

Homemade Cookies (And Other Disasters)

Peter Gerstenzang, CatChannel's humor columnist, on disasters in the home.

By Peter Gerstenzang

Buster, the Persian I've been babysitting, walks into my kitchen eight times a day and stares up at the ceiling. It's not because the paint job I did there is so terrific. A monkey with a long-handled paint roller, gliding by on roller blades could've done better. Nope, it's those remnants of cookies that keep falling into Buster's mouth, that have him looking up like he's wearing a neck brace. Apparently, he's expecting that stuff to drop endlessly—as if it were a gift from the gods. Call it, "The Miracle Of The Homemade Cat Cookies." You see, I recently had trouble in the baking department. Well, "trouble" isn't the right word. "Train wreck," maybe. If my baking was a marriage, it would be Liza Minelli and David Gest. So, enjoy yourself, Buster. Next time, I'm buying treats from the store.

Here's what happened.

Since Buster is visiting, I figured he could use some home cooking. What could be easier than making cookies, right? Except, maybe learning the name of every single cat species ... in Latin.

It started out well. I mixed up catnip, soy flour, wheat germ and other wholesome things, with Buster by my side. Suddenly starved from my all Cheez Whiz and waffle diet, I nearly ate the stuff. Buster's glare stopped me. Soon, I had everything mixed, rolled out and cut into small, cat bite-sized pieces. This last part took forever. I wasn't wearing my reading glasses and thought the directions said, "cat-shaped pieces." Ever tried shaping batter so it looks like Persians and Calicoes? It takes hours. Plus, Buster hated posing.

Ultimately, I got the stuff into the oven. However, when I took it out and let it rest on the stove, it seemed undercooked. Solution? I turned on a stove burner and decided to cook the "cookies" a little more. Mistake! Whatever is in that catnip, man, it should be sold to the defense department. The treats started whistling like Roman candles and pieces of each one rocketed up toward the ceiling. Luckily for Buster, they didn't stay there. Within minutes, cookie gook was falling all around us, a dessert version of the London blitz. At first Buster freaked when he got hit, but when he realized if he just tilted his head back dough would fall into his mouth, he was one happy cat.

Eventually, I got everything cleaned up. But believe me, that catnip is murder. Buster was so wired, I didn't dare give him a ball of string to play with that night. I was afraid by morning, he'd have knitted a quilt with it.

So, tomorrow, I'm going to the store to buy my feline friend commercial cookies. Buster will get into them. Well, eventually. I think the glop has another week to go before it stops falling. I don't mind that my cat keeps his head up and mouth open. It's that he keeps bumping into things. Buster, we're going to have to work on that.

Back to The Cool Cat by CatChanel humor columnist Peter Gerstenzang.