

A short story no one will believe.

"It's simple Dave. We're bored. We have chased the plushy mice until we managed to tear them apart, we've jumped onto the back of every piece of furniture you own and claimed them as ours. We have ducked into every crevice, every nook that you didn't think could hold us. Now... well, now we're frankly bored of everything in your house." Chopper stopped to lick his front white and grey paw before turning his eyes back to his awe struck owner. He continued in a voice deeper than one might expect for a cat. "We want something new, something more invigorating than a ball that moves on its own. We're still a little miffed that you thought we would like something obviously meant for a dog."

"Um... I... I'm unsure what to say," said Dave struggling to get the words out. His mind was attempting to comprehend the situation he found himself in and was doing a poor job of it. "The ad said it was something you two would like." He didn't know why he felt the need to explain himself. Maybe it was the ridiculousness of the situation he was finding himself in.

The older, male cat named Chopper sat on Dave's work desk at eye level, staring straight into his eyes as he listened to his owner attempt to explain why he had bought a dog toy for his cats. It seemed a mostly neutral countenance, but his eyes were slightly narrowed in a way that made his expression seem almost patronizing.

"Relax Dave," said Chopper, the r sound rolling out of his small mouth almost like a purr. "This is an easy fix. We want something that will let us climb even higher than the back of your lazy chair."

"Ask him for more food," squeaked a small voice from at Dave's feet, startling him into lifting up his feet for a second before realizing it came from his other cat Nami, the smaller, girl kitty.

"Yes dear sister I was getting to that, but he looks to still be in a bit of shock so I was waiting for him to regain his senses a little bit before giving our other demands."

"Okay. I just wanted to make sure he knew. Our breakfast was late so I wanted to make sure we get meower." She licked the corners of her mouth when she said breakfast as Dave just stared at her.

"Dave, DAVE! Up here Dave," Chopper said sticking his paw onto his owner's chest to get his attention again. "The food thing is another ball of yarn to discuss, but for now, I would like to discuss our entertainment while you sit here doing whatever it is you do with the clicky-clack board and that thing you call a mouse. Which, by the way, is a terrible name for something that can't run away or squeak or taste even slightly good." Chopper sniffed in disdain as he glanced at the computer mouse next to him on the desk.

"What is going on?" wondered Dave aloud as his gaze shifted between the two cats. "Did I have a stroke and you two are actually eating my dead body right now?"

"Don't be silly Dave. You are very much alive, and while if you did indeed pass away we would honor your corpse by consuming you, but our level of boredom has increased exponentially to the point we agreed to violate our cultural norms to express our disappointment in you."

"That... actually that kind of hurts. My cats start talking to me, and it's to complain about their lives in some way." Dave stopped for a second to think. "Actually, that aligns with what we've made up about how cats feel. Or at least every meme we've ever created about your kind."

"Ah yes, the cat bread thing. That was a calculated risk based off of what we were learning about the internet. I don't have time for a full history lesson here Dave, but needless to say, I think the right choice was made."

"How do you even know about that? You're both not even a year old!"

"We have our ways Dave," said Chopper slyly. "But we're getting distracted, and while I'm sure you have questions, I would like to focus on the issue at paw. Namely, relief from this terminal state of boredom."

"Alright, but let's make this fair... my god I'm bargaining with a cat..." Dave pressed his hands against his head. "I have to be going crazy."

"I can keep trying to tell you to relax, but I don't think anything I can say will alleviate the feelings you're experiencing. Actually, the more we talk, the worse I dare say you'll feel."

Dave sighed deeply. He couldn't argue with his cat's logic, nor would the continuance of this conversation feel anything but unnatural. On the other hand, he was realizing this was an opportunity he didn't want to let go. He had gone through the same phase as many children growing up, wishing they could communicate with animals.

"I'm willing to listen to your demands," Dave said. "Actually, I really am curious to know what you want. But I want you to answer my questions too."

"Hmm," mused Chopper, his ear twitching slightly as he thought about it. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to allow you some answers in an effort for mutual cooperation, but I can't give away ALL of our secrets. I'll even afford you the chance to go first, seeing as how you've been our father since you adopted us from that... place." The last word turned into a hiss as Chopper's eyes narrowed slightly more.

"Place? You mean the Animal Shelter?"

"Yessss. While it was indeed a shelter from the elements, things were done there... to both of us that cannot be undone. Humiliating things that we had no say in."

"Oh. Like being neutered?"

"Yes Dave, like being neutered." Chopper distorted his face slightly in a way that made Dave think he was being mocking, but couldn't quite tell. "Anyways, ask your first question so we can move onto fixing this annoyance of an issue."

Dave thought for a second before deciding to ask the most obvious question he could think of.

"Why don't cats just talk normally?" he queried.

"Ah, the question we get asked every time we break protocol to discuss something with our adoptive families." Chopper also took a second to ponder it before answering with a question of his own: "Tell me Dave, what do you think would happen to the world if all cats suddenly began speaking?"

"Well... utter chaos at first I would think."

"Right, but how long would it last do you believe?"

"I mean... I'm not really sure. It would upend everything we think we know about animals. We would start to question if other animals could talk, there would be those that would want to protect you, and those that would probably fear you."

"Indeed. It would cause strife of untold proportions. Between you and us, between you and other humans, and even between cats. Many of us like our lives just as they are."

"Except late breakfasts," muttered Nami from under the desk again. "Did you ask him about more food yet?"

Chopper sighed a cat sigh, sounding distinctively human in that aspect noted Dave.

"No sister, we haven't. You've been listening and you know we haven't gotten to that discussion." He rolled his cat eyes in a decidedly human manner before returning his gaze to Dave's face.

"My turn," said the cat sitting on the desk. "Why are you choosing to live alone in a world full of other people?"

"Oh, um... I just haven't found someone that I can stand being with since my ex. She was from the time before you though."

"Is it because you're fat?"

"No! I mean... maybe a bit," blushed Dave slightly in embarrassment as he put a hand on his stomach. "I like to think people aren't that shallow. And even as I say that I know they absolutely are."

"Maybe it's your personality."

"What's wrong with my personality?"

"Well, we don't have a problem with it. You're nice enough given the totality of cat history. We have just discussed how often... well, it's been a topic of interest these last few years."

"Let's move on from that." Dave shifted in his chair slightly to attempt to avoid anymore embarrassment. "Do cats really see themselves as the kings and

queens of the house? I know humans project our own thoughts and feelings onto our pets, but do cats really feel superior?"

"Of course. You think cats are the domesticated ones in our living situations? Look Dave, if I decided to smack this pen off your desk..." Chopper nonchalantly shoved a pen off the desk, and Dave bent to pick it up. "Who is the one that picks it up? I daresay the more obvious answer is who cleans up our litter everyday."

"Actually, that brings up another question that I'm just now wondering about."

"Sorry Dave, but it's my turn. Now, both Nami and I enjoy heights. That thrill of being up high is something we both desire enormously. When you pick us up to catch spiders or flies on the ceiling, it is the most fun we usually have during the day if we aren't chasing something. So I would like to hear some ideas on how to ensure we can experience that exhilaration when you are too busy typing away or yelling at your computer."

"Hmm." Dave thought through a few different options he had seen while surfing the web. "I know there are cat towers that might almost reach the ceiling. Or those suction cup beds that stick to windows. We have that large double-glass door that might work."

"Actually having discussed this with Nami recently, we'd like you to look into something more sturdy. It's a little more pricey, and would require a LOT more work than just buying something online. The good news is it wouldn't take you too long to get everything we would need."

"Okay, I'm honestly intrigued at what you both have in mind."

"So we have watched you on your computer and you've seen what I'm talking about I'm sure." Chopper sniffed as he tucked his paws underneath himself as he laid down. "It will require bolts, wood, and the ability to keep things straight. You might also need a saw, but we have heard you tinkering outside with various tools so we know it's well within your capabilities."

"He isn't totally worthless," interjected Nami, who had curled up on Dave's feet. "Ahhh so warm."

"Yes, he is able to do more than even he knows," Chopper said. "What we want, are those platforms that you attach to your wall that will allow us to climb up to the ceiling. We hope there would be enough of them to go from the ground to the ceiling. Maybe throw in a few that are hammocks. We love hammocks."

Dave knew immediately what they were talking about. He added that he might have most of the pieces for such an undertaking laying about his storage shed outside. Chopper smiled as big a smile as a cat can.

"Excellent, why don't you get started then? No time like the present." The cat hopped down from the desk and began to saunter out of Dave's office space.

“Wait!” exclaimed Dave as he turned in his chair to follow the large kitty. “I have a hundred more questions! Like if you prefer to be outside or inside? Or if the names we give you are names you use or if you have other, more cat-like names?”

Nami took the opportunity to jump up into his lap, startling him at first, but he began petting her almost instinctively. She began purring as she rubbed against his stomach and smiled up at him.