

# 11

## THE WAP

Cardi B may sing about a WAP, but I write about them. Picture a three-month old kitten all bundled up in a little towel and still wet. Minutes before, this cute little orange kitty we'd affectionately named Quesey (pronounced Kasey) was taking her first shower with me.

Well, not really with me, but me holding her the way a mama cat holds its littles as I put her in and out and washed all the soap off of her.

This is right about the time Joanna walked in. She had a very confused look on her face as I was standing outside the shower, in my underwear, reaching in to where she couldn't see and doing God knows what.

"What on earth?" she says.

Five minutes earlier I had started the shower to let it warm up. As I sometimes do, I quickly ran over to the toilet room (it's a little stall with a door and enough space for a toilet and for it to shut) as I really had to pee. I was being me and was mid-song that I was making up (not singing WAP) about the time I was startled by a flying furry hairball.

In the blink of an eye, and with a flash, this little ginger jumped up onto the side of the toilet, overshot the landing, splashed "not so gingerly" into the blended waters, frantically bounced to get to the other side where her

momentum was taking her and crossed streams with what anyone who's ever seen Ghostbusters knows not to do.

Now covered in a zig zagged line of pee (she was twisting and turning mid-air) and wet paws, she lands on the floor and starts to panic. I now have to stop what I'm doing and try to catch her before she goes off and dries somewhere that I'll later regret.

After about a twenty foot chase, I captured her. The chase ended only because she was freaked out by what had just happened to her and she had stopped to try to lick herself dry.

Off to the shower we went.

Traumatized is probably a fairly accurate description of her at that point.

And, I realized after the shower how dangerous this situation really was. I mean, she still has all her claws for goodness sakes!

The moment she was sprayed with 'said liquid' each of her claws came out as though she was ready to shred documents for the CIA. The dangerous part was not just me holding her in the shower while she was flopping, but rather, when she first crossed streams and flailed all around while panicking.

That brief second or two could have proven deadly to me (or at least super painful) had I been any closer to her.

From there, in true Cardi B style, I got a "bucket and a mop" and took care of business (well, the floor around the toilet and her running/bouncing path) and had to explain why my aim was so bad, to which I was met with laughter.

And, that's the bigger point. Laughter does amazing things for us. Someone laughing with you. You laughing at yourself. You laughing at the ridiculousness of the world around you. It all helps. Every bit of laughter helps us connect with others on a level that can only be reached by sharing moments like this.

And, if you get startled while peeing (if you're standing), try not to react with any sudden movements like I did (I didn't have enough training on this and failed miserably).

