Dear beloved Aunt,

Another Christmas come and gone,

And Spirit the hero for deaf John,

What a splendid cat,

Whose all fur, no fat,

The very best cat you can count on.

We can all recall Bills incident,

And a missing ferret, no coincident,

Tumbled and squashed,

Liked clothes to be washed,

In the couch he was God-sent.

A very morbid twist to this poem, “oh gosh”,

But have no fear, Spirit is safe with his fur all posh,

No moving couches to create that ferret butternut squash,

That is, unless he finds himself thrown in the…

Dear semi-mortified beloved Aunt,

Now that Spirit is all clean,

His fur looks polished and sheen,

It’s time to move on,

To presents for his Mom.

With a kitty that smells laundry soap,

Karen might need something to help her cope,

Sint thought of things to help Karen relax,

Maybe a nice candle with scented wax,

But with each idea came a distinct objection,

It has hard for him to find the best connection,

From cruise’s to dinner at the Farm and Grill restaurant,

How could he find a gift for such a great Aunt?

So, I’ll leave you with this,

Double check the washer and give Spirit a kiss

\*\*\* No harmed in the testing of this gift \*\*\*