

To the Stupid Humans Who Keep Me Locked in Their House
By Lucille the Cat
678 words

To the Stupid Humans Who Keep Me Locked in Their House/1

I do not understand you humans at all.

First, and most importantly—you disappear for hours at a time. I don't worry (that would be silly), but do you really have to leave me alone for so long? Other cats are lucky enough to have companions (other cats, dogs, or pets—or dare I say, fish?) to play with. I don't. And buying me a cat tree covered in carpet makes for some fun climbing, but it's not enough to amuse me for more than a couple hours, tops. Even with the random strings and toys you put on it. I know they don't move. I'm not stupid. It's why I climb the backs of your legs while you're not looking.

And what about that makes you so angry about that, anyway? If you don't trim my claws, of course they're going to cut your legs. I don't mean harm—I just need to get traction; otherwise I'd fall. You don't need to scold me—cradle me—I hate that. It's why I left even more lacerations on your arms. You're welcome.

There's a better way. I've come up with a few solutions that might help. First, stop going away for hours. It should be easy, and there isn't anything else important in your life besides me. Second, when you're home, please don't play with me for a short while and then ignore me, staring at those silly lighted boxes that seem to fascinate you so much. What is the big deal with those? Get a climbing post, like me. Maybe you'll get some exercise.

And speaking of climbing, let me do more of it. Especially on the tables and counters—I need to make sure that your food is free of predators—and sniff your food to make sure it's safe. If you just shoo me away, I'm only going to come back. Your well-being is that important to me.

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But you probably won't listen to any of this. You'll just pet me when I'm sleepy, when I don't feel like it. Don't you know that when I'm licking your thumb, and biting it, hard, I'm telling you to stop already?

I wish going outside was an option. But I experienced that once—when you were stupid enough to let me escape with one of those infernal chokers around my neck—I ditched that thing as quickly as possible, believe me—and you didn't allow me an easy way back inside. How the hell am I supposed to know where the front door is? Or whether that clear window thing I stare through has the ability to open or close? Four days—with no food, and no water. I hid under cars and houses to keep safe from the honking cars, barking dogs, yelling schoolchildren. The nerve! I almost considered not coming back at all.

I found a real tree to climb—tall and wooden and welcoming. I could almost touch the clouds. Glorious. But when I tried to get back down, my claws slipped—and I was stuck. I was thirsty. And hungry. And miserable. And it was all. Your. Fault.

Lucky for all of us, I've learned the sound of that motored thing you drive. The one with wheels that takes you away from home. The whirring on yours is a bit slower than the others. You exited it with all those things you carry. (Why do that? Your spine must be curved by now.) And I called to you. Not because I actually wanted to see you. I was out of options. (See above: Thirsty. Hungry.)

You stopped. Dropped your things. And found me. Oh, I got so excited then. Meowed my head off. Especially when you got that humungous metal thing with rungs and brought me down. I'd love to play on it day. Maybe you'll let me.

So thanks for bringing me inside. And letting me play with that red light thing—though I can never figure out why I never catch it. You know, but you refuse to tell me. Bastards.