

LETTERS TO MR. W

BY DUCHESS



AS TRANSCRIBED BY MY MISTRESS

Letter About Nicknames by Duchess



FOR MR W WITH LOVE AND APPRECIATION

Dear Mr. W!

What madness! What fury! Oh, I shudder to think of it! I found out that my mistress's nickname, Cica, means pussycat. Does that mean she is related to The White Cat? Anything but that! It can't be, her hair is too dark, but on the other hand The White Cat has one blue eye and one brown eye which means a touch of craziness I'm sure. So they could be related but then the craziness could come from The Lady.

I was so shook up I had to find a way to calm myself. So I decided to take up knitting, which is what my mistress does these days when she is upset. However not having any knitting of my own I took up hers.



Carefully, so The Lady wouldn't see I took the knitting and went under the piano. Great spot! The Lady can't get in there. I was very careful I even took the needles out. I have my own style of knitting without needles. I decided to do an abstract piece, after all we do not need more scarves around. You see that is the only thing my mistress can knit so when she gets on these knitting sprees, which thankfully does not happen too often, we wind up with a lot of long scarves in all kinds of different colors. She likes colors. So under the piano I was doing my thing pouring out my

anxieties when The Lady spotted me. I gave her a glance that adamantly meant that I intended to do my thing with this knitting thing so she knew I meant business. However she plays most dirty. She starts doing her “lets trade” routine. Now knitting is OK but pieces of chicken is much more soothing. Yes, several pieces of chicken is very soothing indeed.



So after I was “soothed” I started to ponder. Well I pondered and pondered and pondered about this cat nickname thing but after awhile I thought to myself enough pondering. Pondering can tire one out. I decided life was hard but beautiful. I heard this somewhere, probably from my mistress who thinks too much sometimes. She should stop thinking so much, although when she *should* think it seems all reason leaves her. Soon I drifted off into a deep slumber. Ah, finally peace, a dream about more snacks. There certainly should be more pieces of chicken somewhere. A vision: The Lady's address book on the little table. Capture of the address book and maneuvering under the piano. An address book is fair trade for chicken. Oh, tomorrow will begin well!

Many Wags of tail!

Duchess

