

The Cat's Whiskers - A Flamboyant Feline Story: M.Giles

There's no getting around it, I am simply gorgeous! My breeding is impeccable, my form is sleek and my movements svelte, my fur is fabulous and all my senses razor sharp; in short, I am the essence of felinity. How can you not love me? Yet here I am, imprisoned in this cage, like some common stray, waiting for some human to show at least the slightest interest in me. I know I would grace any household, if only they saw past these steel bars, to see my wonderfulness.

So why was I rejected, I hear you ask. I only wish I knew. As a kitten I was adorable, and this is not just my opinion. The child that took me, chose me from a litter of other similarly well-bred offspring; but as she cradled me, and I purred my acceptance, I felt I had found my destiny, in her small fragile arms.

The first months with Amy were blissful, and I was showered with love, which I returned with my own feline affection, but then things began to change. They say that some animals can sense when a human is unwell, and my keen cat sense detected over those months, a worrying change in Amy. She began to avoid my presence, I was even locked out of her room on occasion, and she seemed to spend more and more days in bed, as the illness, that I had already discerned in its earliest stages, began to take hold of her tiny human frame.

Then Amy would simply disappear, sometimes for days, or weeks, and the house would feel strangely empty without her. The other two humans, both larger and clumsier in their nature and manner than their small offspring, gave me little attention, apart from regular feedings which I found I had to demand, for they would often forget. The male adult would even growl at me sometimes, like a dog might do. So, I avoided him as much as possible.

One day, after Amy had been absent for a long time, the two adult humans decided to have a party. But it was a strange party, not like a birthday or Christmas party; I had experienced both of those before. This party was different, all the humans present seemed quiet and subdued, and there was no sign of Amy. She had always been present on previous occasions, and I knew how she loved the attention she got from the other humans, as did I.

But there was no Amy, and in the weeks that followed she did not return. Then one day I was called to dinner, and found myself roughly snatched up mid mouth-full, and shoved inside this cage. So now, here I am, waiting for my next

owner to come and claim me. But I am not worried, I am sure my new owner will turn up soon. Because, if I do say so myself; I am the 'cat's whiskers'.

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