

NR_key_name: A9D4B9EE80E11E4685256571005E2450

SendTo: Kevin;Laura

CopyTo:

DisplayBlindCopyTo:

BlindCopyTo:

From: CN=Joseph Freeman/O=ARRB

DisplayFromDomain:

DisplayDate: 12/18/1997

DisplayDate_Time: 12:38:35 PM

ComposedDate: 12/18/1997

ComposedDate_Time: 12:08:17 PM

Subject: Thoreau's Walden

A man is not a good man to me because he will feed me if I should be starving, or warm me if I should be freezing, or pull me out of a ditch if I should ever fall into one. I can find you a Newfoundland dog that will do as much." Finn remains a great joy and an occasional terror. For some reason, though I spend far and away the most time with her, she listens to me less well than to Carolyn, and vastly less well than to Todd. She knows, I think, that I've not got a disciplinary bone in my body. I am a better friend and playmate than parent, perhaps. My forearms are scarred by her sharp, little teeth! The house-training continues to go pretty well: the occasional accident -- though Kevin is no doubt correct when he says that it's unfair to even use that term at such an early stage -- but in the last 72 hours she has even begun to go to the door and let us know (sometimes) when she needs to go out. She found her first dead bird remains yesterday -- I spared Carolyn any information on that milestone. Over the weekend, she slept in the master bedroom with Carolyn and I and, for whatever reason, reverted to waking up (only once, though) in the middle of the night and making enough noise to require our attention. Since Sunday night, however, she has been back in the guest bedroom with me and has slept or, more literally, stayed calm enough that I slept, more or less, through the night (however short, 5-6 hrs., with 6 1/2 being the record to date) regularly. I have more pictures, but I'll probably spare you samples from every role... Todd has a videocam and he has videotaped Finn a few times, also. Carolyn is not looking forward to being alone (not counting Todd, who is out a lot these days) w/Finn for the six days I will be in Ligonier (leaving the 24th, coming back the 30th). She adores Finn, but is a little intimidated at the prospect of being a single parent for the week. She won't be working, 24th-Jan4th, but nonetheless she finds the challenge a daunting one. The cats are doing a little better, adjustment-wise. In fact, the Boo is getting bolder and bolder around Finn. He's figured out that she is slow and ponderous and can't jump, so he will stay in the same room with her until she actually runs at him. Finn and I spend most of our time in this large kitchen/family room living space, with a baby gate separating us from the rest of the house. We put chairs on either side of the gate so Carolyn (who, unlike Todd and I, can't/won't simply step over the gate) can climb over it, and now Boo has developed his fleeing technique to an art form where he leaps, flying, onto one chair, over the gate, and onto the other chair in the blink of an eye when Finn comes after him. It's quite a sight. Buck actually leaps over the gate, National Velvet-style. We rate him on points (10 for a perfect leap, 7 or 8 when he hits the top of the gate with his back paws, etc.). Finn, who can merely crash into it, is consistently scored zero. But, getting back to Boo, since the other cats are still fairly intimidated by Finn, he has turned this into an opportunity to reclaim the kitchen-family room area, vis-a-vis other felines, so he and Finn exercise a Record

Body:

recstat:

DeliveryPriority: N

DeliveryReport: B

ReturnReceipt:

Categories: