

The Feline Chronicles

April, 27th 2026

Miami, Florida

Happy Birthday Mommy (Tank You for Da Fud)

WRITTEN BY FOOTFOOT

On dis day befor I was born, Mommy was born. I don't know who her Mommy was but she had too v a special ladee becuz dats da weason dat Mommy wikes animal I thinks and da reason Mommy is so gud to me. And she is really gud to me. She cweans by pee pee box and ebery day at about da same time I alway get my fud dat is disgusting to Daddy but is da most delicious fishy ting in my entire life. I see Daddy disgwusted whenever some terrble cat juice gets on him from de fud, but i wood eat his hands if I could and if i had teeth. Mommy also poots out heating pads for my bwelly and opens the door twelve times an hour for me and den lies to Daddy about it and says she only did it once or twice today. Shwe waits patiently for me to be mwysterious about maybe this time I'll paws and go out or I will reconsider mwhy position on if I want to go out at all. Shwe also gwets me many beds, some of dem heated, and mwany toys, mwany of them bwirds of different origins. And swhwe bwilt me a shwelf where I cwan get sun on da window in da bwedroom and a warm bwed where I sweep at nwight after our lwatest addition -- late-night snacks awfter da treats. She also scratchest my head and ears and bwack in ways dat I always lwike. I appweciate her ebery day but exspecially todway. Mwy favorite of da fuds, I'd wike her to know, is da polynesian bawbeque.



PHOTOGRAPH OF FOOT FOOT



PHOTOGRAPH OF OTIS

Bwirthday Negatwivity

WRITTEN BY OTIS "EL TIGRE" PANTALONES

I hwate dat I'm being negwative on a special day, but I dwont feel like I'm being heard. Ebery moaning, I kweep twelling eberyone dat I'm supposed to be fed ewlier. I ywell and I sqeam and I do what day say Awmerica is all about ... making yur voice heard. Bwut I feel wike my rights are being infringed upon bcuz I don't get my fud whenever I want it, wike it used to be, bwack when I was fat and could eat crunchies awl the live long day. That's wight. All the live long day, I swaid. Like someone working on da railroad twacks and swinging a swedghammer over my shoulder all da live long day. Yes, I know I've never worked a dway in my life, nwever done a chore, nwever carried out an assignment, nwever been cwounted on in any meaningful way. Bwut I still expect my scweaming and wailing to be acknowledged in a more timely manner, and I tink I've been dwoing dis long enough dat I shouldn't have to be refiling this cowmplaint gwiven that I make it every single day, twice a day, and sometimes just before the lwate night salmon snacks too. I wood appreciate your attention to dis matter. Tnk you.

“That's wight. All the live long day, I swaid.”

DRAMA

Tewible Regret

BY OTIS "EL TIGRE MICRO TIGER REALLY"
PANTALONES

I am tewibly sorry dat I was given da honor and pivologe of witing a bwirthday message for Mommy and I made da mistake of swelfishly making it all about me by fwiling my compwaints about not being heard. Dis is inappopiate behavior on such a special day. But da reason dat it hapened is becwuz it dwoesnt' seem like I am ever heard even doe ebery single day I do make nown, loud and cwear, that they are at weast one hour late in feeding me. I'm not making dis up. It is a daily fact, twice a day. I squeam and ywell and nobody fuckin seems to hear me. Futfut hears me. She sometimes joins me wit her silent screams cuz she fogot how to roar long ago, so I no she hears me. But the big dwoesn't. And nweither dwoes the black guy. I am not a racist or anything, but I dwon't think black people hear so good, in my experience. Because I lwet it be known with great roars and disdain that I dweserve to be fed earlier, and he dwoesn't to anyting but keep mwaking daddy squeam, and I dwon't tink he hears those squeams either because he kweeps making daddy squeam. Anyway, where wuz I? Oh, yes, nobody hwears me when I complain and I'm fed up about not getting fed up da way I'm supposed to when I'm supposed to when I keep ewxplaining it, and I jwust realized somting twerible. This was supposed to bwe an apologee but I just kwept compwaining. Dis is like one of Daddy's apwologies, where he says I'm sorry but den just kweeps explaining hisself until he fwustates you because de expwanation ruins the intent of day awpology. I'm so sorry but not about squeaming. About not being herd. That's the only ting I'm actually sworry about. Dat no one in dis pwace eber lwistens to me.



PHOTOGRAPH OF FOOD

“I squeam and ywell and nobody fuckin seems to hear me.”



PHOTOGRAPH OF US

“This Newspaper Needed Saving, So I Arrived”

WRITTEN BY EARLY, SPECIAL GUEST CORRESPONDENT

I am at once both honored and mortified to be welcomed into these pages of the sister newspaper to The Feline Chronicles. Honored because we are celebrating someone who is the opposite of me, who is bad. Sources revealed to me that my parents, at a musical with a fake Michael Jackson, sang "Earl's bad!" I didn't like that song. But I do like Michael Jackson. Everyone does. Which is complicated because, you know, he was clearly a pedophile. Anyway, while honored, I'm also mortified because I can't believe that these cats are such terrible spellers and, unlike me, can't read. I believe I should be in the company of better spellers.



PHOTIGRAOH OF EARLY BEING SOCIALLY DISGRACED

Exclusive Interview: “Honored, Mortified, and Obviously the Smartest One Here (Happy Birthday)”

They're illiterate. Which I don't mind because I love to go into their illiterate box and search for turd treasures. I'm in last place in the house in terms of respect, but I'm very fortunate to be both the last word on this newspaper surprise and the FIRST word on an even better and more advanced adventure. You aren't going to believe it, but there is ANOTHER surprise gift that was left over from Valentine's Day that you aren't getting until months later. Seriously. I'm not kidding. Not just that stupid luggage vacuum thing that was your first gift today and is wrapped in bad memories of surprise ruin ... but very nice gift wrapping. Believe it or not, at any point between Feb 14 and today you could have done what you are about to do right now and actually go to felinechronicles.com.



