

Conversation With My Cat

Catling, what do you think about, sitting there on the window ledge all day?

About how I must observe the world to ensure it keeps spinning. About that nice fish morsel you are going to give me later. But right now I am replete.

Replete – that’s a sophisticated word for a cat.

Don’t you think I’m sophisticated?

Well yes, of course, but that’s the sort of word a person would use and you aren’t really a person are you?

Define person.

Well, a sentient creature that has self-awareness and is able to interact with those around it.

Well I’m clearly sentient because you are talking to me. If I wasn’t then you’d be talking to yourself. That would mean you are mad and could not perhaps be considered a ‘person’ yourself. And do I not interact? If you are nice to me am I not nice in return?

Only on your own terms.

Aren’t most ‘people’ like that?

Well look at you, you have a tail.

So do some people.

And you’re covered in fur, you’ve got whiskers and eyebrows that stick out.

So do some people especially when they are old, and some of us are hairless just like most people.

You kill other creatures for sport.

So do you.

You like to sleep in my bed.

So do you.

You abandon your young when they can barely manage.

So do some humans.

You are always getting into territorial fights

(Sigh)

You sometimes shriek and hiss.

I've heard your wife when you've either pleased her or annoyed her.

You can be gluttonous.

I've seen you going at your rare bloody steak hammer and tongs.

A sniff of catnip and you're anybody's.

Don't you have those things called alcohol and LSD?

You don't give a stuff about anyone except yourself.

And you?

I don't go out and come home with fleas.

Didn't you have to go to the STD clinic that time?

You vomit over the carpet.

I've seen people vomit in taxis.

You'll do anything to get stroked

You'll do anything for a trip to the local massage parlour.

You don't really serve a purpose.

What's the meaning of your life then?

To serve you.