he sleeps. The slight contact of my nose with the human's face tickles and will wake my human, resulting in my being thrown off the bed.
 230. I will not sniff my human's face at 4 a.m. to see if she is still breathing.
 231. I will not spill water on my human to wake her.
 232. I will not stand in my human's face at three in the morning and meow the most long winded and drawn out meow, because I (the fat cat) have emptied my dish. I will not act like I haven't eaten in several weeks when in fact it has only been several minutes.
 233. I will not stand on my hind legs with glowing eyes trying to freak out the humans.
 234. I will not stand on my human's chest while she is sleeping so she cannot breathe just because I want to play at 3:00 a.m.
 235. I will not stand on my human's nightstand at 3:00 a.m. and knock things off it one by one in order to wake her up so that she can play with me. She locks me out of the bedroom every time.
 236. I will not start frantically clawing at the door (which is open) at 5 a.m. which only keeps my human awake after she was awakened by the dogs whining because he suffers from separation anxiety while in the crate. This will only get me scolded more so than the dog.
 237. I will not start pouncing and jumping on my human's bed at 3 in the morning.
 238. I will not steal the corks from wine bottles and hide them, only to bat them down the wooden stairs at 3:00 a.m.
 239. I will not stick my paw in my human's mouth to stop her snoring so that I can go back to sleep.
 240. I will not stick my whiskers into my human's nose at 3:00 a.m., even though this is the fastest way to wake him up. He will NOT want to play with me. Besides, it fills my human with adrenaline, makes it impossible for him to sleep for the rest of the night, and puts him in a grumpy mood for the whole of the next day.
 241. I will not stomp on my human's hair all night just because she has long hair and I no longer do. It is not her fault that I won't groom myself or let her brush me and I had to be shaved.
 242. I will not take my human's pillow away from her just because she doesn't use all of it. I have the run of the rest of the house, and there is no reason that I have to sleep on her head and let her breathe cat hair all night.
 243. I will not tear the bottom of the box spring under the bed and climb up into it during the night. The moving bed makes my human think it's an earthquake.
 244. I will not tell my human that my kitty gravel needs changing by putting my big stinky paws under and on her nose in the middle of the night. She will not be impressed and I will lose my soft spot on the bed.
 245. I will not throw a stack of books on my human's head while she is sleeping.
 246. I will not torture my human at bedtime by first trying to groom her, then spending the next 10 minutes to an hour jumping from the bureau to the bed to the nightstand to the cat perch to the high bureau.
 247. I will not track snow(!) under the covers. (Yes it happens, all too often.)
 248. I will not try to rub against my human's legs while he is walking to the bathroom at 3 a.m., and if I am accidentally stepped on in the process, I will not yowl and stare at him accusingly, as if my being under foot is the fault of my human.
 249. I will not try to sleep on top of the skinny head board, only to fall off in the middle of the night and crash on my human's head. This is very scary for both of us.
 250. I will not try to sleep under the pillow when my human's sleeping on it.
 251. I will not try to sneak up to the pillow to sleep on my human's head at night. I weigh 14 lbs and cannot sneak on the bed.
 252. I will not try to wake up my human by lying by her head and purring as loudly as I can.
 253. I will not turn the stereo on/up in the middle of the night.

254. I will not unlatch the window screen so I can go outside in the middle of the night.
255. I will not use my claws to walk upside-down across the bottom of my humans' upper bunk bed, defying the laws of physics, and causing my male human to lose sleep for days over the image of a cat walking upside down above his head. Nor will I, when startled during said upside-down walk, lose my grip and drop on the middle of my sleeping female human's pregnant belly.
256. I will not use my human's head as a ladder so that I can look out the window at 3 a.m. to watch the cat brawl taking place on the car roof outside.
257. I will not wait until midnight and then repeatedly press the buttons on the small humans' toys that make noises, making my humans think one of their children has sneaked out of bed again.
258. I will not wait until my human is sound asleep before dive bombing her from the top bunk, just because I think its funny when she yells really loudly but can't find me. (I don't know how she does it, either!)
259. I will not wait until the human has closed the door and is trying to sleep to let her know I'm under the bed, making her have to get up and open the door so I can get out.
260. I will not wait until the humans are asleep at 3 a.m. to begin munching the crunchy plastic I took out of the covered trashcan, forcing my human to get out of her nice warm bed to save my digestive system from my strange urges.
261. I will not wake my human in the morning by knocking her alarm clock off the end table, causing it to shut off and in turn, causing her to be late for work.
262. I will not wake up my human at 5:00 in the morning. I know my feeding time is 6:00, and she knows my feeding time is 6:00. She does not need an hour to get ready to feed me.
263. I will not wake my human in the morning by sneezing right in his face.
264. I will not wake my human up by sitting on her chest. I am a very large and heavy cat, and she cannot breathe when I do this.
265. I will not wake my human up to feed me by biting her nose to get her attention.
266. I will not wake my human up to feed me without first checking whether there is still food in my bowl.
267. I will not wake my human up with my purring. There is no need for me to drown out your average outboard motor just to show that I'm contented.
268. I will not wake my human when the alarm is supposed to go off on a Saturday morning because the alarm is off on Saturdays.
269. I will not wake my humans up in the dead hours of the night by dragging my stuffed bird toy (the one with the bell on it) through the apartment and making lots of noise with it.
270. I will not wake up my human at 5:00 a.m. just because I heard someone get up and go to the bathroom.
271. I will not wake up my human at 6:30 a.m. every day, including weekends.
272. I will not wake up my human in the middle of the night, and meow (well, actually my cat sounds more like "gack") at him until he follows me into the kitchen to keep me company while I eat.
273. I will not wake up my human's guests by licking their eyebrows at 3:00 a.m.
274. I will not walk across my human's face and eyes at night and "accidentally" scratch my human's corneas so badly that my human has to go to the ophthalmologist the next morning and then misses almost 2 weeks of work while wearing a blindfold to aid the healing of her eyes.
275. I will not walk back and forth over my female human's chest trying to wake her up.
276. I will not wash myself loudly for twenty minutes, burrow under the bedclothes and then barf over the bed and my female human at ten to three in the morning. Having recovered, I will then not fidget intermittently for an hour before finally getting comfortable and letting the human drift off to sleep.
277. I will not wedge myself between the wall and antique mantel clock over the fireplace, causing the antique clock to crash to the floor at 3 a.m.
278. I will not, when bored at 3 a.m. while my human is just dozing off, take a mad leap onto the bed then proceed to root under the bedcovers and claw her feet causing me to take a quick flying lesson across the room.
279. I will only play during the day. My human does not like me playing in the dead of the night when she is trying to sleep.
280. I will quit driving my human from the bedroom in the wee hours of the morning by farting in her face.
281. I will register for a Human Anatomy course so that I will not think that my human mother dispenses milk from her braided ponytail at 5:00 a.m.
282. I will stop "ick-icking" at the birds at 5 in the morning, right next to my human's head when she's trying to sleep.
283. I will stop barfing into my human's bedroom slippers during the night.
284. I will stop knocking over furniture in the middle of the night. My humans hate it and the people that live downstairs hate it.
285. I will wait for the alarm to go off instead of doing a tap-dance on my human's head when I want my breakfast.
286. I won't attack my human's foot through the blanket at 3 a.m. Even if she *is* moving it.
287. I won't climb to the top of the refrigerator and knock everything off, especially not at 3 a.m.
288. I won't freak the babysitter by playing handball in the bathtub at midnight.
289. I won't jump on my human's face at 3 a.m. when he is very sick and scare the s**t out of him.
290. I won't pick a fight with another cat on the roof at 3 a.m. (I noticed most things in your list happen at 3 a.m. This is perfectly true. Cats *always* do their nefarious deeds between 2:30 and 4:00 a.m.)
291. I won't step on my human's tummy at 3 a.m., then hide behind the TV while he turns every light in the house on looking for me.
292. If I accidentally get outside, I will have the good graces to NOT disappear until 2 a.m. I was born inside the house I live at, and Mom went to bed sobbing because I was missing and we live right off the busiest street in the city. If I must disappear for hours on end, I will have the good graces to NOT sit on the deck at 2 a.m. and scream until Mom comes and gets me inside. She was thrilled

- that I was home safe, but she had a horrid headache the next day from no sleep. I could have waited to come home until 5 a.m., when she gets up anyways.
293. If I lie on the window sill at night, I will not roll over in my sleep and fall off. Alternatively, I will not wake up the entire house at 4:00 A.M. by fussing to go out because I see a bird or another cat in the yard.
 294. If I'm sleeping on my human's face and she pushes me, it is because I'm purring and she would like to stop it. It is not because she loves me madly and wants me to purr louder.
 295. If my cohorts and I knock all the cushions off the sofa sleeper while wildly racing about the house at 3 a.m., and I get caught between the frame of the bed and the side of the sofa, and my terrified howls wake my human who comes stumbling out of the bedroom half asleep without her glasses on and tries to rescue me (thinking it is my *head* that is stuck, and not my back leg!), I will not bite her as hard as I can on the hand (twice), thinking she is the cat-eating-couch-monster, and cause a major infection requiring antibiotics. If I do this, I will not decide that since she's already up she might as well feed me after she stops the bleeding.
 296. If my human does not get out of bed at 7:20 a.m. after I yowl at her to get up (wake up call number one), I will not attack her feet at 7:40 a.m. (wake up call number two). (If I do not get up after wake up call number two, she will lie on me.)
 297. If my human oversleeps on the weekend and has not given me a new plate of food, I will not chew on his hand for sustenance. I will eat the food that I did not eat last night and wait. If I chew on the human's hand again, I realize that the wall opposite his bed will gain an imprint from my body when he throws me out.
 298. If we decide to play 'Commando Kitty', we will leave our human parents out of it, especially when it's 4 AM and they are trying to sleep. Running over their shins at break neck speeds makes them extremely grumpy!
 299. In my frenzy to kill a water beetle, I will not send my food dish flying, covering the kitchen, bathroom, and laundry room floors with kibble. My human would rather deal with the beetle herself than have to pick up all that kibble (especially at 3 o'clock in the morning!)
 300. It is not necessary for me to drag my mouse-on-a-fishing-pole all over the house at 3 a.m., scaring the whole house.
 301. It is not necessary to groom the back of my human's head. It is really not necessary to do so at 5:30 every morning.
 302. It is permissible to purr and nuzzle my human at an hour other than two in the morning.
 303. Just because I am deaf, doesn't mean that everyone else is, so 3 o'clock in the morning is the wrong time to play "Headboard Hockey" or "Knock over the World"!!!
 304. Just because I see, through a tiny hole in my kibble food, the bottom of the yellow dish does not mean I must wake up my human to refill it at 2:45 a.m. with screeching comparable to the "Exorcist".
 305. Just because I'm all black and part Siamese, does not give me the right to hide in the shadows and chirp into my human's ears with ear-shattering noise at 4 a.m. Glowing eyes in darkness that scream can give humans nightmares.
 306. Just because my name is Mugger, I will not mug people at the bottom of the basement stairs in the dark.
 307. Just because the alarm clock goes off at 5:30 a.m. does not mean that the humans are getting up at 5:30 a.m. It is not necessary to scratch at the door each and every time the snooze alarm sounds. That's why it's called "snooze".
 308. My human does not get enough sleep as it is. Waking him at ungodly hours in the night to complain of the emptiness of my food dish will only get him to give me flying lessons, not to fill the dish up.
 309. My human does not react well to being woken up in the middle of the night by the sound of me sucking on my adopted brother's ears.
 310. My human gets upset when I get onto the highest point in the bedroom when she is trying to sleep. Just because my human's hips are the highest point does not mean that I have to climb them.
 311. My human has an alarm clock. I do not need to wake her up every morning by assaulting her toes.
 312. My human is allowed to move her feet while she is in bed without the fear that I will attack them; I have claws and they hurt.
 313. My human is not dead if she is not awake at 7:00 a.m. It is not necessary for me to park my concerned 28 pound frame on her stomach and check for breathing.
 314. My human is not suffering from tachycardia every night. She does not need carotid sinus massages while trying to sleep.
 315. My human knows how much I love my sleep. But since she cannot see in the dark like I can, I will not unplug her floor lamp just because she was inconsiderate enough to turn it on during my mid-evening nap.
 316. My human likes to sleep. I will not wake her up every hour to pet me all night.
 317. My human loves me as much as I love her, and she likes it when I fall asleep on her when she's going to sleep. My human finds it soothing when I knead her face when she is falling asleep, but I will refrain from kneading her windpipe because it keeps her from breathing properly.
 318. My human needs his sleep. I will not (noisily) make love at 3 a.m. under his bedroom window. If I cannot control myself, I will limit the number of suites to no more than two or three. (I realize that I am getting it while I can -- I heard my human make the appointment with the vet!)
 319. My human realizes that, when we are playing, I enjoy snatching my kitty toys out of her hands, and carrying them away into the other room. This is acceptable behaviour for kitty toys. However, my human's braid is NOT a kitty toy. When she is sleeping on her stomach, I will NOT creep on the bed at 2 or 3 a.m. and then try to snatch her braid and carry it away, nor will I chew on the rubber band that holds it in place. It frightens her to be abruptly awoken by my pounce and hurts her to have her braid pulled on that hard. In addition, on those occasions when I HAVE managed to chew through the rubber band without awakening my human, she gets angry because when she wakes up, her hair (which is long) is a tangled disaster, and she must go to work looking as if she is wearing a haystack.
 320. My human really will wake up and feed me -- I don't have to pry her eyelids open with my paws.

321. My human's head is not an appropriate place to sleep, even if I do think she is hogging the pillow. I should be grateful she lets me share her pillow and not sit on her head when I think she is taking too much of it. (This is a 15-pound Maine Coon that does this...it's like having a sandbag dropped on your head.)
322. My human's orthopedic pillow is not a custom built cat bed for my fat rear. She does not like me sneaking onto it in the middle of the night; and rolling over to come nose to touch with my rear; or having me decide I need more room and kick her in the back of the head with claws. (He still tries to sneak onto the "sacred pillow" any chance he gets.)
323. My human's private area is not a good place to land on when jumping off the dresser in the middle of the night.
324. My sleeping human's face is not a toy, even if weird noises emanate from that opening in it.
325. My tail does not have a special aroma that helps humans sleep. I will not sit on my human brother's face while he's asleep.
326. Plastic grocery bags and trash can liners are not food. They also make a great deal of noise when chewed, which gets me thrown out of the bedroom if I insist on snacking on them at night.
327. Playing with golf balls on a hardwood floor at 2 a.m. will get me yelled at and my toys taken away.
328. Playing with any toys on the tile floor just to get my human out of bed to feed me is not a good idea. After she angrily takes them away from me, I will not find more that I have stashed and continue to play.
329. Pouncing on "bed mice"(those little things under the blanket at the end of my human's feet) is going to make my human scream and bleed.
330. Saying good morning at 7:30 a.m. and good night at midnight is not necessary.
331. Seeing a pigeon on the balcony railing doesn't mean I should attempt to use my human as a springboard to reach the bedroom window sill, particularly if I miss the jump, hang precariously from the sill gouging chunks from the wall in an attempt to claw my way up, and finally fall on the human's face. Especially at 6 a.m. Particularly when she didn't get to sleep until 4 a.m.
332. Singing to the cat on the other side of the front door is a no-no at 2 a.m.
333. Smacking my human's head to wake her up at 6 a.m. to get her out of bed to feed me is not a good idea. Smacking her head and pouncing at 5 a.m. is even worse.
334. Stepping on my human's alarm clock and changing the time only gets me in trouble.
335. Sticking my nose in her ear and grumbling for my human to roll onto her back so I can sleep on her chest will elicit a grumble from her that even meaner than mine, especially if it's at 4 a.m. or earlier. (Yes, she does make a grumbling noise which sounds like a child who doesn't get her way...actually she sounds like *me* when something doesn't go my way!)
336. The bed at 4 a.m. is not the correct arena to determine who is Alpha Cat.
337. The bubbles in the water bed are not cat toys. I will not play with them while my human is sleeping. (As soon as it is light she likes to jump on one corner at the foot of the bed, and when the bubbles move to the other corner, pounce on them, and when the bubbles move to the other corner, pounce on them, and when the bubbles move to the other corner, pounce on them, etc. While I'm trying to get a final hour of sleep. She tracks them with her ears. They make a burbling sound as they move.)
338. The following are also not approved methods of asking for breakfast: playing punch bag with the lampshade; ripping pieces from magazines; clawing photographs; pushing books onto the floor (when one ploy no longer gets my attention, he switches to another...)
339. The middle of the night is not a good time to play toss-and-catch with my new rabbit's foot-- especially when I accidentally toss it up in my human's father's face. I tend to get tossed (toy and all) out of the bedroom... (Tigger shredded more than a few rabbit's feet.)
340. The open bag of horse grain is not my midnight playground. It makes a loud noise when I attack at high speeds, and then my human makes louder and more scary noises because I woke her up.
341. The refrigerator needs the grate at the bottom. Attacking it at an ungodly hour in the morning will result in damage to the fridge and damage to me if my human catches me.
342. There is not an evil monster attacking my human under the covers. She is just moving her legs, and I do not need to act as her bodyguard and rip the blankets to shreds in an attempt to find the nonexistent attacker.
343. Under no circumstance will I attempt to crawl into bed with my germ-phobic human smelling like poop. If I do, I will not protest mightily at the frantic search for the source of the smell and if necessary I will gracefully submit to my subsequent bath.
344. Walking across the speaker phone and hitting autodial at 4 a.m. is *not* a good way to get the human to get up and feed me, so I should not sulk if she resorts to placing an upside down disposable turkey roasting pan over it.
345. We both will stop sounding like we are wrecking the living room at 3 a.m. This causes our human to use unpleasant language.
346. We may--and in fact, should--meow at our human when it is time to get up for work, but not at oh-dark-thirty when she is still trying to sleep.
347. We will not "chase" our human's feet when she is asleep, making big cuts all over them.
348. We will not get the night crazies two minutes after our humans go to bed. There is no reason to scream and run full speed that late at night.
349. We will not knock down the 6.5-foot cat tree at the foot of the stairs. Especially not at midnight. (My friend Karen's eight cats combined their efforts at this one.)
350. We will not play Herd of Thundering Wildebeests Stampeding Across the Plains of the Serengeti over my humans' bed while they're trying to sleep.
351. We will not play Westlemania outside our humans' closed bedroom door at 4 a.m. It is not necessary to body slam the other cat against the door.
352. We will not run around the house like maniacs at 3 a.m., hissing and jumping on walls, leaving skid marks on the floor and causing

the dog to bark at us.

353. We will not run up and down the stairs like a stampede of elephants just to wake up my human.
354. We will not wait until all the humans in the house are just drifting off to sleep and then start our "Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling" match.
355. We will only wrestle with each other. We will not conduct 'Wrestle Mania XX' on our humans. The tag team, body slamming, no hold-barred action is not something they want done on them as soon as they turn off the lights to go to bed.
356. When I am locked out of the bedroom I will not claw at the door, hurl my body against it and howl mournfully.
357. When I know I don't really own the humans now living in my house, I will not become pregnant, and then keep sneaking through open windows at night looking for a comfy spot to have my kittens, forcing the younger female of the house to stagger up at 5 a.m. to chase me out. (She does this every chance she gets.)
358. When I wake my human up at 5:00 a.m. to be let out, I will really go out, instead of waking him up again at 5:15, 5:30, 5:45 ...
359. When my human and I are alone at night, I will not get up into the attic (where I am strictly forbidden to be) at 3 a.m. and drag a Barbie doll by the hair down two flights of stairs, banging on every step, so that my human thinks there is a burglar in the house. (He was on the point of calling 911 when he noticed Maxie sitting at the foot of the steps with his new toy in his mouth.)
360. When my human is in R.E.M. sleep, her eyes are not trying to escape. I do not need to catch them for her.
361. When my human is kind enough to allow me to sleep on her pillow, I will not demonstrate my gratitude by sitting on her hair and kneading her scalp with my claws out. Purring very loudly in her ear will not help, either.
362. When my human rolls over in her sleep, it is not an invitation to attack her feet.
363. When my human shuts me out of the bedroom at night, I will not reach my paw under the door at 4 a.m. and twang the doorstopper until she comes out and pays attention to me. This goes double when she has another human in there with her.
364. When my humans are being nice by letting me get up on them while they are in bed, I will be a nice cat and lie down quickly. I must remember that I am a rather heavy cat, and my humans do not appreciate my "pressure points".
365. When my human's father is snoring, I will not express my distaste at the noise he is making by cutting his nose open with my claws. (Dad had two massive cuts on his nose from Salem's anguished outburst.)
366. When playing with my canine brother in the middle of the night, I will not run across my human, causing my brother (a German Shepard) to follow. He's is a lot heavier than me, and hurts our human when he runs across her.
367. When playing with my canine brother in the middle of the night, I will not run across my human, causing my brother (a German Shepard) to follow. He's is a lot heavier than me, and hurts our human when he runs across her.
368. When rushing dementedly round the apartment, I will remember that I need more than twelve inches to pull up on the hardwood floor, in order to avoid crashing into the metal drawer at the bottom of the stove. In particular, I will remember this at 3 a.m.
369. When sharing a bed, I do not need the three-quarters nearest the wall.
370. When the house is completely dark at night and my human has gotten up to go to the bathroom, I will not pounce out at her suddenly. I am black, all my human can see are my sinister yellow eyes, and I will make her scream and wake up the entire house.
371. When the pipes burst at 5 a.m. and get my paws wet and float my food dish away, I will not run and leap on my human crying at full voice, then run like hell when the giant truck mounted Vacuum Monster's big brother comes.
372. While my humans let me under the blankets with them, that does not mean they want me to clean any flesh that I find under there.

--- Noise ---

1. A closed door is not an attack on my personal freedom. I will not scratch or meow loudly if a door is closed. This is especially important when I have been banished from the bedroom for bad behaviour.
2. Although yowling in the shower produces a lovely echo, my human doesn't appreciate my operatic abilities. Especially at 3 a.m.
3. Attempts to brush my teeth are not lethal, except to the humans. I should stop groaning and moaning, or my mom will stop doing it, and then I'll lose my pretty fangs, like my older cat sister did.
4. Caterwauling along with the bagpipes on the stereo is not the proper way to join the Scottish New Year's tradition of singing Auld Lang Syne.
5. Crying out "Where are you?" sounds stupid when you're nearly a fully grown cat, you know your humans are inside, and it's only a little three bedroom bungalow anyway.
6. Even though I am in heat (my human didn't know I was unneutered when she adopted me last month), I will not slink around the house bewailing my lonely and deprived condition. Especially when the male human is away from home for several weeks, and the female human is feeling similar.
7. I am a part- Siamese flame point cat. I am not a duck. I will not look at my female human and say "AFLAC". This causes my male human to think my female human has lost her mind when she reports it.
8. I am an illiterate cat, who has never read Harry Potter. I will cease to earn the nickname Moaning Myrtle. I will not sleep in the litter box all day (it's yucky in there) and let out with pitiful moans whenever someone turns the fan on. My human will only yank me out of the box by whichever part she can reach.
9. I am not a duck. When picked up suddenly, I will not quack.
10. I am not going to succeed at breaking the sound barrier and will stop barreling through the house at top speed in the attempt.
11. I can fit through the cat door so I don't need to cry and scratch at the door until someone lets me in.
12. I cannot jump like my agile older sister. To keep trying only results in pain and extremely loud crashing, especially when I try to get on the metal bar stools. I will just end up knocking them down like dominoes and scaring the bejeebers out of everyone!
13. I do not have a quiet meow; I should therefore not make a ruckus when my human is on the phone. (Note: Random *had* to make

- his presence known by meowing loudly while I was recording my voicemail greeting ... I decided to leave it.)
14. I do not have kittens. I do not need to sit outside every closed door crying as if fragile youngsters will die if I don't get in immediately.
 15. I do not have to complain when my human occasionally brings me up to her room.
 16. I do not have to crawl into the tiled bathtub enclosure and yodel "poor pitiful me" at the top of my lungs just to hear the echo. At *any* time I can sneak into the bathtub.
 17. I do not have to howl at the top of my lungs when: I want to go out, don't feel good, or just to announce that I have to make a big poop. (He really does that! And, if he's howling just as he's about to be sick it comes out more like a distorted yodel!)
 18. I do not have to let out a giant wail every time I finish using the litter box to tell everyone how proud I am of what I've just done. (The bigger the poop, the louder the wail.)
 19. I do not need to hiss at every visitor to make him/her feel at home.
 20. I do not need to howl like a banshee at the door when my humans go to work. They will be home by the time I finish sleeping.
 21. I do not need to run around and dance on the rooftop in the middle of the night, as the shake-shingles amplify the sound and simulate a stampeding herd of bison.
 22. I do not need to sing along with my humans' music.
 23. I do understand that at least one of my humans has to leave the house to go to work. I will not mope through the place yelling and swearing at the one that dared to leave; and I will not make my human call my human and have him talk to me...aka "Here. Talk to YOUR problem child." just so I'll shut up so she doesn't snap my neck. (The 14 year old knows what phones are about; 'my human' had surgery and I'd call him every evening and have him talk to this mourning cat. After three days, I sat down to make the call, and he jumped up in my lap and started purring as soon as I picked up the receiver. He knows he can't see or smell the person, but he can hear them; and when he closes his eyes and starts purring; he's quit worrying and mourning.)
 24. I have plenty of toys and places to sleep, so it is not necessary to sing to my self at the top of my lungs when I am bored.
 25. I shall not whine and rattle all locked doors.
 26. I will accept that my human's first priority in the morning is not to feed me breakfast straight away. I will desist from yowling loudly.
 27. I will continue to talk to my human when he talks to me.
 28. I will not body check the door when my human shuts it.
 29. I will not call for a tom cat when staying with my human's parents.
 30. I will not call my humans bad names when they put me outside. They are doing this in an effort to prevent accidents and I have a cat flap so that I can come in when I have had my prowl.
 31. I will not charge the sliding glass windows at 4 a.m., growling and hissing and making all kinds of noise and rattling the verticals, because there may possibly be another cat in the yard.
 32. I will not chatter-meow every time my human sneezes, coughs, or sniffs -- and let the meows become increasingly louder until the "Grande Finale Meow" that is more like a bloodcurdling scream. There were times in the past when my human did this to tease me, but when she has hay fever at 2 am, this behaviour is not okay. (My cat, Josie, does this constantly - and only to me. I want to get it on video!)
 33. I will not climb into the back of open drawers while my human is not looking and scream bloody murder when she accidentally squishes me.
 34. I will not climb into the register duct work when the vent cover has been removed to clean a hairball form it, and yowl as I tour the house from the duct work's perspective.
 35. I will not cling to the outside of the screen door at eye level, howling, if I want to come in.
 36. I will not complain the entire time my human is cleaning the cat box. She is doing it so I will be happy and the litter box area will not stink "as" badly as before.
 37. I will not crawl in between the window and the aluminum blinds to play in the middle of the night; as much fun as turning somersaults may be, it tends to wake up my human.
 38. I will not cry in the bedroom as if I haven't eaten in weeks when I hear my human making breakfast and my human still has a half hour left to sleep.
 39. I will not cry like a baby when I am banished to the bathroom downstairs when I do make plays for attention while the two adult humans do their thing on the bed.
 40. I will not cry like I am being skinned alive when I have been captured by my human and put inside before my brother.
 41. I will not cuss at my humans every time they pick me up. They know that I do not like to be held, and they only do it to make me mad. If I would just suffer in silence, it would not be any fun anymore and they would leave me alone.
 42. I will not cuss. (I have a cat who I think cusses when he gets mad.)
 43. I will not dash out of the room frantically when my human sings along with her mp3s.
 44. I will not demonstrate my operatic abilities in the car.
 45. I will not get "lost" in my own house at 3 a.m. and stand at the bottom of the stairs meowing pathetically until my human comes and takes me to bed.
 46. I will not get into a cat fight outside at 4:30 a.m. so that my human wakes up and has to rescue me and/or chase me all over the apartment complex.
 47. I will not get into a snit because my sister cat and my food dishes are in reverse order on the floor. I most certainly will not, then, yowl until the Human switches them into Proper Feeding Protocol. (The food dishes are identical, clear, glass, shallow bowls in

- the shape of fish that are cleaned in the dishwasher every night. I have no idea how my cat, Winnie, figures that one is specifically hers...)
48. I will not get up into the rafters of the unfinished basement and run around on the heating ducts. I must remember that I am a very large kitty, and I make a lot of noise when I do this (especially in the middle of the night, running around underneath all the humans' bedrooms). If I must do this, I will have the sense not to be insulted when someone comes downstairs at 2:00 a.m. and shoots me with the water bottle until I get down.
 49. I will not get willingly into my crate and then yowl for 45 minutes straight as if being tortured once I get into the car. My human is moving and is not taking me someplace to dismember me.
 50. I will not give my human a dirty look and walk away when she begins her singing practice. Opera is NICE music, even when it is being sung by a very big soprano voice four feet away!
 51. I will not go into the bathroom and yowl at the top of my lungs when I think that my human should come in and take her bath, or go to the bedroom, and yowl for my human to come in and take a nap with me.
 52. I will not go into the movie room and LOUDLY demand that they turn the channel to Animal Planet. Sooner or later someone is going to lock me in the kitty pokey for this behaviour.
 53. I will not go over to my humans friend's house and give them hourly night reports on "sector 7". They are not interested in how there cats are doing especially not at 1 a.m.
 54. I will not hiss when my human kisses me on the forehead.
 55. I will not jump onto the backs of the kitchen chairs and knock them over when my human is home -- the noise frightens her.
 56. I will not keep asking my human to pet me by meowing loudly, and taking my position of butt high in the air, with my face on the floor looking up at her.
 57. I will not lie under the coffee table and hiss at all of my human's guests.
 58. I will not make a disgusted face and leave the room when my human plays her Aerosmith mp3s.
 59. I will not make loud, repetitive scratching noises in the cat box in the morning in order to get my human to let me outside.
 60. I will not make strange faces and noises when my human sings. She is not doing it to hurt my ears, she is doing it because she enjoys it.
 61. I will not meow after my human tells me to shut up.
 62. I will not meow as if someone has chopped off my tail every time my human comes within petting range.
 63. I will not meow at the top of my lungs when I want to go outside. I will not meow louder, right in my human's face, when she tells me to be quiet. I will learn that when my human locks me in the mud room so she can't hear me, it is punishment, not a step towards being let out.
 64. I will not meow loudly when my human picks me up and walks towards the front door.
 65. I will not meow over the payphone while my human is trying to tell her fiancé that she has a surprise for him.
 66. I will not meow pitifully when my humans are having sex.
 67. I will not meow plaintively from another room and then pretend it wasn't me when my human comes to find out what's wrong.
 68. I will not open and slam shut the cabinets in the bathroom when I'm mad at my parents.
 69. I will not open the drawer right next to the inward-opening door, thus shutting myself in, and then yowl like a siren when attempts are being made to rescue me.
 70. I will not play with the handles on my human's dresser in an attempt to wake her up early on a Saturday.
 71. I will not pull the ironing board out of the closet, causing it to crash to the floor. The noise scares my human.
 72. I will not purr down the phone - my friends are pretty used to this but when I'm talking to the insurance people it distracts them.
 73. I will not push on the cupboard doors just to hear them go bang! bang! bang! when I am in the cupboard. I will not look up at my human and complain loudly if they open the cupboard and look at me, thus spoiling my "trapped jaguar" game. I will exit the cupboard when requested to do so.
 74. I will not rake my claws down the strings of the violin at 5 a.m., as it makes a most unpleasant sound.
 75. I will not run about the house yowling at the top of my lungs after being fed.
 76. I will not sing along with the Celine Dion CD while my human is singing to it.
 77. I will not sing at the top of my lungs when some one is playing the piano or violin.
 78. I will not sing excerpts from my favourite Broadway musicals. I have a bad voice and it annoys the heck out of my human.
 79. I will not sing to my human's grandpa's violin music.
 80. I will not sit in the living room, well out of range of the squirt bottle (and out of sight of the bedroom) and meow to get my lazy human out of bed to feed me.
 81. I will not squeak when I fall off furniture.
 82. I will not stand in the Mexican-tiled foyer of my humans' new home and meow because I like to hear myself echo. I certainly will not do this during the Superbowl, causing my female human to come and retrieve me in front of a lot of her husband's male friends who think she is being ridiculous.
 83. I will not stand on the window air conditioner and try to get in at the small opening at the side of it, then bat at the window and frighten my poor human to death.
 84. I will not start a fight with the other cat(s) at the crack of dawn. This scares the humans.
 85. I will not start cussing the minute I see the kitty carrier, making my human have to get her welding gloves to pick me up.
 86. I will not swear at my human(s) when he/she/they are trying to brush me, give me my pill or brush my teeth.
 87. I will not "talk back" when my human tells me off for being noisy.

88. I will not wait until my human falls asleep on the couch and then stand on the "increase volume" button of the TV remote control.
89. I will not wander through the first floor crying because I am lonely for attention, even though I can hear my human, comfy on the couch downstairs, calling to me and welcoming me to come join her.
90. I will not whine piteously when I get a bath.
91. I will not whine when my human has to go to sleep instead of play.
92. I will not yell at Grandma on the phone.
93. I will not yowl "mom" outside my human's room early in the morning. It makes her think the small human is calling her.
94. I will not yowl all night to keep my human from sleeping, and not expect my human to keep me up all day by squirting me with a water bottle.
95. I will not yowl at 10:00 p.m. just because the other cat is outside. My humans do not like having to bring her inside just to shut me up.
96. I will not yowl at the front door in the middle of the night when it's raining. It doesn't make my human happy, because she is the only one who hears me. She doesn't enjoy wrestling a soaking wet cat just to keep me from dripping all over the house.
97. I will not yowl during my human's bagpipe records. That is not an attacking cat.
98. I will not yowl loud enough to wake the dead when I am getting my claws clipped.
99. I will refrain from quacking like a duck when I am hunting bugs. It lets my prey know where I am, doesn't tempt them to come further down and into my meticulously groomed paws, and makes my humans wonder about my genetic background.
100. I will shut up once in a while. Humans would like to remember what it was like to hear anything besides my "quacky" meow.
101. I will stop hissing at my human's sister-in-law, even if it does make my human laugh.
102. I will stop yowling at the door to go outside. I have been an indoor kitty for over a year now and I will accept it.
103. I will try not to sound like a duck, when I meow. Otherwise, they'll change my name to Donald. Also, people on the phone, keep asking my parents if they keep poultry in the house.
104. If a door is closed, I do not need to try to open it by scratching at it, yowling, and digging at the carpet.
105. If I am outside and wish to come in, I will indicate my desire in some other fashion than climbing up the aluminum siding on the outside of the house! (It sounds like two bats and three rats are dueling to the death inside the siding.)
106. If I am sitting in the same room as the humans and no one is paying attention to me, I do not need to go into another room or the basement and cry as loud as I can until someone says "WHAT?!?", then come back into the room and lie down quietly on the floor.
107. If I can chatter my teeth quietly when I see a bird outside, why do I need to announce loudly when I have finished using the litter box, I am going to have a drink of water, when I am finished having a drink of water, when I am going to go and have a cat nap, or make a variety of irritating sound effects when I am playing, eating, sleeping, etc?
108. If I have to hiss at just 1 person in the entire world, it will not be the judge at the cat show.
109. If I learn about doorbells I should not ring them for service.
110. If I scream and someone comes running, something had better be wrong.
111. If something really is wrong, it is OK to run around the apartment meowing trying to get my human's attention. It is not OK to "cry wolf".
112. It is not necessary for me to howl at the top of my lungs every time I hear someone in the hall outside the apartment door.
113. It is not necessary to sound like a wet vac while I am cleaning myself and I do not need to add all of the extra sound effects such as slurping when I get to my butt.
114. My human and her friends can sing without my assistance (a Siamese wailing).
115. My humans love me very much. They will always find me when I get lost in their two-room apartment. I do not have to panic and scream like the world is ending.
116. My name is really Piper, not "SHHH BE QUIET IT'S THREE A.M.!"
117. My name is Ruckus. It does not mean I need to create one.
118. My pet I.D. tags are not musical instruments, and I will not spend all night jingling and shaking them to get attention.
119. My singing does not provide cultural enrichment.
120. Purring good/hissing bad...purring good/hissing bad.
121. Scratching the wall of the closet where our litterbox is kept serves no useful purpose except making a lot of noise.
122. Screaming at the can of food will not make it open itself.
123. Singing at the top of my lungs does not get me fed any faster.
124. The closet is a bad place to go to sharpen my claws.
125. The harness is not breaking my back. It is a permanent fixture to my body, and will not be removed no matter how much I yowl about it.
126. The secret of all feline happiness is not behind every closed door. I do not have to sit outside a closed door and cry as if my heart were breaking.
127. Tuna may be the best thing in the world, but crying so loud the neighbours can hear me every time it is prepared is not going to get me more.
128. We both will not curse and swear at our human when being brushed; the language makes her blush and wonder where we learned THAT word!
129. We will not hold "Elephant Races" at 3 a.m. (One's 12 lbs., the other's 15 and we live on the second floor!)
130. We will not meow pitifully when our human is in the bathroom with the door closed. She has not abandoned us.
131. When I meow, I will not meow as if I am being choked.

132. When I've gotten underfoot and my human accidentally, but lightly, steps on me, I will not screech and carry on as though my life were coming to an end. I will also not add to her guilt by running away from her, and shooting her looks implying that I think she is going to beat me next, when she tries to apologize to me by giving me cuddles and caresses.
133. When my female human is talking to her mother (who adores my brother and me and no longer has cats of her own), I will meow or purr on demand. My "grandma" can't hear me head-butting the phone.
134. When my human and her husband are using both chairs by the computer, I will not cry loudly to be let into "my" chair (the one my human's husband is sitting in), as this is his chair too. When he is done, I will have my chair back.
135. When my human baths me and tries to console me, that does not mean scream even louder when ever she opens her mouth.
136. When my human baths me I do not need to sit up on the side of the tub and belt out a song loud enough to wake the dead. (Or my human's grandpa upstairs from the basement for that matter.)
137. When my human has me closed in the bedroom and she's nearby there is a reason for it and I will not to cry like I'm being tortured.
138. When my human is getting my food from the pantry, I can stop meowing. I do not need to redouble my efforts.
139. When my human is practising her violin, I will refrain from accompanying her. She doesn't sound that bad and I certainly don't help her sound better.
140. When my human says the word "milk" in a conversation with someone else besides me, I will not come running over and howl and cry until I get some. When my human wants to give me some, she will call my name and ask me if I would like some.
141. When my mom is on the phone with an editor who wants her to write a novel for him, I will not yowl at the top of my voice near the phone. Kitty yowls are not a negotiating tool and the editor doesn't understand me. All it does is make my mom apologize so much she comes out sounding like a neurotic lunatic. Also, forcing her to keep yelling at me to go away just makes it sound like she talks to invisible people.
142. Whining will get me nowhere.
143. Yowling and pounding on the bedroom door will **not** get us fed at 6 a.m., but may result in something much more unpleasant instead.
144. Yowling at the cat in the mirror isn't effective. He never responds and the noise irritates my human.

--- Not All There: Dangerous Dumbness ---

1. As pretty as it might look, I will try to resist my urges to play with the fire in the fireplace.
2. Batting at the flame on the lit candle will only get me burned.
3. Candles are not toys--especially when lit.
4. Climbing into a moving box while it is at the top of the stairs is not a good thing to do. I will only plummet down into the basement, box and all. (This happened last year as we were moving in.)
5. Even if I want to explore my new house, crawling into the dishwasher is not a good idea. Also, if my tail is caught around the hook in there.. I will not yowl at and scratch my human when she tries to get my out. I got myself into this mess, she did not. She is only trying to help.
6. Even though we are tiny kittens, and are afraid of new surroundings, we will not hide in the broiler for three days (we were lucky we weren't cooked!)
7. Fire is not my friend. I will stop messing with the candles when the human's back is turned. She always knows, somehow. (The smell of burning hair maybe?)
8. Having ignored them for the past year I will not develop a morbid interest in trying to suffocate myself in the plastic bags in the kitchen.
9. I am a 30 pound kitty. I need to remember this when I think it is a good idea to jump from 8 feet in the air to the cement floor. My human doesn't like to rush me to the vet thinking my front legs are broken.(Luckily no broken legs only sprained.)
10. I am a cat and therefore not every dog in the neighbourhood wants to be my friend. Most just want to have kitty for lunch. Nor will I walk up to a pair of lunging dogs on leashes and try to make friends.
11. I am a clever kitty. I have managed to open up every single childproof lock the humans have come up with. I should be able to figure out that eating plastic bags is not smart, so the humans don't have to try to come up with new and ingenious ways to keep them from me.
12. I am a Cornish rex cat with virtually no fur. I will not try to escape outside to neck with my furry orange boyfriend. If I'm caught outside at night I will freeze my little butt. Besides, I'm neutered and so is he, so what do I think will happen?
13. I am a fourteen year old cat with arthritis. I will not do acrobatics atop the neighbours' steep roof. It gives my human heart attacks when she sees up there.
14. I am a kitten-not a lion-I can not kill large immobile objects, big dogs, or feet. I also do not eat like a lion.
15. I am a little cat and will stop attacking cat three times my size.
16. I am now in my teens. I am no longer a kitten. Consequently, there are things I can no longer jump up onto and things I shouldn't jump down from.
17. I am sixteen years old and very deaf. I will not sit in the middle of the road contemplating life and nearly making my humans freak out when a car I didn't hear coming from behind me narrowly misses me.
18. I am too big to jump on a 1 inch (exterior) window sill.
19. I do not need to explore every opening I can get my head through.
20. I do not need to sit right under the snake's basking lamp. It is very, very hot and it will singe my fur. Singed fur smells nasty and tastes even worse. If I do insist on sitting under the basking lamp I will not get offended when my humans question my

intelligence. (She burned a patch of fur on her back the size of a quarter, lucky thing she's got long, thick fur. The house smelled of burnt hair and when I put my hand on her back to make sure she was okay, her fur came off on my hand like fine charcoal dust. She sat for the rest of the evening glaring at us like it was all our fault she had a bad taste in her mouth from trying to wash that sooty spot on her back.)

21. I don't have to sniff every thing that I see.
22. I know new adoptive humans are scary. I will *not*, however, run into the inside of the walls and stay there all day at the first chance I get. There is no food inside the walls and it worries my humans.
23. I know that new adoptive humans are scary. I will *not*, however, run into the inside of the walls and stay there all day at the first chance I get. There is no food inside the walls and it worries my humans.
24. I really do understand that my eyelashes and whiskers sizzle and crinkle up (and smell bad) when I try to sniff the scented votive candles my human lights whenever we have company. (But I really don't care. I just love to sniff lighted candles.)
25. I understand that I cannot (and should not attempt to) fly.
26. I understand that it wasn't my human's fault that he opened the cupboard door in my face while I was tearing through the kitchen at 60 mph. How was he to know that 12-week old kittens aren't to good at braking? (Dulci Maude has now registered the kitchen as a "Place of Pain and Terror." She has almost burnt her paws on the steam from the dishwasher when it was opened, gotten her head stuck in the door when my father closed it, had the cupboard door slammed on her tail and had the fridge door closed on her when she was 5 weeks old. Nowadays she runs through the living room to get to the passage!)
27. I will clear the driveway when my human comes home, not sit in the middle of it until she beeps at me. A 4 kg cat is no match for a 1200 kg Honda Civic.
28. I will leave all candles alone, especially when they are lit. Having my tail on fire is not funny.
29. I will leave the lazy Susan alone. If I do leap onto it, I will not shriek in surprise when the lazy Susan begins to whizz me around and around, and when I have finally been flung off of it by sheer centrifugal force, I will not attempt to take justice into my own paws.
30. I will look BEFORE I jump into the tub to see if there is any water in it.
31. I will NEVER again run out the door. We live on a very, very busy street. I'm an inside cat. I have no street smarts. I would be a kitty pancake in under a minute.
32. I will never be able to walk on the chair rail. Though it could get me slightly closer to the ceiling, it's just too skinny.
33. I will no longer lick the bookcases. They are clean and the stain only makes me sick.
34. I will not attack the crochet curtain on the front door, get my claw caught in it, then twist to get myself free until the curtain is all wrapped around my leg cutting off my circulation. And then, after my human frees me, I will not do it again.
35. I will not break the lock on my human's sewing kit so that I can attack, kill and eat two yards of nylon carpet thread and then have my humans spend \$536.02 to have it retrieved from my intestines, and then return home only to try and break the lock on the new and much more sturdier sewing kit so I can wreak vengeance on the thread that caused me such a tummyache.
36. I will not chase a hornet around the yard and get stung on the nose.
37. I will not chase my human across the street to her car, stop in the middle of the street when she yells at me, and refuse to move for oncoming traffic.
38. I will not chew on the wires to any appliance, particularly while they're plugged in.
39. I will not climb a tree to the point where the ladder cannot reach me, live off my fat for a week (all the while meowing piteously) and finally force my humans to call the fire department (who is never very happy about it).
40. I will not climb a tree, go so far out on a branch that it bows down and touches the roof, jump off the branch and get stuck on the roof. If the neighbour is kind enough to climb a ladder and chase me around the roof to save me, I won't try to rip his eyes out while he climbs backward down the ladder holding me. He is only trying to save me, not kidnap me.
41. I will not climb around on balconies. (Malkuth's personal addition. He did this and fell off. Now he's brain damaged.)
42. I will not climb around the window fan (not running) knock out the stick holding the window up and trapping myself between the screen and the window for several hours. (I came home and could hear but not see him, and was scared half to death when I did find him.
43. I will not climb into the open trunk of the family car. My human might like to play loud music. (This actually happened to me. cats aren't supposed to sweat, but this one in particular was soaking, and I have never been able to get rid of the smell.)
44. I will not climb into the clothes dryer on the one and only occasion that the door is left open. If I am so goofy as to do that, I will at least holler when the dryer is started again, so my human will not wonder what it is in the dryer that sounds like a pair of sneakers rocketing around.
45. I will not climb into the oven after my human turns it on. (The cat gets cold since she has little hair, but is not too bright.)
46. I will not climb out of a third-story window and shimmy my way up to the roof, only to yowl my head off and refuse to come down once I get there.
47. I will not climb out onto the ledge outside my human's third story apartment after a terrible storm blew the screen out.
48. I will not crawl into the engine of my human's car. The engine doesn't know that I'm there and that's why my paw stayed and I didn't.
49. I will not crawl into the hole in the wall, get into the air ducts, and crawl all the way to the furnace, crawl down through one inch wide screens, into the fan blades, and get stuck there for a day and a half...certainly not at 3 o' clock Christmas morning. My 2 year old cat Sylvia did this and the vet says she will make a full recovery. (My many cats are at it again. The cat that got into the heater got in there while the wall was open when we were having work done on our house. The hole was an old heating duct...the heat/air

- man had sealed up the exchange in the attic where she normally got out the day before, so she was unable to get out. She had no choice but to keep going.)
50. I will not dash out the back door and hide under the back stoop in a blizzard when the actual temperature is -24 F and the wind chill is -70 F, so that my human almost freezes to death trying to coax me out of my hiding spot (so I won't freeze to death during the night).
 51. I will not do kitty high-wire acts on the 1 inch wide safety thing at the second floor landing. If I fall, I will hurt myself. (Beast likes to walk on it. When Rackham (the dog) gets close to her, she starts to lose her balance.)
 52. I will not do kitty high-wire acts on the 1 inch wide safety thing at the second floor landing. If I fall, I will hurt myself. (Beast likes to walk on it. When Rackham (the dog) gets close to her, she starts to lose her balance.)
 53. I will not eat my human's prescription painkillers. (Since they give me bad side effects I dread to think what they'd do to her should she manage to get one!)
 54. I will not eat the end of my cloth collar, thereby strangling myself, and then attack my human when she tries to free me.
 55. I will not flick my tail underneath either one of my humans' feet and then become loudly offended when they accidentally step on it. It's not their fault I am secretly masochistic.
 56. I will not follow my human to the mailbox near the busy street and then refuse to follow her back.
 57. I will not force my way into the unfinished second floor, then get stuck in the wall and make my humans cut a hole in the wall to get me out.
 58. I will not get my head stuck in the empty mayonnaise jar sitting on the counter during an all-nighter and cry pitifully in the emergency room of the local hospital as the jar is pried off my head.
 59. I will not go tunneling down the heat ducts when my human has the grates off to fish out all my lost cat toys.
 60. I will not help my human pick up broken glass. I'm not wearing either shoes or rubber gloves.
 61. I will not hide between the partially open back door and the screen to watch the back yard, and then squall when someone who doesn't know I'm there swings the door shut.
 62. I will not hide my kittens under the dishwasher, as when it starts I am too afraid to get them out. (Yep, mama was trying to hide her kittens from all the humans (my niece and nephew LOVE kittens), so she decided that she'd put them under the dishwasher. When we started the dishwasher the next morning, the kittens got scared and started mewling for Mum. We couldn't hear it, but she could, and it was a real battle for her, the fear of the noise or getting her kittens out. Once would have been amusing, but we let her have another litter, and she hid them there again. Since then we have had the cat fixed, and some extra molding put under the dishwasher.
 63. I will not hide under the hot, burning stove when a stranger is in the house, singeing my fur in the process; nor will I gouge bleeding holes in my human's flesh when she puts me under the faucet to cool me off.
 64. I will not hide underneath my human's bed because it is old and might break and also I have already torn up the box spring.
 65. I will not intrude on my human's candle-lit bubble bath and singe my butt.
 66. I will not jump down the cold air return to explore while my human's retiling the kitchen floor. I cleaned out all the duct work for her...but I also fell in the furnace! Normally a white cat, I was dark gray when my human rescued me. She made me clean myself up...and it took a *long* time.
 67. I will not jump into a fully loaded dishwasher, as I may disembowel myself on a steak knife. Although there was only one mouse in the house, and although it got caught in a trap and my human threw it out in the garbage outside, it is not perfectly reasonable for me to continue to lie and stare at the crack between the kitchen cupboard and the dishwasher for approximately three weeks just in case it comes back.
 68. I will not jump into the freezer whenever it is opened. I may be overlooked and my human doesn't want Kitty-cicles.
 69. I will not jump into the washing machine to chase the spray and be trampled on by a load of clothes.
 70. I will not jump onto the poorly balanced swivel chair. It will fall over, scare me, and make my human laugh at me.
 71. I will not jump out of the trash can and scare the crap out of the human, especially when said human is carrying a LOADED GUN. (We had a couple of stray cats that hung around our camp in Afghanistan, begging for food. They were lucky they were never shot...)
 72. I will not jump up on the stove to see what my human is cooking for dinner, since the last time I did my whiskers and tail caught on fire.
 73. I will not jump up on top of the hot gravy pan to find out what's in it, because the lid WILL fall down and tip me into the liquid.
 74. I will not lie down and purr in the path of advancing cars.
 75. I will not lie on my back and play dead in the driveway. It may scare my human's neighbour.
 76. I will not lie on the stove while my human is cooking, put my foot on the burner, burn all the fur off of the bottom and smell up the house with stinky burnt hair smell. (It took almost a month for Kairo's fur to grow back.)
 77. I will not play helpless little kitty on the rocking chair. If I get sat on, then I really will be helpless (and squashed).
 78. I will not play with the candle flame because it scares my human and she yells at me to get away only for me to push the candle over and spill hot wax on my paw.
 79. I will not play with the flame of a candle. I will also not play with the melted wax running off of the candle. (I had a votive on my bedside table that she thought looked interesting.)
 80. I will not play with the shiny hot solder in the solder pot when it is turned on (650 degrees hot); I have come close a few times to burning my paws.
 81. I will not poop in the middle of the street, in front of an incoming car. I'm lucky I live in a small town or I would be pooping-cat

- pancake.
82. I will not put my paw under a moving sewing machine needle. (Thank god my "my human" wasn't using pink thread, she wouldn't have been able to find the thread to pull it out of my paw.)
 83. I will not roll in things I am allergic to, sneeze, wheeze, and then roll in them some more.
 84. I will not run out in the street in front of a car. It just gets me yelled at.
 85. I will not set my fur on fire by brushing my body past a lit candle on the kitchen counter (lends a whole new meaning to the phrase "put the cat out").
 86. I will not shove my paw under the door.
 87. I will not show off to my human's company by parading across the coffee table and waving my beautiful tail in the candle flame. (This was an exciting event. Her tail was very full with fluffy hair about 5 inches long.)
 88. I will not silently slide my tail under the wheel of my human's rolling chair and then become mortally offended when she scoots back and rolls over it.
 89. I will not sit down close to a burning candle with my tail on the flame.
 90. I will not sit in the middle of the driveway while my humans are trying to drive up it.
 91. I will not sit on top of the refrigerator and chase the ceiling fan (it makes my human nervous).
 92. I will not sit underneath the brake pedal when on my way to the vet, especially when we are going 70 mph down the highway.
 93. I will not sleep on the ceiling fan. I know it is quite a challenge to get up there, and I should be applauded for my heroic effort, but my human likes to turn the fan ON once in a while.
 94. I will not sleep on the top step, especially considering that my coat is black and I am very hard to see at night. I will get stepped on.
 95. I will not sleep on top of the engine block near the fan just to be warm, as that's the part that starts moving when my human starts the car. And even when the fan removes a swath of fur (and fortunately no skin), I will continue to be dignified, though I know I look ghastly. (Poor Duke died in his sleep many years later, with all of his fur in place.)
 96. I will not sneak into my human's closet, steal needle and thread, and eat it. (This necessitated a 2 a.m. trip to a very sleepy vet who had to give Tiger anesthetic so he would open his mouth. The needle was stuck in his throat.)
 97. I will not sneak into people's cars, trunks, storage sheds, or houses. One of these days, I will get locked in, or at least go for a long ride. (I think a few trips to the vet have cured me of the attraction to cars)
 98. I will not sniff at a burning candle causing my beautiful white whiskers to burn on one side of my face and then sniff the candle again only to burn them off the other side.
 99. I will not sniff lit candles and then look at my human like it's her fault when I singe my whiskers off.
 100. I will not spend three days in the dryer without meowing loudly.
 101. I will not stick my paw in the opening at the bottom of the bee hive and fish for bees. Those things sting!
 102. I will not stick my paw into a vat of scalding hot grease, take my paw out, lick it, whine pitifully and then stick it back in the grease.
 103. I will not try to climb into that three inch wide space between the glass patio door and the screen door.
 104. I will not try to climb into the tiny space between the storm window and window, meow when I get stuck, then try to rip off my human's arm when she tries to help me.
 105. I will not try to escape to the balcony when there is no balcony due to the apartment complex refinishing the whole building and give my human's friends heart attacks.
 106. I will not try to go out an open window on the third floor.
 107. I will not try to jump into the hot oven when my human puts food in there to cook.
 108. I will not try to put out the candle with my belly, while trying to walk over it.
 109. I will not tunnel through the sleeper sofa, wedge myself under the hide-a-bed, and then meow piteously and expect my human to pull the whole thing out. I will also not scratch my human if my tail gets stuck in the springs in the process.
 110. I will not use a freshly-tarred garage roof as my patio. This produces a totally unnecessary trip to the vet and expensive vet bills.
 111. I will not use my rabies tag to short the cordless phone. After all, a) this could hurt me next time and b) no amount of cleaning myself will get rid of the smell of burnt chest hair.
 112. I will not walk across a frozen swimming pool in the dead middle of a blizzard then run screaming in the opposite direction when my family is trying to save me from drowning. (Tink did this a few years back, had my dad and husband outside for over an hour trying to get her off the ice in the pool. Tink was a blonde in another life.)
 113. I will not walk across a frozen swimming pool in the dead middle of a blizzard then run screaming in the opposite direction when my family is trying to save me from drowning. (Tink did this a few years back, had my dad and husband outside for over an hour trying to get her off the ice in the pool. Tink was a blonde in another life.)
 114. I will not walk into a lit fireplace.
 115. I will not walk on the hot burners. And then I won't forget it hurts and do it again.
 116. I will not walk on the stove.
 117. I will refrain from chewing on grocery/trash bags. It makes the humans laugh at me, and could cause serious problems for me one of these days.
 118. I will stop sticking my paws in everyone's cages. No one likes that and I hate it when my paws get chomped.
 119. I will wait patiently and listen to Christmas carols on the stereo whenever my human constructs a balsam wreath on the kitchen counter. I will not (ever again) - no matter how fascinating the activity up there is - run around to the other side of the counter,

surreptitiously leap onto it with all of my 15 furry pounds and then fly off into the dining area when my human notices that I am in The Forbidden Zone. I will certainly never (ever again) drag my fat furry tail through a Christmas candle (pine-scented or otherwise) while on the kitchen counter, and, should this somehow recur, I will immediately drop and roll until my human arrives with a dish towel to extinguish me. I will not (under any circumstances) run, comet-like, into the living room, down the hall and under the bed while my tail is on fire. (Luckily I am an extremely fast runner and blew myself out like a candle.)

120. I won't run in front of my human's car as she pulls into the driveway.
121. If I attack the wolf/shepherd cross, the consequences are my own fault.
122. If I bite the cactus, it will bite back.
123. If I hear a car engine start when I am outside, I will not run under that same car.
124. If I must sleep on warm, freshly-dried laundry, I will at least wait until it is out of the dryer.
125. If I must walk along the top of the cabinets high over the counter, I will not get scared and meow pitifully for my human to come and rescue me, NOR will I be surprised when she yells at me the next she sees me up there.
126. It is a bad idea for a 20 pound, declawed cat to pick a fight with a 60 pound dog.
127. It is not a good idea to try to lap up the powdered creamer before it dissolves in boiling coffee.
128. Kittens who sleep in the dog's food bowl may inadvertently end up as dog food. I've been warned.
129. Large, cat-eating dogs should not be walked up to and head-butted.
130. Light can pass through windows with ease. Alas, my body cannot, especially when they are closed.
131. Moving day does not have to be a trauma. Next time I will not become so hysterical that I worm my way deep into the motor of the dishwasher until I am unable to get back out again, forcing my human to remove the entire end panel of the kitchen counter and the insides of the dishwasher, snake her arm down into a hole, and drag me out by my back legs -- all while giving the movers directions on where to put the furniture.
132. My human's baseball bat will hurt me if I rub against it and it falls on me.
133. My human's threaded needle is not food, and the \$350 it took to get it out of me does not make humans happy.
134. My humans understand my need to hunt. They don't mind the dead field mice even though they think it's kind of gruesome when I toss the dead bodies around. However, I am not going to catch the skunks, they probably wouldn't taste good if I did, and my humans can't stand the smell of me after a nice game of chase with them.
135. One of these days, when I pick a fight with the other (huge) cat, she's going to beat the crap out of me. I'm not as fast as I think.
136. Open windows are not meant to be jumped out of.
137. Outside is a very dangerous world with cars, and I know I shouldn't dash outside every time my humans are coming inside with armfuls of groceries.
138. Running down a ladder head first is a silly thing to do. (Again, my eldest cat has done this for years too, and often misses a rung and ends up hanging onto one rung with her front paws with the rest of her swinging in the breeze.)
139. The ceiling fan going at low speed is NOT a joyride. I will not jump on a blade from atop the bunk bed, then "loaf" on it and ride it around and around with a smooth expression on my face. It freaks out my humans and I could get seriously hurt if I don't time my jump right. (Miranda weighs only six pounds -- when pudgy -- and this a special collectible ceiling fan (yeah, I know, but my in-laws bought it) made to look like the nose cone of a WWII fighter. The blades are slightly wider and look sturdier than in normal fans. And -- and I'm wondering if we should put this in the entry, somewhere -- it was going at a VERY slow speed, backwards.)
140. The dryer is NOT another interesting place to sleep. I will not take possession of it while it's open and blink at my human when she tries to put a load of wet wash in.
141. The hot steam iron isn't a good toy -- I will stay away from it when my human is ironing.
142. The road is not a good place to sit and contemplate the world.
143. The top of a lit and roaring Franklin stove is not a good place to sit.
144. The top of an open door or window is not wide enough for a cat to lie on comfortably. Descent may also be difficult and/or rapid.
145. Wax can not be licked off of little paws. I'll keep them out of the candle from now on. If I choose to coat my paws with melted wax, I will not try to bite my human while she removes it for me.
146. We do not need to learn countless times that the rat will bite if we stick our feet/noses near her cage. Rat bites hurt, we can remember that.
147. We have a cat door to the garage (which is underground and keeps a temperature of about 65 degrees year round) and perfectly comfortable accommodations inside. We will not sleep on the door mat during the worst blizzard of the year and almost give our human a heart attack when he finds us curled up on the doormat covered in snow early in the morning.
148. We will refrain from falling from the top of the steps to the basement, causing us to knock out all but two of our remaining teeth. If we MUST do that, we will then refrain from refusing to eat canned food, and eating dry food only. (We have not one but TWO stupid cats who have fallen and knocked out teeth - old cats who were/are wobbly with bad teeth and root systems - one was 16 when it happened and the other is now 21 and just did this trick 3 weeks ago.)
149. We will not demonstrate ever again our balcony-railling-walking skills. We may be extremely sure-footed, but it terrified our human.
150. When I am following the curious scent that accompanies a lit cigarette, I will remember to watch where I am going. Bumping my nose square on the end of the lit cigarette in the hand of the male human hurts.
151. When I attack the dog and then run and hide, I must realize that just because my head is covered and I can't see him doesn't mean that he can't see my butt sticking out from under the couch.
152. When I realize that the path up to the top of the five-foot armoire (the radiator to the skinny window ledge to the five-drawer

dresser to the armoire) is not suitable for going down (why I don't know...), I will not alert my human to this fact. Especially at 6:00 in the morning when she is trying to sleep. Not that I ever let her sleep past then anyway.

153. When investigating interesting new spaces (garages, garden sheds, etc) I will remember that I am liable to be shut in for long periods by humans who haven't seen me there.
154. When my human is cleaning the gutters, I will not nap on the ladder steps.
155. When my human is moving a candle out of my reach, I will not bump her hand so she dumps hot wax on her hand and my fur.
156. When my human lets me on the balcony, I will not attempt the 8 foot jump to get to the ground.
157. While crossing the street, I will not stop in the middle and wait for on-coming cars to get out of MY way. This can be a self-limiting activity.

--- Not All There: Miscellaneous Strangeness ---

1. As I've been dunked too often, the humans don't mind that I like water. However, it's considered rude to lounge in the dog's water, hiss and smack them when they try to get a drink, and expect to not get in trouble. If I try to hide, the humans will find me, as I'm the only small kitten who could leave a trail of wet pawprints from the kitchen to under the dining room table. I'm further given away by being dripping wet. I shouldn't look affronted when my human shakes her head and calls me a nutty fool.
2. At 9 years old, I should not be living in the cabinet under the bathroom sink. It is disconcerting to the humans to open the doors and see kitty eyes looking at them.
3. Being close to the ceiling is not really as important as it seems.
4. Bubble bath bubbles will not support my weight. I will get wet instead.
5. Bubbles are not solid objects. Therefore I do not need to get frustrated and angry when I cannot catch them, or they disappear into thin air. Furthermore, I must not demand that my humans continue to produce them when they either get tired of blowing them, or run out.
6. Dashing outside every time the door opens to attack the trees presents a problem when one has become newly declawed.
7. Despite what I may think, bad timing is not better than no timing at all.
8. Doing things like getting my foot caught in the rungs of the table or falling out of the windowsill onto my human's brother lying directly below it is what earned me the name "Grace".
9. Doors are solid and allowed to be closed. If one of the humans has the door closed, it is because they don't want me in there. Headbutting the door will only get me a headache, not to mention it will annoy said human.
10. Flea collars are meant to be worn, not left as calling cards.
11. Having used the litter box, I won't step out of it to try and bury what I've just done. No matter how hard I try I can't dig up linoleum.
12. Hissing at the cat outside 20 feet away isn't effective. He will just ignore me.
13. I am a neutered male cat. I will not let the new kitten nurse on me and then not complain to my human that my belly is now wet.
14. I am declawed. This means that I can't actually do anything to the wicker or the couch. I look silly trying.
15. I am dumb as a brick. My humans accept this. However, I should not prove this to them continually by burning off my whiskers. (We can't find what he's using to do it. In our apartment it was the back of the fridge, but now he can't get there, and I don't keep lit candles around after he tried that one.)
16. I am not a dog. I will meow to go out, not scratch the wooden door or let myself out the kitty door instead.
17. I am not master of the house no matter how long I sit atop the drapes.
18. I can wait until my humans open the blinds. Trying to squeeze my ten pound self through the mini blinds only gets me stuck.
19. I cannot catch the fish through the tank wall, no matter how hard I try.
20. I cannot fit through the strings of a harp; neither sneaking up on it, nor running at it in full spaz mode, will ever increase my chances of doing so. Relocation of the harp to another room has no effect whatsoever on the distance between the strings. It is still the same harp, and I still can't fit.
21. I cannot get lost in the hallway. I can see every room that the humans might be in from there, and should not sit and scream for one of them to come and help me get unlost.
22. I cannot spring at a bird through a fence.
23. I do not have to constantly prove that I have fewer brain cells than most house plants.
24. I do not have to live up to my name (Ambush) with such enthusiasm.
25. I do not need to throw a temper tantrum every time I see the "new" kitten. Throwing a tantrum is undignified. This is not a bad dream, it is a reality.
26. I hate water, so every time my human takes a bath I will not dip my paws into the bathtub. I will not then act offended when I get wet!
27. I have a wonderful cat door and therefore do NOT need to sit by the door meowing until someone opens it for me. If I refuse to use the cat door normally I shall not enter by it when the family is out, setting off the burglar alarm and sending the expensive security guards around.
28. I have heard the alarm clock go off at the same time every weekday for the past two years. I do not need to get frightened by it and sink my claws into my human's inner thigh to "help" her wake up.
29. I know I'm a small cat (about 8 pounds) but if I go hunting my humans don't think a moth is very impressive prey.
30. I must not go to my perch on the couch, then get my claw stuck in the curtains. (Kitty does this EVERY TIME she gets up there.)
31. I now realize that just because the Baby Cat is wet (from being caught in the rain) it doesn't necessarily mean that it's bath-time

- and bolt back out the door with a crazed look on my cat-face.
32. I realize I may try to hide under a bush to avoid coming in when called, but the next time I should make sure that all of me is hidden. (She thought she had it made until I noticed a twitching tail (all that could be seen) each time her name was called.)
 33. I understand that I was named after my human's friend's rock band, (Ambush) and do not have to act like a demonic fool whenever she says my name, and I know she is referring to them.
 34. I weigh 17 lbs. and my sister weighs 7.5 lbs. This does not necessarily mean that I can beat her up. And if I do try to, and she whacks me upside the head, I will not look all startled and offended and run to my human, because she will just laugh at me.
 35. I will learn my name and answer to it, and it isn't NO. (At age 7, I'm still not sure Inky knows her name.)
 36. I will learn that although I can hang on the screen door, I can't hang on the storm door.
 37. I will learn that no matter how much I scratch the plastic sides of the litter box, they will not fall down and cover my stinky.
 38. I will learn to use the cat door and not stand next to it meowing pitifully until a human opens the cat door for me. (Yes, my cat really needs remedial cat door lessons...we've been at this for two months with no progress -- she goes through if I hold the door open for her, and she's seen her sister go through many, many times, but she refuses to try to open it herself, and will stay inside looking pitiful for *hours* until a human comes and pushes the cat door open for her. little weirdo.)
 39. I will never again get myself so hopelessly tangled up in the stereo cords that my humans cannot untie me, and must cut my leash/harness to extricate me from the tangle. My screaming, scratching, and biting as they went did not help them any.
 40. I will never be able to catch the birds outside from the inside. No amount of incessant whining will achieve this goal.
 41. I will not attack the fridge.
 42. I will not attempt to sneak outside (no matter how interesting it smells) when the screen door does not catch. I must remember that I am blind, and so have NO idea how to get back where I came from. And that nice neighbour lady might not be around to rescue me next time.
 43. I will not back up off the front porch and fall into the bushes just as my human is explaining to his girlfriend how graceful I am.
 44. I will not be insulted when I fall off something, making my humans laugh. There is a good reason why I was not named "Grace".
 45. I will not become Psycho Kitty for no apparent reason, race up the stairs and shimmy up the door casings, scratching the wood and paint as I go.
 46. I will not become upset with my human because it is raining. My human may control the faucets and the shower, but I will have to take up the rain with a higher authority.
 47. I will not bite holes in the tube of Carmex, then look offended when I get it in my mouth.
 48. I will not bite my human on the legs to tell her I love her.
 49. I will not break my way into the empty house across the street via the locked cat flap and then find I cannot get out again. It took the humans 36 hours to discover me and rescue me, during which time they imagined I had been squashed, catnapped or otherwise falsely imprisoned.
 50. I will not catch my claws in the window screens, and then scratch my human when she dislodges them.
 51. I will not chase my tail, act surprised when I catch it, shake it annoyance that I caused myself pain when I caught and bit it, get distracted and fascinating by the sinuously waving tail and set the process in motion again.
 52. I will not climb into the water heater cabinet and get myself locked in all night, only to mew faintly and infrequently the next day causing my female human to think she is losing it and hearing kitty voices in her head until she finally discovers and releases me (at which point she took a 5 minute whiz on the neighbour's lawn).
 53. I will not climb on top of the garbage can with the hinged lid, as I will fall in and trap myself.
 54. I will not climb onto the water heater and fall face first behind it, wedging myself halfway down, then screech and thrash and pee on myself at 3 a.m. My humans were VERY upset and had to pull me out by my tail, which hurt a lot!
 55. I will not climb the curtains and get my claws stuck so my human has to wrench me free, causing me to scratch his/her face in order to escape the terrible curtain monster.
 56. I will not climb to the top of the screen door in a vain escape attempt, get my claws caught in the wire mesh and hang there until my human gets home from work.
 57. I will not climb up into the rafters in the basement, get something icky and burny on me, and then bite my humans when they try to get the stuff off. They are trying to help me, not hurt me.
 58. I will not climb up on the roof while I have my leash on, thereby setting myself up to get hung when my human tries to get me off.
 59. I will not climb up onto the toilet and then cry because I can not get down.
 60. I will not come when my human calls me, only to veer off to the side and lose interest when I'm five feet away.
 61. I will not complain that my butt is wet and that I am thirsty after sitting in my water bowl.
 62. I will not complain when my head gets stuck in a boot.
 63. I will not consider myself "invisible" just because I am partly hidden around a corner, under the sheets, under the newspaper, etc. and act surprised when my human catches me midway through a good pounce.
 64. I will not crawl into my human's (unoccupied) jeans and get my head and paws stuck when coming out the cuff end. If I do, I will not try to defy the laws of gravity by digging my claws into the jeans when my human is trying to extract me. (Besides being fat, Kramer's not too smart.) I will not do this a third time since the second time I tried it, my human had to cut me out of her brand new Levi's with a very sharp scissors. And I am very sorry that I screamed at her and hyperventilated when she was only trying to free me.
 65. I will not eat all my food in less than 5 seconds even though my human told me not to and then barf it up all over my bed and sit there and wonder why she hasn't come to clean it up.

66. I will not eat my human's long hair; this causes the dreaded "Bell-Clapper Syndrome"! It is painful to me, and disgusting to my human when I go tearing around the house with una mierdita swinging from my tush by a hair and banging into my legs.
67. I will not eat the Peace Lily plant, and then complain loudly and piteously when I puke all over the floor.
68. I will not escape to the outside and then get upset because my human went to bed without me.
69. I will not fall asleep on the back of the chair, roll off and then look confused upon finding myself on the floor. Nor will I lie on the back of the chair and hover like a furry vulture while my humans eat.
70. I will not flip belly up, while grooming myself on the stairs, then skate down the stairs on my back, hit my head and blame the humans for it all.
71. I will not flip out when my human does housework; it is NOT Armageddon, even if it only happens once a millennium!
72. I will not get behind the drawers under the water bed and hide for three days.
73. I will not get hysterical when someone touches my back feet.
74. I will not get insulted when my human calls me "TinselButt". If I am dumb enough to eat tinsel, then I deserve a little ribbing when it comes back out.
75. I will not get into a hysterical frenzy when, after I find the sticky fly trap, and I am trying to eat the critters stuck there, it gets stuck on my fur. Furthermore, I will not go racing through the house, making it impossible for my human to catch me to remove it. I also will not blame my actions on my humans, even if they are laughing at me.
76. I will not get my claw stuck in the tip of my tail and then try to run when my human tries to help me. I can not run with my claw stuck in my tail. Falling over only aggravates the situation and causes me to yowl instead of merely meowing in pain and panic.
77. I will not get my head stuck inside the catnip canister.
78. I will not get myself all tangled up while defending myself from imaginary attackers looming over me. Cats are not supposed to be that clumsy. (Miranda gets a bizarre look in her eyes and flips claws-up in a defensive position, then gets her legs all tangled together and takes a while to get herself right side up again.)
79. I will not get on the roof and cry and scratch the skylights.
80. I will not get stuck in rolled up newspapers.
81. I will not get stuck in the garage. Repeatedly. Every day. I WILL learn. I will especially not try to get out of the garage while the door is closing. I am not fast enough.
82. I will not go into my neighbour's house, hide beneath the bathtub, then run panic-stricken into the living room when they're trying to fetch me out, climb up the wallpaper and fall into the cactus, and then do it all over again!
83. I will not go into one of the drawers in the dresser and crawl in behind it so that I am unable to get out and my humans must pull the drawer out of the dresser to free me. I do not have to do this again--once proved that there was no way out. I do not have to go into the drawer in the bottom of the stove and climb behind it either. This is dangerous, especially when my human is cooking.
84. I will not go temporarily bonkers and run around the house at warp speed like a furry little demon causing my humans to think I have lost it.
85. I will not go to warp speed and tear about the house after leaving something obnoxious and uncovered in the litter box.
86. I will not hide in the litter box for a week; and if I do I will not hide under the waterbed and hiss at my human for a month after he washes me because I smell revolting.
87. I will not hide under the area rug. Though it seems like a good strategy, my humans always notice the unusual lump and a fuzzy tail sticking out.
88. I will not jump off the (elevated) back porch while in my harness which is attached to a porch railing and hang, dangling over the side like the first kitty parachutist for two hours before letting my human know what has happened to me.
89. I will not jump on the kitchen counter and get my head stuck in the watering can, and then race all over the kitchen knocking everything down.
90. I will not jump onto the counter and knock everything onto the floor so I can lie down. I will not then demonstrate my coordination by falling onto the floor.
91. I will not jump out the window and then yowl like I'm dying when my human closes it behind me.
92. I will not jump up on my human's synthesizer when it is set on "cymbal crashes"; it will give both of us a coronary. (I've never SEEN a cat jump so high for so long; she couldn't figure out that getting off the keys would make those hideous noises stop.)
93. I will not lick my hair out of the brush as soon as they put it down. Doing so only promotes hairballs and defeats the whole purpose of having them brush me.
94. I will not lie on the roof of the cat house in the cat run, go into lala land and ignore my human when she calls my name and then jump when she tries petting me (this is one reason Skywalker got his name because he is always out in the clouds!)
95. I will not lock myself in the cello case. Just because this amuses my feline family does not mean my human finds it enjoyable when she can't locate me.
96. I will not look indignant and lay back my ears when my human teases me about my fat gut. She's just joking, and she never hurts me.
97. I will not meow to be let out when there is a foot-plus of snow on the ground. Neither will I make a break for the door to play in the snow. (The snow on this occasion was so deep that Miles could barely walk in it).
98. I will not overdose on catnip. My litterbox is in the basement and I am lucky I can make it down the stairs intact when stoned. I will not then sit at the bottom of the stairs all confused because I am not able to figure out how the stairs work again.
99. I will not play hockey with the dog's kibble and smash head first into the cabinets.
100. I will not play little stuck-on-the-roof kitty, and then come down to see what is taking my human such a long time to get to me. (It

was her sister, who had decided the front door mat was suddenly worth investigating, and would not come in.)

101. I will not plop my 15 lb body onto the food bin lid, then complain that I'm not getting fed fast enough. (Rubbermaid lids were not made to lift the weight of a large cat!)
102. I will not purr loudly and try to converse when my carrier is put in the cab of the 24-foot rented truck that my humans are using to move into the new house. My human will be quite disturbed that I could mistake a really loud diesel engine for the sounds of a cat.
103. I will not race my human up the steps and throw myself on my side, begging to be petted. I will get stepped on.
104. I will not run and hide just because the new guy moves.
105. I will NOT run around the room with a crazed look in my eyes until I collapse of tiredness. My human wonders what I'm smoking.
106. I will not run at an open door, miss, and crash into the wall. It makes my humans think I'm stupid.
107. I will not run away from the hairball remedy when my human puts it on my paw. (She dashes off, then looks down at the glob of hairball goop on her hand and appears surprised that it caught up to her.)
108. I will not run for my life when my toy "jingle ball" jingles at me.
109. I will not run up the walls. (Patches sped across the house, ran straight up the wall and came back down.)
110. I will not scoop the water from my bowl (and wonder why my paw is wet!).
111. I will not scratch everything except for the litter in my litter box for an hour and act surprised when I look back to see that my poop is still not covered.
112. I will not shove my head into plastic bags if I want to live long.
113. I will not sit at the back door and stare outside with my ears flat against my head.
114. I will not sit and stare at the front door for hours on end, in the vain hope that my burning gaze will melt the lock and the door will fly open on MY command.
115. I will not sit behind the furnace and meow when I am hungry. She will feed me after supper at the usual time, and I can live until then.
116. I will not sit happily on my human's lap and purr, and then suddenly hiss at and bite the human.
117. I will not sit there in the cat run with my butt towards the door of the cat house in the cage if I don't want my butt used as a scratching post.
118. I will not sneak into the closet when my humans are getting ready to go away for the weekend and get locked in for three days.
119. I will not sneak upstairs just to lie in the sunshine.
120. I will not spend hours painstakingly stalking (the other cat, my human, a lizard, a toy, etc.) only lose interest and become distracted by something much more intriguing like licking my butt.
121. I will not spook myself while playing and run headfirst into the closet door, nearly knocking myself out, and then cry because I'm dizzy.
122. I will not squeeze myself behind the water heater and get stuck, forcing my humans to lift me out with a rope, nearly hanging me in the process.
123. I will not start up a singing show just because the dog next door is barking. (One of my cats started yowling while the dog next door was barking and the other chimed in.)
124. I will not stick my head in the cardboard boxes my human's soda comes in and get angry when she laughs.
125. I will not stick my head in the paint when my human is painting the fence or sniff the brush. Looking offended when I get paint on my nose will get no sympathy.
126. I will not stick my head into a plastic grocery bag full of crushed aluminum cans, get it caught around my neck then proceed to tear through the house at 100 mph while cans fly everywhere.
127. I will not stick my head through a plastic bag handle and walk off, causing the bag to balloon out behind me like a parachute. When I do this again, I will not scream in terror at the THING clutching my neck and following me and run around the apartment wailing like a banshee. When my human finally stops me by stepping on the bag I will not attack her leg. And I will not bite her later because she was laughing so hard.
128. I will not stick my paw into any container to see if there is something in it. If I do, I will not hiss and scratch when my human has to shave me to get the rubber cement out of my fur.
129. I will not streak into the room, look around wildly, and leap behind the VCR, making my humans wonder about my sanity.
130. I will not throw a piece of kibble into my water dish, try to fish it out and get upset when my paw gets wet.
131. I will not track down the string that my human tried to hide from me and chew it into small pieces and then hide the rest, making her think that I ate it, so that she will take me to the vet to be x-rayed.
132. I will not try to drink out of the bathtub when my human is in it and expect her to help me out when I fall in. She will not help me in the gentle way I would like if I am clinging to her chest and complaining that I didn't expect it to be that wet.
133. I will not try to jump in/out of closed windows. (In the summer we left the windows open and she got used to jumping in and out of windows.)
134. I will not try to remove my own flea collar with my right front paw. This can cause great distress for me since my paw usually gets stuck leaving me with only 3 working legs to get around on. I also will not try to remove it with my lower jaw since this also causes distress since it gets caught in my collar, too. This is really quite amusing to my human although I can't figure out why.
135. I will not walk a little bit then sit, then walk a little bit more and sit all, around the chair just so I can try to get on the human's lap.
136. I will not whine non-stop to go outside and then throw myself on the floor on my back in a tantrum when I'm told "No". (Lizzy stomped off after I told her "Eric [my son] did better".)
137. I will remember that if I sharpen my claws and get stuck on the screen door, I will be dragged outside when my human comes back

in the house.

138. I will remember that my humans have never hurt me and that the worse thing that can happen when they catch me is that they will pet me and let me go.
139. I will remember to inhale while giving long yowls.
140. I will remember to put my tongue back into my mouth after taking a bath.
141. I will scream when the visiting toddler drags me by the tail around three rooms. I will not endure it with a suffering expression and only alert my mom by the sound of my pitiful claws dragging on the wood floor. Next time, I could get my tail yanked off.
142. If I cannot catch the crane-fly myself to eat it, I will not sit and cry for my humans to bat it down so I can pounce on it.
143. If I choose to try to jump for the bathroom window while the human is running her bath water, I will NOT act like it is HER fault, nor will I attempt to kill her father when he sees me and laughs till he's crying. I do look extremely funny with my pretty, long, fur plastered to my tiny little body.
144. If I climb my human's bike, it will fall and scare the sh*t out of me.
145. If I climbed up that tree, I can climb down.
146. If I do get trapped in the kitchen cupboards, I will meow or otherwise notify the humans that I am in the cupboard before they panic because they can't find me.
147. If I do not wish to be bothered by the young human, I will stay out of his room.
148. If I growl at the door when someone knocks, I will not hide under the bed once the door is opened. I should investigate.
149. If I have a poop stuck in the fur around my butt, my human is not evil incarnate for getting a tissue and removing it. She is not attempting to take indecent liberties, but trying to avoid having to look at, smell, or step in, the poop.
150. If I have to get up in the middle of the night for a drink, I will not get lost in the hallway...and if I do, I will not cry plaintively at the top of my voice for someone to help me find my way.
151. If I hide in the closet, I may get locked in. Same goes for cupboards, the refrigerator, the dishwasher...
152. If I manage to get the window with the broken screen open again, I will not leap out of the screen, hiding under the house for hours (leaving my female slave worried sick) and then climbing back into the window (getting stuck between the now closed window and the screen) to try and get in while they're out trying to find me. If I do neglect all of this, I will not attack the female slave as she tries to get me out of the window to take me back inside.
153. If I snorkel way down between the covers at night, I can find my way out again. I do not have to "tour" the whole bed, crying because I am lost.
154. If I want to bring a bird in for my human I will make sure the thing is actually dead. I will not bring in a tiny fledgling, fail to kill it and spend half an hour pouncing at it before someone wonders what the noise is and puts the bird outside. This fledgling was all of 2 inches long and she couldn't kill it!
155. If I yowl for attention and try to jump into my human's lap, I have no right to panic and run when he reaches down to pick me up.
156. If I'm touched at all, including accidental kicks or a human tripping over me, it is not an extraordinary mark of affection and I shouldn't purr at the top of my voice.
157. If my human runs off lawn and that funny gurgle happens I should not stand over one of the pop-up sprinkler heads and wonder what she's upset about. When it pops up, I shouldn't act shocked, betrayed, and blame her for it. She did try to call me.
158. It is a good thing that my human cleans the litter box -- she is not stealing from me. I will not attack her or the scoop. I will not try to get the plastic bag from her or try to get into the bag to retrieve my waste. I will not chase her all the way to the garbage bin screaming in my loudest voice.
159. It is not helpful to either of us when I tangle myself up in the Venetian blind string, my human tries to help me, I panic, and rip her face apart.
160. I've been fixed since I was six months old, five years ago. All the male cats in the household are fixed, too. I am not pregnant. I shouldn't make a nest under the bed. I shouldn't act like I gave birth to invisible kittens. I shouldn't keep this ruse up for about six months. Kitty psychiatrists are expensive and my humans don't know any.
161. I've lived in this house for years. I will not get lost on my way back to the sleeping spot in the library and start screaming that someone hid the room.
162. Jumping on the roof of our new apartment building eliminates all chances of ever being allowed on the balcony again.
163. Just because I've never seen stairs before in my life doesn't mean I can't figure out how to climb them. (Our cats were eight when we moved into a 4-story house; they looked at the stairs and then looked at us as if to say, 'You gotta be kidding.')
164. Just because my human is wearing shoes does not mean she has transformed into an evil monster to run from with all due haste.
165. Just because the soft human is at university doesn't mean I need to sit in her room scowling like I've been personally insulted.
166. Just because there is a small hole in the big cloth wardrobe does not mean I have to enlarge the hole and then push myself through it so that I fall inside the wardrobe all the way to the bottom. If I am dumb enough to do this, I will not cry piteously for the human to come rescue me and then refuse to come out when she does.
167. Kitty kibble is inanimate. Even though I'm a small kitten, kitty kibble will never attack me. If there's more than three bits in the bowl it doesn't mean they've formed a gang and are going to get me.
168. Male bonding is essential to my development, and my human's new boyfriend is not evil; I have no reason to scream and hide when he's visiting.
169. Maybe I shouldn't try attacking the nunchucka when my human is practising. (Good thing that Risque attacked while I was using the padded practice ones.)
170. My clumsiness is no-one's fault but my own.

171. My human does not admit untrustworthy people into his apartment. No one he has brought in is an axe murderer. I can be sociable, and will live to tell the tale.
172. My human spent a lot of time, money and effort to build a wonderful "cat suite" for my brothers, sisters and myself. I will not attempt to squeeze my 28 lb body under the couch when she invites someone in to view her accomplishment.
173. My human's visitor is not hiding her two (neutered) male cats in her coat, so I will not attack the coat in an attempt to find them. (This is a female cat, about a year and a half old.)
174. My new home is a two story apartment and I have to get used to it. When I'm upstairs while everyone else is downstairs, I don't need to howl in agony because I'm lost and I think I'm alone.
175. Shaking my head because I do not like the pink collar with bells makes the bells ring more.
176. Sitting on the record player while it is spinning with a record on it is not a good idea. It will make me sick, and my human does not like cleaning barf off her old "Carmen" records.
177. Sleeping in or on the garbage composter makes me stinky and will get me washed.
178. Snow is cold. I do not like cold. Therefore, I will not enjoy romping around in the two feet of snow outside, and should stop howling at the window waiting to go out.
179. Suddenly starting to hiss at the 2 year old cell phone when I see it gets me called a freak.
180. The boy kitty will never let me clean him. When I try, he will bite me. He's been doing this for two years, so I really should know better by now.
181. The cords to the mini blinds are hair trigger sensitive. This means that if I try to climb them I will get taken for a ride!
182. The door is solid. The door is solid. The door is solid.
183. The feather duster will not attack me.
184. The handles on the paper bags are not something to run through. I will not fit, and the bag makes a horrible sound that follows me even as I run from one end of the house to the other (twice) in a screaming, panic-stricken attempt to extricate myself. (Mini didn't come out from behind the washing machine for the rest of that day and most of the next.)
185. The human with the frizzy clown wig on is the same one I live with, not a horrible new monster to run from.
186. The kitty toothbrush is my friend, and having my teeth brushed is good for me.
187. The large, green, stripy thing is a vegetable marrow (kind of squash, think zucchini and magnify...) and won't harm me. It is therefore unnecessary to hiss at it.
188. The shortest point between me and my human is not along the window sill, behind the curtains, at the back of the computer, under the cables, over the modem, around the wine glass and across the keyboard.
189. The weather at the front door will be the same at the back door.
190. Twenty pound kitties should not climb to the top of small trees and cause them to bend in half.
191. We are a family of 3 strays that have taken up permanent residence in the local backyards. This does not mean that we have to be acutely claustrophobic and panic when the friendly human invites us in for petting and closes the door. He just wants to keep the cold out.
192. When fighting with the boy kitty, I will not get confused and bite the female human. She is the one that loves me. He's the one that tries to eat me.
193. When I'm in the garden, my human can see my furry butt sticking out of the undergrowth. Just because I can't see them it doesn't mean they can't see me. (Charlie is not a clever cat.)
194. When it rains, it will be raining on all sides of the house. It is not necessary to check every door.
195. When my human gives me a kitty IQ test I will not do the opposite of what is expected (He got 0 on almost all of the tests: He ran from the paper bag, lay down on the string and pillow instead of playing, etc. In the end he only got 40 IQ.)
196. When my human gives me salmon I will not get so excited that I forget to eat it.
197. When my human opens up the big sliding glass door part of the way, I will not squeeze my fat body into the narrow space between the glass door and the screen door. It is filthy in there and I am likely to get stuck. Doing this does not help me see outside any better.
198. When out on a leash, I will realize that the tree I'm going to run to and jump on is four feet past the length of my leash." (He looked like something out of a cartoon!)

--- Not All There: Weird Fears ---

1. Catnip toys are not carnivorous. Even the runty new kitten knows this.
2. Guitars are not Demons From Hades The music won't bite me.
3. I acknowledge that water is *not* cat solvent and that a bath will not kill me.
4. I am a big brave cat. I do not need someone to come outside with me just in case pigeons fly over.
5. I am a giant cat. When my human brings home a teeny-tiny baby sister for me, I don't need to be afraid of her. Even if I am afraid, it ruins my manly reputation if I let her back me into a corner so I have to jump over her to run away.
6. I can not climb glass.
7. I need not hide under the sofa when my human's friends are visiting. They won't eat me.
8. I realize that the dog is smaller and stupider than me. I also realize that my human will not let said dog eat me. Thus I will not attempt to scratch my human's eyes out in an attempt to get even further away from already mentioned dog, especially when my human is on the phone.
9. I should not be afraid of the laundry on the floor. (Our cat tends to start walking by a pile of clothes and then leaps in the air as if

the laundry had just lunged at him.)

10. I should not run for my life every time the toilet is flushed; my human does not appreciate having chunks of flesh torn out of his person.
11. I understand that the fur on my human's face is not going to eat me, and therefore I will not attempt to eat it first.
12. I will not be a coward and hide in the corner of the patio while the neighbour cat sits at the edge and terrorizes me. If I do this and my human comes to scare him away, I will not jump up after he leaves and prance around pretending to be the one who scared him off.
13. I will not be afraid of the swing-door on my brand-new kitty pooper house to the point where I won't go near the thing.
14. I will not be afraid of those little kittens. They aren't really any bigger than me, it's just their fluffy winter coats of hair. I am a tomcat, and they are probably like that because of me.
15. I will not beg to go outside, and then claw my humans' body to shreds because I am a big chicken and the outside scares me.
16. I will not growl and hiss at Grandma's cat statue, it is not real and is no threat to me. And I will not then try to proposition it when I come on heat. He is made of cement, and cannot help me!
17. I will not jump just because some one approaches me.
18. I will not quiver in fear and then go tearing out of the room every time two or more of my humans congregate there. I realize, after eight years, that they are NOT forming an Angry Cat Killing Mob.
19. I will not run away hysterically if my human breaks wind. It won't hurt me.
20. I will not scare my child human by crawling across the carpet with my butt in the air. It makes him think there is a ghost in the carpet.
21. I will not suddenly be trapped by invisible cats in the bedroom and yowl pitifully for my human to come rescue me.
22. It is OK to leave the bedroom. (My cat Kirin will not leave the bedroom as she hates our other female cat, Little Kitty. She has been in there over 2 years and has only come out when doped up on Valium.)
23. My human is always in control of the vacuum cleaner. She will not allow it to devour me.
24. My human's flip-flops are not out to get me, therefore I will not try batting them suspiciously or running away from them.
25. My shadow is not something to be frightened of and go yowling and screaming for help when I see it.
26. Satan rarely calls the house. Therefore, it is not necessary to sprint as far away as possible whenever the phone rings.
27. Shoes are not evil. People wearing shoes will not abandon me for hours nor will they bring me to that alien lab for probing and tissue samples in that scary thing that has no feet yet runs very fast.
28. Snow is not so exciting I have to go out *right now* and eat it, only to start trying to jump in the closed bathroom window when I realize it's cold.
29. The air return grate on the floor in the hallway is an inanimate object and will not bite me, I therefore do not need to do everything within in my power to avoid walking on it, even though it takes up the entire width of the hallway.
30. The carpet cleaner is not my mortal enemy. When my human tries to carry me past the (unplugged) carpet cleaner I will not rip open the vein on her wrist. Trips to emergency are expensive.
31. The ceiling fan is not a monster. It can not get me because it is bolted to the ceiling.
32. The electric screwdriver (lying there innocently with its battery removed) will not hurt me. I don't have to be scared.
33. The humans have never hurt me. They love me. There is no reason to jump when one suddenly moves.
34. The owl in the clock isn't real. It will not steal my snacks. If I insist on running with my treats into the dining room, I won't be offended when my humans laugh.
35. The plastic float ring is not the enemy.
36. The rabbit is half my size. I will not run from it in terror, especially while outside. This causes my humans to spend many hours looking for me while I cower under their car.
37. The reading lamp is not evil. We don't have to periodically kill it.
38. The start-up noise the computer makes does not mean it's ready to attack. Therefore, I will not run away. (My cat Neka was frightened by the sound made when Windows first comes up while in the '1960's' theme)
39. The vacuum cleaner is not the enemy. It will not suck up my tail.
40. The Weasel Ball will not attack me. It's just a toy and I don't need to be afraid of it.
41. When I am outside I must realize that the little tiny birds flying over are not out to get me I do not need to hide when I see them.
42. When my human plays the violin, she is not intentionally trying to scare me. My theory that she had become a banshee with a strange neck growth and a big stick is false.
43. When my human takes me outside to play under her supervision I will not stand on the concrete or the deck in the back yard and look at the grass as if it were some monster waiting to swallow me whole. There is no such thing as cat-eating grass.

--- Not All There: Weird Obsessions and Habits ---

1. Although I can get reasonably high while attempting to climb the smooth walls in the house, I can not walk upside down on the ceiling or keep myself up there. I am not a fly.
2. Although the crying of the baby seals on the TV sounds very real, I do not need to sit and contemplate how to help them. Neither do I need to attack the mother seal when she growls. The TV only bites back, and then I get the Dickens scared out of me. And if I don't want the humans to wet themselves from laughing at me, a repeat performance two minutes later is not a good idea.
3. China does not want my poop. I will stop digging in the kitty litter for so long that my human is sure I must be close.
4. Fast as I am, I cannot run through closed doors.

5. Feathers are not the enemy.
6. Grooming myself to the maximum is what earned me the name Mr. Clean, so when my human calls me that I will not sit there and sulk.
7. Hissing at the snake on TV will not scare it. Furthermore, just because it hisses back, does not mean that it will jump out of the screen and attack. It is hissing at the camera man, not me.
8. I acknowledge that the ceiling fan is definitely out of reach. I will no longer try to jump up and catch it.
9. I am 20 lbs and that is too big to stuff myself into the Kleenex box in order to take a nap.
10. I am a (neutered) cat, not a peacock, and prancing around with my tail fluffed up will not make my balls grow back.
11. I am a cat, not a dog. I don't have to have rawhide chews or doggie bones.
12. I am a cat, not a ferret. I will not emulate one by going down rabbit holes to pursue the inmates.
13. I am a cat. I am not supposed to like the water gun; it is a correction tool, not a "catch the spray in my mouth" game. (My boy thinks he is a dog. He will try to bat the spray and catch it with either his paws or mouth, but he refuses to jump off the counter.)
14. I am a corporeal cat; the laws of physics prevent me from passing through unopened doors and windows. Trying to do so will only get me laughed at.
15. I am a very small kitten (about a third of the size of others my age). This means that if I must attack one of the kitties on the TV screen, I will choose one that is relatively my size. The lion is not the smartest choice.
16. I am declawed. No matter how often I scratch any available cardboard box, my toes will not get any sharper.
17. I am not a dog. I will not walk around the house panting like a dog, lick people like a dog, and chew up stuff like a dog.
18. I am not a dog. Sitting up on my wide-load butt and begging will not get the hockey jersey or ceiling fan to come and play with me.
19. I can groom my tail without looking like a circus freak. (Mini will lay on her back, swing her hind legs up over her head, hook her claws in the carpet, and grab her tail with her front paws. All this just to groom it. Weird.)
20. I cannot and never will be able to catch snowflakes through a closed window.
21. I cannot and never will be able to climb my plastic cat house, even if I grab the roof.
22. I cannot attack imaginary monsters. They are not real, I will not catch them, and people will laugh.
23. I cannot catch bugs through the window.
24. I cannot leap through closed windows to catch birds outside. If I forget this and bonk my head on the window and fall behind the couch in my attempt, I will not get up and do the same thing again.
25. I cannot run through the screen door to get at the birds on the porch.
26. I did not give birth to that cute little white teddy bear my human's boyfriend gave her. I will stop trying to nurse it back to life.
27. I do not belong in the refrigerator, the kitchen sink, the dresser, the closet, any boxes, or anything I am too fat to fit into anymore.
28. I do not have to "talk" to flies to coax them off the ceiling.
29. I do not need to lick every page of every book in the house.
30. I do not need to moan when I see my tail, it has been attached to me since the day I was born.
31. I do not need to sit in the shower, especially when it is wet.
32. I have four, whole, beautiful, unblemished legs. I will use them, instead of flopping to the floor and dragging myself along the carpet. It makes me look really deranged, and people get worried.
33. I have lived in the same house for three years. I followed my human downstairs, therefore I do know how to get back. Should I find myself alone I am not lost and therefore do not need to howl until they call me or the other cat tells me to shut up.
34. I live on the fifth floor, so I don't have to rush "outside" whenever the door is opened. When I do, I will not ask my human where the sky is. She likes to think I'm smarter than that.
35. I must remember that I look stupid when chasing tiny dust particles
36. I promise I will stop sitting on the kitchen table or counter, staring at the covered butter dish for seemingly hours on end, thinking that perhaps I can eventually remove the lid telekinetically, and partake of my favourite illegal treat.
37. I promise that when my human comes in and takes off her boots I will no longer go over and sit next to them, stick my head and shoulders deep down inside one for about thirty seconds, and then withdraw my head and sit with my eyelids half closed and my mouth open, making this high pitched wheezing sound for the NEXT thirty seconds.
38. I promise to try to not stare at a space for long periods of time, making my human think there are bugs climbing on the walls. I do see things she can't, but it isn't creepy crawlers and will make sure I never scare my human again.
39. I will bear in mind that I am a cat and that cats have dignity. I will not lie on the ground and have a temper tantrum (Muschi really kicks his paws, whines and cries.)
40. I will continue to come whenever I hear a massager turned on. My humans find it amusing and like to show it off to friends.
41. I will explain why I like to run around the house on my claws and make noises like a racecar.
42. I will get more water in less time by actually putting my face to the bowl and using my tongue. Wetting my paw and licking off the moisture makes drinking anything take a really, really long time.
43. I will give up on getting to my 'girlfriend' after only two attempts at her. My humans should not need to keep the white blanket turned fuzzy side down so that I can't make love to it.
44. I will never be able to walk on the ceiling. Staring up the wall and meowing at it will not bring it any closer.
45. I will not assume the patio door is open when I race outside to chase leaves.
46. I will not behave like a normal and sane kitty only to flip out and become a berserker if I spot a strange cat outside my human's residence. The humans and the other kitty find this somewhat alarming.

47. I will not bite my human's new sweater just because it is the same color as me.
48. I will not bite the other cat on the rear just because someone is whistling. (I guess "Mozart" hates whistling, I think it hurts his ears. Whenever I sit in my recliner, he and Cashmere both scramble to sit on me, he on my lap, she on my legs, so that her butt is pretty much within his reach. Whenever someone starts whistling, he just bites her behind. If she is not within reach, he bites other things, like my arm or whatever.)
49. I will not box the radiator in the apartment when my human turns it up in the morning. It may make an ungodly noise, but it is not evil.
50. I will not bury small cat toys under the living room carpet. I will not tunnel under the living room carpet. I will not sleep under the living room carpet.
51. I will not carry my human's only Brillo pad around pretending it is a kitten.
52. I will not chase my shadow on the garage door every night. There are other things to do.
53. I will not chase my tail in the bath tub.
54. I will not chase my tail like I don't recognize it just because it is wet.
55. I will not chew on my female human's wedding ring or watch. My breath leaves a stink on these items.
56. I will not cry to get up on the counter where the other cat is, just because I haven't figured out how to jump.
57. I will not go berserk trying to catch the stock ticker crawl on CNN Headline News.
58. I will not groom myself and then suddenly try to grab my tail and then chase it and do a 360 in mid air and land clinging onto the couch.
59. I will not growl and bite my human every time somebody starts whistling (any time someone starts whistling, Mercury starts biting any body part within reach).
60. I will not hiss at the air and then proceed to attack something no one else can see and, when this fails to drive my humans crazy enough, just attack my twin brother, anyway.
61. I will not hiss at the air. I will not claw at nothing. I will not act like *they* are after me. My humans refuse to believe I can see aliens that they're, somehow, missing.
62. I will not hop around the yard like a jackrabbit when my human is trying to catch me and bring me inside.
63. I will not hop up onto the window sill to "catch" snowflakes outside.
64. I will not hunt down and then groom my human's leather belt for any reason. (My cat Zoey just seems to love my leather belt.)
65. I will not insist on going outside in a rainstorm.
66. I will not insist on lying down on top of the wardrobe because I roll over and fall down only to become stuck between the wall and the wardrobe whenever one of my humans walk by. While this amuses the young male human and his friends, it causes the young female one to shriek painfully in fright for me.
67. I will not instantly knock all toys under the couch or refrigerator, then sit staring at the toy repository for hours, looking pitiful.
68. I will not jump onto my human's lap and then get mad and leave when I get petted.
69. I will not leap 7 feet through the air to hang from the birdcage and meow in fear.
70. I will not lick and eat holes in all of the photos that I can get to.
71. I will not lick my human's plaster arm cast.
72. I will not lick plastic.
73. I will not lick the plastic bags from the grocery store. (She will actually climb inside to lick the inside of the bag!)
74. I will not meow at the faucets of bathtubs/sinks; they will not produce water that way.
75. I will not occupy a ringside seat 12 inches from the TV screen every time the Discovery Channel is turned on, nor will I attempt to catch the birds, dogs and other varmints I see there.
76. I will not pretend my tail doesn't belong to me.
77. I will not puff up my tail, run around like crazy knocking stuff over and jump into the draperies with claws extended just because I have the sudden urge to play psycho-maniac-jungle-cat.
78. I will not pull plastic bags out of the trash just to lick them.
79. I will not remove my human's stuffed bear from her dresser and kill it EVERY SINGLE DAY.
80. I will not repeatedly climb up to the unfinished second floor, managing to always fall through the crack in the ceiling.
81. I will not run around the house for 15 minutes and then pant like a dog for half an hour, this scares my human.
82. I will not scratch the cover of the litterbox for five minutes in a stupid attempt to cover up my poop. (She smells it and thinks hmmm...it's still not covered and just keeps scratching!)
83. I will not sit on my litter box and look over "pride land". There are no dangers inside the house.
84. I will not sit on the dining table as if it were an altar, staring up at the ceiling fan until it is turned on and then scream loudly a sound that sounds very similar to "BEER!!!" and make my human go into fits of giggles in front of company and have to explain to them that I'm praying to the God of Beer who lives in the ceiling fan.
85. I will not sit on the dinner table and get so stoned from the smell of pepper that I start rolling around and wiggling on my back.
86. I will not sit outside and get covered with snow, then come inside and demand to be dried off by towel or hair dryer. Furthermore, I will not do this several times a day.
87. I will not sniff some spot on the floor, furniture, humans, etc., that makes me lock open my mouth making the "stinky face". I will not repeats the performance up to 5 or 6 times.
88. I will not spend most of my time sleeping on my back in goofy positions. It looks ridiculous and makes my human laugh real hard.
89. I will not stick my head under a dripping faucet and whine for my human to dry it off.

90. I will not suck on the end of my tail until it is wet and pointy and then stick it into my human's face for inspection.
91. I will not try to "dig" my way to freedom through the sliding glass door.
92. I will not try to remove the peephole from the front door.
93. I will not whine and jump at the lock to the front door, as it will not magically open. (My cat Andre does this when I lock or unlock the door from the outside. Every single time I leave the apartment, after I've locked the door, I can hear him jumping at it, like he's going to get it just right and the door will open.)
94. I will stop making sweet love to the comforter. I am neutered, and can't breed with bedding anyway.
95. I will stop opening the cabinet under the kitchen counter. I will stop sniffing the cleaning products in this cabinet, because it only makes me crazy.
96. I will stop picking fights with the kitty in the mirror.
97. I will stop trying to fit my 22 lb. bulk into the spaghetti colander. (He fits about half and then it tips him out onto the floor, which makes him look around to see if anyone was watching him. Then he walks around the colander and meows at anyone who walks buy like he's saying (look what that mean thing did to me.)
98. I will stop trying to get the birds and squirrels outside the kitchen window by sticking my nose between the shutter slats. My head is way too big and won't fit through no matter how hard I push. (Annabelle's not very bright; Elizabeth, her junk food addict "sister" figured out how to climb up the shutters and balance on top to get a better look.)
99. If I am being sent to my room for punishment and crying doesn't do any good, head-butting the door repeatedly not solve the problem. It will only give me a headache.
100. If I climb a tree I can use my claws to stay attached. This does not work with metal lamp posts.
101. If my habit of disappearing under the sheets causes me to be folded up in the sofa bed, I will not wait until my human's visitor has been sitting on me for 30 minutes to meow, particularly if they have been looking for me all over the house and have started checking outside.
102. It is not the fault of the human that the radiators are too narrow for me to lie comfortably on them. I should not scowl at her when I fall off - at least she turned them on! (It adds insult to injury that the new kitten, Kyra, is just the right size to sleep neatly on the radiator)
103. It's not apropos to be so happy from the attention I'm getting that I drool, then decide to hiss and growl, then want to keep getting attention.
104. Just because I hear voices in my head, I do not have to answer them.
105. Just because it's high doesn't mean it's safe. I will not jump onto wall shelving units that hold priceless Buddhist bell collections because the shelves will invariably come down and damage everything but me.
106. My human is a mortal and is not god. Therefore, my human is not qualified to "bless" my food. (I'm not kidding! I have to "bless" my cat's food before he will eat it!)
107. My humans are NOT the ones who abused me. They have been very very nice to me. I will refrain from reverting to my prior behaviours and making the humans seriously have to consider putting me down for my own good. (Wes was put to sleep due to behavioural problems - he'd attack any human he saw, then took to ripping fur and skin off himself. We put up with the attacks on us, but not the attacks on himself. He had 2 good years with us, and was a much beloved pet.)
108. My human's dirty socks may be intoxicating, but I don't need to spend a solid hour nuzzling and making sweet love to them.
109. My human's flip-flops are not my lovers. I do not need to roll around ecstatically with them for an hour after he removes them, nor do I need to chew off the straps and render them useless because they are yummy.
110. My humans will always pet me. I do not need to throw myself on the ground with such force that my head makes an audible "thunk" as it hits the ground. I can't afford to loose any more brain cells.
111. My name is Valentino. My nickname is Tino. I do not have to respond every time someone says "No".
112. My small human's furry blanket is not my mommy. I will not nurse on it for hours on end until it's all icky with kitty drool.
113. No matter how hard I chase it, my tail will always have a death grip on my butt.
114. No matter how hard I try, I will not fit into the kleenex box/cassette box. Really. [My husband didn't believe Loki would try until I threw down the box.]
115. One looks stupid when attacking walls for no reason at all. (She must think that the wall is closing in on her.)
116. Pouncing on air (or imaginary butterflies!) only makes me look stupid.
117. Running around the house like my tail is on fire is not a good way to get someone to get up and play with me.
118. Running into walls is not a constructive activity. All it will do is give me a headache and gets me nowhere.
119. Running water cannot be captured by batting it with my paw.
120. Scratching the litter box itself, rather than the litter, will not cover my 'present'. Continuing to scratch for longer than five minutes will get me yelled at.
121. Scratching the side of my litter box does nothing to cover the smell of our 'presents'.
122. Sharpening my claws in the grass because I am ticked off will only get me laughed at.
123. The bed isn't so high off the ground that I need a running start from the living room to get on it; nor do I need to brake by applying my claws to his legs.
124. The breeze is not something solid that can be attacked with teeth and claws. I only look silly when I try.
125. The carpet in my house is completely benign. I do not need to attack it at random moments. This is especially true for the carpeted steps.
126. The gurgle sound the water makes as it drains from the bathtub is not some omniscient alien being calling from another dimension.

Staring at the drain will not reveal the secrets of the universe.

127. The single little brown speck in the otherwise pink and white inlaid linoleum in the bathroom is not a bug, is not moving, and cannot be destroyed by stalking it and pouncing on it approximately forty times every single day.
128. The stuffed animal kitty is not catatonic. He is not now nor has he ever been alive. He doesn't need to be dragged to the food and water bowl and have his mouth pushed in them **every** meal. It only gets him yucky and then our human will throw him away.
129. The trash trucks are only far away. They're not as tiny as they look from my third floor window. Even if I caught them, I probably couldn't eat them. I will stop batting at the window and doing my predatorial meow.
130. The yarn ball is NOT a dead kitten, and I will not carry it around the house meowing for someone to revive it.
131. There is no need to scrape every thing within paw's reach into the litterbox, even air. Plastic bags are especially bad for this purpose, as they do not clump properly.
132. Two solid objects cannot exist in the same space. If I want to go out, I will wait for the human to open the door, not try to leap through walls, closed windows or doors.
133. Water is for drinking, not for dancing in.
134. When all the other cats have the good sense to avoid the speakers when the male human is working out, it's considered odd to sit right in front of the speaker and sway side to side as if I enjoy the music. If I must enjoy music such as Tool and Nine Inch Nails, I will refrain from running howling from the room when the female human puts on some soothing music that the other cats seem to enjoy.
135. When I am chasing my tail and catch my back leg instead, I will not bite down on my foot. This hurts, and my scream scares my human.
136. When I am protesting about something, I will not make my lips and chin quiver like I'm about to cry
137. When lying in the middle of the floor with the appearance of sleeping, jumping ten feet up into the air and bolting can scare people.
138. When my human reaches under the crust of ice on the snow and taps on it from underneath, I will not get frustrated because I can't get at the source of the tapping. When he breaks the ice, I will not then fish frantically around looking for the "snow mice".
139. When our human consents to take us outside so we can play on the deck we will not refuse to go back inside by the door we came out of and insist on using any other door. (There were 3 possible doors to the deck.)

--- Other Critters: Birds ---

1. A covered up bird cage is not a bed.
2. As much as my human knows what a good huntress I am, waking her up at 7:30 am on a Saturday morning with a live bird on her bed is not the best way to start her weekend. (I thought it was her feather toy, until she put it down and it flew away. I still wonder how she caught it, given that we're on the second floor of an apartment...)
3. Birds do not come from the bird feeder. I will not knock it down and try to open it up to get the birds out.
4. Birds like to keep their tail feathers.
5. I do not like to be dive-bombed by magpies. I will remember this the next time I am tempted to catch a baby magpie.
6. I promise not to sit on top of the file cabinet and try to open the cage that belongs just to the beautiful mellow cockatiels. No more sneaking around and trying to get into the cage (which would be too small and then everything would come crashing down).
7. I will catch the bird if she gets out of her cage but I will not eat her or the hands of my owner when they retrieve the bird.
8. I will leave the parrot alone because he has whipped more cats butts than I'll ever see. When he does bite my tail I'll be smart enough to stay away from his locked cage and won't come whining about it to my human. (This has happened several times and Nikita just will not learn).
9. I will ensure all prey that I bring into the house is dead. This applies especially to birds.
10. I will not act puzzled when my human blows things all out of proportion just because the feathered toy broke. (There are plenty of others. They move and make a lot of chirping noises. Why the fuss?)
11. I will not attack a baby bird, seemingly killing it, then get excited when my humans bring it in the house and it "revives", and they chase it for 30 minutes before catching it in my carrier.
12. I will not bring a dead canary inside as a "present" for grandma and leave it in the hallway by the front door. Bringing this "present" inside is what earned my two brothers and me pink collars with bells.
13. I will not bring birdies home and pluck them on the living room floor.
14. I will not catch a baby bird that is learning to fly in the carrot patch in the back garden and I will not bring said baby bird into the house and show grandma the games I can play with it (It was still very much alive and not hurt so it was returned back outside.)
15. I will not catch the neighbour's racing pigeons. He will only start putting down poison.
16. I will not catch wild birds, I will not catch wild birds, I will not...
17. I will not chase birds in the garden.
18. I will not cry because the parrot bit me when I was warned not to go near it.
19. I will not eat my human's beloved pet parakeet. (He did that very thing but he doesn't live here any more. Dum de dum dum!)
20. I will not go after the female mallard duck in the front yard. She may be an easy target, but her mate is not, and he will beat the stuffing out of me.
21. I will not go to the attic, catch birds that fly down the chimney flue, bring them down to my human's bedroom and play with them under her bed while the birds are still alive.
22. I will not grab the parakeet in my mouth and drag him down to the basement.

23. I will not hang off the curtains to attack the bird.
24. I will not hurl my tiny, 6 lb. body at the parakeet cage on top of the bookcase in the bedroom, causing the cage and all 3 occupants to plummet 6 feet to the floor, mortally wounding one of the occupants. Even though it really made my other siblings (including the dog) happy to see the 2 surviving birds flying free throughout the room until my human rescued them. (Human's note: Once a new cage was purchased, it was also bolted into the wall to avoid a repeat of the above. This safety device has not been put to the test yet, as far as I know.)
25. I will not kill a bird and leave it on the front lawn.
26. I will not lie on top of the cockatiel's cage for hours and bat at her like a toy - it gives her birdie-stress.
27. I will not meow right outside of a covered bird cage just to let them know that I am still around.
28. I will not sit next to the bird cages licking my chops while the birds thrash about in panic.
29. I will not spend entire days stalking the zebra finch from my perch on top of the refrigerator, then leap onto the cage like a mountain lion, causing my human to jump out of her chair in fear and then to throw her back out by falling on the floor, causing her to be confined to bed for weeks.
30. I will not stalk my human's pet bird, especially when birdie is perched on my human's shoulder. (The bird, a sun conure, gets angry and bites my human's ear.)
31. I will not stalk the neighbour's giant goose when it comes into the backyard. Not only am I orange and not camouflaged by the freshly mowed grass, but the goose has a long neck, sharp beak and runs as fast as me.
32. I will not stuff my rather large self into the rather small bird feeder (with my tail hanging out one side) and expect the birds to just fly in. (My eldest cat has done this for years...)
33. I will not teach the parrot to meow in a loud and raucous manner.
34. I will not yowl at the back glass door so that my well trained human will let me in without looking at the mortally wounded bird I have in my mouth, which I then drop at her feet. I will not then growl, seize the bird, stalk outside and proceed to tear it to shreds on the patio.
35. I will stop bringing birds indoors to kill them. My humans do not like to be woken up at four in the morning by the terrified cries of my prey. Nor do they like, subsequently, to hear small crunching noises directly beneath the bed.
36. I will stop trying to break the parakeet's cage open. It's not nice to try to give the poor bird a heart attack.
37. I will subdue my natural instincts when my human is petsitting his neighbour's parrot.
38. I will wait until my human's bird-loving girlfriend leaves before bringing in a half-dead, still chirping, baby bird.
39. If I must bring a bird into the house, I will ensure it is dead and not just playing possum. (It took 2 hours to get and then clean up after the scared bird being chased by husband and two cats).
40. My human will laugh if I go into a full crouch, stare and crawl because there is a crow calling outside the CLOSED bedroom window.
41. No, my humans are never going to agree with me that the bird they consider to be a household member is actually a meal, and I need to accept that.
42. Parrots are not toys. Especially Goffin Cockatoos that like to chase cats.
43. The birds (real or imaginary ones) in the tree outside are not bilingual, and don't understand my screeches.
44. The cockatiel *likes* to be left in his cage.
45. The cockatiel cage is not an indoor tree.
46. Walking around the house with cockatiel feathers in my mouth is not funny.
47. We are cats, thus we can hunt. We will not stand at the back door begging for Deli Cat when there are 40 crows doing the can-can across the yard.
48. When feathers are still attached to the birds, I am not allowed to play with them. They are off limits until the birds shed them.
49. When my human and Grandma are "birdsitting" the neighbour's dove, I will not wiggle out of my collar and sit on the bed beside the cage and stare the dove down, then try to look innocent when caught. (We walked in the room when we heard the dove making distress noises to find Kittly sitting on the bed leaning as far forward as she could staring at the dove.)
50. While on the roof, I will not jump out on the telephone wires more than five feet to catch a bird that is perched there; if I do this, I will fall. (My boyfriend's cat did this; he caught the bird too--and ate it! Didn't seem to be hurt, but he sure scared his humans.)

--- Other Critters: Cats ---

1. Adult cats do not like to play as much as kittens do. I will not pester them when they don't want to play.
2. Another cat's arrival is not a reason to sulk and pout and go into a pity-party for months.
3. Even though I am a kitten and have been away from my mother for only a few weeks, I will not irritate the other cat in my new home by trying to find a source of milk on his body. He is a neutered male and this behaviour will only result in him beating me up -- again.
4. Even though we are twins, we will not blame our naughtiness on the other.
5. Growling at the neighbour's cat only amuses the neighbour's cat. I am an indoor cat. My territory has nothing to do with the stuff on the other side of the glass.
6. I am a neutered kitty and have been for ten years. I do not need to beat up every tomcat in the neighbourhood to prove my masculinity. Besides, the girl cats don't like it when I run their boyfriends out of town.
7. I am not allowed to try to kill the new kitten. He is here to stay, and biting my humans when they intercept my attack, will only get my butt smacked, and my entire body dunked in the sink full of cold water reserved for such occasions.

8. I do not need to torment the old cat by sitting in his path so he cannot go downstairs to eat. He will get smart one of these days. (Actually he already did, he sat there and thought about what to do, in his thinking hurts look, and took another route to the basement!)
9. I have been spayed for 3 months, so I will not start up a mating contest with the other neutered cat at 1:00 a.m. If he doesn't want to play, I will not get angry and start up World War 3 under the bed.
10. I have lived with my sister since birth. There is no need for alarm when I encounter her in the hallway.
11. I *love* my brother and my sister, so its OK if they want to snuggle with my human. Occasionally. As long as I don't see it. And when they do snuggle with my human, I will not attack them, knock them off her lap, and expect her not to scold me.
12. I must not lick the other cat's behind in front of my human and her friends.
13. I must not sit in doorways and swear at the other cats as they go past. Also, I will not swat them if they swear back at me.
14. I promise not to pull the other cat's butt fur out just because she was sitting in my human's lap.
15. I recognize that the other cat has a right to use my litter box, even though she's the "new" cat, and I promise to stop guarding the litter box by sitting inside it and growling at her so she can't get in to use it.
16. I recognize that you brought that other cat home as a friend for me and not as a target of guerrilla attacks.
17. I recognize the right of the other cat to be petted too. I will not attempt to drag her away by her tail.
18. I will accept the fact that I am neutered and stop talking to the neighbourhood cats.
19. I will allow my new younger brother to use the food bowl, water bowl, and litter box.
20. I will continue to play with kittens and keep them amused when the house happens to have some.
21. I will continue to set a good example for every other cat than Lily (who is good of her own volition).
22. I will find a means of telling my humans that I'm really only having one kitten so that they don't spend the next 24 hours anxiously waiting for me to produce more before coming to that conclusion themselves.
23. I will learn to love my little sister. I will not be so upset with her that I try to do her in by grabbing her by the throat and pulling. (A strangled mew is all that saves her.)
24. I will make an honest-to-God effort to refrain from dunking the kitten in the dog's water bucket every time he comes close enough for me to grab him. I will NEVER do it when only the male human is home, because he picks me up and dunks me to try to teach me a lesson. Nor, after I have been dunked, will I go stalk the kitten and dunk him AGAIN to get back at the human for dunking me. (Kitten is FINALLY learning to avoid Miss Pissy, but he can swim well now.)
25. I will not attack another cat while his/her head is sticking out of the litter box.
26. I will not attack my new step-brother if he attempts to sleep on the chest-of-drawers with me, because that only causes us both to fall onto the floor and scares my human.
27. I will not attack my sister. My human will scold me. (Pouncer will attack Boots, and then give me a look saying, "Well, she started it.")
28. I will not attack the old cat sitting on grandpa's lap if I know what is good for me.
29. I will not attack the other cat while she is eating or sniff her tail.
30. I will not attempt to breed a kitty, only to jump off and run and hide if she growls at me.
31. I will not attempt to kill my fellow feline housemate just because it is -50 degrees outside and I am Cooped Up and Bored.
32. I will not bat my sister's tail repeatedly, especially if she runs away and hisses and swats at me.
33. I will not bite my brother's balls.
34. I will not bite my sister in the eye. My human cannot afford trips to the emergency vet for surgery regularly. (The victim kitty had to have her eyelid sewn shut for two weeks and the bonus of an Elizabethan collar.)
35. I will not bite my sister's butt until she hisses.
36. I will not bite my sister's tail while she is sleeping on my human's stomach and then expect my human to let me sleep there.
37. I will not bite the hair off my brother's butt in retaliation for his biting the hair off my tail.
38. I will not bite the hair off my sister's tail.
39. I will not blame my mistakes on the other kitty (especially not in her presence).
40. I will not body slam the storage door, push the bed away from the wall and get into the room I'm not supposed to in order to beat the crap out of the other kitty. I understand that I am not the only cat who has the right to live in this house.
41. I will not bully the new kitten. My human still gives me plenty of love and affection. I do not have to have her attention all of the time, especially when she needs to bottle feed the scrawny kitten. This does not mean I have to like it, though.
42. I will not chase my great-grandfather and tackle him.
43. I will not chase my sister under the table so that she hits her head on the legs. I have to remember that for some reason she is not as smart as I am, and that's not fair to do that to her.
44. I will not chase the other cat down the stairs. She's ten years old and 22 pounds and it's really hard for her.
45. I will not chew off my brother's eyebrows, leaving two bald spots. He has very beautiful whiskers and I shouldn't be jealous.
46. I will not dive bomb the other cat. I do want to live and Dee can be hazardous to my health.
47. I will not drool on the other cat while we are sleeping. If the other cat drools on me while we are sleeping, I will not rub said drool on any exposed human parts while they are sleeping -- especially not IN their ears.
48. I will not fight the other cat. She's big and mean. All I have on my side is speed.
49. I will not fight with my brother at every chance.
50. I will not form a "conga line" with one of the other cats, with my nose pressed up against the other cat's butt.
51. I will not gang up with two other cats and lurk at the bathroom door to attack the fourth cat that is leaving the litter box.

52. I will not get mad at my identical twin just because he insists on fetching paper balls. It's not his fault if he is not right in the head and thinks he's a dog. If he persists in doing it for more than ten minutes, I will not steal his paper ball from him and tear it to shreds while muttering insults.
53. I will not get on top of the kitchen cabinets and throw the decorative bottles down on my unsuspecting cat brother's head.
54. I will not go and lie down on top of my sister when she is sound asleep in "her" bed. I am bigger than she is and she does need a chance to breathe.
55. I will not go out to the barn loft and terrorize the barn kitty that has her apartment there.
56. I will not growl and hiss at my brother just because he tries to scare away the feral cats who come to visit at our back door. I am spayed, and do not need the attentions of these tomcats.
57. I will not have urine wars with the new cat in the house on the kitchen counter.
58. I will not hide under the BBQ grill when it is covered and growl at my adopted sister. If I'm as tough as I think I am, I will growl at her without hiding. (although I really should try to be nice more than 5% of the time)
59. I will not invite every cat in the neighbourhood into the house for a visit.
60. I will not jump off of the day bed onto the 3 week old kitten my human is trying to nurse back to health. Kittens are fragile and jumping on them to play only squishes them.
61. I will not jump on the other cat.
62. I will not jump onto my human's lap if my brother is already there.
63. I will not jump onto the kitchen counter and chew a hole in the bread bag. I will not add insult to injury by convincing my human that it was my little sister who did it. I will not continue to allow my sister to take the blame for my activities for 3 years. (The culprit was 22 pounds and we never suspected he COULD jump that high. His little sister, however, frequently WAS guilty of grabbing food.)
64. I will not jump up and run over to the cat that is sun bathing and sniff him. He is not dead, just cat napping.
65. I will not knock the cat bed off the bookshelf while another cat is in it.
66. I will not land my 18 pound body on the 13 pound cat from the top of the couch, waking the other cat up.
67. I will not laugh when the neighbourhood bully kitty is caught eating my food, and in an attempt to run away from my irate humans, runs face first into the fence.
68. I will not lie in a mating position on top of the other neutered cat, nor will I stiff or clean his ear.
69. I will not lie in front of the water dish and snarl at the other cats when they have the temerity to attempt to get a drink.
70. I will not lie on top of my siblings so that they cannot breathe - even if they are on my human's lap. There is room for all of us kittens.
71. I will not lock my kitty brother in the entertainment center while my human is at work, even though he was causing trouble.
72. I will not make my human nervous by making her think that I am sitting on my newborn kittens.
73. I will not nearly give the old cat a heart attack by surprising and pouncing on her. This makes her cough and wheeze for a few minutes.
74. I will not persist in chasing the big cat's tail, trying to get him to play with me. I know darn well he doesn't like me, and will only hiss and box my ears.
75. I will not pick on my new kitten brother when I think no one is looking.
76. I will not place my kittens in a big pile with my mother's kittens and my sister's kittens so that nobody can figure out which kittens belong to whom. This makes figuring out how old all of the kittens are very difficult. (We had 3 litters of kittens within 72 hours. The mothers were all related and they just took turns feeding whichever kittens happened to be awake at the time regardless of whose kittens they were. I wound up with 3 healthy mom cats. They retained weight instead of getting "kitten-gaunt" from always having to be in the "nest" feeding kittens. It worked out for the benefit of all felines involved.)
77. I will not play with the other cat by the door of the bathroom. One of us always gets locked out and one always gets locked in! (You would think they would learn this after a couple of times.)
78. I will not pounce on and try to mate with my "cousin", Grandma's female cat; this serves no useful purpose, as we are both neutered, and I am the one who gets scolded and locked in the guest room.
79. I will not pull out the kitten's whiskers even if she immediately forgives me and cuddles when it's bed time. (We got a kitten and our cat decided the kitten was his cat not ours. He has pulled out all of her whiskers in the process of 'playing' and she still adores him).
80. I will not push the funny black cat that hollers when provoked off of the countertop when she is trying to get a drink. I will also not sneak up on her when she is sleeping just to hear her yell. It makes her pee on the stove, and that makes my humans mad.
81. I will not push the new kitten's face in the water bowl. She can't breathe under water.
82. I will not rip out all the other cats' hair. Not only is it mean, it also makes a mess which my humans do not generally appreciate.
83. I will not run across the room at full speed, rear up on my hind legs, and smack the other cat with my front paws (I didn't believe it until I saw her do it.)
84. I will not run up to the new kitten and slap him around and yell at him. He knows I do not like him, and just thinks it's funny to annoy me.
85. I will not scare the other cat so badly that he doesn't want to sleep in the cat house any more.
86. I will not sit and cry at the door because the other cat is on the other side and I miss him after being separated for 3 seconds.
87. I will not sit in the middle of the living room floor, making sure that everyone has a clear view of me, and pout while starring blankly into space just because my human is holding my sister.

88. I will not sit my fat cat butt on any moving lumps in the blanket. Chances are it's the other cats in the household who will then be very upset at me.
89. I will not sit on my brother.
90. I will not sit up on my hind legs in front of the other cat and use both of my front paws too hit him in the face.
91. I will not slap the other cat between the back legs three days after his penis has been amputated, nor will I pull at the stitches. (This was done due to chronic bladder stones that were painful to pass. --ed)
92. I will not smell my brother's butt and run away screaming, then get mad at him when he wants to fight.
93. I will not sneak into where the guest kitty is staying and eat all her food. I have to stay on my special diet for my kidneys. Also, guest kitty has claws and I don't, and my human doesn't like vet trips (which is what happens when I won't let my human care for me and my scratches get infected).
94. I will not sniff other cat's bottom as she's trying to eat her breakfast, as it only makes her angry.
95. I will not stalk the other cat, grab her by the scruff of the neck, and try to mate with her. She is spayed and I am neutered, and it only makes the other cat mad.
96. I will not start up a fight with the neighbourhood stray using my human's deck as the wrestling ring. I will not then play hunt the stray in my human's yard.
97. I will not stuff the younger kitty into the box. I will not jump off the box when my human comes in so the younger black kitty can stick her head out scaring my human and then act as if I didn't do anything.
98. I will not teach the other cats how to open the refrigerator and how to cut through duct tape.
99. I will not tease my feline sister until she starts tearing around the house chasing me then, I head straight at the wall then, at the last minute swerve to the right so that my sibling runs into the wall; and as soon as she hits the wall; I jump in and attack!
100. I will not tease the other cat until she runs and hides. If I do, my human will smite me (not really, but sometimes I want to...)
101. I will not terrorize my older and less active feline roommate. His tail is not a toy.
102. I will not terrorize the other five (female) cats so that my female human has to let us all out in precise and spaced order in the morning, and call us back in at night in the same, reverse, order. If I do, one of the other cats will hide in the woods around the house for three months, scaring the liver out of the female human.
103. I will not throw my brother's toys down the stairs because he smacked me and I'm mad at him. I know he's too chicken to go down the stairs (Yes, I saw the entire episode.)
104. I will not try to claw through the screen to beat up the landlord's kitty, who has a crush on me and is not a bad kitty, just lovelorn.
105. I will not try to force my sister to make whoopee with me when she is bathing or sleeping. We are both neutered and it just makes my humans put me off the bed.
106. I will not try to pick fights with cats looking in the house through a door or window. (Lizzy was inside looking through the screen door, growling at a cat outside. She must have said something really bad because the outdoors cat tried to crash through the door. He managed to buckle the bottom of the door, creating a gaping hole. If that wasn't bad enough, by the time we got there [along with our 6 dinner guests], Liz was trying to squeeze out the hole so she could go kick the interloper's butt.)
107. I will not wait for my fellow cats to relax, then sneak up around the corner and start a fight.
108. I will not walk around the house yowling when I am in heat, then beg males to "do their thing" and then when they try, I will not attack them when they try to comply.
109. I will not walk nonchalantly up to the other cat and slap her in the face for no reason.
110. I will not walk out into the back garden with attitude, walk up to one of the young cats, sit up on my hind legs and proceed to box her.
111. I will not watch my human scold my brother for attacking our sister, and then do the exact same thing myself.
112. I will not, after being hollered at by my human, walk over to my sister cat and slap her face with my paw, making a sickening "slap" noise that sounds like a clap.
113. I will quit bring home strays to the dinner table, as my human's husband does not like cats and this causes my human many problems when she can't keep them all.
114. I will recognize that the other cat is now an inside cat and stop growling at him and trying to keep him out of the house by glaring at him from beside the front door.
115. I will remember that I am a two pound kitten and that I shouldn't pounce on my 14 pound aunt.
116. I will remember that the new cat is here because my humans want it here. Therefore I may not try to kill the poor creature.
117. I will stop picking on my little brother. I am 21 pounds and he is 12 pounds. I have an unfair advantage.
118. I will stop pinning the other cat when we are playing. This causes her to make interesting noises much akin to a snake and will cause our human to flick me on the nose.
119. I will stop teasing Sully, my much bigger brother. I am only 4 months old and not 'at that age' yet.
120. I will stop tormenting the older cat. Just because she has such a long, furry, nice gray tail does not mean a) it is a mouse for me to catch and kill, b) she likes to have me play with it, and c) she twitches it for my amusement. Also, my human and her human do not like the loud caterwauling she does as a result of me playing with her tail.
121. I will try harder to remember that my human is a foster mom for orphan kittens at the SPCA. If I do not want to be pounced on during play time, I should not nap in the middle of the floor. And when I am pounced on, I should not leap to my feet and run head first into the wall. I might also try to remember that I weigh 13 pounds and they way about 18 ounces: I am not in any danger when they touch me.
122. If I choose to jump the baby gate at the foot of the stairs, I will not complain loudly when my canine brother pounces me in his

- deranged attempts to play. I will acknowledge that I could have stayed upstairs and will appropriately suffer in silence.
123. If I don't smack my sister, she won't throw my toys down the stairs that I'm too scared to go down.
 124. If I insist on biting and attacking the new cat, I will not get ticked off when I get dunked in the cold water. I can be responsible for my actions.
 125. If I must have 18 catnip sticks, my sister can play with some. I will not steal them from her and smack her. I weigh 3 lb. and my big brother weighs 19 lb. I will not steal his kitty snacks because he will push my face in the water bowl.
 126. If I must move in, I will refrain from joining Sylvia, the Demon Kitty, in the terrorization of ONE dog in the house.
 127. If I must show up as a pregnant 7-8 month old stray, I will let the humans help me with the litter when they are born. If I refuse to let them help, I will not kick the d*** kittens out of the nest box when they are 5 weeks old and I go back in heat. If I must do both, I will not be insulted when the humans say I'm a bad mother.
 128. If I sniff the other cat's butt, she *will* smack me upside the head. There are no other options.
 129. If I'm still on warning for dunking kitten in the paint, it's NOT good form to dunk kitten in the dog's water bucket, the dishwasher before the male human realized what I wanted to do, or the bathtub where the female human is resting. Nor should I do all of these within 2 days. If I don't control my anger towards the kitten, I will go on the psycho kitty's happy drugs. As it is now, I'm making the psycho kitty look nice; he *likes* the kitten.
 130. If the humans catch me doing something wrong and scold me for it, I will not run over to the nearest other cat and sucker punch him.
 131. It is in NO way, shape or form at all appropriate to croon to the kitten, pick him up by his scruff, take him into the room where our humans are painting and dunk the kitten in the paint bucket. If I feel the need to do this, I will get in trouble. (Her excuse is she wanted him to be a blue tabby like her - yeah right)
 132. It's all fun and games till my littermate starts screaming. When that happens, I won't act hurt when the human breaks it up.
 133. It's OK for the other cat to use the litter box.
 134. Just because Banshae and Siryn attack me does not mean I should attack Sun Tzu. She's already nuts enough.
 135. Just because I am the biggest cat in the house does not give me the right to sit anywhere I please. I do not have to have that funny black cat's sleeping space. It only makes her yell at me.
 136. Kittens do not have "cooties".
 137. Licking the other cat on the head is cute. Licking the other cat on the butt is not.
 138. Lily does not like me. Her glaring is not an invitation to play.
 139. Lily loves me, having raised me from birth. This does not mean that I can take advantage of that love by licking her head until she falls asleep, then biting her throat. The same goes for Seymour.
 140. Lily, Sun Tzu, and Buster have all been in the house longer than I have. The humans will not get rid of them, no matter how often I tell them that they should.
 141. My brother and sisters do not have cooties, and it's O.K. to eat/drink out of the same set of dishes.
 142. My brother does not like it when I hold him down and groom him while he is using the litter box.
 143. My brother needs his whiskers. I will not chew them off.
 144. My feline cousin is not a punching bag.
 145. My human respects the fact that I do not like the new kittens, and keeps them trapped in the spare bedroom most of the time. I will therefore not run into the spare bedroom the minute she opens the door, then yowl in protest when my new sisters try to play with me. It is my own fault.
 146. My kittens are not birds and do not need me to carry them up to what ever high place I can get to and drop them as they will not fly.
 147. My new sister is not the Anti-Cat and does not to be exorcised.
 148. My older brother can eat by himself. I do not have to race into the kitchen to inspect every time I hear him at the bowl. (Only one bowl because of this behaviour. Why bother with 2?)
 149. My sister curled up on the fluffy blanket first. If I decide to join her I will not shove my butt practically up her nose to make her get up and move just so I can claim the warm spot she made.
 150. Now that I'm neutered, I will no longer chase and mount the spayed female cats.
 151. Punching the other cat will get me pounded by said cat.
 152. Regardless of how many times I try, the smaller cat can fight back and will kick my face when I try to rip her throat out.
 153. The kitten is not MY kitten, and I am not supposed to kidnap him whenever my human wants to give him some quality time.
 154. The kitty condo belongs to both my brother and me. I will not get upset when he uses "my" part of it to lie down on.
 155. The new kitten is my friend. I will not show my disapproval of her presence by peeing on the furniture. This will not make the human send her back where she came from (however, it's made the human vow not to get any more cats in the foreseeable future!)
 156. The other cat does not like it when I play with her tail.
 157. The other cat has a right to use the litter box.
 158. The other cat is just trying to groom me, so I don't need to go for her jugular.
 159. The other cat is not a horse for me to ride around the dining room (Emmitt the kitten hides on the dining room chairs and leaps on Siesta's back as she runs past, then rides her around the house while she howls for help.)
 160. The other cats are my brothers, not my competitors, and I do not have to rudely scratch their eyes out in attempt to shove them away from the bottle.
 161. The other cats are not chew toys.

162. The other cats have lived in this house for over a year now. Just because I get to sleep in the bedroom at night (and they don't) does not give me a reason to hiss at and attack them.
163. The other kitten that looks like me is not a demon. She is one of my sisters from the same litter. Since our humans now live together, we need to learn to get along.
164. We are brother and sister, and we like each other. We will not snarl, growl, and fight during the Blessing of the Animals, causing our carrier to bounce around on the ground, resulting in concerned looks from the priests (I can only imagine what kind of wild animals they thought were in the carrier!)
165. We do not need to glare at the stray kitty that likes to sit on the porch. She's not coming inside, we don't go outside.
166. We have lived together since birth. We will not suddenly take a dislike to each other and attack viciously.
167. We must not sit on the kitten.
168. We will not gang up on our brother, even though he's not black like us. He's not smart enough to be able to tell which black cat attacked him, and he runs off and attacks Sun Tzu instead.
169. We will remember that, odd as it seems, the grown-up cat does not like us. Therefore, we will stop jumping on her in an attempt to get her to play chasing with us. She only growls and thumps us.
170. When another cat attacks me, it's not my human's fault. The other cats were here before me. I have no right to snub my parents because they refuse to send them away.
171. When my brother hesitates at the window before going through it, I will not jump over him, discover it's raining, turn in midair and go back into the house under him. My brother startles easily.
172. When my cat sister is under a blanket, she doesn't become a horrible monster. I will stop pouncing (and pounding) on her. I weigh ten pounds more than she does and no one else finds this amusing.
173. When my sister is coughing up a hairball, I will not put my arm around her neck and back, making my human think I am trying to be helpful or to comfort sister-dearest, and then bite her neck the minute my human turns away. (Luckily, I turned back in time to get him away from her before she got YUCK all over his head.)
174. When my sister sleeps in the violin case, I will not pounce the lid closed on her. As I will not be closing her in, I also will not sit atop the case while she cries to be let out.
175. When our human's grandma brings in a stray from the cold and puts him downstairs so we senior cats do not disturb him, I will not find a way into the basement via the heating ducts. Nor will I leave smelly deposits on her bed and bath mat for "revenge".
176. When the humans are trying to save the orphaned kittens, I will accept them and feed them like they were my own.
177. While it may be ok that I dislike the kitten, it is NOT ok to croon to him so he comes over for a snuggle, then beat him up.

--- Other Critters: Dogs ---

1. Although the next-door neighbour has dogs, she keeps them in a garden with a big fence round it and so they will not savage me, especially when I'm indoors. Especially since the resident cat bullies them so much they are very polite to cats.
2. Although the old dog belonging to my human likes me, he does get tired of being swatted and will snap at me. When he gets up and lies down under the bed I must not follow him, or he will get mad.
3. I am a fourteen year old cat with severe health problems. I'm not required to pick a fight with every neighbourhood dog. I'm running out of whole skin to hold a stitch.
4. I am not allowed to rip the flesh off of the dog's face when he is trying to cuddle with the humans.
5. I cannot beat up every dog and cat in the neighbourhood. Some really are tougher than me.
6. I do not have to protect my human from the dogs. I will not charge them and attach myself to their faces.
7. I do not need to torment the neighbour's little square-faced dog daily. I do not need to bite its neck and ride its back to chase it out of the yard, even if it *does* venture into my territory.
8. I know that as a kitten it is fun to stand on top of my scratching post but it is not funny to try to jump on the little dog's back or play with his tail. This does not amuse him. I will also stop stalking him only to jump at his face, skitter sideways and make a mad dash around the house and expect him not to chase me.
9. I know the Great Dane puppy is scared of me, and it doesn't amuse my human to have to dislodge him from underneath the coffee table when I chase him.
10. I must not depend on the foster puppy to always free me from my leash, room, cage, or other predicaments that my humans place me in as an attempt to control me. He isn't going to be around forever, not to mention that he then wants to play.
11. I shall not try to show the 120-pound Great Dane how friendly I am by sticking the claws of my front paws into the side of his nose when I first meet him (this is how Attila got his name - the cat does not know the meaning of the word "fear".)
12. I will allow the dog into the room without leaping at her face and consequently terrifying her by sitting in the door and glaring at her.
13. I will not antagonize the dog to chase me, and then run out the cat door I know he's way too big to get through now.
14. I will not antagonize the dog to chase me, and then run out the cat door I know he's way too big to get through now.
15. I will not attack whatever dog comes innocently sniffing around the bushes at the front of the house.
16. I will not bait the guide dog belonging to the (blind) piano tuner by staring at him until he barks. (He never barks at cats, I was assured.)
17. I will not bat at the dog when my humans are around, then be her best friend when they're not. It confuses her.
18. I will not beat the crud out of the dog at least once a day. She has ego problems anyway from being so small (miniature pinscher) and it doesn't help to get clobbered by an eight-pound cat.

19. I will not beat the dog up anymore because he's stupid, (being stupid is punishment enough).
20. I will not beat up the dog without cause. He is old and has been here much longer than I.
21. I will not bite my human's old Labrador dog in the legs and/or ear, this action will not get him to play with me.
22. I will not bury "treasure" (candy I steal from the kids) in the cushions of the couch I will not then try to re-bury it in the puppy's bed. (We're trying to frame the puppy!)
23. I will not catch mice to give to the dog to eat.
24. I will not chase the dog, I will not eat the dog's food, and I most certainly must not walk up to the dog and for no reason smack him.
25. I will not chase the neighbour's elderly dog.
26. I will not claw and chew on the dog's paws. It makes her get up and run away.
27. I will not disrespect the dog next door when he is outside off his leash and under his human's supervision.
28. I will not drink the dog's water, making it slimy, when I'm too lazy to jump on the counter to reach my own.
29. I will not eat the dog's food as he respects me already and will only bark at our my human for help (my cat Happy did this and my Newfoundland dog didn't dare try to get the cat away but barked in distress until I came to the rescue).
30. I will not encourage my sisters to play our favourite game, 2 cats riding a dog. (Always use the Rhodesian Ridgeback, that ridge is too tempting.)
31. I will not entice the dogs to chase me so they will get in trouble.
32. I will not follow the new puppy around the house and sit for hours and just growl at her.
33. I will not groom the dog's paws. She gets upset when I try to bite or chew mud off.
34. I will not growl and hiss at the German Shepherd next door causing him to pee.
35. I will not help the dog clean her rear. She can do this herself.
36. I will not hide around corners waiting for the more stupid dog to come then ride around on her back, bucking-bronco style (Lydia never fully recovered and twitches every time she sees the cat.)
37. I will not hide behind the planter while my identical twin goes next door to rile up the dumb poodle and get him to come over here where we can BOTH attack him. (My mother's huge Persians, Clem and Clyde, used to trade off the hiding and baiting jobs. The poor poodle never did figure out that there were TWO cats.)
38. I will not hiss at and attack the neighbour's dog when he comes around the patio door and the door is not open. Bonking my head on the glass only gives me a headache and does not scare the dog.
39. I will not hook my claw in the dog's tail (it's tangled and I panic).
40. I will not join forces with the dog to gang up on the other cat (the dog just wants everyone to get along, and doesn't always understand she's being duped.)
41. I will not jump on the dog.
42. I will not jump on the dog's back and ride him through the house like he was a horse.
43. I will not jump up onto things the dog can't get up on and then reach down and swat at him. Our human will get mad if we break something that way.
44. I will not jump up onto things the dog can't get up on and then reach down and swat at him. Our human will get mad if we break something that way.
45. I will not laugh at the dog when she gets a bath. Since I'm so fat and can't reach all my parts, I'm no bed of roses either.
46. I will not laugh at the dog when she is in her crate. She actually likes it in there.
47. I will not let the dog out when my humans unwittingly leave the back door unlocked, even though it entertains me so much to see them all chasing the dumb beast around the back yard, especially in their pajamas on Sunday morning.
48. I will not lie in wait for the dog on the deck, making her scared to come up the stairs.
49. I will not make a hit-and-run on the dog's face, have my humans spend 3 hours searching for me, and then have them find me napping on top of the computer. I will at least look guilty.
50. I will not pick fights with strange dogs many times my size. One of these days, it's going to get me in trouble. I will also not tease the dogs in the neighbouring yards by sunning myself five feet from their fence.
51. I will not play with the golden retriever by sticking my whole head in his mouth, making it very slimy and nasty to touch.
52. I will not provoke the dog by riding her. She has no problem using me as her latest chew toy and as gentle as she is this tends to make humans worry.
53. I will not scratch-slap my canine brother when he is sleeping peacefully. I don't have claws, and he just thinks I'm trying to play. I will get chased.
54. I will not scratch-slap my canine brother when he is sleeping peacefully. I don't have claws, and he just thinks I'm trying to play. I will get chased.
55. I will not sit on the balcony rail in plain sight of the dog next door when the dog's owner is sick with a headache and make the poor dog have a coronary barking at me. For hours at a time.
56. I will not sit on the windowsill and tease my humans' 40lb Lab/Chow mix dog who happens to think I am a chew toy until the dog gets so frustrated that it tries to rip the screen off the window to get to me. (I have a 11 week old kitten who thinks this is a blast to do to my dog - poor puppy).
57. I will not sit smugly in front of next door's dogs looking at them in a very rude seeming way, just because I can climb the mesh fence and they can't.
58. I will not smack the dog so hard that my humans hear it.

59. I will not smack the dog so hard that my humans hear it.
60. I will not stalk my neighbour's cocker spaniel and scare it half to death.
61. I will not stand in the doorway and smile to myself and act like I am totally innocent while the dog cries on the other side because he is scared of me.
62. I will not suspend my 18 lb jungle kitty body from the the porch screen. I will never get the Daschund, even though I am bigger than she and she looks delicious.
63. I will not take the dog's teddy bear away from him, unless I want him to chase me.
64. I will not take the dog's teddy bear away from him, unless I want him to chase me.
65. I will not tease and taunt the dogs until they attack me, and then when they corner me begin to yowl piteously, calling my human out of her bath to rescue me, only to do it again five minutes later.
66. I will not tease the dog by poking him in the face, even though it is a lot of fun.
67. I will not tease the dog in hopes of making my human yell at him to leave me alone.
68. I will not tease the puppy just because I know she can't reach me.
69. I will not terrorize the stray puppy who is recuperating with us. I may get away with beating up the other dogs, but not the sick and sore one. I will not dump my male human's old hockey mask on the puppy's head, causing her to start screaming bloody murder. (She can't run to get away from me because she's got broken back legs and pelvis, so she just had to lie there and howl until the humans saved her.) The puppy doesn't need a broken neck in addition, and my human may throw me out if I break his mask. I was supposed to be the sick kitty when I moved in with deformed hips.
70. I will not torment dogs by staring at them when they are being walked on a leash.
71. I will not torment the roommate's dog until she chases me and then bolt into my bedroom and slam the door in the dog's face. Even though my human finds this very amusing. (this is a new hobby my cat has picked up recently)
72. I will not torture the dog across the street by stretching out on the apron of the driveway and staring at her.
73. I will not try to eat the dog or the other cat.
74. I will not try to impress the dog with my magnificent back flip.
75. I will not whiz on the dogs head when she is drinking out of the toilet.
76. I will realize that the German Shepherd across the street is much bigger than me and could swallow me with one gulp and stop picking fights with him. If he ever figures this out, he will kill me.
77. I will remember next time that the dog's tail is not a play toy.
78. I will remember that I have claws, especially when the bad dog is around. If I leave my claws in his nose, maybe he won't come back.
79. I will stop trying to torture the new dog next door. Even though she is a puppy, I must learn that she will soon be lots bigger than me and the fight will not be fair. I already have the puppy scared of me! That is enough.
80. I will try to be more tolerant of my canine brother. I will not swat and hiss at him until he pees on the floor.
81. If I carry my treat right in front of the dog, I will not be surprised/upset if she takes it from me.
82. If I growl at the dog, she will growl back.
83. If I must groom the dog's head (this is a 120 pound Retriever/setter cross), I will not chew on her nose, or pull all the long fur off her ears.
84. If I must tease the dog next door by walking on the fence, while he is on a chain and can't reach me, I will not stop mid-stroll when his barking reaches a peak of frenzy, and look over the fence with a "Were you saying something?" smug expression on my catly mug.
85. If my human is throwing a ball for the neighbour's dog and accidentally hits me in the head, I will not chase the poor, terrified dog all the way back to her yard. Especially since she is three times my size.
86. Jumping on the dog's head and holding his nose under water when he tries to drink is lots of fun, but not recommended if I wish to live to a ripe old age.
87. Just because the old dog gets to sleep with my human in the bedroom, and I am not even allowed in there, does not mean I need to be nasty and attack the poor little thing as soon as he emerges in the morning. I am not allowed in there because the human sleeps on an air mattress, and the old dog won't put a hole in it. I probably will...
88. Our human has already caught us being 'soft' on dogs. He doesn't buy it when we jump up and act like we didn't know the dog was there for the last twenty minutes.
89. Rottweilers are not to be messed with. (Rottweilers can be messed with only if your aim is accurate enough to land a claw on the tongue. Again, my Calico did this and our Rot no longer messes with cats. We thought she was going to have to have stitches.)
90. The (110 lb Husky cross) dog is not a pillow.
91. The dog and I can be in the same room and we will both survive.
92. The dog can see me coming when I stalk her. She can see me and will move out of the way when I pounce, letting me smash into floors and walls. That does not mean I should take it as a personal insult when my humans sit there and laugh.
93. The dog is allowed to eat. I shouldn't walk up to her while she's innocently eating and bop her upside the head.
94. The dog is not a horse, and I shouldn't sit on his back or try to ride him.
95. The dog is not Satan. Neither is he here to eat (my food | the other cat | our human). The fact that our human sometimes pets the dog should be taken as a sign that the dog is to be befriended.
96. The dog just wants to play. Hissing at her and running away makes her feel bad.
97. The dog sniffing outside the cat run is the same dog I was curled up with in the house, so I will not have a hissy fit.

98. The dog was just happy, and didn't mean to hit me with her tail. I do not need to beat her up for her transgression. (Jack, the cat, was sitting on the ottoman. Mariah, the German Shepherd, was standing next to him, wagging her tail and hitting him in the face. He kept getting angrier and angrier; finally, he reared up on his back legs, hit the dog several times, and ran away. The dog gives us this look like, "What was -HIS- problem?")
99. The dog will only chase me if I run from her. If I stand my ground and stare her down, she will back away. If I want her to stop chasing me, I must stop running away!
100. The dog's nose has a right to exist. I will not attack it when the dog is asleep, as neither the dog nor the human (who does not enjoy having a heart attack) enjoy this and I will be locked outside.
101. The German Shepherd is not to be ridden on or attacked at random. (Again, my eldest did this for years, until the dog died...)
102. The neighbour's puppy is bigger than I am. I have no right to attack and scare her out of her mind. She will eventually figure out that she is stronger.
103. The neighbour's yard is *not* my territory. Therefore I will *not* launch myself from the fence onto their dog, grab said dog around the neck and claw his scalp to a bloody pulp. This will *not* get me praise from anyone. It will only get me busted down to cheap cat food as my human tries to offset the cost of having the dog's head stitched up.
104. The new dog my mom and dad brought home is not an alien from the planet K-9. I will do my best to just get along.
105. The puppy does not like to be double teamed and I should not convince my brother that jumping on the puppy's back while I attack from behind is fun.
106. The whole lot of us will stop terrorizing the dogs. It's bad behaviour and the dogs don't bug us. Mom doesn't find it funny to have to get stitches in the doggie noses following us slapping them. If we keep this behaviour up, we may lose our claws.
107. We are two small, declawed Siamese, 15 lbs. together. We must not corner the 80 lb. Doberman and make her cower. Dad says is bad for her ego and his.
108. We will not torment the dog by jumping off the fridge and landing on him.
109. We will not: stalk, bite the tail of or look at in an evil way, the wolf hybrid--it makes him extremely neurotic. (Not much of wolf dog, but he's the only one we've got!)
110. We, the bad boys, will refrain from stalking the neighbour's 4 really big Rotties in the one day we sneak outside until the Rotties are covering on the porch and are never the same again.
111. When strange dogs enter my garden it's not my duty to fight them off.
112. When the dog wags his tail, he is not challenging me to catch and kill it.
113. When the other cat is yowling to protest being administered her dose of hairball remedy, I understand that it is not the dog that is causing her distress and I will no longer attack him. (Actually, whenever ANYONE in the house is in ANY kind of distress...such as when my human stubs her toe on the coffee table and hops around, yelling... the cat immediately attacks the dog as the most likely culprit.)
114. While I am in the ICU for the second time due to things I ate that I wasn't supposed to, I will not pull my IV's out in order to squeeze through the bars of my cage and into the cage of my neighbour, the Yorkshire terrier, in order to spit, hiss, and scare him so badly that he has to be in an oxygen tank for a whole day.
115. Yes, the dog is icky, but we don't need to smack him in the nose.
116. Yes, the newborn puppies are smelly and disgusting. That doesn't mean I have to sit outside their box and hiss at them every time they move.
117. Yes, there are still two very large dogs in the backyard. There have been for several years. I don't have to act as if I've just discovered the Demon Horror of the Universe each time one of them appears in my window.

--- Other Critters: Rodents ---

1. Contrary to popular belief, the squirrels in the back yard are faster than me and can climb the fence faster than me. Therefore there is no point in trying to catch them.
2. I acknowledge that the giant lop eared bunny is bigger than me and I don't like getting stitches, so I should refrain from starting something I can't finish.
3. I am allowed to *visit* with the gerbils, but not when I climb on top of their cages. A 14 lb. cat on a plastic lid is not a good idea. And it makes the poor things very nervous.
4. I do not have to chase that chipmunk just because it's too stupid to run away from me. (I must admit, chipmunks are really dumb rodents.)
5. I must not stick my claws in the rat cage; the rat will bite and will not let go and it is not the human's fault that he can't make it let go.
6. I will not abandon a live rodent in the house, causing utter chaos when my humans and their neighbour chase it through the entire house with a broom, finally killing it in the mini human's bedroom. (This invoked a call to the Health Dept regarding possible Hanta virus, thereby causing all the humans to spend the night in a motel until the following day when said rodent was determined by a science professor not to be the dreaded, Hanta carrying deer mouse, but a young pack rat, relatively harmless in and of itself, except for it possibly being infested with Bubonic plague infected fleas.)
7. I will not attempt to climb into the gerbil cage.
8. I will not bop the rabbit really hard on the head, causing her to get a concussion.
9. I will not bring a live mouse in through my cat door so that I and my foster brother may chase it around the living room rug.
10. I will not bring any more rabbits to my human, especially while she is in bed.

11. I will not bring in a live baby bunny on Easter morning to allow the kids to witness "the miracle of Easter".
12. I will not catch a mouse in the back yard, use it to play mouse hockey with my sister, eat half of it and then throw it up in the yard while my human is trying to patch the lawn.
13. I will not drop a live vole at my human's foot so that it runs up her leg.
14. I will not eat the hamster when it escapes even if I DID hear my human threaten to feed it to me last time it bit her and drew blood.
15. I will not freak out my human by bringing a deceased mole to her bedroom door.
16. I will not help the hamster unscrew his manhole covers so he can get out. No matter how much he pleads. This causes the hamster to have a heart attack when he's faced with all of us house cats (3) as he goes to visit his girlfriends. It causes the humans to be very upset when they find him dead in the middle of the floor. (Widget would lock his teeth into the air vent covers and try to unscrew from the top as Squirmy the hamster would twist the air vent from the bottom. And yes, Squirmy had a heart attack when faced with all 3 housecats.)
17. I will not pick fights with Frisbie the gerbil, even if she IS fascinating because she is the same black and white colours as me. Fighting with her isn't very sporting and sometimes I don't even win.
18. I will not play with dead mice in front of company in the dining room; only toy mice.
19. I will not put a live vole in my food bowl and expect it to stay there until I get hungry.
20. I will not regard the Habitrail as a challenge. I will also not regard the Siberian dwarf hamsters inside it as spare food placed there just for me by my very thoughtful my human.
21. I will not sit on the rat's aquarium and stare at him while he cowers in fear.
22. I will not sleep in the guinea pig cage with the guinea pig.
23. I will not try to eat the hamster, while ignoring other rodents that are deemed undesirable.
24. I will not try to nurse baby bunnies. Not only am I a cat, but I am male cat, and it won't accomplish anything except confusing my humans.
25. I will not try to taste the gerbils when my human is holding one.
26. I will receive no sympathy from the human if Ysidro the rat bites me when I stick my paw in his cage.
27. If I am chasing a mouse indoors and it runs behind some furniture I can sit and wait for it instead of meowing for someone to move it.
28. If I catch a mouse, it is not essential to kill and half consume it on the most expensive rug in the house. If I am removed from the most expensive rug and put outside I shall not rush in through the cat door with the mouse and make a beeline for that rug.
29. If I do catch a chipmunk, I will NOT proceed to eat it on the driveway when my human is trying to have a garage sale. (Needless to say, we lost a few customers because of that one.)
30. If I find a mouse in the apartment, I will kill it. I will not use it as a puck in an eight-hour game of hockey with my sister while my human is trying to sleep.
31. Mice, especially live ones, are happiest outside the house.
32. My human is not impressed when I bring home dead squirrels.
33. My human will never let me eat her pet rat, and I am at peace with that.
34. No matter how much I want him to be, my human is not impressed when I bring home squirrels that were hit by a car a day or so earlier and leave them in plain view on the walkway.
35. The hamster is not my friend, and will attack and bite my nose (or anything else I put near his cage). That is why his name is Killer.
36. The human's hamsters are her friends. This means that they should be my friends too, not snacks.
37. The neighbour's rabbit is not a toy.
38. The rabbits in the backyard are not funny kittens. They do not want me to baby-sit their babies. They might get aggressive if I try to groom a bunny.
39. There are four of us cats lolling around the porch all day. We should not let the squirrels bury their nuts in the porch planter -- and ruin our human's plants. If we do, we shouldn't be surprised if we get blamed for the damage.
40. We promise we will kill the rodents that are already IN the house, not bring in extras so that we can pretend to be doing our job.
41. When my human is holding the hamster, no matter how tasty it looks and how much I dislike it I will not try to eat it. (Maggie actually picked it up in her mouth and shook it.)
42. When my human leaves the lid to the aquarium where Casper the gerbil lives slightly askew (when we're feeding him or cleaning the tank), this is not my invitation to catch and eat him. If I try to knock the lid off all the way, I will only get the s**t scared out of me, and I will get caught.

--- Other Critters: Miscellaneous ---

1. All prey captured will be eaten outdoors. The human isn't thrilled by feathers all over the dining room.
2. Any critter that lives in the house (hamsters) stay in the house and any wild critters (frogs and earthworms) stay outside. I am not allowed to set the hamster free in exchange for finding a frog to put in the fish tank. Earthworms do not live long once they are put in my human's bed under the covers and she does not like finding them when she goes to bed.
3. Bats are not suitable presents to give to my human.
4. Crickets might be fun and challenging prey, but eating them will get me a squirt from the water bottle and make my human mad. If I do happen to eat a cricket, I will consume *all* of it, so my humans don't get grossed out by seeing little insect legs in the carpeting.
5. Dead animals floating in the pool and not meant to be batted at so that they bob up and down. The young human does not enjoy

- picking them up because he thinks they are alive and nearly having a heart attack.
6. Exotic frogs in expensive terrariums look an awful lot better than they taste.
 7. Fish that jump out of the tank are not toys.
 8. Garden lizards and toads make a cat very sick if bitten.
 9. Humans do not need fresh, wiggling gecko tails deposited on or in the bed at 3 a.m.
 10. I am a cat, not a sheepdog. The sheep will not take me seriously if I attempt to herd them.
 11. I am a very well fed cat. I will not act as if I'm in Desert Storm to kill and eat a lady bug. My human finds that disturbing.
 12. I do not have to tell my human that her iguana is on the shower rod by clawing her legs and meowing like crazy while she is brushing her teeth.
 13. I do not need to sniff my humans' pet snake because it will bite my nose. I definitely do not need to do this 4 or 5 times in a row, it makes my human think I'm not quite all there. (The snake's only 2 feet long, so it can't bite that hard yet.)
 14. I must remember that dead mice, rats, birds, etc. are not appropriate gifts for humans.
 15. I promise my human and my siblings that I will not attack a skunk again and expect them to welcome me into the house. My human doesn't even want me to cuddle with her.
 16. I promise to not bring in my little friends (chipmunks, moles, frogs) while my human's phobic friend is visiting (I just can't help myself sometimes!)
 17. I realize the lizard does not like me batting his tail, and I should know better since he whips me with it every time I go near him.
 18. I recognize that the crawfishes in the creek have right to exist.
 19. I should keep in mind that the pet piranha can defend himself.
 20. I should not act surprised when the fluttery thing I just pounced on stops moving just as I manage to get my human to check out the great toy I got all by myself.
 21. I should not sit on top of the red-tailed boa's cage and bang on it with my paw. This irritates the snake, and it worries my human as she's certain that I'm going to make a hole, fall in, and become a tasty snack.
 22. I understand that my humans built this cat run to protect other critters from us, as well as vice versa. Therefore, I will not take advantage of curious (and stupid) baby birds, mice, bunnies, etc. who get too close by snatching them through the chain link, bringing them in through the cat door, and parading them around the house to show off my hunting prowess to my siblings, dogs, and humans.
 23. I will be tolerant of the new ferret and bunny.
 24. I will do my job and eat all the flies in the house. Since I am on a diet, it's just about the only way I can get any treats.
 25. I will leave snakes alone. I will not pick fights with them, and I will quit trying to bring them indoors. They all bite, and some may be poisonous. On top of which, my human is tired of playing Crocodile Hunter. (So far, they've all been harmless, but black racers have a real attitude, especially after mixing it up with a cat!)
 26. I will leave the ferret alone.
 27. I will not bring 3-foot long black snakes into the house and leave them in the waterbed.
 28. I will not bring a live mouse into the laundry as a present to my human and let it loose behind washing machine. I will not get insulted when she finally catches the mouse and gives it to the other cat.
 29. I will not bring bats, birds or mice into the house!
 30. I will not bring chipmunks into the house and then turn them loose to chase. (I had one in the house for a week. The calico caught it before I could and left its mangled body on the couch for me. She was mad because I had stopped her from catching a few in previous times.)
 31. I will not bring home a live baby rabbit and look at my Mom as if to ask "Can I keep him for a pet?"
 32. I will not bring home live prey, and then release it inside the house, so I can show the humans my hunting technique.
 33. I will not bring hummingbirds into the house and let them go just to watch the humans chase them around.
 34. I will not bring in a lizard and put it in the weight scale so I can watch it run around inside trying to get out. My human doesn't want to sit there for an hour before getting it out.
 35. I will not bring live snakes into the house.
 36. I will not bring live, buzzing cicadas into the house and then let them go when they are too soggy to be fun.
 37. I will not bring snails in from outside, drop them on the duvet on my human's bed, and then watch them crawl across the duvet cover making pretty snail trail patterns. Same for earthworms.
 38. I will not catch and eat lizards. They always make me sick and I always wait until I'm in the house to throw up on the carpet or furniture.
 39. I will not catch frogs, especially not at 3 a.m., and then present them to be played with, however much I am sacrificing a jolly good play toy.
 40. I will not chase bugs on the ceiling. No matter how much speed I build up, I can't reach them, and the sound I make as I slide down the wall is truly hideous. (Talk about nails on a blackboard...)
 41. I will not chase the iguana around so that he climbs on my human and scratches her legs to shreds.
 42. I will not drop through the skylight with the bat (yes, that's not a typo, BAT) I just caught, then sit there and pretend I don't know how it got there while my human's freak out.
 43. I will not fight with the ferrets. They gang up on me and I lose.
 44. I will not find and kill the bat that no-one realized was in the house. I will then not resentfully scratch my female human when she picks me up so the male human can dispose of the bat's corpse. Particularly in the summer that the local rabies incidence is at its

highest in decades. Although I have been vaccinated, my humans have not. This requires my female human to go through all the nonsense in the emergency room the next day of "do I need a series of rabies shots or not", and disturbs the local health department.

45. I will not get bored when killing bugs. I will kill them 100% or let my human step in and finish the job.
46. I will not go into the back yard at night and catch bats and bring them into the house alive to show my human. She doesn't like bats in her bedroom, the only dark place. (My calico did this one night and scared the [bleep] out of me.)
47. I will not harass the gerbils/hamsters/guinea pigs.
48. I will not keep live mice in the bathtub with the shower curtain closed, just so I can play with them whenever I want. It makes my human scream.
49. I will not kill insects on the window.
50. I will not leap from my human's shoulder to the butt of her horse, sinking my tiny kitten claws in, bracing for a 'ride'.
51. I will not leave frogs under chests-of-drawers to dry out when they don't want to play.
52. I will not leave wiggly lizard tails in the kitchen. They make my human lose her appetite.
53. I will not let chipmunks hide under my human's couch pillow so that when she lays her head on it she hears the chipmunk scratching. (The poor chipmunk was so terrified that I could pick him up and carry him outside. I don't know why he was so mad at me, as I'm the one that saved him.)
54. I will not let live foxes, rabbits, birds, etc., loose in the house.
55. I will not place my live snakes on my human teenage older brothers bare chest at 2:00 a.m., or at least not when he is asleep (that one got my son Nick's attention), nor will I pout when he puts it back outside and won't let me out. (Maybe that is why I am an inside kitty now, do ya' think?)
56. I will not pluck anything out of the aquarium even if it is swimming near the top.
57. I will not pounce on the mosquito hawk bugs and then wonder why they don't get up and play some more.
58. I will not pounce on those little orange flying bugs that my human calls wasps. (My tongue swells up and to make matters worse I have to go to the vet.)
59. I will not prove my skills a great hunter by bringing in living specimens, or dead ones for that matter. If I DO bring said living specimens in, I will try not to laugh when my human puts on her robe in the morning only to discover a lizard inside the robe climbing up her back.
60. I will not pull the tails off of lizards just because they grow back.
61. I will not push fish bowls off the top of the refrigerator while my human is at work just to watch the fish wiggle.
62. I will not put the garden snake I used for a lariat in my human's lingerie drawer.
63. I will not put the moribund insects I use for floor hockey pucks in Papa's shoes.
64. I will not randomly bring home large brown fish and leave them down the path, or inside the house. My humans live nowhere near a river, lake or sea. Or indeed any water at all - and they are clearly not from a pond. It makes them wonder if I'm hitching a lift to the seaside.
65. I will not release live prey in the house - my humans will only spoil my fun by trying to catch it themselves.
66. I will not round up my neighbour's sheep. (Hard to believe, but earlier this year I found N.D.F., one of our big black and white males, had rounded up one neighbour's flock of fifty sheep into a corner of their paddock. He didn't seem to know what to do with them next, so I left him to it...)
67. I will not run off into the night to revisit old girlfriends and fight with the neighbourhood fox.
68. I will not spend hours teasing my human's big mean fish, even though if I sit next to the tank long enough the fish will try to attack me, and bang into the glass really hard!
69. I will not spend the afternoon in the garden, making my human wonder where I am, then all of a sudden come tearing into the house like a maniac, stop in front of her and drop a dead mole at her feet. She does not appreciate this sort of present.
70. I will not stalk the deer in the apple orchard next door. They have sharp hooves and could hurt me if they weren't laughing so hard.
71. I will not stand on top of the fish tank with the 12 inch long Osker fish in it and torment it with smacks until it grabs my front paw and drags me into the tank head first and kicks my butt.
72. I will not try to bat the tortoise around with my paw. I will not lick him, try his mustard greens to see if I would also like them and I will NOT climb into his aquarium while the humans aren't home to keep him company. He prefers solitude when he takes naps.
73. I will not try to catch the fish.
74. I will not try to encourage the 7-foot boa constrictor to break out of his cage. He would not be a good playmate.
75. I will not try to teach the human child to hunt at 8:08 a.m. by bringing a live chipmunk into the house for her to catch. I will especially not do this when she has to catch her school bus at 8:10 a.m., causing the child to miss the bus trying to learn her lessons from me and relocate the chipmunk back outside.
76. I will not walk up to my human's pet horse and proceed to use his leg as a scratching post. For some reason, he does not like that, and my human says I can get hurt.
77. I will not watch the guinea pig constantly as the guinea pig likes to sleep once in a while.
78. I will stop following the rabbit who has seizures and getting her to wake up and move if she sleeps and getting my human if she kicks at me when she wants to sleep. However, if she or my kitty brother has a seizure, it is a good thing to get my human!
79. If I give my human a "present" (mouse, bird), I don't have to freak out and rip the house apart looking for it after she has flushed it down the toilet.
80. If I kill a mouse in the house, I will eat it or present it as a gift to my humans. I will NOT bat it under the sofa so I can laugh my

- furry butt off as I watch my humans tear apart the room to find out where that horrible smell is coming from.
81. If I must bring a "present" into the house for my human, I will make sure it is completely dead first.
 82. If I push the side of the kiddie pool in to drink at the water where my human is keeping her koi inside for the winter; a) I will get a lot of water on the carpet. b) the one koi is big enough to nip my tongue, and get the whole thing in its mouth. I should not make such hideous noises and leave a water trail when b) happens. My human will NOT feel sorry for me.
 83. In the middle of a dinner party, I will not leap on to the table in order to snatch the palmetto bug (great big cockroach) that is flying near the chandelier. Furthermore, when I catch the palmetto bug, I will not walk all over the dining room table with my prize in my mouth to display to all the humans. While they may be impressed with my hunting prowess, they do not like to see dying cockroaches while they are dining.
 84. Just because the human is busy with the horses and CAN'T pet me right now, does not mean I can climb up them, especially when they have bare legs.
 85. Lizards need their tails, and I do not have to capture them to bring home and drop into my human's shoes when she's not looking. (This was a former roommate's cat, who, in addition to lizard tails, would stalk and kill avocados for my human as well, bringing them home with only 1 small bite taken out of them.)
 86. Meowing at my human to bring the halogen torch over so I can look for maimed millers to kill is not cute. Especially at the top of my lungs. And sitting there and howling while one fries because it hit the element (which is a smell that won't leave) isn't necessary. My human isn't responsible for the miller committing suicide instead of becoming my playtoy.
 87. My fur is not a flea sanctuary.
 88. My human's favourite fish is not a good snack.
 89. My human's guinea pig is not food and is not my toy. I will not climb on top of his cage and scare him. (Odin, my cat, thinks that Bastian would be fun to chew on).
 90. My neighbour does not put bird seed out so the birds and squirrels can come for me to play with.
 91. My siblings and I will not share bugs for a snack.
 92. Regardless of what I think, my human does not want to learn how to hunt. I must refrain from bringing home live chipmunks, mice, moles, birds, etc.
 93. Snakes do not taste good.
 94. Sometimes, the yellow-and-black flying bugs [bee!] bite back! (Fortunately, no damage other than severe Loss Of Dignity).
 95. The black animal with white stripes is not a plaything.
 96. The ferrets are smaller than me, hence I should not fling them around like toys.
 97. The goldfish likes living in water and should be allowed to remain in its bowl.
 98. The pet fish that my human's Grandma are pet sitting are not tasty hors d'oeuvres, so I will not make her nervous by sitting on her chair in the kitchen and licking my lips.
 99. The raccoons might be our friends, but they weigh an average of 40 lbs a piece and growl at our humans. We will try not to invite them over for dinner. If we do and our humans refuse to feed them, we will not act embarrassed and apologetic -- towards the raccoons -- and snub our humans.
 100. The squirrels outside the window have done me no harm. And they'd probably be tough and stringy if I caught them. I'm an indoor kitty with plenty of food. I'll stop yelling threats at the squirrels through the window.
 101. We will stop giving the annoying rabbits the evil eye.
 102. We will stop trying to befriend the baby guinea pigs when mom pig doesn't like us.
 103. When I am set on something to kill (spiders, mice, flies, etc.), I will do so, not lose interest and leave the dirty job up to my human. (The mice I don't mind, but I have arachnophobia.)
 104. When I see a bat flying around the room, rather than walking away and going to sleep, I will let my humans know about it so they can dispose of it accordingly. I will not just wait for it to get tired, then kill it and hide it (under the refrigerator/bookcase/other large heavy object) where it can rot and emit various odors.

--- Plants ---

1. After escaping from the Cat Suite, I will not stop and chew on Mother's carefully rooted and cared for pineapple plant. I will especially not do so until all the leaves are gone.
2. Eating the aloe vera plants will not make my fur shiny.
3. I am a carnivore. Potted plants are not meat. Neither are silk plants. Hanging potted plants are not meat either, so I will stop devising ways of getting to them.
4. I am not the sleek, svelte cat I once was. If I climb into the hanging plants, I may pull them out of the ceiling, fall down to the lower floor, and hurt myself.
5. I cannot climb the hollyhocks to get to the bird feeder.
6. I do not need to scent-mark the prickles of the expensive ball-cactus enough to knock the ball off.
7. I do not need to shake the ficus tree, causing leaves to fall down, and then drag the leaves all over the house. My human doesn't appreciate finding leaves in the shower, her bed, or my litter box.
8. I have plenty of space to lie in the sun on the plant shelf so I do not need to put my shoulder to the cilantro and knock it down just to lie where it was.
9. I will allow my human to enjoy her roses for at least one day before I chomp them. (Alexander isn't happy until every flower is just a stem and the petals are all laying on the table around the vase. He eats a few of the petals and slaps the rest to the floor.)

10. I will not attack the plants and then spread the dirt all over the living room carpet.
11. I will not backtalk at my human when she asks me to stop chewing on her fern plant on top of the kitchen cabinets, and I will not continue to try and explain (on my way down) why I was up there in the first place. (My Siamese is a non-stop talker).
12. I will not chew on my human's 27-year-old Christmas plant because I like the way it tastes.
13. I will not chew on the bouquets the humans receive as gifts.
14. I will not chew on the silk plants; these do not aid my digestion.
15. I will not climb the house plants on the table tops and knock them over and make my human scrub the carpet as a result.
16. I will not climb up the side of the window to get to the hanging plant only to slip and dangle from the curtains.
17. I will not eat all of my human's plants and then barf them up all over the white living room carpet while my human is not home.
18. I will not eat my human's roommate's plant and then barf it up in various places around the house. (Note: philodendrons are poisonous to cats so Gargy was lucky)
19. I will not eat spider plants and hallucinate behind the toilet.
20. I will not eat the spider plant fronds, making it look diseased.
21. I will not give the new plant sprouts a loving pat.
22. I will not hurl plants off the window sill onto my human's head in the early hours of the morning.
23. I will not pee in my human's big pot of miniature roses that are kept on the radiator during the winter.
24. I will not pounce on the carrot tops in the garden, tear off and just about crash into my human grandma, and then dive into the potatoes.
25. I will not sit and chew, pick, pluck, suck and spit, the leaves off the plants on the floor just because I feel the humans have been gone to long at work or just doing errands. (possible working so they can feed me or even picking me up some cat food and litter)
26. I will not try to attack the potted plant on the bookshelf by climbing up my human's back while he is watering the plant.
27. I will not uproot the plants.
28. I will sit somewhere other than on top of my human's failing rosebushes.
29. If my humans continue to find the pot-plants lying on their sides when they come home in the evening, I will be banned from the living room.
30. Lily pads will not support my weight. Jumping from the pond edge onto the dinner plate sized green thing; will just shred the leaf, make me swim for it, and get my human mad at me for shredding the lily and having to dry me off.
31. My human is a good gardener, and the plants do not need extra fertilizer.
32. My human is perfectly capable of pruning the pot-plants herself. I will not assist by biting off all the dead leaves, even if they do make wonderful toys.
33. The ficus tree that is indoors is meant for decoration, not for me to play "Tarzan of the Jungle" on.
34. The lucky bamboo is not a salad and its water is not my personal water dish. And I will stop knocking it over when my mom yells at me over drinking from it. (Lucky bamboo is a type of bamboo that lives for years in a cup of water.)
35. The most expensive house plants are not the tastiest.
36. The potted fig tree is not a trampoline.
37. Umbrella palms are not substitute grass. If I chew on them, I will be in trouble. I will not barf up the leaves on the floor and expect my human to be pleased. I will not run over and start chewing on the plants as my human is coming for the tub full to take to the meeting to give away. She will be upset with me.
38. We will not wrestle on the plants that our human just planted in the back yard.
39. When the human picks me up, it is not to help me reach the hanging plants.

--- Sleeping/Personal Comfort ---

1. "If you like it, lie on it" is not a philosophy accepted by humans.
2. A loaf of unbaked bread is not my pillow (ours once slept on the dough made into bread and left to rise on the kitchen counter).
3. A silk dress is not to be pulled off its hanger and used as a nest.
4. Cribs are for babies. Trying to pull the "ET Trick" and blend in with the stuffies will not fool Mom into letting me spend the night in the crib with the nice, warm baby.
5. Day - awake. Night - sleep. Day - awake. Night - sleep. Always in that order and in the same combination.
6. Even if my human finally lets me sleep on her sheepskin coat, arguing about getting off is ungrateful.
7. Even though I'm a former barn cat, I do not have to have the kitchen window or the patio door open whenever I want to look out.
8. Even though my ancestors were worshipped in ancient Egypt, the altar is not an appropriate place to sit/sleep/play hide-and-seek with my brother/use as a launch pad to get to the top of the dresser.
9. Even though sleeping in the dirty laundry is more kosher than sleeping in the clean laundry, it's still not a good idea, because if my human goes to pick up the dirty laundry and I start to wiggle, she's going to freak and hurl me AND the laundry across the room. (We'd been having a problem with raccoons in the house.)
10. Even though the velvet lining of my human's violin case is oh so soft and inviting, my hairy self is not permitted to sit in it and shed hair all over it.
11. Human on pillow; cat on blanket. (Repeat 100 times)
12. I am not bread. I will not curl up in the breadbox, even though it is comfy.
13. I am too wide to lie on the windowsill. I am too wide to lie on the windowsill.
14. I can sleep other places besides under my human's right armpit.

15. I do not have to have the corner of the comforter folded just so, double-layered, and covered with my towel in order for me to have a place to park my lazy carcass for the next 10 hours. I have a \$30 cat bed dedicated to that purpose.
16. I do not have to sleep in the middle of the bed. The corners are just as comfy.
17. I do not need to check out the Christmas presents, especially those "wrapped" in bags. Also those bagged Christmas presents are not ideal sleeping spots for me. My human will just yell at me when I am discovered.
18. I do not require my own pillow when sleeping on my human's bed. When no personal pillow is available, I will not occupy the human's pillow and expect him to get one for me.
19. I have four perfectly good legs, so there is no need to let the dog carry me around in his mouth or ride on the dog's back.
20. I have plenty of places to sleep; I don't need to confine myself to my human's laptop case.
21. I shall not hog the piece of electric blanket nearest to my human's feet and kvetch and refuse to move when my human tries to move, turn over, or get up and go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, nor shall I sneak up and plotz down in the nice warm spot where my human was on the bed, then refuse to move when he/she comes back from wherever he/she went (11-year-old Mitzi has arthritis and has fallen in love with the nice, cushy, WARM electric blanket.)
22. I should not open the kitchen cabinets and sleep in the clean pots, pans and dishes.
23. I should not sleep on the dishes in the drainer. Cat hair sticks to wet dishes and I may break some and get hurt.
24. I will not attempt to shove my human off the heating pad when she is in pain (back problems) just because said heating pad makes a dandy place to nap.
25. I will not bite or swipe at my human when she tries to remove me from her pillow so she can sleep.
26. I will not brace my eighteen-pound butt against the headboard, put my front paws on my human's forehead, and roll her head off of the pillow to make more room for myself!
27. I will not cat nap in the bottom of the Moluccan Cockatoo's or African Grey's cage, even if I have just gorged myself on millet and my human left the door open.
28. I will not claw a hole in the sofa/box spring to make a nest.
29. I will not climb into my human's back pack and fall asleep so that she takes me to school.
30. I will not crawl into the open sofabed while my human is asleep on it, so that she doesn't know I'm in it and shuts it up on me. Then, when she almost has a heart attack from hearing my piteous groan and releases me, I won't run and hide so she can't check to see if I'm hurt or not.
31. I will not drive my human crazy by curling up in the shelves in his closet at night. He may think I am outside and spent half an hour calling for me, then see a pair of sleepy eyes peeking out from his shirts. Same thing for my human's fluffy square dance slips.
32. I will not fall asleep in the shelf just over my human's monitor, especially since the shelf is so small I have to brace myself to stay there and falling asleep means forgetting to stay braced and falling onto the keyboard. If I do fall, I won't 'la machine' my human's thighs.
33. I will not flop down on the human's face, garden plants, food, etc.
34. I will not jump into the chair after my human gets up to do something.
35. I will not knock things off the coffee table so I can lie down more comfortably.
36. I will not lie down with my butt in the human's face.
37. I will not lie on clean laundry just after its been folded, no matter how warm and snuggly it might appear.
38. I will not lie on my back and go to sleep in the baby's bassinet, even though I think it is very considerate of my people to come up with such a nice, comfy cat bed.
39. I will not lie on my human's face in the middle of the night.
40. I will not lie on my human's girlfriend's chest with my butt in her face.
41. I will not meow demandingly until my human lies down flat on the couch so I can sleep on his chest.
42. I will not migrate from my cushion onto the blue couch.
43. I will not play king of the Lazy Boy chair and bite and scratch anyone who comes by.
44. I will not refuse to get off the human's feet even if the recliner is an inch from the floor (although the surprised look on her face when she shifted position and fell off was worth the four hours of not moving).
45. I will not sample each level of the mattress/sheet/blanket/comforter sandwich for comfort. Several times. Every night. They are all equally cozy.
46. I will not sleep flat on my back with my limbs splayed spread-eagle while the pastor and his wife are visiting my human. It looks vaguely unwholesome.
47. I will not sleep in the baby's crib until he is born.
48. I will not sleep in the tumble dryer or the washing machine as one of these days a tired human is going to forget to check the drum before turning them on.
49. I will not sleep INSIDE the back cushion of the sofa, even if it is fun to pull out the padding.
50. I will not sleep on my human's freshly washed and waxed car, especially since I drool in my sleep.
51. I will not sleep on my human's head.
52. I will not sleep on the couch and take up more than a full cushion.
53. I will not sleep on the eye level grill (broiler). This results in the smell of scorched fur when it is next used from my shed hairs.
54. I will not sleep on the laps of my human's antique dolls (that she uses for decoration around the house.) They are not alive, they will not pet me. Plus I have long black and orange hair so I shed on said dolls. It does not look pretty.

55. I will not sleep on the male human's head and jealously hang my tail into my female's face so she can't cuddle up to him.
56. I will not sleep under the blanket on the couch so that people sit on me.
57. I will not steal all the covers, as humans don't have fur and get cold easily.
58. I will not steal my human's dirty clothes from the hamper and make a nest for myself. If I do, I will not throw a fit when the clothes are put in the wash.
59. I will not try to sleep on top of the skinny head board, only to fall off in the middle of the night and crash on my human's head. This is very scary for both of us.
60. I will not use my human's brazier as a shelf to stand on while being held.
61. I will not use the underside of the La-Z-Boy as my personal cave, forcing my kind-hearted human to give up the idea of ever being able to sit in her favourite chair again, for fear of accidentally pulverizing me. (Guess who has totally taken over the recliner chair in our place!)
62. I will remember that I weigh 26 pounds, and that sleeping on my human's feet can cause them to rot off.
63. I will stop thinking that my human bought the new sofa and chair just for me.
64. I will try not to sleep on my human's hand-painted cedar chest. It is really too slippery to get my claws in properly when I start to slide off.
65. If I am allowed to snuggle under the covers with my human, I will not launch an attack on the cat sleeping on the other side.
66. If I don't want to be laughed at, I will not climb up into my human's crash helmet where it hangs and curl up for a nap.
67. If I fall asleep in a shoebox, I will curl up cutely like any normal cat, not lie on my back and cross my paws across my chest. This gives the room a rather morbid atmosphere, especially when I push the shoe box into the middle of the room, and makes my humans nervous.
68. If it's cold and rainy out, it is not my human's fault there is no sunbeam to snooze in to bake my old bones. I will not howl and be impossible until they either turn on the heat so I can sleep on the vent; or put a heating pad on the rocker for my napping pleasure. (Done both for peace and quiet...)
69. Morning wake-up calls for breakfast will be more polite.
70. My human has the right to breathe. So I will refrain from completely covering her face with my 15 lb body while she is sleeping. Even if her breath *is* the warmest air in the room, I won't have it at all if I succeed in suffocating her.
71. My humans do not think it is cute when I sleep on their clean laundry.
72. My human's face is not a pillow.
73. My human's sketchbook is not an ideal place to nap, neither is her CD album, nor the bookshelf under her computer.
74. My human's textbooks are not my bed, especially when she has a test in an hour.
75. My life can be complete without the fireplace on 24 hours a day.
76. Naps are not to be taken in the freshly cleaned litter box.
77. Night time is a good time to *sleep*.
78. Petting me is not my humans sole purpose in life.
79. Sleeping on my human's feet is OK, but I will not stretch out to my entire length along her inner leg. I am a big cat, and she can't turn over when I do that.
80. The computer room is not my sole domain. I do not have to spend the whole day in there.
81. The female human's new pashmina (silk and cashmere shawl) is not a mattress, even if it's still wrapped in the bag she brought it home in.
82. The human has a right to the pillow too.
83. The laptop computer is not a bed, especially when it is open, exposing the keyboard.
84. The litter box is not a good place for a nap. It makes me smelly.
85. The newspaper, my human's important papers, the phone book, the synthesizer, etc. are not special items made especially for my comfort in sleeping.
86. The only heating vent in the living room was not intended as a cozy bed for me.
87. The outdoor heating/AC unit is NOT a good place to sleep.
88. The phone is not a bed (my cat ruined one of our phones by pushing all the buttons at once while he was sleeping).
89. The pizza box left on the kitchen table, no matter how warm and nice-smelling, is definitely not my bed.
90. The special soft blanket was my human's 30th birthday present, not mine. I should let him get comfy before settling in and claiming my share.
91. The top of the monitor is the compromise place. I may gently put myself up there, with no launching. I will stay off the printer, computer, keyboard, mouse pad, LAN box, and the rest of it. The person in front of the computer has the right to move my tail to see what's on the screen, otherwise I can find somewhere else warm to sleep.
92. The world is not my bed.
93. There are other areas of the apartment besides under the bed and in the closet for me to occupy.
94. There is plenty of room to share on my human's queen-sized bed. I do not need to claim exactly 50% of one specific side of the bed. If my human dares to violate the imaginary line, I will not be up all night banging the doors of the wardrobe armoire. (After many sleepless nights I figured out what the issue was and thus ended up rearranging my room, because my nightstand was on "her" side of the bed.)
95. Though I'm a Cornish Rex (and so a nearly hairless) kitten, forever in search of a warm napping spot, I will not regard every nook and cranny in the kitchen as my personal sleeping space. Plastic cups make a very odd bed.

96. We will not climb into the giant green iguana condo and fall asleep on the shelves while the iguana is taking his bath. Not everything in this house is ours.
97. We will not lie on top of our human so that she can't move.
98. When I am waiting too be let in from outside I will not fall asleep sitting.
99. When my human gets a new bed, I will not park myself in its centre. When my human moves me over once she realizes why she can't move, I will not get up and wedge myself firmly between the wall and my human, forcing her to move to the other side of the bed.
100. When my human picks me up and carries me around the house and then places me back down in the middle of the hall I will not just collapse there and go back to sleep.
101. When my little sister cat is under the blanket and between my human's ankles, I will not lie on top of the blanket in the same spot, squishing her. (I am quite a large cat, 16 lbs.)
102. When sleeping on my human, I will remember not to lay across her nose, mouth, or throat. She needs to breathe, too.
103. When someone makes up the bed and rolls me in the blankets, I will at least give them the satisfaction of trying to throw off the covers. I will not simply lie there and go to sleep (for hours!).
104. When the human is nice enough to let us under the blanket with her while she watches television, we will not attempt to keep her from moving by placing a paw, claws extended, in private places.
105. Yes, it is a new sweater, and no, it isn't my new cat bed.

--- Toys ---

1. All those neat catnip toys are not for me, unless they are seconds. The nice ones my human is going to try to sell so that she can go to college.
2. Anything that moves is not a toy.
3. Barbies are not my toys. My toys are the catnip pillow, the toy lizard-on-a-string, and the foam ball.
4. Beanie Babies are not cat toys.
5. Bundles of pipe cleaners are not Santa's gift bag.
6. Computer cords are not a cat toy. Neither are pot holders or socks.
7. Framed pictures are not cat toys, no matter how much they swing back and forth when I bat them.
8. Girls' ponytail holders are not the best toys. I will not steal them from the table from under the humans' noses to run downstairs and swat them around the kitchen floor until they disappear under the stove or fridge. (I cleaned under my refrigerator and stove one summer. I found 40 ponytail holders!)
9. Habanero chilies are not toys. Neither are the St. Bernard's nice round dog kibbles. Both are unpleasant for people to step on.
10. I acknowledge that the older cat's tail is not a toy, no matter how enticingly it may twitch.
11. I do not have to beg for an ice cube every time someone opens the freezer door.
12. I do not need to drown my toy mouse in the water bowl each time I play with it. This only makes it stink, and it makes my humans upset when they step on the soggy little thing in their bare feet in the dark.
13. I have a whole house full of toys and a companion cat to boot. I do NOT need to take a dried poop out of the litter box and play floor hockey with it and get my friend to help me play.
14. I have enough toys and will not play with my human's small items that he or she needs. This includes contact rewetting drops, remote controls, prescriptions, deodorant, and pens.
15. I promise not to play with my interactive, organic kitty toys (mice, rats, birds, lizards, large bugs, etc.) in the house. And if I lapse in this vow, I'll never leave them in a dark, inaccessible corner to decompose.
16. I understand that my human's tampons are not food and/or toys to try and eat/play with. (Artemis actually does this whenever he can!)
17. I will not bat every toy I own under the couch and then meow until someone comes and gets them (at 3 a.m.) for me.
18. I will not carry Pound Puppies that are twice my size around the house. I can and will trip over them. (Dizz did this as a kitten. He would climb the ladder of my bunk bed, pull it out of the Pet Net I had for my stuffed animals, and somehow get it down to the floor.)
19. I will not cavort and frolic around the backyard with the corpse of a mouse that I killed before finally settling down to eat it.
20. I will not continue to ignore my expensive toys with bells and feathers instead of playing with a wadded up piece of foil.
21. I will not destroy a toy the first time I play with it.
22. I will not drag the magnets (and the papers they are holding up) off of the refrigerator and then bat them underneath it so that they adhere to the underside.
23. I will not fish a (new) wrapped sanitary napkin out of Mom's backpack and attack it all over the house.
24. I will not fish cigarette butts from ashtrays.
25. I will not fish tomatillos out of the bowl, roll them off the counter and down the hallway, and leave them in the bedroom for my human to step on when she gets up to feed me at 3 a.m.
26. I will not ignore my new toy only to suddenly find it interesting at 3 a.m.
27. I will not insist that my human throw an ice cube down the stairs every time she goes into the kitchen.
28. I will not kill my human's scalp and skull after a lock of hair falls within biting/clawing distance. Human heads are not chew toys.
29. I will not knock my toys under the refrigerator.
30. I will not meow loudly until someone gets me a Q-tip to play with.

31. I will not play with a plastic bag, which isn't good for me, and will certainly not play with one at midnight.
32. I will not play with everything that is not glued down to something.
33. I will not play with my human's friendship bracelet that she made or is making. That is not what they are for.
34. I will not put my lovely new rabbits foot in my human's roller pan when it is filled with nice pink paint AND expect her to throw it for me so I can fetch it.
35. I will not raid the ashtray for used pipe cleaners.
36. I will not remove the other felines' poop from my litter box and bat them all over the house.
37. I will not run past my human when she is offering me a toy and go and attack a piece of tape.
38. I will not scalp my toy furry mice.
39. I will not take wrapped hard candy from the candy dish, prance around the house like it was once alive and I caught it, and then play with it in the empty bathtub in the middle of the night keeping my human awake and making her sleep through her alarm in the morning.
40. I will not toss my poop out of the litter box and play hockey with it.
41. I will not try to attack my human's flower wreaths. They are not toys.
42. I will not turn my nose up at the \$10 toys that my humans bought for me in order to play for hours on end with the little ring from the top of the plastic milk jug.
43. I will not use my human's perfume bottles for bowling pins. I will not use tomatoes from the garden as bowling balls. I will not play marbles with the cherry tomatoes, swatting them under closed closet doors for my human to find three weeks later.
44. I will not use the toilet brush as a toy. It is not my girlfriend.
45. I will not view my human's egg collection as the Promised Land and do everything in my power to get to them.
46. I will not wait until my people have visitors before I go and get a tampon from its box and bring it downstairs to kill it.
47. I will ONLY play with the crumpled paper balls on the floor, put there for MY amusement, and not the intricate, detailed, and VERY time consuming origami animals that my human makes for decoration.
48. I will play with my rubber bouncy egg, not the dog's food.
49. I will play with the \$5 plush toys my human buys for me. I will not play with the package it comes in.
50. I will play with the \$6 vibrating toy hamster that my wonderful human bought for me. I will not play with her dirty kleenexes and hide them under the coffee table. I will never play with the \$50.00 American Express Gift Cheque that her mother sent to her for her birthday!
51. I will stop attacking the dog's tennis ball, grabbing it with my forepaws and gouging it with my hind claws.
52. If my human are kind enough to retrieve my ping-pong ball from under the sofa, I will not immediately knock it underneath again.
53. Just because I've played with the toy mouse for more than an hour, it doesn't mean it's now broken and I need a new one. Otherwise my human will put me in a twelve step program for mouse-aholic kitties.
54. My crunchies are not hockey pucks in disguise.
55. My human leaves plenty of toys out for me when she is not home, so I do not need to sleep on her computer, do miscellaneous destroying, or anything else that adds colour to her pale complexion.
56. My human's black suede gloves are NOT giant tarantulas that need to be killed.
57. My human's car and house keys are not toys and are certainly not something he wishes to play search-and-find when he is late for work.
58. My human's crochet work is not my personal toy.
59. My human's cross-stitch threads are not to be played with.
60. My human's nail file is not a toy, especially when she is using it. It also does not belong under the sofa or refrigerator.
61. My human's tampon box does not hide cat toys. Visitors are surprised when they try to catch my "white mouse toy" in the living room.
62. New, unwrapped tampons are *not* toys, even if the wrapping does crinkle.
63. No matter how fun it may be for a short while, cherry tomatoes are not substitute footballs.
64. Not everything in the apartment is my toy. Especially not my human's keys.
65. Not everything is my toy.
66. Panty hose are not toys, on or off my human.
67. Pecans are not wonderful, noisy toys to be chased around the hardwood floors. (Actually, she thinks everything in the house is just for her entertainment.)
68. Pipe cleaners are for pipe stems and are not kitty toys.
69. Potatoes are for human consumption, not cool toys to roll down the basement stairs in the middle of the night and then hide so my human doesn't find them till they are very, *very* old.
70. Q-tips are not fun toys that my human puts into the trash can for me to drag out and shred.
71. The animal proof ant traps are not my personal hockey pucks.
72. The baby's toes are not playthings, I will not therefore attempt to attack them every time they move.
73. The convenience packet of fork, spoon, napkin, salt, and pepper that comes with takeout food is not prey, and I don't have to kill it all over the living room. If I do succeed in disemboweling it, I will remember that a fork is a pointy thing.
74. The dice have a right to live. (When Fizgig was a kitten, she would sit on the coffee table and bat at the dice, just to watch them fall, and then would glare at me until I put them back on the table for her to attack again.)
75. The dog's food is not a hockey puck, and the undersides of the refrigerator and stove are not the goals. Especially since the kibble

can only be dragged out with a yardstick.

76. The dog's tail is not a toy.
77. The large straw in my human's refillable soda cup is not my chew toy.
78. The scrunchies in my human's hair need to stay in my human's hair. I should not try to remove them with my teeth so I can play with them.
79. The wire coming from the iron is not a toy.
80. There is nothing in my human's tote bag that needs to be hunted down and slaughtered.
81. Toffee popcorn is not a toy.
82. Toilet paper, tissues, paper towels, and quilt batting are not toys.
83. Used Q-tips are not toys.
84. Vibrators are not cat toys, especially while in use.
85. Waste baskets do not have toys in them.
86. We will leave the weights on the cuckoo clock alone. They are not meant to be slapped into the wall on a daily basis. This puts dings in the wall and upsets the humans.
87. We will not sleep in the cardboard boxes that our \$200.00 scratching and sleeping post came in and ignore said post.
88. When I kill something, I will eat it immediately rather than batting it around for an hour first.

--- Vets, Illness and Medicine ---

1. A rabies shot is not the worst thing in the world, so I will not make a noise like an enraged cougar when I get one.
2. After going to the vet to get spayed, I will not beg for food on the table, because I will fall to the floor when I try to get up.
3. All the tongue depressors are not there for me to knock over and fire all over the examination room while the other cats are being examined.
4. Defying gravity and staying inside an upside-down cat box is not impressive - it is merely showing off. (Quite a feat for a 5.5 kilo kitty, and he did it twice in 10 minutes!)
5. Getting my temperature taken when I go to the vet is not the worst thing in the world. Just because the vet is hanging on to my tail does not mean I have to turn around and hiss at him.
6. I am a *feral* cat. When we go to the vet I should not rest calmly in the bottom of my carrier and let the vet handle me without protest. Well, I should, but not right after my human has warned said vet that I am feral, that it took her an hour to get me IN the carrier as I hissed, ran from one end of the room to the other, threw myself at the door, tried to climb straight up the wall and generally behaved like a barbarian. The vet clearly thinks my human should not be trusted with a cat.
7. I am not appreciated when I play hide-and-seek just before a vet visit. My Houdini exploits aren't appreciated either when they stick me in a box or carrier to try getting me there. Furthermore, my human would like to see more gratitude and less of my hind claws in her front side when she is bringing me home from the same vet/kennel. (She is rescuing me, not punishing me.)
8. I am not getting my tail pulled off at the roots. I'm just visiting the vet. There's no need to alert the entire PetSmart, mall, or vet's office to my displeasure.
9. I can be a sweet cooperative kitty and take my pill. I will not spit it out when it gets dropped into my mouth.
10. I do not have to howl all the way to the vet, and when I get there I promise not to make them have to disassemble the cage to get me out.
11. I do not need to caterwaul continuously at the top of my lungs every time I go to the vet. It is the "vet," not the "Met," and I am *not* auditioning.
12. I promise I will meditate more closely upon the causal relationship between going dumpster diving on Sunday afternoon and projectile vomiting Monday, and being brought to the Evil Place Where They Stick Things Up My Butt on Tuesday evening. I realize that if I hadn't done the first, none of the other things would have happened.
13. I promise to make no attempt to shred my vet and his assistants at every opportunity. I forgive them for having to shave my butt 5 visits ago.
14. I understand that my medication is necessary, but it is not necessary for me to find a new hiding place for it every day. My brother and sisters don't need it, and I am not supposed to try to poison them.
15. I will be docile at the vet's. The human never believes what the vet tries to tell her happened anyway, so there's no point in doing it to impress her.
16. I will go willingly into my cat carrier when my human is trying to get me to the vet to treat the irritation in my ear. I will not fight, freak out, hide under the furniture and refuse all attempts to coax me into the carrier, so that my human has to cancel my vet appointment three times in one week, and eventually give up!
17. I will learn to relax at the vet's office so they will start writing things in my records like "Good Kitty" and "Sweet Kitty" instead of the stuff that's there now like "MEAN!!!", "BITER!!!", and "GET HELP!!!!!!"
18. I will learn to relax going to and from the vet's office in the car so I don't drool all over the back seat.
19. I will never bite and scratch the vet or his assistant when they give me a pill.
20. I will not attack the first vet I visit so violently that he refuses to see me anymore.
21. I will not attack the second vet in the same manner so that to see him I have to be sedated, he buys falconing gloves, and vet techs are not allowed in the room with me (sedation is valium to calm him down).
22. I will not bite the fingers of the human who is giving me my pill.
23. I will not catch things bigger than I am and leave a long trail of blood behind me as I drag it home because my human then thinks

- that whatever it was caught me. This is especially bad when I am so full I can't move fast enough to escape from being stuffed in a cat cage and carted to the vet before anyone realizes I am not the one who is bleeding!
24. I will not complain all the way to the vet's about how I hate travelling, purr at the vet and then complain all the way home about how I hate the vet and travelling. It is three miles each way and maybe only one repetition of each complaint on each journey might be sufficient."
 25. I will not eat the mylar garland off the Christmas tree, necessitating a visit to the vet to have it surgically removed from my intestines the day after Christmas. (Tinsel garlands are potentially fatal for cats -- be warned!)
 26. I will not eat the thread out of the sewing machine, causing me to have to have it surgically removed from my intestine. I will also not attempt to do the exact same thing ten minutes after being brought home from the vet.
 27. I will not eject fur at the vet's.
 28. I will not gag when my human brings my pink medicine where I am able to see it.
 29. I will not get hysterical when I go to the vet while my sister just sits there and shivers.
 30. I will not get out of my crate and wander around a new place to live and then collapse due to the tranquilizers my human gave me for the 5 hour move. Collapsing only scares my human into rushing me to the emergency vet and I will have to spend the night under observation.
 31. I will not get so scared at the vet's that I pee all over my human, the carrier, the table, the vet assistant, the vet...
 32. I will not hide under the car seat when my Dad is taking me to the vet to get fixed, so he thinks I ran away. After I escaped the knife in the first place, I will be perfectly cooperative when we try going a second time.
 33. I will not hiss and spit at the vet, even though I don't like what she does to me, because it embarrasses my human greatly.
 34. I will not hiss as soon as we walk into the vets and then hiss at the very nice doctor and assistants as soon as I see them. When this happens, my human is the one that has to hold me down. My human and the doctor are never amused by it.
 35. I will not hold that lovely pink medicine in my mouth and then spit it all over my Mom's silk blouse right before she leaves for work. (Why cherry flavored medicine for cats? Only one of my cats has taken this medicine without a knock down, drag out fight.)
 36. I will not howl loudly enough that the other people waiting in the vet's office can hear me when I am still outside.
 37. I will not inform everyone on the bus, that I and my sister are being foully kidnapped, when we are on our way to the vet's.
 38. I will not pee on my human when she tries to give me my ear mite medicine. (I had to wrap her in an old sheet to absorb the pee and wash it every time I gave her the medicine.)
 39. I will not pee on the vet tech when s/he brings me back to my human. My human always warns the vet tech that I will pee when picked up, so I don't on the trip *to* the scale. Just on the way back, when they think I'm cute and cuddle me. I will also not save a little pee just to share with the vet, either.
 40. I will not play 'Escape from Colditz', trying to use the cat basket as a main prop, when I am on my way to the vet's.
 41. I will not pretend I am invisible when my human takes me to the vet. The vet can see me and will examine me.
 42. I will not purr or growl during my check-up at the vet's office so she can hear my innards through her stethoscope (this is Annabelle).
 43. I will not rub the ringworm medicine off my ears especially since my human had to go three falls out of five with me to put it there.
 44. I will not scream bloody murder and nearly break the door down when my humans try to take me to the vet to get neutered. (We couldn't take him to the vet, which resulted in his "wife" and her 4 kittens adopting us eventually.)
 45. I will not shake pink amoxicillin drops all over the vet or my humans or their furnishings after they think they have put it into my mouth.
 46. I will not shriek and yowl like I am being beheaded when my human tries to put me in my travelling box. I know that going to the vet will make me feel better and I really do love staying at the kitty-cat motel when my human's out of town.
 47. I will not spit my antibiotic pill out a half-hour after it is administered. I need it to get better.
 48. I will not struggle so much while being flea powdered, that both my humans end up with more flea powder on them than I do. I am the one with fleas, NOT them!
 49. I will not take my pill, dutifully swallow, then walk across the room and spit out said pill. The medicine is to help me get well, not poison me.
 50. I will not try to gut my feline sister just because she is in the back of the carrier, hiding from the vet.
 51. I will not try to massacre my humans when they deem it necessary to give me a bath or administer medicine. And I will not hiss, growl, scratch, bite or try to escape when my human tries to trim my claws.
 52. I will not try to remove my human's index finger when she is shaving my chin. If I had let her take care of my scratched chin in the first place, she wouldn't have to shave my chin.
 53. I will not use that tone of voice and those words at the vet. My human is fearless about my swearing; and will make me cooperate even if it takes a towel and laying on me. If I use the 'reserved list'; I will get yelled at and sprayed by my human with the squirt bottle. The vet is not a mortal enemy, this is for my own good; and my human has probably had most of this done to her, and she's still in one piece....so she won't believe my propaganda anyway. (If this cat bites me, he really gets it and he knows it. He has the 'bad word list'; and the serious-no-hold-barred-furious-swear-list; last time he stuck to the first one, and the vet lets me do the holding down-his official notation is "owner will assist with treatment" and "no claws")
 54. I will not vanish from sight when my humans have made an appointment for me to see the vet to remove the tick from my ear, causing them to have to phone the vet to cancel because the patient couldn't be found and spend a lot of time calling for me. This only resulted in my female human having to remove the tick herself and me smelling of the lavender oil she used to kill it.

55. I will not voluntarily give my vet a urine or stool sample unless he requests it.
56. I will not yowl all the way to the vet. The vet is not an axe murderer and he will not hurt me.
57. I will not yowl and spit out my pill, then do kitty kung-fu moves to escape, making my humans hunt for it in the basement.
58. I will not, after being sedated, tear the vet's new falconing gloves because he wants to give me Advantage flea drops.
59. I will refrain from being such an unholy terrorist at one vets that they refuse to see me ever again, esp. when I was adopted from that clinic. When the NEW vet gets my medical records, I will not sit and purr at her like she's my new best friend and act 100% sweet, even when getting my temperature taken or getting my shots. The vet wonders about me then - Mom does tell her that I'm a naughty little tortie girl at home.
60. I will sit quietly in the vet's examining room and not wander around to investigate. The last time I did that, I knocked over an entire tray of distemper serum bottles. My human and the vet were not amused.
61. I will stay in my cage at home for my recovery. I will not break out less than 6 hours after being put in. I will then not repeat that behaviour. I will only wind up having Mom carry me around with her to classes for 8 weeks so I don't do anything bad at home or hurt myself.
62. If I choose to get run over (crossing the street I know very well not to cross), get a skull fracture and cost my humans in surgery all the money they've been saving for a new car, I will not be surprised if, after I recover, they threaten to put a license plate on my butt and make me run up and down the street making vrrrrroooooom sounds. (Pixel DID recover, against all expectations.)
63. If I don't like being at the vet, I won't argue about being put in the carrier so I can get the heck out of there.
64. If I fall from the neighbour's roof -- where I'd been told not to play -- and, after recovery, my head tilts to one side, I will not be mortally offended at the nickname *tilthead*.
65. If I have a belly full of nasty worms, and my human is attempting to give me that sweet tasting carob flavored de-wormer, I will refrain from sinking my fang into her finger right up to the gum..
66. It should not be required that both my young humans wear rubber gloves and rain coats just to give me a pill, which really will make be feel better.
67. Just because some mean people tried to hang me fourteen years ago, it doesn't mean every time my humans put a flea collar on me they're trying to do me in. They've loved me, cared for me and put up with my bad temper for fourteen years. Why would they kill me now?
68. Mom didn't throw me around in my carrier like she did her bag. I will not act like she just threw me around. She placed me carefully on the floor and never once jarred me.
69. My Vet did not go to University so that I could pull his diploma off the wall in revenge for having a thermometer shoved in my butt.
70. Next time I will limit the bodily injury that I inflict to the humans. (Patches drew the blood of 3 different people, while we were trying to get her into the waiting cage.)
71. No, the vet's refrigerator does not contain any treats for me. I should take their word for it and not open the door by myself.
72. On a car ride to the vet, it's considered lucky that I get to ride on Mom's shoulder, as I'm a good boy and stay there. However, it's abusing the privilege if I put my paw on her mouth as she sings along with the radio, no matter how much I think she sucks. If I keep it up, I can ride in a carrier like the rest of the cats, no matter how much I hate it.
73. Once at the vets, if I insist on sitting on the floor scale that's there for big dogs, I will not be insulted when the vet, her techs, her assistants, the receptionist, the other clients AND my human laugh at me when the scale reads "ERROR" (he's 3 pounds, the scale couldn't register his weight) If I must be insulted, I will not take out my anger by storming in 3 pound kitten fury over to the stone dog statue that sits by the door and slapping it. That will only make my paw hurt. Once I've been so stupid as to hurt my paw on the statue, I will make an honest effort to not head-butt the statue while walking on 3 paws. Then, I'm still insulted, my paw that smacked the statue hurts AND I have a headache. All of this is my fault, I didn't have to insist on sitting on the scale in the first place.
74. The vet is my friend, and only does what she does for my own good, so I will *not* require the use of 3 veterinary assistants to hold me down in order to keep me from ripping out her throat.
75. The vet said I must drink lots of water for my kidney condition. If I choose not to, I will not be angry with my human for squirting water into my mouth with a syringe.
76. The vet is not a Creature of Evil, and I do not need to yowl incessantly all the way there, frightening the other passengers on the bus.
77. Vets are not cat molesters.
78. We will not try to get our human to treat every kitty illness/problem known. And some that aren't so well known.
79. We will refrain from becoming sick on weekends. My human's vet bills are high enough.
80. When I am sick I will not hide from my humans when they want to cuddle and try to make me feel better. They are only trying to help.
81. When I am supposed to swallow my pill I will not suck on it and then spit it out, nor will I barf it up, especially in the morning when my human has to go to school.
82. When I get sick, I can stay at the vet clinic without screaming bloody murder and being louder than 6 barking dogs who are distressed at my screams. I need those IV fluids, so I can't go home. If I must scream, I will be put in the bathroom kennel, which is nice and quiet and supposed to be calming. When that happens, I will refrain from screaming louder, so that the people outside the clinic can hear me and the dogs keep barking. The vet loves me anyways :)
83. When I get spayed, I will refrain from being so evil that NO one in the vet's office, even the vet, will get me out of the cage after I

shred the nice falconing gloves. If I must do that, I will refrain from then rushing to the front of the cage when my human comes to get me and purring like a fool and snuggling up to her. She saw the damage I did. I don't want another litter of kittens, I didn't like the first one I had.

84. When I go to the vet I will NOT latch all 4 legs around the Doctor's arm and continue to gnaw at her when she is trying to give me a shot (this happened about 3 weeks ago. My cat Zero latched onto the doctor and boy did she scream. She had to peroxide herself instead of the cat.)
85. When I need medicine to make me feel better, it is not appropriate to sulk when ever I see my human coming. (I cracked up every time I saw him, it was kind of cute how he would sit with his back to me. The next day he had all but forgot about it until he saw me coming with his meds then that all changed!)
86. When it is time for my pill, I will not make every threat that there is in cat language.
87. When my human goes on vacation and I stay at the vet I will not behave in a fashion requiring the posting of a note on the front of my cage warning "USE GLOVES". (The vet thinks she is the Maine Coon Cat From Hell.)
88. When my human is giving me my medication, I will not hiss and slap at her and act as though I am being poisoned. The medication will help me with my hairball problem and I won't have to go to the vet.
89. When my human is giving me my pill I will not hook my claw into her hand. (That hurt; she hooked her claw under my skin making two holes.)
90. When my human is trying to give me the medication I need, I will not jam my tongue to my upper palate, thereby denying access to my throat.
91. When my human puts my medication in my food and doesn't mix it enough and I think I have tasted something unusual, I will not give her the Glare of Death. Nor will I regurgitate last night's supper with said medication under the human's table in the morning.
92. When the new vet is good enough to make a house call, I will not freak out and attack him like the Demon Cat From Hell, just because I am locked in the bathroom with him. I have an infection, and he is a nice man who is trying to HELP me. (He had to put Juliet in a cat carrier, bring her back to his office and sedate her in order to examine her.)
93. When the nice specialist vet does a big deal extreme surgery to fix my malformed hips - I will rest properly as he recommends for up to 8 weeks. I will NOT cause such a royal fit in recovery 36 hours later that Mom has to come get me, when I was supposed to stay in recovery for a week.
94. When the vet takes my temperature, I will not make him have to turn me upside down to do it and I won't hit the ceiling either.
95. When we go to the vet as a "family", it does not make the humans happy when they have to come pick us up in shifts. (We only have one large cat carrier, and normally all three of them ride together. When they had their claws removed, they were placed into one cage, until Smokey decided to have an attitude and they had to be separated. The vet let us take Sylvester and Shadow home at the same time but made us come back for Smokey. Then, when I got there to take him, none of the veterinary assistants would reach into the cage to get him, and I had to do it. Pretty sad they were afraid of a little gray furball with an attitude and no claws!)

--- Contributors ---

Many thanks to the following contributors. Without you, there would be no Bad Kitty List!

Heather Abounader	Amanda Aziano	Lynda Benson	Ross Brunetti
Leanne Adam	Susan Babitz	Eileen Berge	Lisa Bryan
Elaina Adams	Amanda Baggs	Sharon Bernstein	Gene Buckle
Jennifer and Jason Adams	Richard Baker	Cheryl Berthelsen	Janet Bullard
Raven Adams	Kat Balogh	Barbara Betts	Paige Burgess
C. Alan	Lori Barker	Donna Betz	Terecia Burgess
Amy Albright	Nikki Barr	Joye Billow	Paula Burgette
Marcie Alburn	Christopher Bates	Becky Birchmeier	Melissa Burnes
Lynne Alexander	Carrie Baugh	Catherine Bitzer	Paula Burnett
Brandy Alexandre	Laura Bauman	Remington & Jeffery Blauer	Carrie Buschmann
Corey Allen	Anita Baxter	Seanette Blaylock	Sherry Buttner
Mary Alvestad	Emery Bays	Leslie Blitman	Abbie Byess
Gina Anderson	Lisa Beaty	Chris Bolton	David Byrden
Nancy Anderson	Elaine Beaulieu	Anmarie Bowden	Kathie Bystrek
Angela St. Andre	Jana Beaverson	Anne Bowman	Jennifer Cadorette
Beth Andrews	Sonja Becker	Georgette Bradley	Pat Cahill
Gary "Anonymous"	Emma Becraft	Trish Brady	Sharon Campbell
Leslie Antley	Carrie Behling	Marina Branzoni	Karry Cannon
Barbara Antonelli	Shannon Bell	Lynda Bray	Cris Cantin
John Ard	Vicky Bell	Diana Bredfeldt	Chrissy Carlberg
Mary Arnold	Paula & Thomas Bellman	Naomi Bremer	Jennifer Carlson
Santiago Arteaga	Linda Belt	Sue Brewer	Sharron Carlson
Dennis Ashe	Dee Ann Benard	Richard Bridgman	Ryan Carroll
Maria Athey	Adam Benesch	Cindy Brown	Paula Carston
C Atkinson	Jana Benitez	Frank Brown	Karen Caskey
Marie AuBouchon	John Bennett	Melissa Brown	Mimi Cassovitz
Jane Austin	Tommy Bennett	Marla Brownfield	Tamzin Cater

Sharon Cerrato	Raven Delaval	Davida Fouchy	David Hall
Esther Cervantes	Liz Dell'Orfano	Anthony Fowler	Sue Hall
Christie Chaney	Carol Denehy	Melissa Fowler	Tomas Hallin
Katrina Chapman	Sandy Derry	Sonja Fowler	M & L Halvorson
Renee Charboneau	Ruth Desjardins	Maggie Fox	Barry Hamill
Vinnie Chassot	Leslie Devlin	Mary Fox	Misha Handman
Sonja Chichak	Eric DeVroeg	Paige Fox	Katie Harold
Kim Chivian	Amy DiBello	Jennifer Frankhauser	Faith Harrington-Taber
Jill Christiansen	Laura Dickens	Teresa Frary	Denise Harris
Jessica Chylik	Mike Dickinson	Laura Frazer	Freya Harris
Sharon Clapman	Kimber Dilay	J. Frazier	Kris Harris
Dale Clapperton	Erin A.S. Doherty	Edith Freeborn	Kristin Harris
Amy Clark	Taffy Donohue	Russ Frey	Suzanne Harrower
Susan Clark	Meghan Donovan	Hallveig Frodadottir	Stevie Hart
Jocelyn Clarke	Catilin Doolittle	Bryan Fullbright	Peter Hartikka
Karin Clawson	Bob Doren	Matt Fuller	Francis Harvey
Catherine Coburn	Tony Doucet	Sherry Fulton	John Havard
LormF Coetsee	Amy Dowell	Eugenia Gabriel	Melinda Havener
April Colburn	Shannon Driscoll	Jim Galey	Geni Hawkins
Ann Collins	Krista Dugas	Ronald Gamble	Steve Hawley
Bryan Collinsworth	Cheryl Dunkin	Judy Gans	Julie Hay
Leslie Conder	Lora Dunno	Cori Garrett	Nancy Hayes
Linda Condry	Lori Duska	Diane Garske	Jennifer Haynes
Brida Connolly	Jessica Van Dyne-Evans	Nancy Gartner	Margeaux Hearld
Jan Conrad	Bob Eager	Candy Gates	Michael Heath
Heather Coolie	Jeff & Cathy Early	Carolyn Gauntt	Frances Hedges
Karen Cooper	Patti Easley	Jenny Gayle	Daniel Hedrick
Mary Cooper	Sharon Ebey	Jeffrey Gelman	Kim Heikkinen
Tanja Cooper	Jill Edwards	Adrian Gentilcore	Stacey Helton
Stephanie Corbitt	Michelle Edwards	Beth George	Amy Hendrix
Janis Cortese	Carol Eggers	Gina George	Karen Hennigan
Kristal Cosner	Judy Ehlen	Gayle Gerard	Judy Henry
Ellen Cotter	Diane Ehrenberger	Phyllis Gerstenfeld	Leaha Henson
Chris Coulson	Joyce Eikenberry	Mike Giacchetti	Kate Herndon
Christy Cowser	Cathy Emineth	Guy Gibbs	Vanessa Herold
Alan Cox	Lorelei Enderssen	Anna Gibson	Laurie Hersey
Lory Cox	Donna Ennis	Geof Gibson	Rochelle Hess
Allison Crawford	Jill Eppler	Susan Gibson	Crys Hester
Cat Crawford	Lisa Essex	Jill Gillham	Lynn Hicks
Sandy Crellin	Carmen Evangelista	Frank Ginzel	Meg Hicks
Carol Crespil	Virginia Eveland	Sarah Glass	Tina Hicks
Yolanda Cross	Roberta Ewing	Frank Godard	Carl Hill
Patricia Cryan	Liane Fahmie	Angela Godwin	Tracy Hill
Heidi Csencsits	Paul Fahn	Dianne Good	Julie Hillebrand
Stephanie Csornok	Debra Faison	Erinne Goodell	Petra Hinds
R.E. Cubby	Lisa Falzetta	Ed Gordon	Kelly Hofmeister
Suzanne Currie	Kelly Farmer	Pria Graves	Heather Holcomb-Jones
Rana Cushing	Amye Farrell	Dorian Gray	Karolyn Holdren
Jamie Cushner	Jessica Farrell	Dorian E. Gray	Ellen Holland
Alison Cutler	Marty Faville	Jeannette Greaves	Glenn Hoover
Joy-Lyn Czerwonky	Erika Fawcett	Linda Greco	Julie Hopkins
Christina Czosek	Ruth Ann Fay	Gailene Green	Matthew Hoskins
Susan Dailey	Ann Feeney	Charlotte Griffin	Amanda Houck
Wendy Dakin	Sandra Feldman	Krissie Griffiths	Val Houle
Tamara Dalrymple	Kate Felt	Sabrina Grigsby	Alexandra Howell
Brandy Dartz	Jamie Ferguson	Alice Grillo	Nancy Howells
Paul Daurelle	Nicki Ferguson	Suzanne Grimes	Rebecca Howey
Becky David	Pippen Ferrari	Linda Grover	Sarah Hoyt
Maia Davidson	Adrian Fields	Amanda Gschwind	Tonya Hulse
Don Davis	Jean Fisher	Darcie & John Gudger	Karen Humes
Sherry Davis	Leslie Fisher	Troy Guidry	Beth Hunter
Nicki Davison	Michale Fisher	Anthea Fraser Gupta	Sean Hunter
John Dawson	Elizabeth Flynn	Leah Guren	Roger Hurrle
Caroline Day	Carl Fongheiser	Shari Hagedwood	Vicky Hvid
Dawn DeBlois	Terrah Force	Melissa Haines	Abbey Impson
Dorinda Decker	Sonia Forsyth	Stacy Halde	Melissa Ince
Margie Delaney	Andrea Foster	Bonni Hall	Angela Indingaro

Debbie Ireland	Heather Kuhne	Ernie Mathews	Marie Mundweiler
Elizabeth Irish	Deborah L	Heidi Mathews	Kathy Murphy
Michelle IsBell	Angela Lamb	Kyle Mathis	Paula Murray
Crystal Jackson	Donna Lambert	Patsy Mays	Cheri Murrell
Dawn Jacob	Melissa LaMont	Les McBride	Michelle Myles
Ruth Jacobs	Samuel Lamont	Susan McCaffrey	Mindy Mymudes
Rolf Jacobson	Hanna Larsson	Valerie McCallister	Jack Nadelman
Bridgid Janak	Naomi Latimer	Suzie McCarthy	Dan Nagy
Marta Janson	Melissa Lauber	Brien McCarty	Janusz Nastalski
Brandee Jarski	Laura Lawson	Kate McClure	Alissa Navarro
Amy Jehle	Kathleen P. Leach	Susan McClure	Lynda Neary
Kathleen Jenkins	Roxanne Lederman	Donna McCommon	Rhonda Neff
Brad Johnson	Lisa LeFever	Holly McCord	Janet Neis
Rebecca Johnson	Andy Lehrer	Lisa McDavid	Pam Nelson
Susan Johnson	Mark Lemming	Nicole McFarland	Barb Neubauer
Bobbi Jones	Maggie Leslie	Linda McGilvray	Michelle Newton-Greene
Carol Jones	Nina Leverkusen	Rachel McGrath	Wendy Nibeck
Cathi Jones	Lenore Levine	Zacharia McKay	Amanda Nichols
Kylie Ardie Jones	Mary Rose Lewis	Bob McLaughlin	Mysty Nickel
Peggy Jones	Scarlett Lewis	Carolynn McLaughlin	Erica Nielsen
Mary Jorgensen	Kimberly Licking	Susan McLaughlin	Lynne Nishihara
Lizzi Kadow	Wendy Lindboe	Gary McLean	Kendra Nixon
Heather Kalisiak	Megan Lindley	Eugene McMahan	Melinda Nowikowski
Robert Kanewske	Laura Lindstrom	Rowan McNathair	Debbie Nunn
Julie Kangas	Andria Lishka	Richard Medeiros	Catherine O'Brien
Sandi Karlowa	Dave Litchman	Shirley Meeks	Mimi O'Brien
Michele Kasparik	Kathryn Litherland	Sue Mehi	Shena O'Brien
Stacey Katz	Lara Little	Jody Meizelis	Cas O'Connor
Ellie Kaufman	Monika Livingstone	Donna Meldrum	Rachel O'Connor
Judy Kawamoto	Telsa Llewellyn	Carol Mello	Melissa O'Neal
Melanie Kean	Mesa Lloyd	Randi Merrifield	William Ogden
Gwen & Adam Keeble	Rebecca Lloyd	David Merriman	Lynda Oleksuk
Pat Keene	Brenda Long	Steven & Elizabeth Metzger	Vicky Oliver
Lindsay Keipper	Kim Longnecker	Sherri Mickel	Linda Oravec
Anne Keller	Michael Lopushansky	Dvorah Miller	Jennifer Ornellas
Christy Keller	Karen Lottman	Edward Miller	Paul Osmond
J.M. Kelley	Georgina Lovely	Jennifer Miller	Miranda Owen
Patrick Kelley	Christine Lowe	Karen Miller	Tracy Painter
Heather Kelly	Rudolf Lowenstein	Laurie Miller	Naomi Paiss
Teresa Kemerer	Kat Lowery	Nancy Milligan	Christopher Palma
Mary Kemp hues	Jamie Lubin	Shelley Milligan	Marylin Palmer
Jodi Kempner	Keri Luiz	Micayla Milne	T. Palmer
Neil Kendrick	Anita Lukka	Amy Minick	Didi Pancake
Angel Kennedy	Andy Lundell	Kathy Minicozzi	Aliza Panitz
David Kennedy	Michelle Lunt	Amy Miran	Linda Parker
Helen Kennedy	Caroline Lutes	Heidi Mireau	Susan Parker
Joanne Kenny	Matt Lynch	Elise Mitchell	Jonathan Parry
Helen Kerr	Sean Lynch	Wendy Mitchell	Jennifer Patterson
Karen Kifer	Paige M.	Glenn Modrak	Shelagh Paulsson
Natasha Kilpatrick	Sandra MacDonald	Kimberly Moe	Daniel Payne
Lisa Kim	Lena Machgunn	Beth Moeller	Collene Pearce
Sharon Kindig	Carol Maffettone	Matt Mol	Leslie Pearson
Agnieszka King	Steve Majewski	Robin Colleen Moore	Shannon Peart
Brigitte Kirk	Stephen Mamber	Deborah Moorhead	Louise Penberthy
Jenny Kirwan	Jennifer Manley	Jennifer Moorhead	Peggy Pence
Bo Kjellson	Suzanne Mann	Mark Morgan	Julia Penn
Margaret Kleinman	Paul Ste. Marie	Josh Morris	Julie Pennartz
Kay Klier	Christina Maris	Peter Morris	Colleen Penrowley
Ellen Knutson	Kris Markum	Angela Morrisette	Heather Perkins
Toby Koch	Jenni Marquez	Shana Morrow	Jeremy Perkins
Gary Koerzendorfer	Anna Marshall	Pat Moses-Caudel	Chock Perry
Richard Koob	Michelle Martens	Michelle Moyer	Marcella Perry
Audrey Koogler	Jon Martin	Linda Muckey	Raven Reed Peters
Karen Kotchek	Keri & Sandra Martinez	Theresa Muir	Angie Peterson
Susan Kreuger	John Martino	Lorna Muncie	Barbara Phelps
Diane Krouse	Cindy Marzolf	Tina & Joe Muncie	Delight Phillips
Kerri Kuczma	Ada Mason	April Muncy	Gwen Phinney

Charlotte Phipps	Mary-Michael Scanlon	Mary Grace Stillwaggon	Michael Warning
Erika Phipps	Ann-Marie Scesney	Arlene Stillwell	Donna Washburn
Mark Pickerill	Brenda Schakenbos	Paula Stofregen-Staps	Holly Watson
Devera Pine	Heidi Schaub	John Stomierski	Karen Watson
Amanda Pinnow	Christina Schelin	Barbara Stone	Alison Weatherston
Leonora Pinto	Meg Schell	Deb Storch	Dave & Audrey Webb
Leila Piper	Erica Schippers	Eric Storch	Robbyn Webb
Michele Pisnoy	Karen Schlosberg	Frank Strait	Rosemary Webb
Tiffany Pleadger	April Schmaus	Holly L. Strobel	Dawn Weber
Sally Plecor	Tammi Schneider	Missy Sturtevant	Melissa Webster
Lisamarie Pocza	Eric Schrepel	Doug Stych	Jessica Weinberg
Alexa Pontzer	Herbert Schroeder	Eugene Styer	Elizabeth Weinert
Michael Porter	Joachim Schuster	Saima Sultan	Ellen Weinkauff
Jennifer Porter-Hawn	Debbie Schwartz	Bev Sutton	Heather Weir
Bonnie Potter	Linda Scott	Camille Suttor	Ike Welling
Doug Powell	Maryann Scott	Cindy Swafford	Robin Welter
Anne Prestamo	Bronwyn Scrutton	Ben Swartz	Donna Wesner-Assaf
Meghan Price	Anne Seales	Becky Swayze	Tammi & Mike Westberg
Debbie Prigmore	Alisa Sellars	Kevin Sweet	Amy Westwood
Anna Probst	Manuel Sepulveda	Christine Tai	Tabitha Wharton
Kristina Pryor	Marie Serum	Meagan Tallman	Jo Whitaker
June Pulliam	Julie Shapery	Joy Tang	Lisa Whitman
Amanda Purdom	Krystal Shaver	B. Taylor	Jennifer Whitmore
Allison Rainville	Destanie Shea	Casey Taylor	Christine Wicklund
Alice Ramirez	Lisa Sheard	Darbie Taylor	Jenna Wiebe
Tim Ramsey	Terron Shoemaker	Helen Taylor	Brian Wieting
Lucinda Rasmussen	Amber Shrewsbury	Lori Taylor	Christine Wiggers
Dale Rastlin	J.R. Sickinger	Peggy Terl	Angie Wilkins
Susan Read	Kama Sue Siegel	Sarah Terrell	Tracy Wilkinson
Debra Rebel	Sharon Siewert	Ellen Terry	Derek Williams
Monique Reed	Dale Sigler	Pamela Thalner	Greg Williams
Ann Reesman	Dan Sikorski	Elizabeth Thiers	Tanishia Williams
Colleen Reilly	Michele Sikoryak	Carilda A. Thomas	K. Wilson
Heidi Renee	Cat Simone	Debbie Thomas	Shannon Wion
Patti Revelle	Kirsten Sjostedt	Matt Thompson	Ingrid Witvoet
Harold Reynolds	Charles Slaustas	DJ Thornton	Jenny Wohlford
Elisabeth Riba	Joanne Slaven	Anne Threston	Chris Wohllitz
Sharon Rice	Kim Smart	Matthew Tierney	Janet Wojcik
Tex Riddell	Susan Smasal	Beth Toll	Octavia Wong
Wendy Riser	Abbi Smith	Tracy Tomes	Donnalynn Wood
Annie Robards	Bonnie Smith	Susanna Trebuss	Jeffrey Wood
Nancie Roberts	Brenda Smith	Kristin Tremmel	Genie Wooden
Sylvia Robinson	Christopher Smith	Debbie Trimble	Bonne Wooten
Anne Robotti	Jim Smith	E.M. Tubbs	Allen Wright
Christian Roessler	Judy Smith	Martijn Tulp	John Wright
Andrew Rogers	Madeline Smith	Carmel Turner	Lorraine Wright
Anita Roland	Mary Smith	Chris Twedt	M B Wulf
Tricia Rosebrock	Pamela Smith	Adele Upchurch	Jordan Wynn
Alison Rosenstengel	Tiffany Smithhart	Melissa Updyke	Hollie Yahola
Kim Ross	Erin Snedeker	Karen Urel	Candace York
RosaKiana Rossi	Eric Snyder	Pieter Uytterhoeven	George Young
Kathie Rupert-Wayne	Steve Snyder	Erin Vaclavick	Amy Yu
Craig Rutkowske	Susan Snyder	Terri E. Vallatini	Jesse Zabkar
Susan Rutter	Beverly Sobelman	Pamela Vanderwiel	Rene Zandbergen
Laura Ryan	Danielle Soto	Connie Varnhagen	Kristen Zanders
Sara Ryan	Pat Southern	Mark Varvil	Dana Zauf
Tammy Sakcriska	Ogden Sparks	Lisa Vasa	Melissa Zimmermann
Michal Salat	Beth Sparks-Jacques	Diana Velasquez	Christine Zwane
Suzi Salazar	Toby Lee Spiegel	Debbie Velten	Debra Johnson
Laura Saltmarsh	Roy Spinks	Alan Verostick	Stephen & Diane Duncan
Charmel Sanchez	Cheryl Spuches	Rhiannon Vice	Dagney Zweip
Hildy Sanders	Kris Stark	Dorothy VunKannon	Ada Mason
Tia Sanders	Donna Starner	Stephanie Wagner	Lorraine Wright
Buddy Sandridge	Melissa Stevens	Lucy Walsh	Madeline Smith
Martin Sant	Ray Stevens	Emery Walters	
Akemi & Kurita Saoshi	Amy Stewart	Alice Walton	
Michelle Sawyer	Christopher Stewart	Ginger Wardlaw	