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Foster Cat Journal: The Cat Tree that Hormones Built-Part 2

Mon, 2010-02-08 11:40 — Robin Olson

I let the kittens out of their room to have a break while I built the cat tree. They saw the parts and got all excited! Each kitten had to sniff-test everything before they got bored and ran into the bathroom to rip the towels off the holders ('cause it's FUN).



I read the directions. I only needed ONE tool. How hard is this gonna be to build? Piece of cake! I just needed to find a 7/16" wrench (though I had to look up *WHAT* a wrench looked like online, first!).



This is not bad at all. I just have to screw THREE legs into the platform that has FIVE holes in it. Okay there's a clue here. Not all the holes look the same. Two do not have threads in the hole, so they must not be for the legs?!

I screwed down the legs, but they didn't fit tight to the base and I was worried I'd strip the screws, so I did the best I could. I know I'm going to use bolts on the opposite end of each cedar post, to connect it to another platform. I'm thinking this will give the cat tree the rigidity it needs. I thought it was weird that the bolts were driven into the bottom of each post, along with a tag, reminding whatever fool was building this thing that yes, **THIS** is the bolt you need.



Why isn't the bolt in a NICE PLASTIC BAG? Why is the FOUR HUNDRED MILE LONG BOLT in the end of the post? I use the wrench, not sure which end of it, to get the first of THREE bolts out. I turn it. The post turns, but the bolt does not. The post is ROUGH cedar, so my hands are going to get full of splinters if I hold it tightly.



I get a wash cloth to protect my hands, grab the post and give the bolt a turn. FINALLY it budes a QUARTER of a TURN. WHAT LUNATIC PUT THE BOLT INTO THIS POST? Was it a sister with PMS, too? I hope a woman would have more sense. This f-ker was in there so TIGHT that the best I could do was do quarter turns, even stopping every so often to MEASURE how much of the damn bolt had come out of the damn post, to see if I was ALMOST DONE. It got to 1 3/4" and I took a break. I read my book for awhile. I played with the kittens. My hands hurt and I was already getting a knot in my neck. I was not going to give up. I would just go slow.

I had no choice in the matter. My only speed was SLOW. I got up and went back and tried again. This time I discovered that being fat is an advantage. I could hold the post with my left hand, press the post against my stomach to keep the bloody thing from turning, then use my right to unscrew the damn bolt.

It worked.

It took an hour to get the three legs put on the cat tree. Just about that time, Sam came home. He must have either remembered I was having PMS or took drugs, because he came into the bedroom, saw what I was doing and offered to help get it finished up. He was nice. Something was wrong. Maybe he knocked off a piece with a Mistress! Of course! That was it! Instead of going to the Store, he shagged a cheap floozy! I'd have to check the fridge and pantry to make sure he really went to the store! I didn't say anything, but I simmered, waiting for further clues.

The rest of the assembly was very easy-of course, because Sam showed up. So no one will believe what a beyatch it was to get those bolts off! My biceps knew better, plus I swore I had a splinter just over my belly button.



The kittens gathered around to inspect the new cat tree before it was delivered to their very lonely and bored Mama.

Sam moved the cat tree for me while I stood in the bathtub, holding Cupid in my arms, waiting for the next fight to begin. We were both being very careful to use as few words as possible and to just get the job done so we could separate again until the next mating season would draw us back together.



I placed Cupid on her new cat tree. She gave it a sniff and jumped off it. Great. Another wise expenditure of funds I don't have.

She came right back, jumped up and began to investigate. I scratched my fingers against the nice, tall sisal post to get her attention. Right away she grabbed it, dug her claws in deep and stretched out her back. It must have felt good to her since there is nothing soft in the bathroom she can scratch.



She posed pretty for a few photos. At first, not sure what to think about this thing.



I hoped she would warm up to it and in a few minutes of me petting her, she began to relax and enjoy her new hangout spot.



It made me forget I was hormonal to see Cupid enjoying herself. Although there's little room for me to sit down with her, at least during the many hours she's alone, she can get up high enough to see out the window and scratch and nap on a number of different platforms.



I counted my blessings that I got that cat tree built without killing anyone and that Sam and I had an unspoken truce. I would go back to the bedroom and read while the kittens played. Sam would play his guitar in the basement. Cupid would enjoy her cat tree. All of us alone, but somehow still together, under the same roof. Now we just had to wait for all this nonsense to pass and for life to settle back down again.

Update: Groceries WERE purchased. No floozies were had. Cupid enjoys the out-of-bounds, brand new, cat bed that's on the top of the dryer. So far she doesn't hang out on the cat tree unless I'm in the room. Hmpf.

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Comments

Mon, 2010-02-08 13:13 — [OneCatsNip \(not verified\)](#) ^[8]

[Nice!](#) ^[9]

Nice cat tree but what are the bottom poles for? I would be scared of splinters falling onto the carpet for me to step on. Are they supposed to be wrapped in sisal? Either way that cat tree rocks

Mon, 2010-02-08 14:22 — [Robin Olson](#) ^[10]

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The bottom posts are red cedar, which is a cats FAVORITE thing to scratch on. they really aren't splintery, so no worry about that. I was being a bit..dramatic. ;-)

Mon, 2010-02-08 15:31 — [angie \(not verified\)](#) ^[12]

[*snort*](#) ^[13]

i snort-laughed at this AT WORK.

cupid looks like the SOFTEST cat ever.

what if she ringworms the tree? :\

Mon, 2010-02-08 16:17 — [Lizzie \(not verified\)](#) ^[14]

[Poor Robin... and poor Sam.](#) ^[15]

Poor Robin... and poor Sam. Guys just don't get the PMS thing. I think they genuinely don't understand about the monster that sneaks into your body and takes over. They think we can help it... this never happens to them... they have hormones too... I've tried explaining to my bewildered husband, just why I turned into the wife from hell... or the sobbing lunatic from that stupid film... There's a weekend in every month when I'm a nightmare - or close to it anyway. Somehow, even though I'm

aware of the problem, even though I'm prepared for it, I can't control it... some months it's fine, most I'm a bit of a nuisance, rather over-emotional and inclined to cry or bite... there's the odd month when I'm the Wife from Hell. It's not like I can help it or control it...

I have found that fish oil capsules, evening primrose oil and vit. b6 (pyridoxine) supplements can help a lot. I still get a bit hormonal, but it keeps me basically sane and functioning... I don't cry (much) and I don't bite (much) either. I'm nearly human in fact...

I hope you soon find yourself back to normal. Please remember that Sam can't help it and he's only trying to keep the peace. He doesn't do stuff like go to the store just to wind you up... he's just trying to cope too. Our men suffer with our hormones as much as we do!

The cat tower is ace. I don't understand why they do stupid stuff like bury the bolts in the legs either... maybe it was designed by a woman with pms and a hate complex!

Mon, 2010-02-08 21:12 — [acninee](#) ^[16]

Thank you for reminding me to ^[17]

Thank you for reminding me to love the hysterectomy! The cat tree looks great, good work under the most challenging of circumstances, you have a right to be proud!

Mon, 2010-02-08 22:27 — [Robin Olson](#) ^[10]

OMG! ^[18]

I think I'm going to get one, too!!!! F-ck this PMS stuff!

Mon, 2010-07-26 22:29 — [Catnonymouse \(not verified\)](#) ^[19]

I laughed so hard I cried ^[20]

I laughed so hard I cried when I read this entry! Having the misfortune of having an early hysterectomy (I was 21 when they pulled my plumbing) I well remember the confusion of the hot flashes, mood swings, fits of anger and loss of reason that occurred afterward. Thanks for the giggles and your fosters are drop-dead gorgeous!

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[Robin @ Google+](#)

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