



Get Your Girl On

601 Lincoln Ave  
870-1480



KPA Productions  
for all of your  
wedding video,  
photography  
and sound needs.

970.734.4321

**KPA** kpaproductions.com  
**PRODUCTIONS**

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN KARATE ACADEMY

A DYNAMIC APPROACH TO FITNESS



Summer  
Classes for  
Children 6  
and up

MICHAEL DAVID 970-846-0574

MDAVID91@HOTMAIL.COM  
MICHAELDAVIDONLINE.COM

道  
靈  
氣

Sarah got  
married!  
And she  
is now  
Sarah  
Freese!



Got Pain?

Specializing in  
reducing stress  
& relieving neck  
and back pain.

(970) 846-0206

5710th St., Unit J, Steamboat Springs, CO  
www.sagehealingsteamboat.com

## Anthropomorphism

# Meatloaf

By Kasey Lane

I am completely fed up with being made fun of for being a fat cat. I can't help it, it's glandular. Eventually I might snap, there's only so much a cat can take, you know? Not like I haven't been warning them with my growling and hissing every time they dote over how cute all of my extra weight is. Plus their friend's constantly crack snide remarks about my plus sized-ness and the whole family laughs. Even fat cats have feelings. It's been like this from the beginning so we'll start there.

My mom always called me her "husky" little kitten. I always thought it was an endearing little nickname until all the rest of the kittens in my litter starting calling me fatty and lard ass. That's when I finally realized that "husky" was code for fat and I was ready to wean and move off to a new home. So, I immediately started eating the real food. Once I tasted real canned cat food with it's tuna delicious flavoring and chicken delight and turkey and giblet's fancy feast, I knew there was no turning back. I was so ready to kiss those fat joke cracking kittens goodbye.

I wasn't sad at all when my new peeps came to take me to my new home. I was pick of the litter and I got to go first. I never looked back at the rest of the litter from that day on.

When we got to what would become my new home, I investigated each room individually and was pleased to discover that I was to be an ONLY cat. Later that evening after I had made myself at home on just about

every surface in the house, the family gathered around the dinner table to come up with a name for me. The list read like this 1. Chubby Bubby, 2. Chunky Monkey, 3. Fatty Patty, 4. Biggie Smalls, ect., ect., ect...fat joke, fat joke, fat joke. None of which I liked. But no one asked me and the name whole family agreed on was "Meatloaf."

So yes, I've been pissed since the first time you called me "Meatloaf" and every time you've called me "Meatloaf" since.

Today, I am watching you very closely. The whole family is scrambling around grabbing things they just can't live without while you are away for a week. You seem to have your whole vacation planned out but little do you know, I have also been planning my vacation from all of you. As you pack your things into the car, I watch from my post on the back of the couch. Each of you stops by to rub my fatty spots and laugh at me and call me "Meatloaf" on the way out the door and I simply can't wait to welcome you home. Here's why.

While you have been poking fun at my muffin top, I have been plotting. You will come home to the stench of cat urine on your pillows, even the ones in the guest room. You will also be delighted to find that I have left various hairballs camouflaged onto rugs throughout the house, that you will step on for days to come. Your favorite lazy boy has also been donated to me as a scratching post. And of course, I will leave turds in all of your potted plants. So go ahead, laugh at the fat cat. I dare you to!

## A Pictorial Journal of Steamboat Style

# The Steamboat Sartorialist

By Chloé and Mical

ChloMichi, a pair of friends who started the Steamboat Sartorialist out of a desire to have a fashionable dialog with the Yampa Valley denizens, humbly admit to their own fashion inadequacies. They use this space to admire those who get it.

