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## LETTER TO THE MANAGEMENT

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November 30, 2016

Dear Sir/Madam:

I have become the latest internet porn star and it's all your fault.

You bring in women, I begin to moo them, but then you tell me I can't have them. What's a normal, red-blooded tiger to do? My body responded appropriately. Next thing I know, I'm in the transport cage being carted off to "Hospital," my tummy is shaved, I'm given a Brazilian, my manly bits are removed (while I'm lying on a PINK towel, I might add), and the whole procedure is broadcast for the world to see. I've heard of someone getting a shave and a haircut, but this was to the extreme.



The shaming on the Windsong chat was relentless: comments about my paws needed to be sanded because they were so rough, how I would be singing at a higher pitch as a falsetto, and calling my manly bits jungle scallops, prairie oysters, grapes, plums, and walNUTS, just to name a few.

Further tiger shaming came from someone who shall remain nameless (TOM) who made remarks about pink umbrellas, and went so far as to post a well-known song by AC/DC just to taunt me.

Then to make matters worse, while I was sleeping after the surgery, right in the middle of a terrific dream about Priya someone started shaking the transport cage and poking at me trying to wake me up.

I demand an apology at the very least – and treats, lots of treats - to make up for this. And from now on, I wish to be fed on a stick.

Sincerely,

Hoover Tiger  
(Sent via Lori D., Secretary to the Cats)