

# Stoopid Cats

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Today is leaf day. Or it was supposed to be. I raked all the leaves off my back yard last weekend (9 bags worth). You can't even tell.

T's back, after four days away at Nature's classroom. I picked her up yesterday. She fell on wet leaves at Nature's classroom and her arm hurts. She has a doctors appointment on Monday. She is kind of out of commission, so no leaves for her.

Last Tuesday, while helping T pack for Nature's classroom, I brought four cases of water up from the basement to my car. I carried them two at a time. T also had various bags and other overnight field trip related items.

At the CTAUG meeting I brought the prize box from my car to the meeting area. To do this, I usually drag my laptop (on wheels) with one hand while carrying the box with the other. In retrospect that isn't a good idea. I should take two trips.

I finally got the strap fixed on my guitar so have been bouncing around the house w/ it while playing.

Friday I picked T up from Nature's classroom, and because of her arm moved all her boxes (and related stuff) back to the house.

My back was feeling a bit irritated.

Saturday morning I saw three cats on my back porch. I have [two Cat Stop](#) units on my back porch. They are supposed to chase away the cats. I got mad and threw the neighbors basketball (also on my porch) at one of the cats. My back is now in quite a bit of pain.

All you cat lovers can call this Karma.

I know I'm not an athlete by any stretch of the imagination. But, I figured I'd be able to throw a basketball w/ hurting myself.

I'm sick of my yard being the hang out place for every stray cat in the neighborhood. I think they were using one of the leaf bags (which are now at the dump) as a bathroom.

I'm considering getting a dog just so it'll blow up the cats like in the cartoons.