

**A**uthor's note: Known to all that loved her as Mavis, our 16-year-old treasured friend peacefully passed away on Jan. 27, 2014. This column was written before then.

The carpet layers were still at our new house when I arrived. Our family hadn't yet moved in and I'd rushed home from work an hour early in order to check out the newly laid flooring. Upon my arrival and inspection, one of the men asks, "Do you have a cat?"

"No," I respond, "why do you ask?"

"Well, some type of animal has been growling out in your garage for the better part of the day," he replied.

I quickly open the door leading to the garage and hear the low moan-like cry. Such a forlorn sound tinged with agitation. The former homeowner had left a faded blue La-Z-Boy in the garage. We were waiting for garbage day to put it out at the curb for pick up. The sound of an animal is clearly coming from the chair.

I press the button to open the garage door, then quietly step to the back side of the chair and lean it backwards, lifting the front. Like a shot from a cannon, a grey flash of fur streaks past. With ears back, there is no doubt that this feline is agitated and ready to get out of town.

The next morning, I stop by the house before going to work and the grey cat reappears. I now notice that it has four white feet and a tail with black stripes like

that of a raccoon. Rubbing its body against the kitchen window, it meows loudly. The cat apparently wants to come in the house. I open the door and it darts in, right between my legs, sprinting to the basement with me following close behind.

Obviously comfortable with the surroundings, the cat makes a beeline to one of the basement windows. I notice it's not yet fully-grown and also realize I don't know how tame it might be. As I move towards it, fur flies as it leaps into the air trying to get away. I lost sight of the cat and was now running late for work. It will have to stay in the basement until I return.

When I arrive at the house at the end of the day, my husband asks, "Have you fed that cat?"

"No, but I did leave water out."

He cautions me, "Well, you'd best not feed it, or we'll never get rid of it."

As he's speaking, the cat slinks cautiously into the kitchen. Moving quickly, it heads straight for the back door, yowling loudly. I open the door and it scoots out. Within an hour, there is loud meowing at the kitchen window as it pleads to come back in. This scenario repeats itself each time we open the door. It seems the cat is housebroken, no need for a litter box.

We are a busy family of four and none of us is really interested in adopting a cat, especially as we already have three dogs. It's not a decision to be made by us. Clearly the cat lived here

## Hometown Ramblings

By **Bobbie Smith Bryant**  
Contributing Columnist



### Queen of our hearts



before we ever arrived. It has no plans to go away. All of us are soft hearted, so we just have to feed it – a sure sign we're totally hooked.

Unsure how wild the cat is, none of us tries to pick it up. After about a week, it ventures

closer to me. In time, I can finally pet it, but I don't try to pick it up.

My husband reminds me that we should at least get it checked for fleas and get the appropriate shots. With his help, I eventually get the cat into the carrier. It isn't

happy, but it doesn't bite either of us. When we get to the vet, we learn that it is a female and she is already spayed.

We call her Kitty for a very long time for lack of a better name. After about a year of watching her mannerisms and learning her personality, I finally bestow the name of Mavis on her as she reminds me of a dear woman that I'd grown up with at our church.

As it turns out, Mavis is a champion mouser, often proudly sharing her prize with us. Never one to sit quietly by as unwanted varmints enter her yard, she routinely presents us with pesky rodents, with a hunter's pride. Unsatisfied with small critters, she caught gophers, opossums and rabbits, as well as birds, and one time, a flying squirrel nearly twice her size.

With the personality of royalty, she often ignores we lesser minions in the ordinariness of daily life. She reigns supreme over the three dogs, reminding them frequently that she was mistress of the house before they came upon the scene.

Our busy family is totally smitten. Mavis is the queen of our home and she has totally captured our hearts.

Bobbie Smith Bryant is a native of Calloway County. She is currently working on a commemorative history to celebrate the 2022 Calloway County Bicentennial. For more information about the author, visit [bobbiesmithbryant.com](http://bobbiesmithbryant.com). ■