

In Memory of the Cat Fountain

It turns out Stitch wasn't the only one who liked the cat fountain.

By Crystal Apilado

Posted: November 20, 2009, 3 a.m. EST

Stitch loves to drink water out of his cat fountain. When I first brought Stitch home I decided I was going to get him a cat fountain. I wanted to provide him with fresher water that would continuously move and filter out hair and other cat nastiness that normally ends up in the cat water bowl. It turned out that he really liked it. When I found out my parent's cat, Gordita, would be living with us for a couple of months, I decided to get a bigger cat fountain.

After a couple of years of glorious flowing water, the cat fountain died. I debated over buying a replacement motor or a different model. Now Gordita is back with my parents and I didn't need the larger fountain. While I researched, Stitch refused to touch the "still" water in the bowl. He jumped into the bathtub after every shower to lap at the leftover water drips. His rebellion lasted about four days before I finally caved and bought a smaller cat fountain.

I'm happy to report that Stitch is back to lavishly lapping water from the bubbling flowing water.

In memory of the old cat fountain, I'm sharing a funny story involving it. After I had just moved in, I noticed that Tristan was pretending he was a cat. He would follow Stitch around crawling on all fours. He would play with Stitch's toys and he would meow instead of talk. I thought perhaps it was a phase and he would get tired of being a cat.

One day after I had just poured a fresh cup of coffee and sat down at my computer. I looked over, and there at the cat fountain was Tristan lapping at the water. Stitch sat next to him with an offended look on his face that clearly read "What are you doing?!? This is my fountain!"

This resulted in a little talk with Tristan about the difference between pretending to be a cat and actually being a cat. And then the discussion led to the fact that Tristan was actually a boy and boys drink water out of cups, and Stitch is a cat and cats drink water out of the cat fountain.

In response, Tristan looked me square in the eye and with a smile said, "I'm Tristan and I'm a cat!"

I smiled, and sighed, and kept an eye out. I didn't catch him drinking out of the cat fountain again, the key phrase being "I didn't catch." I'll continue to hope that he didn't drink out of it again. I guess the positive way of looking at it is at least it was fresh flowing water running through a filter.

[Click here to read more Cat Blogs](#)