

Make America Purr Again

Make America Purr Again:

Cat Wisdom on
How to Heal the Divisions
between Human Americans

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Ruby Borden
and Charlie Cat

ScribbleFire
Austin

First Edition
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Introduction

During the 2016 presidential election, the level of anger between the two sides grew to a decibel that caused many people to wonder how we would ever heal our divides. While my family sat in front of the TV listening to the two sides yell, our cat, Charlie, snuggled with my daughter, Ruby, and purred.

Ruby said, “Maybe we should learn from the cat.”

“You’re exactly right,” I said, “we should make America purr again.” (adapting the popular slogan from the Trump campaign: “Make America Great Again.”)

We laughed.

Tamara, my wife said, “That’s actually a good idea.”

Thus, the idea for this book was born. We observed Charlie and noted his signs of happiness. We figured we could all learn from what he was doing. Charlie Cat instructs, chapter after chapter, by telling us how to be *happy cats*.

We hope this book makes you smile and that you share Charlie’s lessons with your fellow Americans... and the world beyond.

For this book, Charlie gave us the advice, Ruby drew the cats, I drew the people. Together, with you, we hope to make America purr again...



Welcome

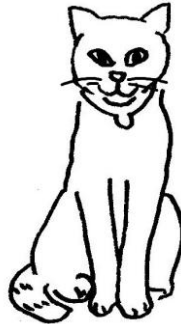
Hello, human person. You want to pet me, I know, I'm irresistible, thank you very much. Ok. Go ahead.



By the way, my name's Charlie, though my people call me everything but. My girl calls me Mr. Fluffypants, or Fluff for short. The woman calls me Kittyboy... and the man calls me Cat, and sometimes he calls me things I shouldn't repeat, but only if he catches me drinking from his water glass or chewing his tasty papers.

Welcome to my book. But you already knew you were welcome because you saw me walk in with my tail raised high, the tip slightly hooked at the end. I sometimes let it quiver.

Oh, and the dead-giveaway. If I rub my face or body on you, I'm letting you know you're welcome... welcome to pet me, that is... so, what are you waiting for?



I think humans are pretty good at welcoming familiar people. I've watched you shake hands, hug, or kiss. But sometimes you're not so good with strangers. If you're like me, you sometimes divert your

eyes and hope they don't talk to you. After all, I'm busy. I have a perimeter to patrol, a plant to shred, and a printer to nap on.

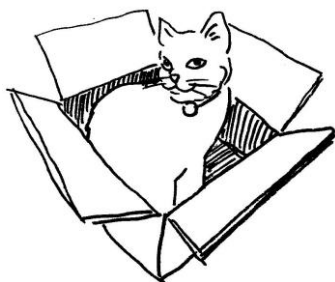


Though I can be shy and suspicious by nature, I'm trying to see the good in people, and so should you. What would happen if you stepped outside your protective day-bed?

Yeah, it's a little intimidating, so start small. You don't have to eat the whole can of tuna at one time, you know. (I learned my lesson on that one, for sure. Sorry about the carpet, by the way.)

Here's a tip from me: Next time you're waiting for something with strangers, instead of playing with your phone, say "hello" to someone nearby. Even though it's fleeting, this simple connection can brighten your day.

I have a friend whose human companion is a psychologist, and she says that most, if not all, human behavior stems from only two emotions: "love" and "fear." Love is welcoming. It makes me want to curl up on your head while you sleep. It lets me forgive when you yell at me for climbing the back of your sofa. Fear, real fear, recoils or lashes out. It leads you into the echo of your own isolation. I hate to admit it, but you need a variety of humans in your circle... not just me.



Look. I get it. The world's a scary place, full of Dobermans and tail-pulling toddlers. But I'm not asking you to give comfort to a terrorist. I'm asking you to give your neighbors the benefit of

the doubt. I'm not going to let fear have so much power over me that I hide in a box, so neither should you. If we learn to see and hear each other, and we stop ignoring our

differences, we'll begin the long process of healing our divisions.

