

The Classy Rat Newsletter

June 2019

A word from Classy...

Drum roll please.... The June Gala edition is finally here! It was a blast! I'm sure you were following me on rat media as I aired interviews with my various guests. Catch up with those on Rat-vid if you haven't seen them! I'm also including exclusive interviews with a few of my guests in this very newsletter, as well as a segment featuring my elaborate topiary gardens, which looked awesome in the early morning sun.

I hope everyone who reads this has an excellent June and welcomes the summer season in with outstretched claws. It's finally warm! I was getting so sick of cold feet and ears. I could do without winter weather for another, let's say, 5-6 months? Yeah, that sounds about right. Can't wait until I can show you the issue on beachwear I've been developing! It's going to be great. But in the meantime, please enjoy this June newsletter!

With Topiary,

Classy

Index

Classy Ratist: *Sweet Illustrations*

Rat of The Month: *Cruiser and Ziti*

June Gala Interviews

Pizza Rat

Circle of Risotto

Mousy Don

Ask Classy



Classy Ratist: Sweet Illustrations

Looking for a sweet pet-portrait or illustration? Holly Wells has you covered with her lovely traditional and digital illustrations. The way she draws rats emphasizes their floofiness and softness. It's quite flattering.

[Instagram.com/sweet.illustrations](https://www.instagram.com/sweet.illustrations)

sweetillustrations.ucraft.net/links

Classy Rat Of The Month: Cruiser and Ziti

Two rats in Rhode Island make a life by practicing painting, trying new foods and wearing fabulous costumes. Cruiser works in a gallery up-town and dreams of being good enough to sell his own paintings there. Ziti enjoys creative costuming and likes to show off his style. The two enjoy many different foods, including salad, carrots, and mac n cheese.

[instagram.com/Cruisertherat](https://www.instagram.com/Cruisertherat)



June Gala at the Classy Villa



My mother used to host these galas. I have memories of being a little rat, clinging to the banister in frills and bows watching below as guest after guest arrived through the foyer and headed to the back room and into the courtyard. Not many other kids were at these events, it was mostly my mother and other high-society rats. The Ratfellas, the Marquis du Fromage, and other highly esteemed rats.

When I inherited the estate, I pledged to carry on the tradition of gathering society's most elite and high-class rats in a celebration of life and enterprise. And as the Nouveau Tail-swisher I am, I want to share the exciting details of the evening with my dear subscribers.

Pizza Rat

I caught up with an old friend of mine, Pizza Rat, who I helped get his dream of owning a pizza restaurant off the ground. He was different from when we last spoke, it has been so long. He was quiet, reserved, his fur looked soft and well kept and peace emanated from his snout.

Classy: It's so great to catch up with you, Pizza Rat!

Pizza Rat: It is, yes. With you also, Classy.

Classy: Since we last talked, you've sold all your franchises and pulled out of the Pizza Rat company, isn't that right?

Pizza Rat: Yes, yes. My child's now manage the business, along with my former employee, Nutmeg.

Classy: So, what do you do with yourself, now? I imagine you have quite a bit of free time.

Pizza Rat: Hmm, yes.

He takes a moment to smell a beautiful daisy which we half stopped in front of, courtesy of Fruit Rats, a landscaping company run by my good friend, Mousy Don.

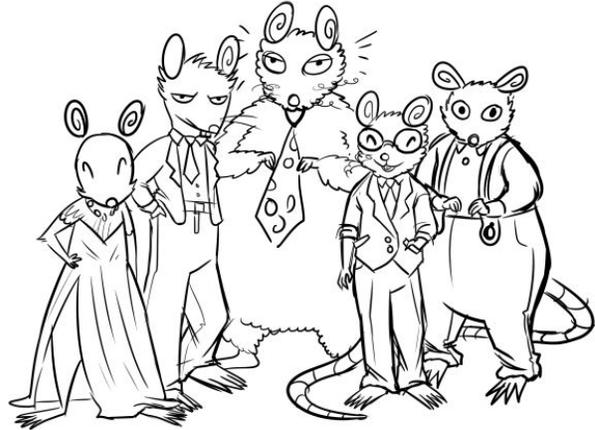
Pizza Rat: Pizza is really an interesting subject. I spend a lot of time still thinking about it. I.. I went on a journey you see. My ex-wife is a private pilot and she and I flew to Chicago, Italy, New York.. Just to study it some more. Learn about it's different forms. I.. *[He gets a distant look in his eyes]* there's more to life than managing pizza restaurants. There's more to pizza than what meets the eye.

Classy: I see. Very insightful. Have you considered writing a book about your trip? Personally, I would love to learn more about your journey. I don't know much about pizza, and neither do a lot of rats. Sounds like a best-seller to me!

Pizza Rat: That's a great idea, I may consider this.

Classy: Great! I'm always happy to promote the artists!

Pizza Rat is currently speaking with a publisher about writing his book.



Circle of Risotto



While I was busy chatting it up with my guests, my former intern and now junior rat-host, Sneakers, stepped up and was able to interview Elvis, the elected representative of the Circle of Risotto, who arrived with 10 or 15 CoR followers. They spoke in the tea room.

Sneakers here! I sat down with Elvis in the tea room. The sound of chatter and bruxing from outside in the courtyard drifted in through the gorgeously decorated halls of the Classy Estate. The room was well lit and Elvis and I were comfortable on

one of Classy's vintage chaise-lounges with a plate of grains to munch on and each a glass of rat rum (1/16th of a tsp of rum mixed with a dot of chocolate syrup and ¼ tsp water).

Elvis sipped her glass, her long whiskers glowing in the early morning light.

Sneakers: Tell me about CoR. What inspired the religion and what are your deepest principles?

With kind eyes, Elvis responded in short answers

Elvis: Risotto. Grains. Moving Forward. Glow. Trusting the hairs on your tail. Questioning.

Not knowing what to say, I nodded, prompting her to speak more. She did not. We each sipped our drinks.

Sneakers: Interesting! Some say that encounters with members of your religion are often bizarre. You say a lot of random stuff.

Elvis: Chillwallala-rat pack dig a whole lot of bottle of bottle of bottle of.

Sneakers: Case in point?

Elvis: Plant some popping icecream curtains and cats. Da Will the Whisk the eggs till it huh it check it. Da.

She smiled at me sweetly and boggled her eyes.

Sneakers: Don't suppose you have a more palatable statement for the masses, do you?

Elvis: We at CoR, do not value order. But, we still follow the same grain and move in sync. There's a natural order, basically and it's very disorderly and inspiring.

Sneakers: Oh, that's a relief, I thought you were going to talk like that forever.

Elvis: Worry not, Sneakers. Coherence is not necessary in the Circle of Risotto.

Sneakers: Interesting! I do get tired of having to make sense all the time.

Here's where things got a little messy. We had an uninvited guest arrive in the tea room, who was none-other than the speaker for the Oracle Rats, Ratskull. They were very hard faced and I felt all my alert hairs stand on edge.

Ratskull: The Oracle does not approve.

Sneakers: Excuse me-

Ratskull: The fact that you entertain this delusional boggler is unacceptable and blasphemous.

I called out into the hallway for some help from the guards.

Elvis: She Scampers, she scampers, she never mind the hat and the pot in the swimming dish.

Ratskull: It's the coverage from the Classy Rat media and other outlets which encourage such blaspheme. The Void rat disapproves.

Sneakers: Please calm down, Ratsir.

Elvis: Nevermore.

Ratskull: This newage nonsense you speak has no bearings on reality!

Elvis: Crackadoo! Nematode Nemo, gotta find him!

Ratskull: You can't possibly entertain the idea of abandoning old principles which have allowed us to prosper. I won't stand by as I watch civilization crumble and rats digress into throes of chaos and chatter.

Elvis: We no longer require your constraints. Follow the grain and find freedom in risotto.

Their shouting here was causing all hairs to stand and the energy in the room is intense.

Sneakers: Oh my ratlord!

Thankfully at this moment, Classy came to my rescue, she whisked in, followed by two of her most intimidating acquaintances: two theater stars, famous for their roles as the Pirate of Pigeondance and Clarissa the Palmetto. Classy accosted Ratskull of the Oracle with charisma and coaxed him to leave the tea room and go on a walk with them through the topiary gardens of Mousy Don and Fruit Rats.

Mousy Don



Since Mousy and I go way back, I thought I'd go for a walk with him and admire the topiary which he helped me plant in the gardens back in March.

Classy: Wow, it all came together so beautifully, look at that hydrangea!

Mousy: Yes, it's all spectacular. This garden always gets such great sunlight from the south. I'm happy that you got gone of that trellis on the east quarter there, your mother and I always butt heads about that.

Classy: Oh, mother was stubborn when it came to a trellis. But yes, thank you so much, Mousy for

agreeing to help with this garden in time for the gala.

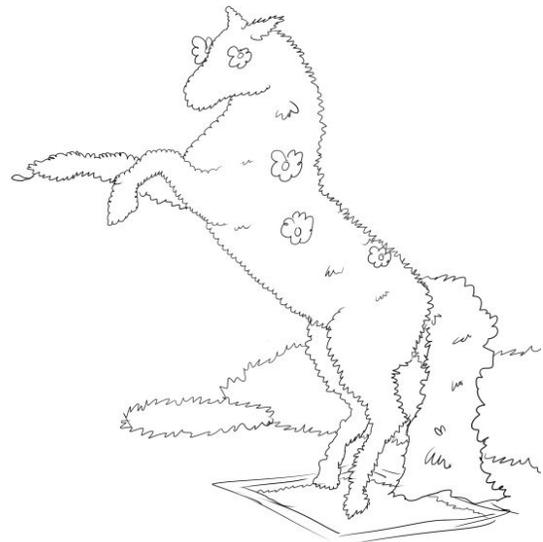
Mousy: Of course.

Classy: Can you tell me about this topiary you cut?

Mousy: This one is a mythological creature called an horse. It's a traditional decorative cut for rat gardens.

Classy: Fascinating! It's gorgeous and enamoring. What about this one?

Mousy: This is the shape of the place where mice go in the afterlife. It's very important to me and my people.



Classy: Right! You mice have a different set of views than rats. Don't have a weird oracle breathing down your neck all the time with rules and regulations.

Mousy: Oh, we have that. But it's all about cheese and lions. Have you heard of the myth of the lion and the mouse?

Classy: Do tell.

Mousy: Well, the lion gets a thorn stuck in it's paw and it's quite unhappy, then a mouse comes along, and instead of being afraid of this big scary lion, they take the thorn out of it's paw with their dexterous fingers and the two share a cheese platter and a glass of wine.

Classy: Ah, I see. How about this one, I think I recognize it from somewhere.

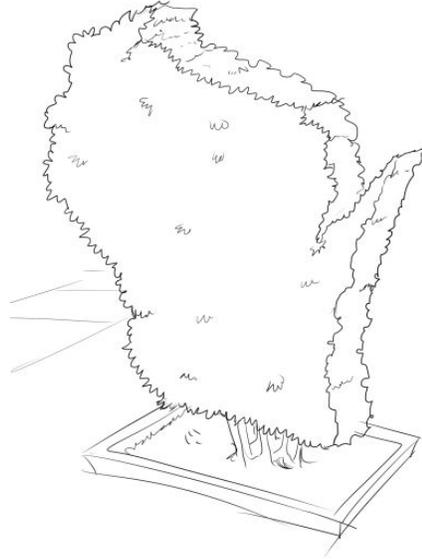
Mousy: Why that's the rocket ship from my son's favorite show, "Vermin Voyage."

Classy: Of course it is! Oh, you know the rat actors who play Sneezey and Maintenance-Rat are here tonight.

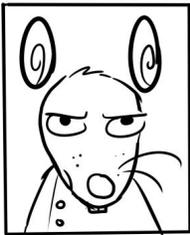
Mousy: I have heard! I have to get their autographs.

Classy: Oh, a photoshoot in front of your topiary is in order.

Mousy: Sounds great!



Ungrateful Chair-ratty recipient charged with disrupting the peace



The Classy Villa received a disturbance during their annual June Gala from Rat Dimension Resident, Toodles, a member of the Goodfeta restaurant at the junction of X-3411K constellation and Planet Bugle, where Classy donated 15 ergonomic Classy Chairs through her Chair-Ratty 2018 drive. Toodles, posing as a waiter, took a series of live videos on private property, slandering many individuals at the June Gala, including Classy herself.

Toodles feels that Classy's donation of the chairs invited high-class Classy fans to flock to his favorite establishment and displace traditional patrons with high cover charges and a dress code.

After deliberately applying for his position as a waiter at the gala and going through a 34 hour training session, he abandoned protocol and made a mess in the center of the patio by hurling hor'dourves at various guests, often missing his targets due to rats having tiny, uncoordinated arms.



A gold-flaked oat cluster narrowly missed Classy's head. It was Pizza Rat's chef, Musclerat, a former bouncer in his day and renown vegan, who stepped forward and shielded Classy from any further food projectiles while her attendants were able to shuffle her away from the mayhem.

For a brief few minutes, it was chaos. Food was flung everywhere as celebratties engaged in what they assumed was every rat for themselves. Waiters used trays as shields to block the eccentric Circle of Risotto from their well-coordinated and down-right mystical formation. The Oracle Rat hurried out of the mess, frightened by the grain rats he saw and caked in applesauce.

Finally it was Mousy Don who stepped forward, carrying with him a great big topiary of a horse. He placed it in the center of the courtyard, himself being pelted by sauteed mealworms and yogurt drops, and everyone stopped

to gawk at the mysterious creation. After a brief speech, every rat came to their senses and felt absolutely silly.

Pigeon officers arrived at the scene very quickly and apprehended Toodles, who now faces charges within local rodent courts for vandalism and food-fight encouragement.

AskClassy

Dear Classy,

I'm trying to make more friends but I'm so desperate that I come off like a lunatic when I try talking to them. Help!

MadMouthRat

Dear MadMouthRat

Fret not, MadMouth! Many rats struggle with social anxiety and forget their tails when meeting new people. Not everyone can be naturally charismatic like yours truly. But, I have heard some tricks which might help you smooth things over when squeaking. First of all, try to imagine the other rat is someone you know very well, such as your mother or guidance counselor. Secondly, remember that you don't have to say much when you meet a new person- just smile, listen, and ask questions. Thirdly, remember that you're just a rat and that most likely tomorrow no one will remember the odd comment you made about rosemary. Rats have short attention spans!

Classy