

ApoCATlypse

“GRAYCE!!!” My human’s voice boomed, “What are you doing?!”

My ear twitched. “Ugh. Don’t you know that cats’ ears are highly sensitive? You don’t need to yell.” I stopped marking my territory on the sofa and shot my human, Macy, my frequently used I-told-you-not-to-disturb-me-when-I’m-doing-my-business look.

“That is my favorite spot in this WHOLE HOUSE!” She jutted her pointer finger toward the spot I claimed. She looked like she was on the verge of tears, “You KNOW that’s my favorite spot! YOU KNOW!!”

“Ah, Macy. Don’t you know it’s kitten season?” I purred. She didn’t seem to understand, then again, no human ever does. She kept glaring at me, as IF she could give a better glare than I could. I grunted, partly because I was annoyed, partly because I had a hairball in my throat, and partly because I was annoyed that I had a hairball in my throat.

“Let me guess. You don’t even know what kitten season is.” I inferred.

“Grayce, you’re going to make me late! Don’t you know how long it takes to get... that... out of furniture?!” She huffed.

I interjected, “I’m going to take that as a ‘No I don’t, Grayce. Tell me about it’. Okay. Thank you for your curiosity. Kitten season is a period of time in the year when cats reproduce. When the earth gets repopulated with its most invaluable creatures. Am I right?”

“Forever! It takes forever!” Macy grumbled.

“Yes, I’m glad you agree.” I rolled my emerald-green eyes, “This period usually occurs in the hotter months, from April through October, but here in Hawaii it lasts almost the whole year due to the hotter climate. It’s rather intriguing.” Macy didn’t seem “rather intrigued”. She was now fervently scrubbing the couch, as if trying to revive her soulmate.

“And since I’m so smart,” I continued, “I sensed the warmth and started urinating on the furniture to attract a male. I mean, it’s really the logical thing to do. I wouldn’t want to miss kitten season.” I howled. “I’m so late. Everyone probably already mated. In fact, I imagine there’s a litter of kittens outside right now.” I strutted over to the door.

“Oh, now where are you going?” Macy followed me to the door and opened it. Her eyes grew so wide, they could’ve been golf balls. The litter of kittens sitting outside the door meowed expectantly.

“Told you.” I smirked.

“What do I do?” She held her chest and gasped for air

“Just wait. Their mom might be nearby. They don’t need help if the mom is with them. Wait for a dozen hours or so. The mom should come by then. If not...”

“Oh gosh. What do I do?” She blinked, absolutely flustered.

I sighed. That happens quite often when you have a human like Macy. “You should’ve read the Hawaiian Humane Society Kitten FAQ like I told you to.” I shook my head.