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## LETTER TO THE MANAGEMENT

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November 18, 2017

Dear Sir/Madam:

Issues. I have issues!

1 –What does a Queen have to do to get more chicken around here? Am I speaking another language, or am I just being ignored? I've even resorted to posing as a chicken to make sure the staff gets it (1, 2) and still no chicken delivery truck has pulled up to my enclosure. I'm getting quite tired of this, and may have to start throwing around my 278 beautiful pounds. I am generally a very quiet, reserved queen, but I must admit I am starting to lose patience. (Note that anyone who questions my official weight will be sent immediately to the dungeon.)

2 –I understand another new resident has moved into our gated community – once again, without my prior approval. I will let that slide – for now – because I understand the new resident is a preacher. Heaven knows there are certain cats around here that could use one – and I'm looking right at YOU, Hoover! Maybe with a preacher on the grounds we can finally marry him off to one of his lady friends and stop his philandering ways. Between his mooing and the female tigers moaning about who is getting more attention every night, it gets a little crazy. Heaven knows we could all use a little more sleep around here.

3 – I hear that the Secretary is planning to move Zabu in with her on the pretense of using her as an emotional support animal. If we're going to start a program like that, then I want to be someone's emotional support animal, too. Calling Dr. J ...

Sigh. I have just been informed that my informants gave me incorrect information and that the new resident is not a preacher at all, but a Savannah cat named Beacher. You just can't get good help these days. Please forward their mail to their new residence, Cell 186, The Dungeon.

Sincerely,

HRL Nikita Lioness  
(Sent via Lori D., Secretary to the Cats)

