

## Estrogen Overload 7/6/06

I am in serious danger. There has been far too much estrogen in this house this week, what with Mama's first official house guests (Bill is not a guest; I consider him another servant, which makes him family) in addition to Mama herself and Princess THING. I will say this about her guests: I deigned to give them my attention because I found them worthy of it, even if they do think Princess THING is cute. There is no accounting for human taste.

Anyway, I digress. My point about estrogen overload is that I am already an IT thanks to the nasty man with the scalpel. With as much estrogen as I have suffered with this week, my testosterone level is sliding toward non-existent. I may become the first cat to have a spontaneous chemical gender reassignment procedure if I don't get some male company soon.

In addition to my fear of total emasculation (I'm beginning to understand how God might feel when "God the Father/Lord/King" completely disappears from church services), things are not improving much on the Princess THING front. She continues to be unable to groom herself properly - we won't even discuss her ears! - and she has yet to learn that when Mama says "Down!" she means to get down from whatever we're on top of - the dinner table, the coffee table, the counter tops, etc. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that she doesn't include the windowsills in that command, though I didn't figure it out until Mama's orders to Princess THING had interrupted three separate naps in the sunshine.

Last Thursday was Feline Salon night. Princess THING got her claws clipped, which she fought with almost admirable strength. She also got a bath, or at least a good wetting down in the sink. Drowned rat describes the results of that enterprise quite nicely, but I had to step in to groom her afterward because she just isn't getting that done well enough. And what was my reward for doing that awful job? Treats? A night of sleeping in Mama's bed? The departure of Princess THING? No. Of course not. My reward for licking that ugly, wet, meowling little rat clean and dry was a claw clipping! I was not amused then and I am not amused thinking about it now. I'd swipe at Mama, but she might throw me out of the bedroom and close the doors.

Speaking of which, tonight has been blessedly cool here in Schellsburg, so Mama turned off her air conditioner and opened up her bedroom. Princess THING has been running in and out from under the bed (it's still an air mattress, but it's a great place for a catnap. Or a long night's sleep on the couple of recent nights when I sneaked into the air conditioned bedroom and hid until Mama turned off the lights!) as though it's a big box. Unfortunately, it's low enough that I can't chase her, which means she may be getting marginally more intelligent.

As a defense mechanism, I have my own e-mail address now. Mama wouldn't let me send a plea for HELP to Bill using her address, so I had to do something about that on my own. My address is [apollo@thefunrev.com](mailto:apollo@thefunrev.com). Mama wasn't impressed. I think she let Princess THING have her own address, too, but even if I knew for sure, I wouldn't put it here. For those of you who would like to hear Princess THING's version of life, you'll have to look elsewhere. She will NOT be getting equal time at The Shrubbery! (And there's nothing the FEC can do about it because we aren't running for public office. I told you I'm erudite. How many other cats do you know who can name federal bureaucracies by acronym and [dys]function?)

I beg you, dear male friends, consider it your sworn duty as a man to save me from this superfluity of estrogen. I need visitors! Or at the very least, support from other men who can help me deal with the women in my life. How do you live with them when you can't live without them? Well, without Mama. I could easily live without Princess THING.

Hanging on to my masculinity by the tips of my claws,  
Apollo  
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")