

Lend Me Your Ears

7/22/06

Is there such a thing as a paternal instinct? I certainly hope so, because that's the only thing I can possibly attribute this week's incident to without losing my feline and masculine dignity. More on that in a moment.

Mama cooked all night last Friday and made the house smell soooooo good, but she wouldn't share even the smallest tidbit with me. I thought that was terribly rude, but since she almost never shares anyway, it wasn't abnormal.

What was abnormal was that she cooked all afternoon on Saturday, too. And then a lot of people came into the house to look at and eat all the food Mama had cooked. Apparently, it was very good, but since they all ate outside on the front porch where I'm not allowed to go, I didn't even get to sneak a taste. I could have gotten up on the table to sample, but there were so many plates of food and so many bottles of soda, juices, beer, and liquors that there was no room for even Princess THING, let alone me. I had to content myself with getting up in the window sills to be nosy and rubbing around people's ankles to get attention.

I am pleased to tell you that I was paid due homage by our guests, who fussed minimally over Princess THING. I have also almost forgiven Mama's friends who brought Princess THING into the house because they complimented me to no end while paying little attention to her.

The party, all in all, seemed to be a smashing success despite the lack of feline sampling. That was the highlight of the week.

The lowlight came on Tuesday and is what prompted my musing about a paternal instinct. It might even have been more humiliating than getting caught napping with Princess THING.

Mama caught me cleaning Princess THING'S ears.

This is, apparently, the ultimate sign that an Alpha cat - that would be moi - has accepted another cat into the home. At least according to human understanding.

Let me be very clear: humans know nothing about what actually happens in the mind of a cat. When Mama caught me licking the ears of the little rat, I was simply exercising preventative medicine. If she gets ear mites, then I'm going to get ear mites. It is therefore in my own best interest to make sure that she doesn't get ear mites.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it. Though I wouldn't mind if she'd return the favor once in a while. She seems to like it, so maybe I'm missing out on something.

From the top of the food chain,
Apollo
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")