
LETTER TO THE MANAGEMENT

February 20, 2017

Dear Sir/Madam:

I wanted to write and say thank you for rescuing me. At first I didn't know what happened. And when I woke up I hurt so bad I didn't know if I would live. But you saved me and took such good care of me! I had such a nice home, with automatic food delivery every day. I didn't understand why nobody would talk to me, until I got a



neighbor named Spirit Feather, who said it was because we were being trained to be ferocious bobcats so we could survive when you took us to our new homes.

Spirit was really nice, but she was a little weird. I mean, she made friends with her food! I tried and tried to tell her that white thing was food, but she just wouldn't listen. When I saw her playing with it, I rolled my eyes almost into the back of my head! She eventually did catch on after her friend disappeared one day. I must say, I did enjoy watching her climb like a monkey, but sometimes she drove me crazy watching me. It was like living next door to a peeping tomcat. I heard that she has a nice, big new home to roam around in now and hope she's doing well.

I am quite happy with my new home, too. And with my new roommate! Unlike the last one, he is very kind and gentle and playful, although sometimes he can be a PITT (Pain In my Twitchy Tail) and I have to bop him to get him back in line. I wasn't too sure about him at first, but now I can't imagine being without him. And the food, oh the food ... it's like a gourmet meal every morning! And then room service comes to clean our enclosure (he's the messy one). And we get toys to play with, and the keepers come and talk to me and bring us treats and toys! Life could not be better.

I just wanted you to know how grateful I am for all you've done for me. I'd write more, but I have to go keep an eye on Biscuit before he gets into trouble. Males. Sigh.

Love,

Mrs. Claws (a/k/a Missy, Miss C, Ms. C)
(Sent via Lori D., Secretary to the Cats)