

Trying to Corner a Kitten

by Liz Gibbons

I was doing some work on the back porch of our house in Atlanta and had gone inside to do some preparation for the evening meal. I left the door from the porch to the backyard open as well as the double doors leading from the porch into the family room. After the meal prep I returned to the porch and finished my project.

After dinner I was working at the computer in the laundry room. The laundry room was large, and we had converted half of the room into a home office. I had a clear line of vision from the laundry room through the kitchen to the far side of the family room. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw something move. I looked and saw nothing. Living alone, I thought, "That's strange. I must be seeing things."

The next morning when I came into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, I saw a small black kitten sitting in the laundry room. "Oh, so you were what I saw last night," I said. I also noticed it had left some messes on the floor. I approached the kitten, and it jumped up and ran behind the clothes dryer. There was no way I could reach it. A little later I saw the kitten in the living room. Now I can corner it. But that little critter was fast and disappeared behind the couch. Next I saw it at the end of the hallway on the bedroom side of the house. "This is the perfect place to corner it," I thought. I grabbed a towel and slowly approached the kitten. "You won't get away this time." Fast as lightning it scooted past me and disappeared. It took me a few minutes to find it. It was behind the couch in the family room. This went on several more times that day. That night I felt the poor kitten must be hungry and put some scraps of leftover chicken and some water in the laundry room. The next day I still could not corner and catch it. I changed my tactic. I left the door open that led from the kitchen to the garage and tried in our chases to direct him to that doorway.

Late in the day I could not find the kitten in its normal hiding places in the house. I also could not find it in the garage. But there were lots of places it could hide there. The next morning I saw the kitten eating the food I had left for it in the garage. Ah, now the next step. Give it a way to become free. Just outside the kitchen door was the button to open the garage door. I pushed it. The door rose. Instead of seeing its freedom the kitten scurried back into its hiding place in the garage. "Oh, darn," I thought. I left the garage door open all day until evening. The next day the food left overnight had not been eaten, so it must have made its exit sometime the previous day. Hurrah. Success at last. I never saw that kitten again.

All I could do was laugh at how that kitten had taken over three days of my life and continually outwitted me.