

LOG IN  CART (0) CHECKOUT

# Quote Kitty

CURIOSITY SAVES THE CAT™



HOME ABOUT SHOP QUOTES DONATIONS BLOG FAQs CONTACT



## Stray Cat Strut: A Cat's Story of Survival



by Mila The Cat September 16, 2016

[Cat rescue](#) [Cat Story](#) [Mila](#) [Stray](#)

Search Recent Blog Posts...

I've been on my own for 14 years now. And I'm just fine, thank you. These mitts of mine are not made for turning knobs, so please open the door when I beckon, especially when I want to exit. Better yet, after you feed me something tasty, just assume I will be on my way.

I'm protective of many things—my freedom especially.

Captivity has played its tricks on me throughout life. I've been shoved and shut into a basement for days with no light to know the morning, the dusk—my favorite times. At least there was food down there amidst the musty rot, a skittering buffet of mice upon which I gleefully feasted, until my release.

As I may have mentioned, I'm just fine on my own. But if you leave me long enough for the sun to shift across the sky and cast its shadows, then are gone through the black cricket-call of night, I will be certain you have abandoned me forever, left me to survive on my own. Which, of course, I'm perfectly capable of doing.



I am Mila. A name I acquired at the age of 11. The sound of which I've learned to listen because it means food, warmth, an open door when it's storming or snowing and, I admit, snuggles, as frivolous as that sounds to a creature like me.

I do have a reputation to uphold.

Mila, great huntress. Mila, the alley cat. Mila, who has reigned over this territory for 72 feline years.



My paws, the size of the largest dandelion flower, spread with sharp, spikey claws that can pierce and rip a thick pelt of fur. On a good day, I have been known to climb telephone poles to the top, crawl along electric lines to catch squirrels, then eat them one by one down to the tails until I am stuffed. On a bad day, I have been known to huddle against the warm chimney on Mr. Hardin's roof in a blizzard. I have fought off raccoons, let alone measly cats, marked my territory like a tom, strutted through this world

like a lioness in a tuxedo. I can bark and growl like a dog when necessary, and—although this is an evolving art—I've developed a whole new language to communicate to my people.

People. Yes, I have some now.

I have won over the woman completely, it's true. This love was a war of attrition, though. It took months, but I finally wore her down by staring for hours through her window, attacking her legs like a ravenous panther, springing into her house when the door would crack open. My strategy



## Subscribe

Sign up to get the latest on sales, new releases and more ...

**SIGN UP**

## Recent Articles

**Cat Lover is a Heartbroken Foster Mom**  
November 20, 2016

**Black Cats and Halloween**  
October 02, 2016

**Cat Lovers Website Donates to Cat Charities**  
September 22, 2016

**Inside Feral is "Fear" — A Cat Story**  
September 22, 2016

**Feral Cat Behavior: Is the cat stray or feral?**  
September 21, 2016

**What do stray and feral cats eat?**  
September 21, 2016

**Stray Cat Strut: A Cat's Story of Survival**  
September 16, 2016

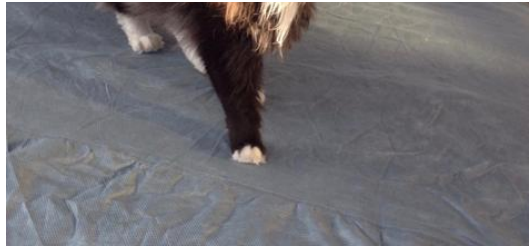
**How to Help a Stray Cat: 7 Q&As**  
September 08, 2016

## Categories

Amber Cairo  
Black Cats  
Cat Charities  
Cat rescue  
Cat Story  
Donations  
Feral  
Fostering  
Halloween  
Helping cats  
Kittens  
Marie  
Mila  
Stray

was planned: I chose her, and she relented.

She and her mate, a man, are the first people I've allowed to touch me without me drawing blood in response. The others who've dared wear scars. I admit it took six or seven changes of season for us to trust each other. My instincts would kick in at



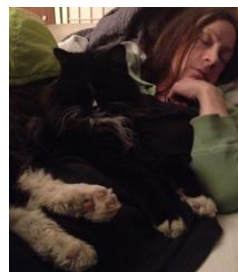
the slightest provocation: a rub near my jaw, a surprise hand from above, a tapping finger that reminded me of mouse or bird or squirrel, and I would hear a stern "No bite!"



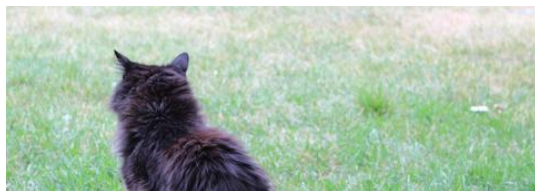
It's been a few years now, and maybe I have tamed with age, the loss of teeth, and so many long, hungry winters. Maybe I have softened with all the blankets and pillows, oh!, and the fleshy squish of a human tummy under my kneading paws. Maybe I have become a docile beast, one that sprawls on top of a human, sleeps for hours across her neck, over her chest expanding with air, blood beating alive.

I know the movement of life. The stillness of death.

I myself have already lived and died eight



times. I am now on life nine. And even though I don't need anyone, I'll hedge my bets that hanging around this lady who sings to me, who says she loves me, who calls me her best girl, will aid in my survival. She gives me something more than food, something I once felt before I was lost and wandering. A faint memory: a fuzzy nuzzle on my nose, mouth, whiskers, and the feeling of safety.



If the woman leaves for too long, sometimes I sit on the fence, make her work to attain my gaze, my waving eyelid kisses. Then she sings me a 1940s melody, tells me I am her best friend, calls



me sweet, sweet, sweet. I can't help myself. My tail flops with delight. A purr throttles in my chest.

I bound across the yard.

Tweet Share Pin It Add Email



Mila The Cat  
Author

### Leave a comment

Comments will be approved before showing up.

Name \*

Email \*

Comment \*

POST COMMENT

### Also in Recent Blog Posts



[Cat rescue](#) [Feral](#) [Fostering](#)  
[Helping Cats](#) [Kittens](#) [Marie](#)

#### Cat Lover is a Heartbroken Foster Mom

by Marie O. November 20, 2016

About nine months ago, I fostered two unweaned kittens, taken from their feral mother cat at five weeks and two days. How they were taken is a gruesome tale, better off told in another blog. And, on first glance at my shaky hands, I may need therapy



[Black Cats](#) [Halloween](#)  
[Helping Cats](#) [Marie](#) [Mila](#)  
[Stray](#)

#### Black Cats and Halloween

by Marie O. October 02, 2016

So, I'm sitting in the chair of a new hairdresser yesterday, October 1st, and, as hairdressers always make polite conversation, she asks me,



[Cat Charities](#) [Donations](#) [Marie](#)  
[Stray](#)

#### Cat Lovers Website Donates to Cat Charities

by Marie O. September 22, 2016

Welcome to Quote Kitty, a new website that donates 9% of the retail price of every product purchased to save cats. That's 9% for each of cat's

before I tell that story. You see, I've never had children. I blame my "failure" as a foster mom on that, or maybe my attachment issues, or maybe just my love of cats since childhood. Some of you chill-hearted cat-lovers may excel at fostering. Me? The process almost killed me.

[Continue Reading >](#)

"So, do you have any fur babies?" I chuckle and said, "Yes, in fact, I do. I care for a number of strays and ferals, and have kind of become the crazy cat lady in my neighborhood."

She responded that she'd be taking in her sister's black cat for the two weeks around Halloween because they were afraid for the safety of the cat in the Denver neighborhood where the cat lives and likes to roam at night.

[Continue Reading >](#)

9 lives. It's the website for cat lovers because every item sold is cat themed and helps support community cats across the United States. At Quote Kitty, we sell cat apparel and accessories for people, as well as products for your feline friends. The Quote Kitty motto is "Curiosity Saves the Cat."

[Continue Reading >](#)

---

### Sign Up for our Newsletter

Subscribe to our newsletter and always be the first to hear about what is happening.

SIGN UP



---

© 2018 Quote Kitty . All Rights Reserved. Powered by Shopify

