The Crazy for Cats Issue
How did you get your nick name? My wife and I rescued a stray cat, who we called Maggie, who turned out to be pregnant. When the kittens were born we took care of them and people really liked to see the pictures of them. Because of this we started having a fundraiser tourney of the cat shelter who helped us when we first rescued Maggie. We did very well and raised a lot of money for the shelter. People started associating me with taking care of kittens and then one of my very good friends called me the Knight of Kittens and people liked it so much I have gone by it ever since.

Why do you love cats? Cats are wonderful. They are intelligent and playful. They can be very sweet and loving when they are loved. When they purr it is one of the sweetest sounds ever and it is very relaxing to me. Most of our cats are lap kitties so they will curl up in your lap and let you pet them for hours. Every so often they will stand up, stretch, and then nuzzle my nose with theirs. Cats are also a lot of fun to play with. They love to chase things and if you are patient you can teach them to fetch.

What is your favorite cat coat color? I like a lot of colors of cat, but my favorite are black and white kitties. They always seem to be smart and very playful.

If you were a cat what would you do all day? Well I suspect I would nap a lot. I would definitely eat all the tasty treats, but I think I would spend most of the day jumping, running, bouncing, and playing with all of the other kitties and people who lived with me. It would be a lot of fun.

How do you think cats treat you? My cats treat me really well. Sometimes they do bounce on me while I am asleep and wake me up. But then the come nuzzle me and purr until I go back to sleep. I am really lucky to have such good ones.

What are the best names for a cat? I think the best names for cats are names that the cats like. You wouldn’t want a name you didn’t like, would you? I have found that the best names seem to reflect something about the cat that you like. Which is why Dash is named Dash because he’s so fast.
1) The Knight of Kittens and I and some of our friends (including Baroness Rondalynne, Bart, and Oda) have an ongoing, fairly active Facebook chat. His Excellency Erik likes to pretend he’s not a big soft teddy bear (he totally is – you should all give him a hug), so we love calling him Knight of Kittens to remind him he’s a sweetie. He or Baroness Ronadlynne decided I also needed a title, and they dubbed me the MOD of Meow.

2) There are few things as comforting as nuzzling a cat or being nuzzled by a cat and hearing the rumble of its purr. I’ve had cats ever since I was six, and so I’ve grown up playing with them, and they’ve cuddled me when I’m sad.

3) Calico. The cat who raised me from age 6, Sugar, was a Calico (with 25 toes!). She was sassy and beautiful. The queen of our household cats (who passed last year) was a great big fluffy Calico named Aretha. She was gorgeous, regal, and also sassy. She’s the reason Sunneva and I sponsored the Most Glamorous Application of Fluff challenge in this year’s 9 Lives Tournament.

4) What would I do all day? Whatever I wanted. Because that’s what cats get to do.

5) Our cats love us and like to be with us. My cat Etta dances on her back legs when she sees me and loves to sit in my lap and purr. Our cat Grendel likes to sit on our chests when we are sitting down. Both of them also like to play “games” that involve trying to break things, though, so they don’t necessarily respect our property rights. And they yell at us at food time. So, maybe they treat us like servants they’re very fond of?

6) We’ve got Etta and Grendel, also Gilbert (who we call a “teddy cat” because he is great for a hug) and Cato (who’s Sunneva’s cat and never comes out of our bedroom).

7) Pallas Cats. They’re long-haired cats, with big manes on around their faces and ears that stick out to the side, and it gives them a really striking appearance.

Why is it important to help out cat shelters? It’s important to help out cat shelters because sometimes cats and kittens don’t have good homes and they need a safe place to stay until their people come and find them. Without the shelters their people wouldn’t know where to go and then they would be sad because they couldn’t find their kitty. It’s also important that all of us understand that we are supposed to take care of the people and creatures around us who need to protected. We all have a duty to make the world a better place if we can and supporting cat shelters is one of the ways we can do that.

How many types of cats are there? Oh, there are dozens and dozens. I have to admit though that I didn’t know exactly how many, so I had to look it up. There are over 50 different breeds of cat and probably some types we don’t know about yet. Isn’t that awesome?
1. I'm not sure how I officially go that nickname. I was asked by Countess Eleiwen (not sure of spelling) at a Black Axe if I would stand with Sir Eric Martel (knight of Kittens) and wear a cat suit in battle at Castle Wars in honor of the money that was raised for a cat shelter. Her being, in my opinion, the Truest Heart of Meridies the only answer i could ever give was yes. After that I think I was called the squire of Kittens in a couple of posts about the upcoming event, but I honestly don’t know who started it.

2. How could anyone not love cats. They are independent but affectionate. They are more a companion than a pet because they choose to be with you just as much as we choose to be with them.

3. I don’t think a really have a favorite cat coat color. I like them all because of how different and unique they are. I have 3 cats that are all different and to me they are all pretty kitties.

4. If I were a cat I think I would probably nap all day.

5. Most cats treat me pretty kindly. My 3 all treat me lovingly. Especially when I am giving the scritches.

8) The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter; it isn’t just one of your holiday games…” I think our cats would require me to say that the best names are Etta, Grendel, Gilbert, and Cato.

Really, though, I think cats will let you know what they want to be called (even if it’s not their name) and that is the best name for that cat. Aretha was a little fluffball Calico who sang at us when we met her – we knew she’d grow up big, fabulous, and sassy, so we named her after Aretha Franklin. Grendel was named “Leo” when he came to us, but he was a little monster, so we gave him a choice and he chose Grendel. Etta came to us named Etta, already fancy and looking to challenge Aretha for the crown, so she got to be named after Etta James, another famous singer.

9) There are a bunch of homeless kitties out there. They sleep under rocks, or houses, or wherever they can find shelter, and hunt out of dumpsters or anywhere else they can find food. Other people who have pet cats have to give them up for one reason or another. Cat shelters help all of these cats find new homes and families that they can love and that will love them back.

10) I’ve had kittens and old cats, tabbies and calicos and tuxedos, boy cats and girl cats and in all that time I’ve found the best kind of cat is the kind you get to call “my kitty” and the kind that calls you “my human”.

The Honorable Lord Lodinn oltúss
I have 3. I have Snack, she is a little cuddly fur ball of energy. Skinny Jeans who likes to walk around the house grumbling like a grumpy old man when he is not napping or sitting beside you demanding scritches. And Jerk Cat who, contrary to her name, is by far the biggest cuddler out of the three. She always wants to be in somebodies lap getting scritches.

The Lynx is probably my favorite wild cat. I think because all 4 species of Lynx have neat looking tufts of hair on their ears that stick up and tufts of hair on their cheeks that looks like a parted beard.

I like unique names. But I think that whatever name you give your cat friend is the best name.

It is important to help cat shelter because they help get stray cats off the streets and into loving homes.

I honestly did not know how many prehistoric cats there were until you asked me. I had to google the answer and I honestly still do not know. I do now know that there were at least ten large prehistoric cats like the Smilodon commonly called the Sabretooth Cat or the Homotherium known as the Scimitar, but there were probably countless smaller cats roaming around in prehistoric times.

Cat Comedy Corner

Knock knock
Who's there
Meow
Meow who
Take meow to the ball game- Bradlee:

What kind of cat plays a musical instrument?
A mewsican - Morgan

What do cats read to get the latest information?
The Mews Paper – Lady Deedre

What happens when kittens make a really big mess?
You have a catastrophe -Lady Deedre

All About My Cats

I have three cats. one is named Danny, or Skinny Jeans. He escapes the house sometimes. He sleeps all day, and he's fat. Snack is always wanting people to pet her, except for strangers. She runs away and hides when people she doesn't know come into the house. She's tiny and her fur is really soft. Next, there is Jerk Cat, she likes to hide in the curtains. She's lazy, she likes strangers, she wants to get on them and never get off.

By: Bradlee
Greetings the Youth of Meridies,

I am pleased to present you with the Crazy for Cats issue of Penfeatehrs. We need your help. We need questions for THL Juliana de Florey le Imagour the founder of the Painters Guild, Mistress Anneke von Eisenberg, and Mistress Ellen DeLacey two of our Kingdom photographers. We also need more art and articles. SEND STUFF IN!

YIS, Lady Deedre Turner   Editor

The Next issues theme Is: Painting and Photography

We are Issuing a Challenge: We would like all the Grown Ups to send us a picture of what they think that they would look like as a kid in the SCA

Can You find all of these cute kittens? They are hidden throughout this issue.

Art By: Morgan Turner
I and Pangur Bán my cat,
‘Tis a like task we are at:
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.
Better far than praise of men
‘Tis to sit with book and pen;
Pangur bears me no ill-will,
He too plies his simple skill.
‘Tis a merry task to see
At our tasks how glad are we,
When at home we sit and find
Entertainment to our mind.
Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur’s way;
Oftentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

‘Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
‘Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.
When a mouse darts from its den,
O how glad is Pangur then!
O what gladness do I prove
When I solve the doubts, I love!
So, in peace our task we ply,
Pangur Bán, my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his.
Practice every day has made
Pangur perfect in his trade;
I get wisdom day and night
Turning darkness into light.

Picture By:
Lydia of Silver
Keep, Age 9
Crazy Cat Maze

The End
Hot.” He said. His mind replied. “So hot it burns your paws.”

“Windy.” He said, “It howls in the open like a wolf at the moon.”

His mind whispered. “Sand.” He gasped. “Yep its everywhere, in your eyes so thick, like waking up in the morning, in your mouth drying your tongue, and no water for miles around.” His mind screamed. Once again Sir Chit could not understand why he had decided to take on this most insane, infernal, torturous, tedious, out in the desert quest…” “Oh great.” Sir Chit yelled. “Now I’m blabbering in my head… Ugg! I’m! So! Hot!” but at least he wasn’t alone. Oh no! The one responsible for this insanity was trudging behind him. Sir Chit remembered it all like it happened yesterday …wait it did!

The streets were teeming with life of every shape, size, and sound. Sir Chit found himself in the world’s largest marketplace traveling to his next adventure. Little did he know that adventure was going to find him. Sir Chit was hurrying through the main square. For no reason, whatsoever the crowd faded out and there he stood. He was very short in stature with a commanding grace only his kind could achieve, his large hat with its large white feather sat upon his furry head, and a red cape fluttered softly in the wind behind him. He raised a single paw which he used to smooth out his long white whiskers. He spotted a nearby lady, gave her a wink, and a big toothy grin. He grabbed off his hat and bowed so low that only his pointy ears and large shiny boots could be seen. His long tail flicked back and forth a few times and then he stood up straight and spoke to the lady in a foreign language. She giggled and walked on and so did the cat. Now as it turned out Sir Chit was not interested in such pomp, but the smell of roasted nuts from a nearby inn had his attention. The lady that passed Master Cat had his attention and so it was certain to happen that the two gents crashed into each other. Now to us it just seemed that the two became a blur of fur and many were sure the squirrel was food, but this was not the case. The accident happened quickly and in less than the blink of an eye they drew their swords. Both were well trained and experienced fighters so what looked like a ball of fur was in fact an intricate dance of perry, dodge, lunge, and plunge.
The sandy wind was still howling as the sun began to set behind Sir Chit. Slowly step by step he made his way up a sandy dune. He was sore from walking, he was hot from the heat, and thirsty. This was all he was thinking about when he reached the top of the sand dune and could not understand what he was looking at. Master Cat came up beside him panting and gasping. He looked toward the spot Sir Chit was looking. “Well there we are Sir Chit. That is an oasis; food, water, and trading are all available there. We shall be able to find the help that we need there and get refreshed. Sir Chit wasn’t listening but instead he began to run as fast as he could. Nothing was stopping him as he ran. He raced passed tents, passed the shade of trees, and he even passed the tables filled with nuts. Sir Chit didn’t care instead he plowed right into the water. He drank deeply, he swam in circles, and he shouted in joy. Water, it was cool, wet, refreshing water, and he loved it greatly. Soon Master Cat joined him, and they were both clean and cool. Hunger was next and they ate from several stalls that were offering. They asked around looking for someone who could help them with their quest and soon were led to the leader of the group in charge of the oasis. Soon they would know where to go and how to complete their quest, soon they would get help, soon the next story will come, and we will hear the end of Sir Chit’s adventure with master cat.
Cats, they do what they want.

By THL Jane Wolfden

Throughout history evidence of cats can be found. You might see them being revered in Egypt where the punishment for even injuring a cat was death. Or pulling a chariot in Norse mythology for the goddess Freya. According to author Robertson Davies, around the time of the Book of Kells, cats were a high-status possession. Most owners were wealthy or someone important. They held so much value that there was an entire set of laws based around them, those laws are comically called the Catslechtæ ('cat-sections'). The laws included fines for stealing, injuring, or killing a person's cat. Penalties changed according to the talents of the cat. Talents were listed as purring and keeping away the mice and refraining from caterwauling. Davis listed that the Laws even refer to names of some of the affected cats. Such names including Méone ('little meow') and Cruibne ('little paws').
Cats have also made their mark in history outside of just in mythology, folk tales, and law books. They have literally made their mark walking over everything. From manuscript to architecture. Much like when you are doing your homework and your cat walks across your keyboard this medieval cat walked across the scribes work, leaving its paw prints on a 15th-century Croatian manuscript.

These kitties decided to leave its paw prints on Roman Forts.

So the next time you are trying to work and your cat decides to walk across whatever you are doing just remember. Cats have been doing it for thousands of years. At this point it’s a sacred tradition for them.

A Cat Puzzle

Use this word bank to fill in the blank.

Tom, Claws, Fur, Purr, Meow, Paws,

Whiskers  Stripes
Cats were so highly valued that, according to Herodotus, when an Egyptian house caught fire, the people first concerned themselves with rescuing their cats and only then thought to put the fire out.

When a family cat died, the people of the home observed the same grief-rituals as those for a human family member and cats were routinely mummified in the finest linens.

Romans, who preferred using weasels to rid themselves of mice and rats, concentrated their efforts on pampering their feline friends.

The practice of ailuromancy, by which one could predict the future by observing a cat's movements, also made the cat a little more appreciated.
How many cats do you see? How many cats are fighting? How many cats have all four paws? How many cats don’t have tails? How many have bristly fur? How many cats are in sets of two? How many cats are laying down? How many cats are upside down?

Leonardo Da Vinci’s Study of Cats
Pen in black chalk on paper, Royal Library, Windsor