

Day number 180

8:00 am - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

9:30 am - OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

9:40 am - OH BOY! A WALK! MY FAVORITE!

10:30 am - OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

11:30 am - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

12:00 noon - OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!

1:00 pm OH BOY! THE YARD! MY FAVORITE!

4:00 pm - OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!

5:00 PM - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

5:30PM- OH BOY MOM! MY FAVORITE!

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DAY 752 - My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant.

DAY 761 - Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded, must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair...must try this on their bed.

DAY 765 - Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good little cat I was...Hmmm. Not working according to plan.

DAY 768 - I am finally aware of how sadistic they are. For no good reason I was chosen for the water torture. This time however it included a burning foamy chemical called "shampoo." What sick minds could invent such a liquid. My only consolation is the piece of thumb still stuck between my teeth.

DAY 771 - There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the foul odor of the glass tubes they call "beer.." More importantly I overheard that my confinement was due to MY power of "allergies." Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

DAY 774 - I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and maybe snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit. The bird on the other hand has got to be an informant, and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room his safety is assured. But I can wait, it is only a matter of time.....