

Hermann is frustrated

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No, make that tired and frustrated.

One of the supposed upsides of living with a human or humans is that their massive castle-like dwellings usually have multiple sleeping quarters. Often, there is room on the large soft human sleeping area for a cat to slide in and snuggle down next to one or more humans for the night. Cat generates heat, human generates heat, everybody wins. Let's face it, living indoors is preferable to living under the shed round the corner, especially in the Winter.

That is, if the human obliges by actually sleeping. If that is not the case, then lying next to the humans becomes a lot less attractive.

Hermann is currently crouched on the ottoman, looking out across the bedroom with a "hmppphh!" expression on his face.

He is judging, and his human is being found wanting.

He cannot sleep. One reason he cannot sleep is the incessant buzzing noise that is coming from the large black box on the bedroom floor next to the bed, between the bed and the bathroom.

The other reason is that The Lady Of the House is seemingly sitting on the black box, and she is making noise. A lot of noise.

A mixture of moaning, cursing, and even some shrieking.

The shrieking is something that Hermann finds intolerable. It sounds like a cross between the noise made by that little pissant tabby down the street in Old Loukas, when Hermann used to get him in a head-lock during their discussions about territorial boundaries, and the noise made by a certain species of local rodent just before Hermann dispatches them with a swift neck bite.

In short, not a good noise.

The Lady Of the House is not wearing any clothes, and she is running her hands up and down over her body as she moans and arches her back while sitting on the black box.

Hermann tried going away for a while down to his new neighborhood bar, the Mouse and Lizard, and initially, he thought that had worked out, for when he pushed through the catflap and arrived at the new large sleeping platform, the Lady was lying under the duvet, her left arm down by her side, seemingly asleep. Hermann lay down next to her, and went to sleep.

However, he woke up after a while to find the duvet on his back, the buzzing sound filling the room, and the Lady sitting on the box again, again rubbing parts of her body. She seems to be in pain a lot of the time, and Hermann is wondering why the large animals that give homes to cats seem to suffer painfully a lot when they should be doing what cats do, namely sleeping.

Hermann wonders if he should disappear off down to the Mouse and Lizard meeting spot again. His new friend Stavros, the big old Siberian from the next street, told him that the aloof Siamese mix has showed up again at the bar, and Hermann fancies trying his chat up lines on her this time around. Alternatively, there is a very nice green-eyed Calico lady who sits at the bar often, and, rumor has it, is impressed by Tuxedo cats.

Hermann is still working through his resentment against the lady of the house. He suddenly found himself being bundled into a box a few weeks ago, and put into one of those large metal objects that whizz up and down the hills. He was deposited in a completely new place, with lots of blue in the distance. Where the hell was he?

After a day or so, he found he was in a large place. A very large place. It even has a small lake in the middle of the green area out the back. But, there are advantages. He seems to have found a better class of friend locally. This area is posh for a street cat. Why, the blue lady visitor has fine whiskers, and a very nice tail... Hermann imagines strutting his stuff. "Hello Lady!" Yells Hermann in his dreams. "I am your new boy!"

Hermann decides to move. He gets up off his feet, jumps down to the floor, and wanders over to the corner of the bedroom, where there is a small vanity chair. He jumps up on the vanity chair, and curls up his body, watching the Lady riding, once again using strange sounds that she is spitting.

In addition to the buzzing sound, there is also a faint jingling sound occasionally coming from something around the Lady's body. Whenever she wears the jingly thing, Hermann is realizing that he will not have a good night's sleep unless he walks to the other large place with the big deep chairs.

The lady once again looks to be in pain, as she makes more loud noises. Then suddenly the loud noises and the buzzing stop.

Peace.

The Lady stands up, and hops to the bed. One thing Hermann noticed is how hard these big non-furry animals make things. They insist on only using two legs at the bottom to move about, and doing stuff with the two legs at the top. Hermann tried that once and it does not work. Too many balance issues. And the Lady Of The House appears to only have one leg at the bottom, which makes it even harder. Still, she sort of makes it work.

The Lady of The House appears to collapse onto the bed. She pulls items that Hermann normally sleeps on around her, and makes more quieter noises.

Hermann decides to try his luck. He stretches, jumps down from the chair, walks over and jumps up on the large sleeping area.

The Lady reaches out and her hand begins to stroke his head and neck. Hermann likes this. It reminds him of his mother's tongue when he was very small, hiding out under the old house on the hill before he had to make his own way in life.

Hermann begins to make the healing sound that cats make. The Lady continues to stroke his head and back, making quiet noises.

Hermann closes his eyes and lowers his head to the soft sleeping materials.

This is what should have been happening two hours ago.

Now what can he do about that mysterious black box that keeps causing pain for the Lady Of The House? What if he makes a deposit on it? Will that stop the buzzing sound?