

Educated Moggies

by Cassie Ingaben

The big black cat yawned and looked at the red tabby who was busily scratching his scruffy hide. "Say, DeeCat, have you noticed that the Mistress is at it again?"

DeeCat sniffed in disdain: "How could have I missed it, BoCat? I thought all those leaves of paper on the floor were our new toilet, remember?"

BoCat chuckled: "She was not amused, I can tell. But at least when she's busy like that, she forgets about most of the rest... She still hasn't noticed that I filched that bacon rind from the counter!"

DeeCat struck him a look of disgust, pointedly centering it at the black cat's midsection. "You'll burst one day, just like a bloody goldfish."

BoCat's eyes took a dreamy air, half closed lids undoubtedly containing visions of fish. DeeCat jumped and bit him out of spite.

"OUCH! What did you do that for?"

DeeCat shrugged, and went back to grooming his admittedly needy pelt. BoCat sighed, resigned. "Well, I guess this means she will soon start again..."

DeeCat's hairs rose: "God, I hope not! Remember that time she was doing, what's it called?"

"Re-enactment."

"Yes, that. She thought the bloody scene was too long, so she tried it out." DeeCat shivered.

"I was hiding under the bloody couch when she started beating the shit out of it!"

A minute or two of silence followed, the two cats content to just lie there. Then BoCat broke the silence again. "What do you think she's writing about, this time?"

"I hope her editors talked her out of that stupid depressing story... I fancy some nice traditional action—you know, car chases and shootouts. At least when she reads it out, it's interesting. One day I might even tell her when her grammar is off—if I feel like it..."

BoCat made a face: "I don't know how anyone could ever imagine you're the sensitive one, mate! Me, I like it when she does relationship stories. When she gets stuck and reads it aloud

ten times, at least it's less mind-numbing than the retelling of handbrake turns... But you're right about the grammar: I'll have to topple the Strunk and White open to page 27 again."

DeeCat nodded his assent, then smirked: "Well, you know that there's always a solution when she gets stuck..."

BoCat's face mirrored the same complicitous amusement: "Remember her face when she found our scene on the computer and of course could not remember having written it?"

DeeCat cackled: "She thought she was losing it! It's good that her friends persuaded her she must have written it without remembering it... When she's that nervous she makes my hairs electric every time she touches me."

BoCat sighed in satisfaction: "Maybe I shouldn't say it myself, but I think that scene was one of the best ones we ever wrote. I always thought her Bodie was slightly off, but our scene sets it right, the way it should be! Hope she puts it in the right place, though..."

"Don't worry, we'll fix that too! Next time she spreads the chapters out on the floor, we'll rearrange them for her..."

The two cats looked at each other, eyebrows raising in amused satisfaction. Then DeeCat added: "And she thinks she is doing it all alone!" They both started to laugh hysterically, rolling on the floor in helpless mirth.

BoCat was the first to regain his composure: "She may be a bit simple, but she's not all bad, and I don't only mean as a writer. Imagine if she were like MurphCat's Mistress: I can't even imagine being picked up and made to dance! Would probably throw up all over her..."

With a heartfelt nod, DeeCat nodded his agreement and went back to sleep, one ear cocked in vigilance in case their Mistress decided it was time to try out her first draft on them. It was tough, to be a slasher cat, but someone had to do it.

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