



## *Love letter to Henri, le Chat Noir*



[Henri, still from YouTube video](#), © Will Braden

## *My Sweet Henri...*

Each night I sit on the fence behind my house waiting in vain for you to return. My heart is so dark the moon hides behind the clouds to avoid me, fearful for its light.



Catie waits...

Without you I am less than nothing: an-unattached-shadow-after-midnight-in-subzero-temperatures-in-a-basement, screaming.

Memories of you torment me always...your strong paws, your manly purr, your hot mouse-y breath. In the 8 out of 24 hours I am awake, my thoughts are only of you (and avoiding the retard of a drooling dog I'm forced to live with). During my 16 hours of

catnapping, I dream about you in shades of black and white—a metaphor for my colorless, lonely existence.

My appetite is not the same...My humans bring me tuna and fresh chicken to entice me (at least I have that to thank you for), but in my soul my hunger is only for you.

You have not returned, yet somehow I know that you will never forget me. I am the furball you cannot spit up...I am the spot on your back your tongue can never reach...I am the squirrel outside the windowsill that chatters and taunts you incessantly.

Meanwhile, I ask the question which plagues me: I don't speak French, so my darling Henri, what the heck did you mean when we met that night in the alley and you told me, "Miaou miaou miaou miaou miaou, miaou miaou miaou...Miaou miaou miaou!"?

Yours for all my 9 lives,



Paws Script. I am giving this letter to your house mate, the foolish white cat that smells like cheeseburgers, in hopes that it will reach you.