

Story time...!

Why a cat won't look into the mirror

The year was 1970. The war was long gone. Cultural revolutions were afoot and feminists were fighting either their first or second wave of feminism. But the world leaders were gathered in a huddle one evening to address a great tragedy. One by one, the feline friends of humankind were going missing. It started with a lovely house cat from Paris, but it got international attention when Freddie Mercury from the rock band Queen broke down on television praying for the safety of his kitty friends who supposedly went missing. Mass hysteria spread across the world that cats were either being kidnapped by a group of vicious dog people or that cats were simply too lazy to come out of their hiding.

The whole world stood divided and contested while newspapers and news channels milked the situation for headlines such as 'Tuna fish for cats no more' reads The Times. 'Prime suspect. Dogs or dog-people' read The New Yorker. In addition, multiple cat food producing factories shut down and cat grooming shops went out of business.

"Where have all the cats gone?" The Queen of England enquired while sipping her cup of tea. "My corgis are cute and all, but they can't kill a rat if their life depended on it! We simply need cats to kill those feisty little rodents. And right now, my palace is infested with those. D'you know how big my palace is? It's quite big actually. I've got guests coming tomorrow and I'm concerned about cats more than ever! "



Every other world leader in the room agreed in unison.

"My dogs sniff them out! Yeah, yeah, we had three rats living in the wall and my dogs sniffed them out like that." Boasted the American president while he snapped his fingers.

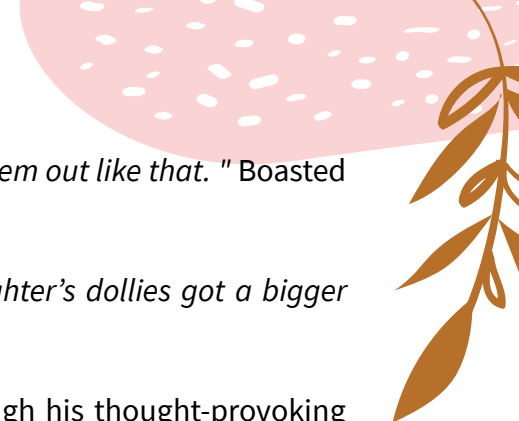
"Oh, nobody wants to know about the pest control in your little white house. My granddaughter's dollies got a bigger house than that." Remarked the Russian leader.

"Do you think it was the pied piper?" The Indian Prime Minister rose from his chair as though his thought-provoking question would save the day. *"I heard stories of the piper luring rats away. Do you think a new mutant piper lured all of our cats away?"*

"Quite!" A little girl emerged from the door with a plate full of cookies. *"I have not invited you all to my room for a top-secret tea party without my mum's permission so that you get on each other's nerve. And mine too!"*

The world was going through an epidemic of cat shortages. While everyone mourned the loss of their missing cats. One brave little girl from London decided to take matters into her own little hands and solve the mystery.

Meeve is only eight. But with the help of her grandmother, she sent out secret letters to world leaders everywhere to meet her for a tea-party one evening when her mum was working a late shift at the hospital. Her letter was simple yet effective. She declared she knew where all the cats had gone and requested everyone to come sit at her pink tea table if they wanted to bring the felines back. As Meeve stepped into the room, everyone took a look at what followed her and gasped.



"It can't be!" the German Prime Minister whispered.

"Oh, indeed. This is my tabby, snowflakes. " Meeve proudly introduced her cat who carelessly strolled into the room and immediately strolled out after receiving all the unnecessary attention. "She tried escaping too. But my grandmother, you see, was an oracle once upon a time. When she saw the news and noticed all the tabbies going missing, she called upon me one day and told me to hide all the mirrors. "

"The mirrors?" one voice interjected and Meeve shushed them down and continued with her story.

"...my granny says there is an age-old prophecy that cats are cursed to enter a parallel universe through the mirror even if one narcissistic cat decided to take a peek of itself in a mirror." She narrated walking around the house. An eight-year-old girl commands control of the room, out of all the leaders and rulers of the world.

"This granny of yours, is she here? Can we hear the prophecy? " Questioned the Japanese leader. The Japanese leader knew all about prophecies and the vortex it opens if not carefully adhered to. He has overseen several successful completions of prophecies back in Japan.

"Oh, granny is taking her evening nap. I can't wake her up. But I will make an exception here. Because the fate of the cat race depends on her! " Meeve screams as she sprints out of the room and goes upstairs to wake her granny.

She slowly knocks on her granny's door and calls upon her. Disappointed that her granny isn't as serious about her top-secret mission as she is, Meeve walked into her room and discovered the French Prime Minister trying to get snowflake's attention.

"Hey! Get your own cat!" Says Meeve.

"Pardon..." he shamefully murmurs.

"Anyway, granny is no help. It appears we will have to save the cat race ourselves." Meeve states as she gets on top of the pink table. She is right in the center of the room now and has gotten everyone's attention. *"We must destroy all the mirrors. Let's call a global ban on mirrors so that cats are forced to jump back into reality!"*

There is a shared awkward silence amongst her audience. Glances were exchanged and comments were being made that Meeve had become delusional. Meeve is agitated and pulls out a mirror from her backpack lying at the foot of her bed and drags snowflake by her tail and forces her to look into it. Snowflake hisses and squirms for its dear life, but a faint noise comes out of her lung as she looks into the mirror and disappears into thin air.

Everyone gasps in unison. The pope makes a cross and prays while the Queen of Africa slowly wipes off her tears. The last surviving house cat is gone.

"Now do you believe me?" Meeve cries. She loves her snowflake dearly, but making a point was equally important.

"I call for a vote!" A brave leader, God knows from which corner of the world, announced as he rose from his little chair. *"All in favor of banning mirrors say Ay!"*



Since there was not a single naysayer, the motion was passed that before Meeve's mum came home from work, everyone would disperse and call for a global ban on mirrors and everything that reflected. The mission to restore the cats has now commenced.

Many Sundays after that one distress tea-party held by Meeve, headlines were making rounds one by one that the missing cats were coming home. At home, Meeve sat in front of the TV and ate her pancakes, petting snowflakes who reappeared too. The TV reporters resorted to reporting mundane things like the weather and the melting ice caps.

"Sweet pea, why are there so many tea cups under your table?" Meeve's mum asked about knitting her eyebrows together.

"Oh, I had a top-secret tea party mummy. Sorry, you were not invited. " She replied with a smirk only snowflake knew about.



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Curious about where do I come up with this stuff? Wait till you see the last pages of my diaries it is filled with bizarre and witty ideas.

