



# Gowron King of the Klingons

*December 4, 1994 – May 22, 2011*

*"What is there in this world that makes living worthwhile?"  
Death thought about it. "CATS", he said eventually, "CATS ARE NICE."*

– Terry Pratchett, in *Humanity*

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Gowron died while sleeping in his favorite big chair sometime after midnight. He is survived by his son Moe and his house mates Tony, Neelix, Tasha and Dusty (aka The Nipper).

Gowron, son of Worf and Princess, was born in 1994 in a litter of two along with his sister Pumpkin. His birth was an accident caused by our friend Famaraz, who had been asked to keep his parents apart while Kathy and Shane were in Egypt. A door was left open and nature took its course.

We almost lost Gowron at an early age when he escaped from the third floor balcony of our Cambridge flat. We looked for him for two days without success. On the third evening, his father, Worf, went out onto the balcony and started meowing loudly. When we went outside to investigate the ruckus, we heard Gowron answering the call. He was hiding under a neighbor's porch, scared and dirty, but no worse for the experience.



Kathy with Gowron (right) and his father Worf (left)



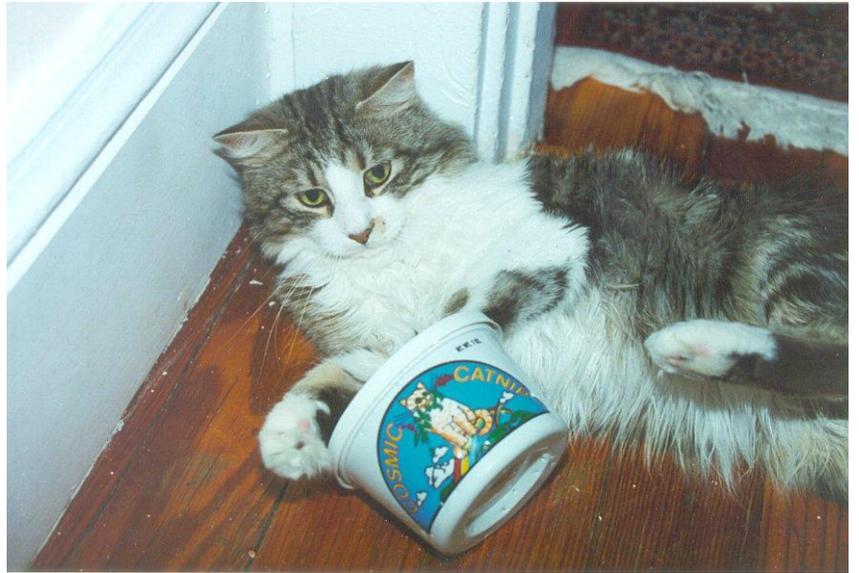
Gowron fathered three kittens (left) in one litter with Copper. At first, we did not think he could pull it off, but after Shane's sex education class (repeatedly placing Gowron on top of Copper), Gowron eventually got the hang of it. One of his sons, Moe (the rightmost kitten), now lives in Hawaii.

Gowron was small for a Maine Coon, but he made up for it with a loud, easy to provoke purr. His hair was perfect, shedding very little and rarely afflicted by matts or knots until old age when he less capable of performing his daily cleaning. He loved to sit in your lap and was fond of purring his humans to sleep.



Gowron was a good mouser. He frequently presented mice to his humans on the first trip to the lake house each summer. Once he even presented a dead mouse to Shane in bed while he was sleeping. But those who live with cats, expect the occasional surprise, whether it be a mouse, hairball or some long lost small object.

Like most cats, he was fond of catnip. He was not above raiding the catnip store if you were foolish enough to leave it out. Here he is caught in the act at right.



Adios, little buddy. We shared life for 16 years and there will never be another like you.

