

# A Day in the House of Mavis

## A Cats Illustrated Short

Recently, as you may know, Mavis has been very deeply immersed in her religious beliefs. Her kittens have asked that we share this story of a day in the house of Mavis. And if you know us, we won't turn down a juicy story like this.

We usually wake up to the smell of incense on prayer days. Mama usually burns it very early in the morning, and the smell always wakes us up. For those of you who don't know, we're Mavis's kittens. Our mama is very unique, but we still love her.

Mama has prayer days ever Monday and Thursday. According to her, those are the days when the gods are the closest. If you want to make a wish, make it on a Monday or Thursday.

We usually make our own breakfast on those days. Mama meditates from sunrise to noon on prayer days, and we do our best not to disturb her. You'd be surprised—you never get tired of eating sugary cereal. Even if you do it a lot.

Mama usually prays to hear her destiny. From what we can tell, it doesn't look like she's learned it.

During school time, we have no idea what mama is doing. However, it has something to do with burning powder, as we can see the smoke all the way from school. Sometimes other kittens tease us about our mama. They always wish they didn't.

We can't imagine what it would be like to not eat anything two days a week, like mama on prayer days. Seriously, dinner can't come fast enough when we get home from school. Not like it's even good or anything. Mama is usually out in the yard burning powder to cleanse herself when we get home on prayer days, so we have to make dinner ourselves.

Whenever we ask mama if she wants some food on a prayer day, she always tells us that her stomach is full of faith, and that it is all she needs. And we haven't seen her steal any food after hours, so we guess mama believes what she is saying.

There's also a good chance that mama just doesn't want to eat the food we cook. It's not unfair, either. We can't even heat up leftovers without making them inedible, let alone cook real food. Sometimes we give up and make a trip to get takeout, which mama doesn't mind.

We usually have a hard time falling asleep on prayer days. It is probably because we had too much sugar too close to bedtime, or mama is praying out loud in the hope that the gods will hear her plea if she speaks it.

Mama doesn't go to bed until midnight, as we have seen her walking into her room during our late-night bathroom trips. Mama's bedroom situation has changed in the past months. Instead of wrestling medals on the walls, there are altars and candles and jars of powder. Mama's bed is in the center of the room, surrounded by totems to help keep the bad spirits away. To us they just look like tall rocks with faces. Mama has told us that they are chunks of rock that fell

down from the world of the gods into the human world. That doesn't really make sense, but mama believes it.

Our whole house has changed since our mama took up her religion. Sometimes we open a cupboard that should be full of snacks to find that our mama has started using it as a place to store her powders. The bathroom always smells of incense, as our mama burns special candles in there when she is cleansing herself in holy water. Even our room has changed. Mama has jars of powder in the four corners of the room, which are supposed to create a barrier against evil spirits.

We hope that you found our account of a day in the house of Mavis interesting. It was fun to write, even if we just want to get famous for writing it.

Well, that concludes this story. One note for Mavis's kittens—as your publisher, we get a thirty percent cut of all profits.

**The End**