

The Wild One

Gracie is queen of her own jungle during her nature jaunts.

By Peter Gerstenzang

Posted: November 30, 2009, 3 a.m. EST

Gracie lets her imagination run wild. Everyone thinks I'm such a nice girl. But they don't know what goes on in the crazy carnival of my soul! I'm really a wildcat. So sometimes I need to go into that jungle behind the house and hunt. Well, after a nap, a tummy rub and some Whiskas. Then I stalk and pounce. Peter watches. Because he's in awe of me! He'd never go out there alone and tangle with a field mouse. I don't hold that over his head. I'm too short, anyway.

When I'm out back, I pretend it's the plains of Africa. But, I'm confused. How can plains be in the yard and the sky, too? That's over my head. Suddenly, I see a puma! And I chase it away. If I told you it was Marcel, a tabby, you probably wouldn't be impressed.

I scatter some mice (I mean, wild boars!) and take a short nap. It's true, plains are good for sleeping on. A bit later I attack and kill a green snake. OK, a small garden hose. But it puts up a heckuva fight.

Usually, some dog traipses through the jungle. They're even scarier than garden hoses. I stand perfectly still. Never showing any fear. I watch lots of nature documentaries. I know what looking scared would cost me. So, I act all tough. But after he leaves, I ask Peter to bring me back in. Maybe take a nap. After all, there's no sense in pushing your luck.

Read more of my blogs at [The Cool Cat](#).

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