

Kitty and Axel  
Story Three  
Hormones

The other day a man walked by the gate, tall, grey-haired, wearing a tie. It's the tie that gives him away; Axel thinks he's a Republican. There's no doubt when the man says, you old junkyard dog. Of all things, junkyard. This happens to be an ART studio, not a junkyard. In addition to being a Republican, he's either an art critic or a bone head; sometimes they all come in one package, although they usually don't lurk around Fairfax.

Could it be the man is saying Axel is a mean old junkyard dog? That's a low blow. Axel is not old, not very. She's seven and a half—middle aged, and she's in good shape. Also, she is not mean, now that she has her hormone pill.

A few months ago she was feeling below par; her coat was dull, her eyes lusterless. She had trouble sleeping, waking every night with frightening dreams, her legs going a mile a minute trying to escape from Caesar Millan. Her exhaustion made her grumpy; she would just as soon bite your head off as chase a ball. And most embarrassing of all, she peed a little when she got excited. All sorts of remedies were suggested, eating tons of yams, St. John's Wort, mega doses of vitamins, herbs and acupuncture, all of which she tried. But no, nothing worked. As a last resort, she visited Dr. Mohler at the vet. Toute suite, he knew. What you need Axel is hormones, he said, giving her a yellow pill.

Now Axel feels like a million bucks. She's happy go lucky, full of zip, dry as a bone. Sometimes you just have to take a pill. She'll recommend it to the Republican next time he walks by. She thinks that what Republicans need is a few hormones. How Much happier the world would be, less violence, more compassion and softer skin.