

The New Meow

by Lauren Cerand

Lately I've become enamored of lifestyle philosophies that promise everlasting happiness but stop just short of true religion. The prevalence of a wide array of options in that regard is often the first thing friends from other countries point out about Americans; that, and our relentless drive to continue improving ourselves, and, of course, to be vocal and process-oriented about the whole thing.

I'm delighted to report that I've come up with my own school of thought. It's called, "Dress Like a Cat Until You Get What You Want." Ideally, I'd like to translate it into another language that would reduce the phrase to an irresistably *soigne* five or six syllables; Swedish, or Italian perhaps, probably has the perfect phrase for this expression.

One could surmise any number of occurrences planted the germinal seed for "**Dress Like a Cat Until You Get What You Want**," but one obvious one is the cat mask that I bought a few days before Halloween that has been sitting in a bag on my kitchen counter ever since. I was supposed to attend two promising Halloween parties, wearing said mask, but I got caught up going to a journalism school panel discussion on the future of blogs at NYU and then Otto (not recommended). The mask languished (languorously?), with no hint of any possible future application towards world peace and universal happiness until about an hour ago.

Actually, I believe the idea first popped into my head last night, when I explained the basic tenets of our (and by *our*, I mean *humankind*) latest chance for salvation to my dinner companion, who found it absolutely absurd. There's just one tenet, though: **Dress Like a Cat Until You Get What You Want**. The sillier he pronounced the whole endeavor, the more inspired I felt. I think the entire conversation devolved after I announced the imminent formation of Whiskers PR.

I'd like to say he pounced on the idea, dear reader, but sadly, he did not.

