

The CAT



At The Door

By Darla Vasilas

**The Cat
At The
Door**

Written By:
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This is dedicated to the most beautiful
cat in the world. (Of course I'm preju-
diced...)

To :

Aphrodite



My name is Aphrodite. They tell me I am named after the Greek Goddess of Love. If I am supposed to be a “lover, not a fighter”, it was never really explained to me. (But you can pass the theory along to any mice you run into....they won't be so inclined to run away from me....until it's too late.)

But...I am getting ahead of myself. What I really wanted to explain is how I became know as “The Cat at the Door!”

My mommy and daddy found this great shelter and I was brought into this world under the back porch of a mobile home. A few weeks later, I finally ventured out to see the world. Mommy and Daddy tried to explain to me about all the bad things that could happen and how careful I would have to be.



Hera (also known as Mommy)

One of the first strange things I saw were these creatures that walked on two legs. Mommy told me that some of these creatures (they were called “humans”)

were nice and some

were not so nice. These particular “humans” seemed to be of the nice variety. If I remember correctly, my mommy told me to go over and act ‘cute’. They would fall in love with me and take care of us. Well, it worked, and it wasn’t long until they started putting out food for us. After a short hesitation, Mommy went over and sniffed at the dish. Deciding it was OK, she helped herself. Daddy finally tried out the food, and finding it to his liking, dug in.

During the rest of the summer, Mommy (now named Hera) and Daddy (now named Zeus) kept a close eye on me, except when the two humans were near. I think that Mommy considered them her babysitters and would try to catch a nap when they were outside with us. Also, my first summer brought Tweek into my life. He was a large cat called a Maine Coon. He was much older, a couple of years I think, and he quickly became my mentor.

Because my humans worried about me and wanted me to have a safe place to go, they bought me a small house and put it under their front porch. Tweek saw that I was a



Tweek

little confused about what was happening, so he went inside the house and laid down on the bed they had put in there for me, then came out so I could give it a try it. I think my human put a picture of me in my house on this page. (Am I cute or what?) (It is now 8 years later and I have a new igloo-style house.)

The porch above my house had railings that had a mailbox for the humans on one rail, but on the side next to the door, Tweek and I used to spend a lot of time just lying there looking at each other or trying to see what my humans were doing inside.



One day we were a little bored and Tweek decided to let the humans know it. He stood upon the rail and put his front paws on the glass door,

My First House.



Tweek and I on our railing.

then let them slide down. Well I guess my humans were impressed, because they immediately came to the door to look at us.

Needless to say, when I want to go inside (which is where they feed me now, since

they are afraid other cats will try to steal my food) all I have to do is scratch at the door and one of them will let me in. But you know, for some reason they seem to get upset when I want to come inside at midnight, or even 3:00 in the morning. They stay up all night too....don't they.

Some humans believe that we cats are supposed to sleep 20 hours a day. That's only 4 hours awake to do everything we have to do. Do you have any idea how long it takes to lick yourself clean, chase mice and squirrels, patrol my territory, and still have time to eat all the goodies put out for me? What is a cat to do? In four hours? Give me a break!

You know, they had a hard time trying to get my mommy to come inside. She did a couple of times, but wanted to go right back out, especially if they tried to shut the door. Now, me...that's a different story. I do like it inside. It's warm, there's even a sofa to sleep on (if I can get my human mommy to vacate a particular

cushion), and there's always food and water in my dishes. And best of all, all I have to do is roll over and I can automatically get a tummy rub. I must take after my mommy on that. She was going to have kittens during my second summer, and one day when my human started to give her a tummy rub, my mommy just couldn't get enough. (See the photo below.)

They have tried to get me to use a litter box, but no thanks. I did it twice (there was a huge blizzard and I couldn't get out the front door so I didn't have a choice.) I am really an outdoor cat, and I intend to stay one. My human daddy says that I think he's my slave (getting up to let me in and out all the time), but isn't that what humans are supposed to do. So what if I have to come in for a snack every hour or so, I guess that's why they started saying, "there's a cat at the door", when I scratch to let them know I'm there. There's just something about being outside...a sense of freedom. Yes, I could leave anytime, but why would I want to. They are good to me, they feed me, and I get t u m m y rubs...what else could a kitty cat ask for?



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My humans have bought me lots of toys. They even took an old fishing pole and put a toy on the end of the line and throw it across the yard so I can chase it. Now wasn't that nice? I am eight years old now, and don't chase things like I used to, but I do enjoy a good run now and then. Besides, I have to humor them, don't I? Yes, I am very independent; but I also know who takes care of me. They are good to me (even when they take me to that place called "the vet"). I know they love me. I get hugs and kisses (yecch) , but I put up with them. I just hope the other neighborhood cats don't see it. How embarrassing! I do have a reputation to keep up. But that, again, is another story.





When I was just a kitten.

THE CAT AT THE DOOR



Coming Soon:

Cat on Patrol
Cat on the Edge