

The Last Days of Red Cat

By Mark T Wolfman



My name is Felinhotep, the Guardian of the Underworld. I'm a cat of course and from Egypt, the terrestrial birthplace of house cats. I'm also known to the feline as, God of all Cats. I'm the reason all cats have 9 lives. For cats that is a holy number. No one has ever heard of me. The reason for that fact is that only cats know me and speak of me. My name is usually the first thing a cat utters at birth, and just before death. The reason I'm speaking to you humans is because there are more to cats than you know. I recently had a new arrival in my celestial feline domain that told me quite the story. He arrived here like most new terrestrial arrivals did. He was killed by the wheeled dragon and went down fighting. Humans used the expression, "hit by a car." I let his spirit stay with his self-assigned leaders to provide their territorial protection until he was ready to join us. This account is part of the life he shared with me. If you don't understand it too well, remember we are cats. We have no human discretion or anything to hide. Cats bare it all.

The cat woke up that morning. It was day just like any other. He licked his fur all over and gave himself a thorough cleaning, washed his underneath parts, shook, and jumped from the couch. He walked from the living room to the doorway and the electric door sensed him and opened. As the cat walked towards the doormat, he looked way up at the top hinge of the door when it made a strange sound. He looked outside and smelled pleasant smells on the lawn and heard 8 birds within a 2mile perimeter. He was a very alert cat with 5 senses that were far more powerful than a human's. He walked out to the front porch, leapt up, landed on the wide railing, and sat comfortably hunched and watched birds perched in the budding trees, a few cars whizzed by containing noisy kids with big stereos inside, and heard deer deep in the woods grunting and hissing in conversation. He couldn't quite catch all the words. "...This is my territory and my grass to eat. You go over there..." were all his cat ears heard from 800 feet. He wasn't too concerned about deer, so he stretched and fell asleep in the early morning sun waiting for his wonderful owner to start getting up. The reason he liked

his owner so much was the remembrance of being rescued from a large building full of frightened caged animals. This was long ago when he was a kitten. No one would have thought a cat would remember so much, but who knew a cat like another cat.

His disabled owners called him Red, after the beautiful coat of fur he wore. Red didn't know why the giant cat people cats made such a big fuss over his hair color all the time. Everything looked like shades of green and blue to him. His fur looked like a good shade of green to his eyes. When he heard the cat people stop talking in non-animal gibberish in the dining room and go towards "Daddy's" room, he jumped down and followed. The cat people (who called themselves humans -just big cats to him) were too quick for him as he stopped to stretch, and shut the door behind them in Daddy's room. He saw Chyna the Cat trying to get into Uncle Mick's room, and walked over and began kissing her neck, face, and ears with his tongue. Enjoying the intense pleasure he gave her, she sat down and let him do his job. When she felt him gently nibble and bite her, then her eyes rolled back, she purred and said in the feline language, "you sure know how to turn a girl on. I can never figure out how you learned that." "Years of practice, my soft fat sweetheart," he replied coolly, imitating Morris in an old 9 Lives commercial from a Cats special on the Learning Channel. He added, "You're so delicious to pass up. Rrrahrr." Chyna retorted, "flattery may get you somewhere," and she jumped up and ran rapidly to the living room. "What that supposed to mean?" he yelled, chasing her. She detoured and pounced on him as he ran by. Then she sat by the front door with her butt slightly up, and making sure no humans were watching. Red positioned himself behind her and grabbed her scruff. He started the motions, and then 90seconds later she yowled in delight, turned around and bit him in thanks. He shuddered in ecstasy and said, "rowrr, was it good for you, your chubbiness?" "I'm not telling you," she said, giving him a half evil wink and grin as they both fell asleep from laughing, by the front door. Being with the cat he loved seemed very natural to him.

Very tired from chasing mice with Chyna, all night, Red ran to the armchair, jumped up, marked it as his with paws and face, licked his toes clean, curled up in a ball and took a catnap. He carefully stayed awake in case Daddy rolled by in his wheelchair. He wanted cuddle and sleep on the head cat's arm, and dream of birds wearing cat food logos that read, "eat me."

Suddenly he woke up, hearing something huge and mechanical whiz by and stopped. He heard mechanical breathing, and sniffed the air. Oh, it was Daddy, the head cat! Sure he was a human, but it made no difference to him. Daddy loved all pale green golden cats, especially him. Daddy whispered, "Hey Red! Are you being a good pussycat? Come here! Come see me!" Red tried to get up, but his sleep endorphins were still in control. When the other cat people called his Daddy to the dining room to talk about food. Red stood up and stretched. Then he quickly cleaned himself. He jumped down and slowly crawled to Daddy who was staring out the window at a cute

skinny nurse cat, walking to her car. Red sat in front of Daddy's feet and looked only at his eyes, and tuned out the wheelchair. He jumped up on Daddy's armrest on the inside near his nice, rounding belly, curled up moving his arm outward. Usually a cat person helped position cats, but he was lucky this time. He got comfy, treaded his paws on Daddy's stomach and made a little nest. This made it so he could fall asleep looking into Daddy's eyes. He didn't care where Daddy was, just as long as that's where he was.

Coming Soon- Chapter 2 - shorter nights, longer days

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