
LETTER TO THE MANAGEMENT

February 20, 2018

Dear Sir/Madam:

My attorneys at CKM&R have advised me not to speak about pending litigation ... but I feel I must. As the King of Big Cat Rescue, I am shocked, appalled, and horrified at recent events. What happened to me shouldn't even happen to one of those stinky tigers – which, by the way, we seem to be overrun with. When are we getting some lions, hmmm? Everywhere I look, a stinky tiger here, a stinky tiger there (except for Bu, of course). But that's a discussion for another day.

Despite all my attempts to befriend Dr. Justin - offering to let him share my time in the VR, inviting him to visit my new platform - he continues to stalk and torment me. He has now resorted to trying to send Pokey in when I'm sound asleep! Didn't he see the "NO POKEY" sign hanging on my enclosure? And PS to Dr. J – that tree suit is really not a good look for you.

Then he takes me to the Big Cat Rescue Salon and Spa. To put it mildly, this place needs some serious help. I expected to be treated to a seaweed wrap, a mud bath, wrapped in a big fluffy robe and have cucumber slices put on my eyes. Instead, I was poked, prodded, and had my lion bits on display for the whole world to see. My dreads were cut off, there are patches where my legs were shaved (really? REALLY?) and things were put in where things should only be coming out.

After the whole procedure I was finally covered up; thankfully the staff remembered to use towels that were the appropriate colors for a royal. I woke up with Billy Idol hair and painted feet. Not nails - FEET! Where did they get these people? Now I know what happened to Dr. J's man bun.

Thankfully my attorneys at CKM&R have shut this place down. We can only hope it stays that way.

Sincerely,

Joseph Lion, King of Big Cat Rescue
(Sent via Lori D., Secretary to the Cats)