

My Cat Hates the Cage

By Barbara Wilton - 2021

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My cat hates his travelling cage
He has done from a tender age.
We've taken the cage to the cattery or vet
Without a bad experience yet.

The cattery owner is his mate
And often greets us at the gate.
Cat purrs for a pat on his head
He comes home shiny and well fed.

But he hates the cage because he doesn't know
Will it be to the vet or the cattery we go?
At the vet he hates the cars where we park
And at the cattery he hates hearing dogs bark.

We have a wire cage that's safe and strong
When I bring it he hears - Ting - and he's gone.

Under the spare queen-sized bed
Just out of reach of either foot or head.

I move the bed and try to grab
But then he moves just a tad
Until the bed glides around the floor
Like ballet dancing only more.

Lying on my stomach I take hold
But he hooks his claws in a carpet fold.
With a vice-like grip he hangs on tight
While I keep pulling with all my might.

I strain until I am red in the face
My body weary of the chase.
'Could you please be a little bit helpful?'
Prising each paw free I'm successful.

Next time when I shut the spare bedroom door
He chose under the cot where the light was poor.
Another of his favourite nooks
Was under the coffee table, between the books.

Last time we remembered to shut everything
And carefully brought the cage in but - Ting.
Still, he managed to disappear
Another tiring drama I fear.

I looked all around the house
Under every chair and couch.
I searched all over the house again
Starting to feel my energy drain.

The word camouflage sprang to mind
What possible hiding place could he find?
With his tuxedo markings to obscure
A place not easy to procure.

In the walk-in wardrobe I found him lying
At the back of a white shelf slyly trying
To disappear among black shoes.
If you're black and white that's the plan I'd choose.