



Azucena, Chief Regulatory  
Officer of Quietude

By Y Lu



Azucena was a cat of distinguished scowl. Her fur was the color of burnt caramel and midnight, but her expression was pure, unadulterated Monday morning.





She watched the world from her cozy fortress, a place where no bright sunshine or silly mouse-toy dared to enter. She was a cat who believed deeply in the futility of fun.



Her siblings, Lycius and Tatyana, were utterly without discipline. Lycius chased dust motes, treating every speck as a confetti cannon, a giddy celebration.



And Tatyana? Tatyana had mastered the Art of the Nap, a bliss so complete it looked like a small, dark hole in the fabric of space and time. Azucena disapproved of all this giddiness.



"What is the point?" Azucena would grumble to the rug.

"Why chase a non-mouse?  
Why sleep when one could be  
contemplating the sheer  
magnitude of existential  
discomfort?"



Then, a new object arrived.  
Not a toy, but a towering,  
crumbly mountain of a brown  
box. It was massive,  
unmoving, and filled the room  
with silent, cardboard-y  
gravitas. It had to be guarded.  
It was important.





Lycius and Tatyana tried to play with it. Lycius tried to tear off a flap; Tatyana merely considered sleeping inside. Azucena watched their shallow approaches with a deepening sense of duty.





Someone had to maintain order. Someone had to ensure the box was respected for its sheer magnitude and cardboard-ness. Azucena puffed up her chest and issued her most serious 'Stare of Menace.'



The humans, walking by, stopped. They didn't giggle or call her 'sweetie.' They paused, looked at her serious face, and whispered, "Oh, Azucena is working. We must be very quiet."





Azucena didn't feel joy, not like Lycius's giddy dust-chase. She felt satisfaction. She was not a Grumpy Cat. She was the Chief Regulatory Officer of Quietude.



Lycius came by, offering a gentle nudge of his head against her flank. "Excellent work, Officer Azucena," he seemed to purr. "The house is perfectly subdued. Now, shall we nap?"





She did not nap, of course. She maintained her vigil, the serious guardian of a peaceful home. Azucena had found the meaning of her cat life. It was to be magnificent, menacing, and utterly necessary.