

Watching Fairchild

The neighbor's cat turns out to be one big, scary dude.

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Not long ago, my elderly neighbor, Mrs. Morrissey, asked me if I'd feed her cat when she was away. Mrs. M.'s memory is shaky, and I'd never seen this creature. So I wondered if she was thinking about a cat from, say, 1935. In which case, the gig wouldn't be too hard. So, I agreed. The cat — Fairchild — existed, alright. And was he a handful, possessing what's called "poor impulse control." But no worse than, say, Gary Busey.

The first day I came by, Fairchild introduced himself by jumping off a shelf. Onto my head. The surprise was scary. As was the cat's weight, which was no more than a large frozen turkey. Fairchild hissed. I put his food down and got out of there before he ate me.

On day two, I arrived to find the cat had knocked everything over. I wondered how strong his body was to be able do this. And I got frightened. Unless, it was done telepathically. Which made me wonder how strong his mind was. I changed Fairchild's water. He hissed. I ran out.

Worse than the furniture being knocked over? The next day, it was all put back! The cat greeted me by hissing. I smiled nervously, then changed his litterbox. And ran out.

If Mrs. Morrissey ever asks me to watch Fairchild again, though, I'll do it because I know the alternative: She'll want to leave this big, scary dude with me. Put simply: Nobody wants that!

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