

A Visit from Miss Kitty

Peter Gerstenzang, CatChannel's humor columnist, shares the joy and heartache he and his dog Fluffy experienced when pet-sitting Miss Kitty.

By Peter Gerstenzang

My dog Fluffy and I recently said goodbye to my sister's cat Miss Kitty that we baby-sat for a week. Fluffy is so depressed that he has locked himself in my bedroom, and I can't get in there to comfort him. Or grab a change of clothes. Frankly, given my Bichon's unpleasant history with cats, I am amazed this visit went so well. I expected those two to square off all week like Riff and Bernardo in "West Side Story." I'm still trying to figure out how Fluffy locked the door though...

Miss Kitty's visit began inauspiciously. Not two minutes after I put down her cat food, Fluffy began to eat out of Miss Kitty's bowl. The Siamese took this opportunity to climb up on the stove and jump onto Fluffy's head. So, for one long minute, it looked as if my dog was wearing a Daniel Boone hat. Well, one with a moving tail. Soon though, the two bonded. I'd like to take the credit for that. They discovered that instead of torturing me individually, it was much more fun to work as a team.

For instance, Fluffy has this habit of occasionally getting into my closet, pushing the door shut and whizzing on my Ferragamo moccasins. This time, when he did the nasty trick, he was followed by Miss Kitty. She smiled at Fluffy. A wicked smile that said, "I love partying with you! Does this guy have any more Italian footwear?" These two creatures had suddenly switched from "West Side Story" to those scary co-conspirators from "In Cold Blood."

Of course, it wasn't all mayhem and defiling moccasins. The cat and dog became friendly at mealtime too. The second time Fluffy made a move for Miss Kitty's bowl, I guess she figured he had shown her such a good time destroying my shoes that she owed him one. So, she let him eat her tuna. Fluffy reciprocated by dropping some of his food into Miss Kitty's bowl. I worried that this might be like letting two alcoholics drink from the same bottle. But when cats and dogs are getting along, you let it be. I read that in the Bible once.

We all slept in the same bed and aside from some occasional naughty animal giggles, nighttimes were pleasant. In fact, the days and nights flew by. When Miss Kitty had to leave, Fluffy knew it instinctively. Miss Kitty nuzzled him and whispered in his ear, "Oh, what a time we had with those shoes, huh Buddy?" For one last time, she jumped on Fluffy's head again. This time he loved it.

So, it looks as if I better get a cat for my dog. In the meantime, if anybody knows how to coax Fluffy out of my room, please write. I really need a nice, fresh change of clothes.

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