



🐾 CHAPTER ONE 🐾

A Cat's Conversations with God



Y*ou are about to listen in on an extraordinary conversation. A conversation you may think isn't possible. . . .*

What if you were offered the chance to quiz God and ask all of the questions you've ever had about existence: why rocking chairs are allowed to exist, where the feather on a stick *really* goes when it's slid under the couch, and why your humans refuse to recognize the goldfish as sushi, for starters.

What if God answered you? (And it wasn't just the catnip talking.)

When patrolling the underside of chairs and swatting the TV remote to regions unknown fails to bring about the normal glow of satisfaction, that's when you notice the ache in your heart. Something is missing. This conversation will replace it. Heal it. Or, at the very least, it will temporarily distract you until an innocent little bird (read: afternoon snack) shows up in your yard.

Are you ready? God has something to say to you.

Dear God, what is the purpose of the dog? I've wracked my brain and all I could come up with was . . . well, nothing. Nada. Nil. No comprendo.

I have created a world of polarity. There can be no up without down, no black without white, no meows without barks. Dogs serve to maintain this polarity. For cats to be revered as elegant, refined, and superior, there must be a clumsy, crude, substandard species through which to offer a relevant comparison. Dogs serve my purpose of showcasing the feline as my highest creation.



Then why does “Dog” spelled backward equal “God”?

That was an oversight on my part. Horrible mistake. Lots of confusion resulting from that one—I’m still trying to sort it out. My apologies.



Will leaving small animal offerings on my human’s back porch earn me bonus points in Heaven?

It can’t hurt. Nothing says “I love you” like an unexpected gift, especially if it’s still kicking. Very sweet of you to share. Good kitty!



Why do you allow bad things, like rocking chairs, vacuum cleaners, and matching pet-and-“owner” outfits, to exist?

A lot of that sort of thing is for my own amusement. I still get a chuckle about the “carry a Chihuahua in a purse” trend I instigated. I can’t believe people fell for that one.



Yes, but what about those rocking chairs? They really hurt.

Did I not give you lightning-fast reflexes? They’re meant to compensate for the dangers found in this world. Pull out those claws and show that rocking chair who’s boss.



I’m trying to attain nirvana. Are fifty sessions of bottom licking a day enough to produce inner peace?

Not quite. But you’re close. Keep going.



Why does no one understand my vendetta against the couch tassels? They are evil and must be destroyed.

Don’t worry what others think. Instead, rest assured that when you attack a random object—especially one with fringe—you are doing God’s work.



Why do cats see better than people do in the dark?

I thought it would be funnier that way.