

The Life of a Cat

It is morning. With the sunlight, comes noise. First, there's that screaming round thing. The humans call it an "alarm clock." It makes a terrible sound. But worst of all, are those creatures with whom I live --those dogs. As soon as the humans are out of their sleeping place, the dogs start yapping. "Take me out!" "Feed me!" "Pet me!" "Let's play catch!" It's embarrassing to watch them. They don't keep any secrets. They lick and jump and do all sorts of things to tell the humans how happy they are. They have no dignity.

I am a cat. Being a feline gives me a certain standing in the world. I don't let people own me. I let the people--and the dogs--know that they are lucky if I acknowledge them at all. Sure, once in a while, I'll sit on a human lap and purr. People seem to like this, and it doesn't cost me anything, so I do it. I'll even show the dogs some consideration now and then. For example, I once let Rover slop his big, wet tongue over my head. It actually wasn't that bad. He managed to reach an itch that I had been unable to scratch.

Living among these lowly creatures is mostly a burden. Because I am a cat, I expect certain rules to be followed. There is to be a clean litter box every day. I expect to have my food stirred, not simply dumped into a bowl. (Would you want to eat something in the shape of a can? I think not!) I expect quiet when I'm napping. (I nap about 20 hours a day, so they really need to work on the noise level.) I have my favorite chair. I do not get up for anyone. I thought I had made that clear years ago. I let them know, with a few swipes of my sharpened claws, that they should find someplace else to sit.

One more thing that really annoys me: The humans buy me those silly toys that look like mice or birds. It's very disappointing to pounce only to find a ball of wool in my mouth. I prefer the real thing. I remember that nice bird they had a few years ago. And the aquarium fish. Delicious! Now why can't they get more of those?