

# The Legend of Santa Paws III

Featuring  
Wasabi the Cat



(Wasabi)

People say I've been bad  
and won't get any toys



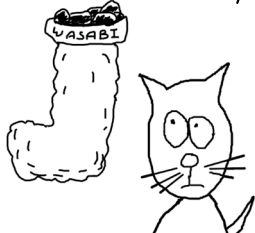
That this Santa Paws guy  
has heard all the noise

How I've been so mean  
swiping at all the guests



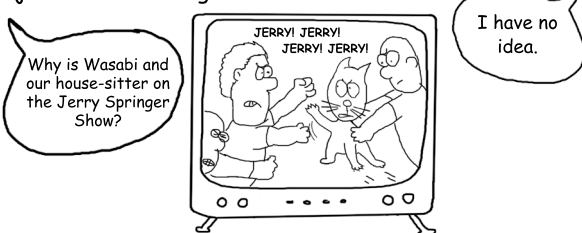
Who come to the house  
to visit, eat, and rest

I've also been told  
if Santa Paws comes by



It's only to put coal  
in my sock hung so high

I don't hiss and swipe  
just to cause a big scene



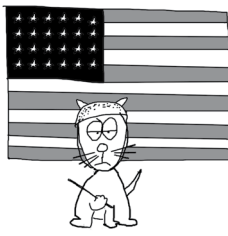
Listen to my story  
And you'll know what I mean

I read all the news  
how the world is not safe



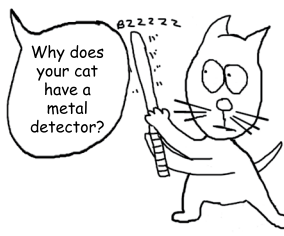
That people are confused  
all over the place

Even government cats  
in political places



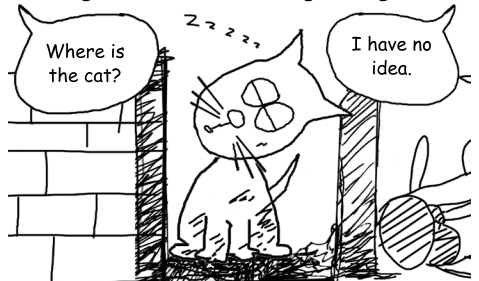
Say we can't trust anyone  
with unfamiliar faces.

I don't like strangers  
in the house with me



So I decided to be the cat  
in charge of security

Then night before last I was guarding the flue



And I fell sound asleep, it was a quarter past two

"Being mean is a way of showing you're scared



No brave cat would act that way,  
even one unprepared."

Then he came to me—he appeared in the flue!



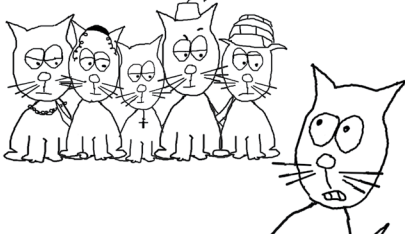
The legend of Santa Paws, I knew he was true!

"I came here today  
so you'll see the light



That being a mean cat  
does not make you right."

"Some day you might find  
yourself out on the street



If you keep acting mean  
no smile will you meet."

Then he disappeared  
without leaving a clue!



How did he do that,  
does he know David Blaine too ?

I arose at once—  
His voice I could feel



I ran to Kari and Matt  
I am sure he was real!

Santa Paws is gone  
I've been put to the test



I'm still a little scared  
but I'll try my best

So if you come visit  
even as soon as today



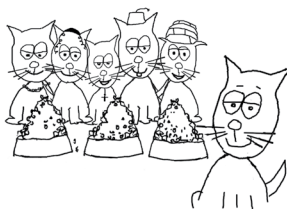
I sure hope you don't mind  
if I smile from far away

Happy Holidays to you  
I'm hoping that it rocks!



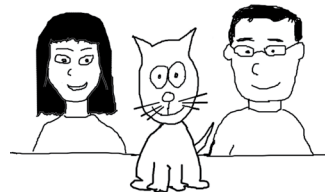
That you get lots of smiles  
and no coal in your socks.

However you celebrate  
with family and friends



May you have unlimited  
blessings  
And snacks without end.

Happy Holidays and  
stuff like that

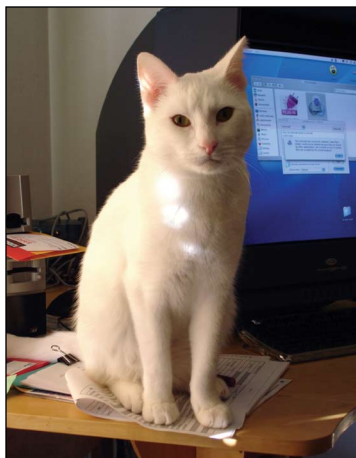


From Kari, Matt  
and Wasabi the Cat

# About Wasabi



Wasabi came into our lives in August 2003. He was a tiny, starving kitten who somehow managed to get inside our studio. After cleaning him up we became attached and decided to give him permanent residence. We later discovered that he is completely deaf, which explains his introspective nature and the fact that he completely ignores everything we say to him. When he is not writing poetry, Wasabi likes to play with his toy mice, play tag, and surf the Internet. He is also fascinated with the dark recesses of our fireplace, which explains his frequent baths and, as a result, his clean, good looks. Wasabi's main goal in life is to one day go outside; however, due to his inability to hear the neighborhood bullies sneak up on him, we feel that he is best suited for a life of art and scholarship. Lately however, we think he might be ready for ultimate cage fighting.



You can learn more about Wasabi and Santa Paws at:  
<http://www.matsuokastudios.com/links/datcat/index.html>

—Matt & Kari

DISCLAIMER: Wasabi has developed a reputation of being not the most friendly cat, which inspired this card. In order to be fair we are giving him an opportunity to tell his side of the story: We apologize to all our friends who may have been injured or offended by Wasabi.

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I'm not sorry I swiped at that guy Ben—he was house-sitting here until I don't know when. I also ripped a piece off SarahJay's boot. She was staying too long, so the argument's moot. Suzanne and Joel cornered me when I was alone, and I don't care if Joel is the "Master of Plone." And crazy Auntie Joy can be just plain rude; she just don't get it, I'm a loner cat dude. And what's up with that guy William T.? I don't really like the way he ruffles me. Those neighbors, the Brooks from across the street, I could have sworn that guy Joe was packing some heat! Lucy is nice, I think she's real cool, but I hiss and swipe so she knows I'm no fool. That little guy Hank—I swiped at his hand. Hopefully when he's older, he'll understand. And don't forget Uncle Bry and his gal Nic, I can smell all their cats and it makes me sick. The Cantleys are great and Lexi's real sweet, but I'd rather see them from across the street. And when I bit Matt's ankle, people thought I tried to kill him. But at least now he knows he's allergic to penicillin.

