Thomas’ 100 Cat Tales

The Cat Who Came in from the Cold

Dwayne Sharpe

Tale 3 - Legos

My name is Thomas, and I live with two humans who seem to want me to exercise with them. They have these games and want me to take part. Today, they dragged a little gray stuffed mouse around on a red string in front of me. I chased it for a while hoping this would satisfy their exercise need. After a while, this became boring, and I stopped to clean my white furry boots and sleek black body. Being a king, I require regular grooming to maintain my noble appearance.

The stuffed mouse got me thinking. Maybe my humans didn’t want to exercise. Maybe they wanted me to bring them a mouse, and they were trying to show me what they wanted. I have caught a few in my day. I wondered whether the mouse should be a dead one or a live one? If I capture a live one, they can play chase with it around the house and get their exercise. I will remember this the next time I see a mouse.

The next day after the humans left, I looked around and spotted a toy they hadn't given me yet. I think they called the little blocks Legos. I have watched my humans sit for several hours playing with them, stacking them up higher and higher. They spoke the words Eiffel Tower to describe the structure they were building.

I jumped up on the table where all the colorful play pieces laid. The small pieces all had round indentations perfect for my nails to hook into. While sniffing a pile, I pushed a whole stack down onto the hardwood floor where they scattered around. On the floor, I tested one with a bat of my paw. It is amazing how far they slide when hit like a hockey puck. I played a while and even scored when a couple went under the stove and a few more under the refrigerator. I even moved a few into the big room with one going under the sofa. Now, why hadn't they given me these toys to play with earlier?

Now about that stuffed mouse, I think they liked to play with it, so I picked it up without sinking my teeth into it, and carried it back to the table with the Legos on it. I placed it right in the center so they could find it easier. I think I knocked a few more Legos down while doing this. Maybe they could build a house for the mouse.

When my humans arrived back home, they discovered the gray mouse. Their loud voices showed me how happy and excited they were. I watched their facial expressions. They kept pointing to the table with the stuffed gray mouse on it. Ah, I thought, that was the perfect place. Maybe they both wanted to play with the mouse, and they debated whose turn it was first.

My male human must have lost the debate as he gathered up the little play pieces I knocked on the floor and placed them in a box. I figured I could play with them another time. It was so nice of my humans to keep them all in one place.

That evening, when they picked me up to pet me like they always do, I turned on my purr motor to thank them for providing the entertainment. Maybe they will play with the mouse and take turns chasing it. I will stick with the Legos. They spin fast across the floor, and there are so many!