

## My Name is Mad Max

Yes, that's my name. Some lady thought I was a little off my rocker when she first saw me. I used to live at the Moore County Animal Shelter, oh, for about 3 months. There were lots of other cats, puppies and kittens for me to play with.....I loved it there.



Just look at that face.....you have to admit I am one handsome dude. Well, one day this lady and man came to the Shelter and they told the lady in charge that they would like to take me and this other kitten home with them. I never paid too much attention to that particular kitten, but, she was OK, I guess. The lady called her Sugar. This was my first adventure out into the “big world”. My new home is in New York, in a great apartment that has an elevator.



Suzy, the lady that lives with us is pretty cool. She certainly is good about feeding us.....I am now 12 pounds of solid muscle....and it's all me, as I don't even have a tail. Sugar must have taken my share because her tail is extra long. Anyway, I am handsome, and it looks like I am always dressed to go to a party. My black coat and white front really sets off my personality. I am "Mr. Party Guy" of the fifth floor. I know Wendy comes home at 5PM and I am there waiting for her to step off the elevator and walk her to her apartment. She has a really old cat that I must visit every night to tell him all is well. At 5:30 PM Michael leaves his apartment to meet his wife at the bus stop to walk her home. I am always at the elevator waiting for them.....they don't have a cat, but they have mice, so it is my job to scout out the radiators in their apartment. I can smell mice anywhere.



My next stop is to visit the lonely cat that lives with two women....Sumba. This cat is losing the hair on his tail. The lady says he is bored during the days while they are at work, so it is my job to entertain him until it's time to play paw, paw, with the kitten in the next apartment. I haven't seen him yet, but he sticks his paw through the small opening at the bottom of the door, and I stick my paw back at him. That's how I spend my early evenings.

When I get home from my job, I know my dinner will be waiting for me. Then it's work out time. I can jump from my lady's printer to the sofa, up to the top shelf of the book case, tumbling through the air to the kitty condo. I do this 2 or 3 times at night, just to keep in shape, if you know what I mean. Sugar has a lot of toys, but I am always too busy to play with her or her toys. She's a stay at home cat.....I have a job.

Saturday's is football with David next door. He has a cool TV and a really soft, cozy sofa. I sit real close to him while he watches TV, stretches my ears and drinks beer, eats chips and other stuff that doesn't appeal to me at all.

Well, that's my week.....Sunday I sleep all day.

Sincerely,

Mad Max

