

Talking cat

My husband and I were flying to India.

Before the airport we had to go to a private car park and park our car there for two months. When we arrived, we found that the little house - the office where we had to register and pay for all these services was still closed.

We arrived 15 minutes early.

Near the office I noticed a cat of unearthly beauty.

It was large, fluffy, well-groomed and very beautifully coloured. Blueish-pebble large spots on the back alternated with small white gaps, and between them a few small black spots - accents, all this passed into a snow-white belly. At the ends of the white paws were "shoes" ash and black color. Luxurious, as ostrich feathers tail with a white tip and indescribably sweet face.

My husband stayed at the closed door to wait for the owner of the car park, and I, as a 'love slave', followed the charming creature.

The cat knew I was following him, he knew I was fascinated by him, he knew his worth. I could see it in his walk, in the way he ordered me to follow him without even looking at me.

I'd learnt from shamans how to talk telepathically to animals.

I'd been able to do it. I wanted to communicate with this four-legged character.



The cat led me to a small area near the office. The small plot, the size of a medium-sized flowerbed, was fenced with a low kerb, covered with gravel, and a tree in the middle.

The cat majestically, smoothly and ostentatiously lazily stepped over the kerb. And then with a look of tired geniality, carelessly and very beautifully threw his luxurious body on the gravel. The way a charming marquise throws an expensive lycra glove that has just been removed from her slender hand onto a marble table.

I came closer to the cat and squatted down beside him.

-How beautiful you are! Pussycat, what's your name?

And then the cat looked at me for the first time....He looked at me without blinking his big blue eyes with silver, incredible purity and transparency.

Under that crystal gaze of his, I was petrified.

Never in my life have I met eyes that radiated such hatred.

Hate in its purest form, unadulterated.

It was so out of sync with the perfect feline beauty of his face.

For a while we stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

The cat got bored and turned his face away contemptuously.

I came to my senses and remembered that he was actually a cat and I was actually a human.

The obsession was gone.

I began to look at this fluffy wonder again. The cat let me admire him.

It was hard to restrain myself not to run my fingers into his pearly white fur on his belly.

-Are you a boy or a girl? - I asked.

The cat turned his muzzle to me and I heard inside my head: -Don't you see my balls?

At that the cat smoothly rolled over on its back and I saw two rows of nipples in its soft fur.

It was a female cat!

She was mocking me, staring at me with ice-cold eyes and this time there was boredom and contempt in her aquamarine eyes.

Suddenly our dialogue was interrupted.

The cat quickly jumped up on its feet and jogged towards the office without paying any attention to me.

When I reached the office, the door was open.

It was a small room with a large desk, a chair and a large woman in her forties behind the desk.

There was no chair for the clients. My husband was standing up to sign some papers.

In the wall to the left of the desk there was a slightly opened door.

Just near this door sat a cat, trying to open it with its paw and meowing loudly.

The woman at the table and my husband were talking softly about something.

The cat was meowing melodiously and even gently, but loudly and insistently.

I watched the whole scene from outside the office, at the entrance.

I could clearly see the cat, the ajar door and its attempts to open it with its paw. Its pitiful meow, like a humiliating begging, was so out of keeping with the arrogant, cold beauty who had showered me with her contempt a few minutes before.

I thought she was faking it to get what she wanted.

The woman got up from the table and while continuing to tell my husband something, without even looking at the cat, she automatically slammed the door shut.

The cat continued to sit in front of the door for a while, with its head held high and looking at the doorknob in silence.

She didn't meow anymore.

The door was slammed in her face so abruptly, rudely, and apparently she found it hard to believe. Energetically, in its abruptness, this slamming of the door in her face was like a slap in the face.

I felt like an unwilling witness to her humiliation.

This woman from the office, apparently the owner of the cat, has no idea that this animal understands everything as well as a human, feels everything and does not forgive anything.

Suddenly the cat sharply turned its head in my direction and again looking into my eyes with pressure said,

-I hate humans!

I was not surprised, I had a lot of sympathy and respect for this animal.

And I asked automatically, (also, mentally) -And me too?

The cat turned its muzzle away, looked at the door handle for a while, as if thinking over the answer.

Then, looking at me, she said:

-No. I just can't stand you!

The journey to the airport took about 20 minutes. My husband and I were on a mini bus.

On my soul, I felt nasty, so to speak, 'cats scratching.'

This whole short story just wouldn't come out of my head. I was depressed.

And it was not clear what point disturbed me, the fact that the owner of this cat by her rudeness and unawareness cripples the soul of this intelligent animal or that this cat 'can not stand me'.

It was just very sad.