

The Humdrum Life
9/27/06

Life is dull here. The most exciting thing that's happened since I last wrote was that Serina knocked over the big flower arrangement on the piano and broke the vase. Mama wasn't home or it might have been more exciting.

We haven't had any bats, sorry to say. We had a mouse almost 3 weeks ago, but it was so small that I let Serina chase it to death because I was afraid I would step on it and end the fun too soon.

We haven't even had that many ants, which means the treatments Mama put down outside a while back outside are actually working. More's the pity for me.

I'm left with one option for entertainment between my naps: chasing and being chased by Serina.

On that other site, she's probably told you that I've been obnoxious to her. That is a completely false assertion and an egregious distortion of the facts. I have merely been fulfilling my duties to myself to get as much exercise as possible during the doldrums that have set in around the house. I will not have it said that I got fat and lazy. If it so happens that I am also fulfilling my duties as the older brother to make sure that she has as much exercise as possible by chasing me all over the house during the doldrums that have set in, then so be it. And if it so happens that in providing adequate self-care, I prevent my little sister from getting fat and lazy, then it's nothing more than collateral improvement.

In the midst of all of this chasing around, it has become necessary on occasion for me to clamp down on her behavior. Mama is foolish enough to think that this picture is of us snuggling together, but I think you'll see what I mean when I tell you that I have complete control of Serina here:

That, by the way, is a prayer shawl. I don't know why neither of us is interested in clawing at them when they're done, but it's a lot of fun to chase the yarn Mama works with when she knits or crochets. Mama hasn't even done much of that in the past week, though she did sew a whole bunch of labels onto shawls last week. I won't bother Mama when she's doing that because the needles are sharper and the thread is smaller.

Here's hoping for a change soon. It's another 5 weeks before we have company - but then we have lots of company for nearly 2 weeks, so it won't be boring here then! Mama won't tell me who's coming, though. It's a surprise.

Great. 5 more boring weeks like this and I'll die from shock when our company comes.

Boredly yours,
Apollo
(as dictated to my "amamauensis")