

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD BE LIKE WITHOUT MAVERICKS?

Text by:  
Anej Sam

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Illustrated by:  
Sara Di Sante



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## What Would the World be Like Without Mavericks?

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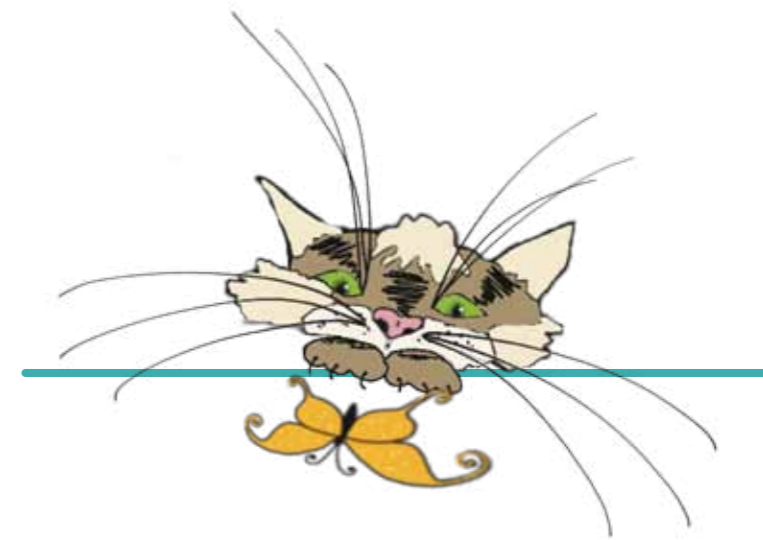
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Maribor 2024

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Preface — Intended Primarily  
for Senior Teachers and Decision-makers

## LET'S GET TO KNOW THE MAVERICKS

Although it seems to us that all cats have the same character, each one differs at least slightly from the rest. There are cases when a cat is so different and unique that we can call it a maverick. Similar phenomena occur in other higher animal species.

In most cases, mavericks among animals are charming to humans. When artists have sung about, described, or depicted animals, they have often been inspired by these very mavericks. When referring to animals, an artist can, of course, also be referring to humans.

Mavericks have always existed among humans as well. These are individuals who understand life and the world somewhat differently from the majority. This uniqueness results from various factors. It can be shaped by higher powers of thought and an immeasurable breadth of heart (probably the most famous maverick of this kind in history is Socrates). Often, however, it is the result of pronounced discord between the central components of the human being. For example, pronounced benevolence combined with a reduced ability to control reality. Not infrequently, it results from various mental injuries.

Between Socrates' harmonious vision of a fulfilled life, which reality did not understand (he spoke in the marketplace about honesty, justice, and the beauty of life when we all care for the whole and the whole cares for all; for this, he was declared dangerous and sentenced to death), and the outlook on life of another well-known maverick of the same time, Herostratus (who pursued only one goal in life: to find ways for everyone to talk only about him, to be famous and revered; to this end, he ultimately burned the temple of the goddess Artemis, one of the seven wonders of the world), there are countless shades on the right and wrong sides of life.

The powers that be have always generally disliked mavericks, especially those who act perceptively and soberingly. Moreover, some encourage unconventionality on life's unfavourable paths. They believe it is easier to govern a less-informed and confused populace.

For these reasons (and undoubtedly more), and due to the accelerated unification of the world, we must be persistent in our efforts to strengthen human originality and support mavericks on the virtuous side of life through a correct understanding of human uniqueness.

This book also contributes to this goal. It was created as part of the *Creative Europe project Pariahs: Performing Europe's Historical Memory*, implemented by non-governmental organisations from Greece, Armenia, France, and Slovenia. The purpose of the project's activities was to highlight individuals and groups in society who walk through life embraced by a big heart and a keen mind. They see and experience what the decision-makers and the profit-oriented majority do not notice. And they work selflessly, burning themselves out for the good of all. Despite this, they are often despised and frequently hindered in their mission and punished.

Therefore, the inquisitive Cat, the cat, who had previously travelled and met benevolent mavericks, also came to France, Armenia, Greece, and Slovenia.

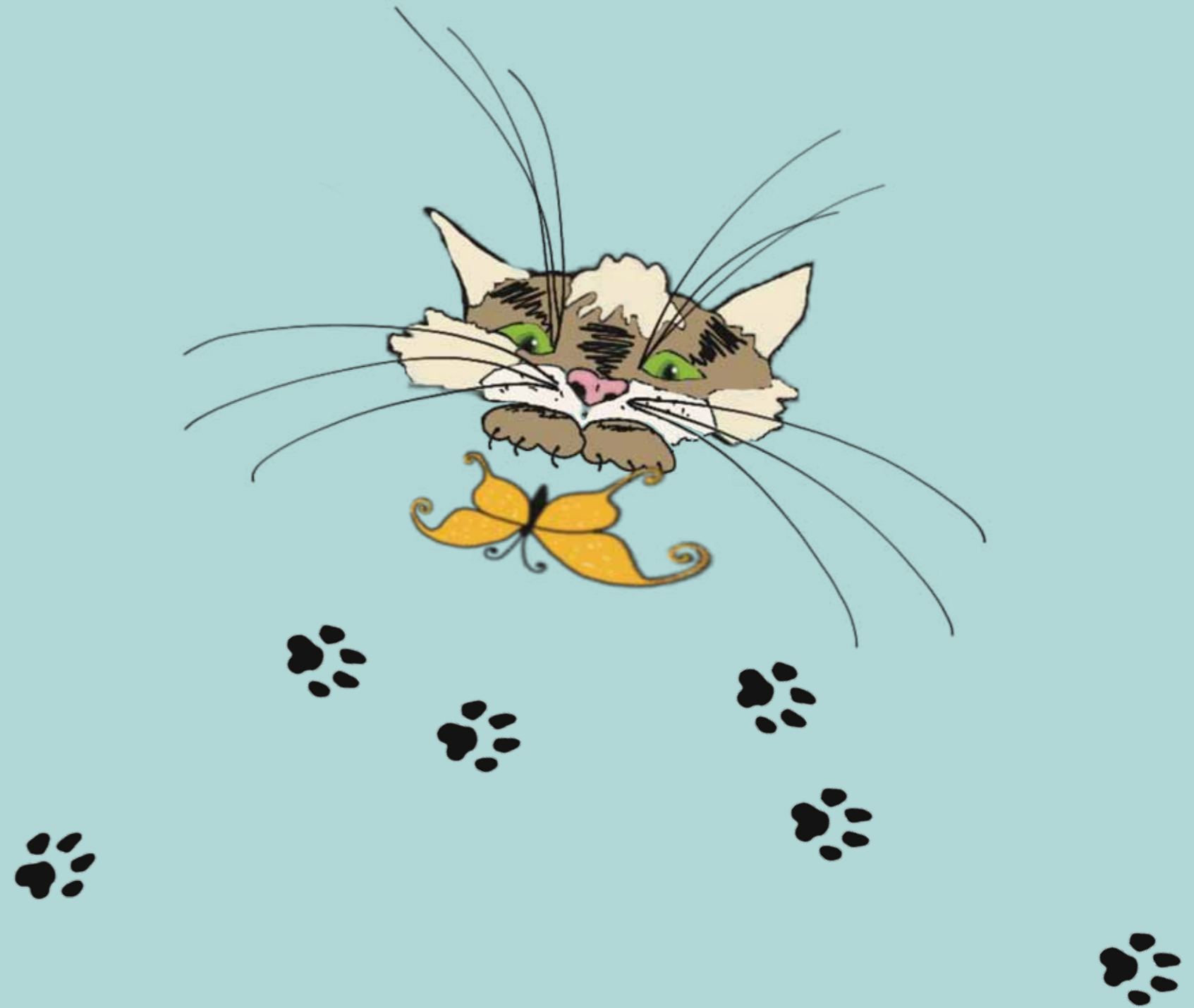
This unique feline got to know human mavericks who have traded the allure of urban civilisation for life in the high mountains. They continue to nurture the true human need for art. They dance! They dance on high. Like swallows.

While carrying out his noble duties, Cat also meets women who, in a suffering country, persist in traditional eternal values, ensuring tranquillity and meaningful existence.

He also learned all about a human maverick in the homeland of the most famous maverick of all time. Through his way of life this modern maverick showed us that humans produce a lot of unnecessary and even harmful things but do not preserve what they truly need. He showed what eternal values and real human needs are.

Cat also spent time with a small nation that maintains its essence by honouring the national poet and nurturing traditional hikes in the high mountains.

Thus, the greatest maverick of the feline world brought us closer to the view of life and the world of human mavericks. And it is clear as day: without mavericks, the world would be too sad. So, let's read this book with due attention and get to know the mavericks. For the good of all!



## ADVICE FROM A MOTHER



With her paw on her heart, Mama Cat gave her son some final advice:

“My dear child, today will be the very first time that you go for a walk on your own. Just as I showed you: First onto the roof, then down the gutter to the garden, and over the fence to the orchard.

Every day you will discover new paths and face new challenges. It’s hard to say in advance what choices you ought to make when facing various trials in life. But remember one thing, my son: You must leave the world as you came into it. And you came into this world pure, wrapped in nature’s golden threads.



Don’t be angry with me, my dear child, for not giving you any siblings. I was weak and exhausted when I carried you in my belly. I only had enough life force for one new being. Don’t be sad. Under the fur of every cat, the same blood flows. Don’t look for brothers or sisters based on their looks. Let all cats with pure hearts be your family.”



The young cat sat calmly on his hind legs before his mother. Slowly, he wagged his tail back and forth, showing that he believed in his mother's words. He felt that her heart was full of longing, and his eyes sparkled.

On that day, the entire feline kingdom – the cellar and loft of the abandoned barn, the garden, and the orchard – was quite excited. All its inhabitants noticed the new traveller. They had never seen such grace and harmony of movement before. No one remembered having ever seen such fire in the eyes of any cat.

The young cat walked all the feline paths. He took special interest in and sniffed all the stumps and bushes, the corners of walls, and the posts of fences. Then he sat on a moss-covered stone, moistened the velvet pads on his front paw with his tongue, and washed his forehead, cheeks, and ears with it. When he finished, he meowed joyfully. He wanted to get to know the other cats.



Nearby, on a dusty plank, an adult cat was dozing with his girlfriend. He coldly assessed the newcomer and turned his back to him. In the eyes of the girlfriend, the young cat sensed gentleness. A gentle smile played around his chin and whiskers when their gazes met.

“Mrr-mrr,” she meowed at him. She stretched and yawned with closed eyes. She sat on her hind legs, wrapped her soft, wavy tail around them, and gazed at this new inhabitant of the feline kingdom. Her eyes became even brighter. But then her friend suddenly gave her a stinging slap. She tucked all four legs under her warm belly and dozed off.

The young cat circled the spots marked by the adult cats' urine a few more times, leaving a few drops of his own in each place. Then, without a trace, he vanished. No one ever saw him again in that cat kingdom.



## A SCOUNDREL OR A KNIGHT?

No one knows how much time has passed since the young cat first and last walked the land where he was born. Some say at least seven cat lives have passed since then. It was certainly long ago. And yet, it feels as if that cat is still alive—more alive than any living being.

Strange stories have been spread about him, not only in his homeland but also in neighbouring feline kingdoms. For every story, there seems to be a different truth. Yet, they all agree on one thing: his name. He was called Cat.

The most common tale is that Cat was a nuisance, a hair-splitter who wanted to change the behaviour of the entire feline species and got on everyone's nerves. They also say he could cast a spell with his gaze.

These are serious matters, which is why all responsible citizens, especially the leaders of the feline kingdoms, tried to bring him to his senses—by fair means or foul. “To save the feline race,” they said.

One cat, known as Distinguished Cat, even claims that Cat is still alive. He says a witch extended Cat's life and made him invisible. Invisible, Cat is said to wander the world, causing all sorts of trouble. Everything bad in the feline world is Cat's fault, according to Distinguished Cat. For this reason, he should be found and killed, and any reminder of him should be destroyed, he suggests. But we must remain cautious, warns Distinguished Cat.



Other stories paint a different picture of Cat. In them, he is the noblest representative of the feline species. A dreamer and a thinker. A fighter and a champion of justice.

This different truth about Cat is usually told by elderly tomcats when they sense they are about to die.

Female cats don't talk about him much. But if someone mentions him, they breathe more deeply, rhythmically wag their tails, and their eyes begin to shine.

Interestingly, even humans know about Cat. He is described in a book. There was a poor writer, who had no money to buy a candle; Cat illuminated his desk with his eyes at night, helping him write his books.





## THE FELINE NEWS

A summer afternoon. The sun blazes. Grass, leaves, air – everything stands still, trembling in place as if in fear of the scorching sunrays. The land where Cat was born is resting.

On a dusty plank near an abandoned pigsty lies Distinguished Cat. In the hot sun, his attention has waned.

Like a log, he sank into the deepest slumber, as did the other distinguished patriots. One snored in front of the barn door, another wallowed in the pigsty. A third was overcome by drowsiness right on the dusty path, and a fourth in the henhouse.

All the adult tomcats and female cats slept in the shady lowlands. Meanwhile, on the barn roof, some kittens rested. Occasionally, they practiced climbing the gutter and making daring jumps onto a linden branch that leaned over the roof.

And so, no one noticed when a stranger entered their homeland.

An elderly cat from another land, who introduced himself in the Feline News as the Elderly Stranger, had been sniffing the places marked by the tomcats' urine all afternoon—stumps and bushes, corners of walls, and fence posts.



Why was he doing that? He was reading the Feline News. Everything that happens in the feline kingdom is recorded there. Every cat first sniffs these places when going for a walk, allowing them to read what earlier travellers have written. Then they spray it themselves, responding to what they have read or simply describing their mood.

After some time, these letters disappear. Evaporate. Some sooner, some later. Messages written without a real reason fade in a few hours. Messages that come from the soul last longer.

The stranger thoroughly read the Feline News. He wrote a letter and left.

### A Letter from the Elderly Stranger

*As a cat reaches his final days, to accept death more easily, he must be truthful.*

*I know the truth about Cat the cat. You do not. Or perhaps you do not want to know it. Since you've been spreading information about him without knowing the truth, you've done him a great injustice. Because I was silent, I was also on the side of injustice. No more.*

*Today I carefully read your news. Life experiences have helped me read what is incomprehensible to you. Everything Cat has written is alive. I have always suspected that.*

*I have also carefully read the newspapers in other lands where Cat has lived. Thus, I've learned everything about him.*

*If I had spoken about this earlier, I might have lost all my possessions. But I would have been happy because I would have lived purely. My silence allowed me to preserve many comforts. However, I've emptied my heart and have lived an empty life.*

*I am righting my wrong. I will proclaim the truth about Cat until my dying day.*



## THE FIRST TASK – TO BE A CAT

“I am a cat.”

This is the first inscription by Cat. The Elderly Stranger discovered it on a stone pillar. It was written the day Cat went for a walk alone for the first time. His second inscription reads: “My mother is – my mother.”

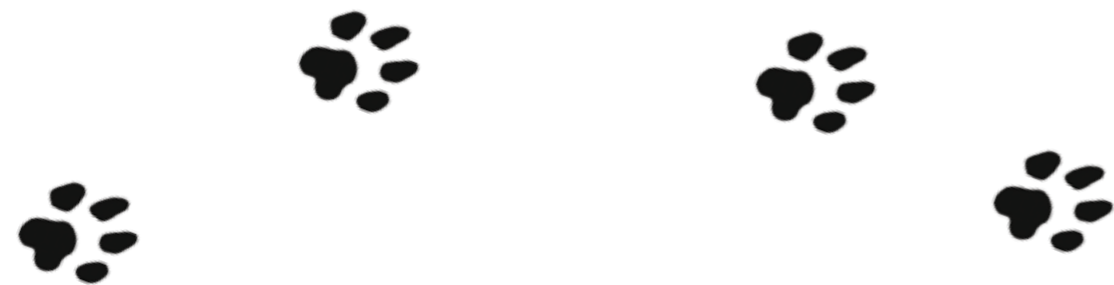
The Elderly Stranger concluded that Cat wrote this when he was answering questions. Apparently, someone asked him, “Who are you?” When he was not satisfied with the answer, he asked further: “Who is your mother?”

He continued to read Cat’s words:

“My behaviour defines me, not a name or profession. If a cat first says he is a Boss and Don, it means he is not a real cat. And our most important task is – to be a cat.”

These thoughts of Cat’s were as legible as if they had just been written. So, the Elderly Stranger concluded that Cat’s heart was greatly suffering at that time. That’s why the message was still fresh. Apparently, he was harshly interrogated by a cat who had introduced himself as Boss Don. Certainly, a distinguished cat.

The Elderly Stranger diligently investigated Cat’s life path. This was his chance to give back, a way for everyone to learn about one of the most iconic figures of the feline species to ever live.



## TO BE A CAT – TO BE FREE

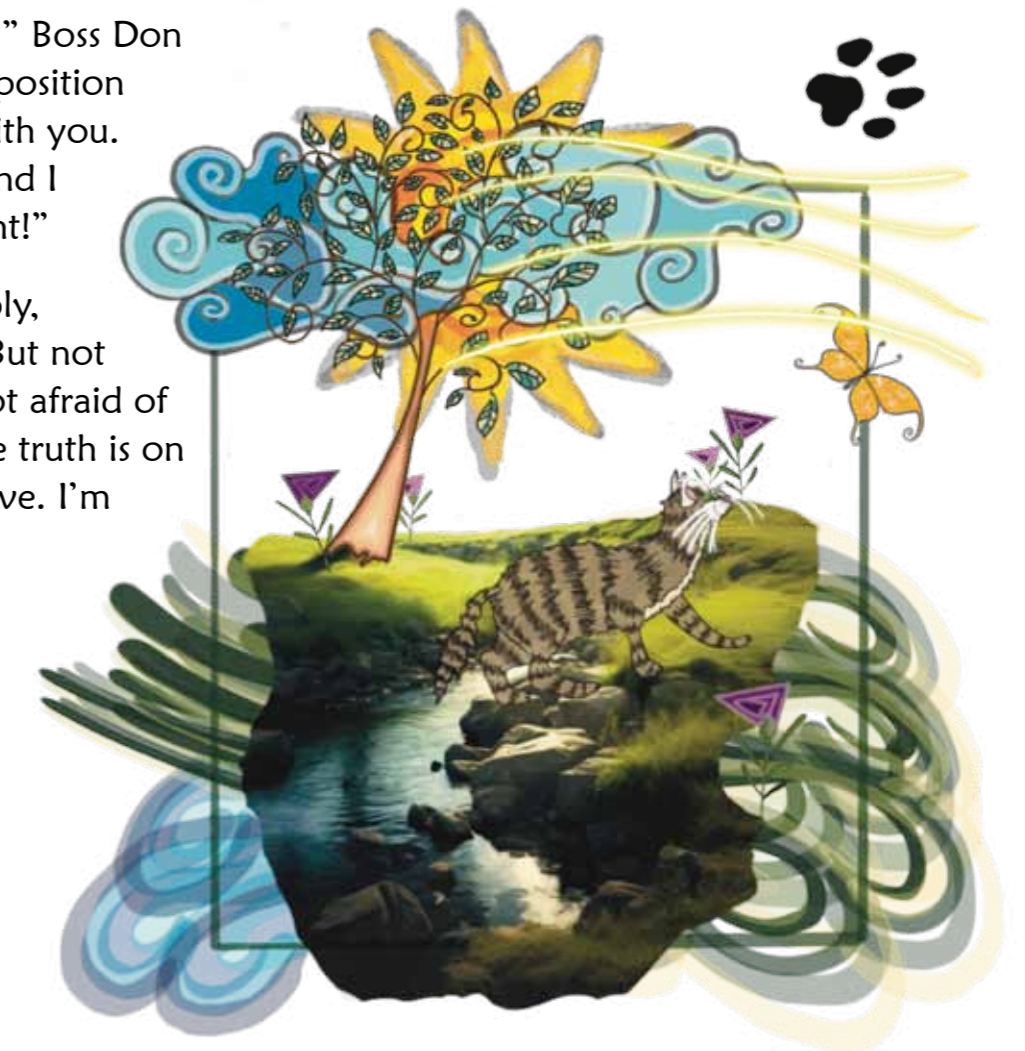
“Since the establishment of the feline kingdom, there have been rules of conduct. We all respect them. We will not allow some youngster to behave differently now,” raged Boss Don.

Cat calmly replied, “Every cat is born free. Your friend wanted to greet me today. You didn’t let her. This means she is not free. The rules of this kingdom are different from the natural rules of the feline species. However, the feline species is older than the kingdom.”

“Listen, you snotty ragamuffin,” Boss Don thundered. “My distinguished position does not allow me to argue with you. I see you are a troublemaker and I demand that you leave. Tonight!”

Cat the cat gave a heartfelt reply, “Maybe I will leave. Tonight. But not because of your threats. I’m not afraid of you. I’m not afraid because the truth is on my side. And because I am brave. I’m brave because I’m a cat.”

That evening, Cat left his homeland. The path he took was guided by the golden threads of nature.



## TROUBLES AND GRACE WITH HUMANS

For the first few months after leaving his homeland, Cat wrote nothing about himself. Apparently, he did not stay in one place for long. He was on the move.

He crossed through many feline kingdoms and discovered that cats live alongside large two-legged creatures who call themselves humans. These humans are everywhere. They encroach upon areas where only animals, including cats' ancestors, once roamed peacefully. They constantly build, destroying greenery and forests in the process. They have also invented strange boxes that move quickly and even fly but have no soul. Humans call these boxes cars or airplanes. These boxes are very dangerous, causing the deaths of many cats. Cat felt that this was not right.

On his long journey, Cat encountered various feline kingdoms. Some were located close to countless humans who moved quickly, made loud noises, and created disturbing lights. Others were near fewer humans who moved quietly and slowly, did everything by natural light, and slept when it was dark.

Cat noticed that cats living in noisy environments near many frenetic humans were more nervous and often engaged in mischief. It seemed as if they were becoming like humans. Most of the trouble he experienced from other cats occurred in such environments.

In one feline kingdom by a large body of water (which humans call the sea or ocean), Cat wanted to examine one of the boxes that humans call cars. The box was at rest, and on it was a cat, basking in the sun. As Cat cautiously approached and sniffed the box, a local cat's warning voice rang out: "Go away! We don't like strangers! You've come to take my resting spot—leave!"



Cat calmly replied, "It is right for locals to care for what they have created and to protect their kingdom. But it is also right for you to learn who I am. I am Cat, a homeless wanderer. I travel and explore the feline world, not to claim anything, but to contribute to the environment where I temporarily find myself."

Cat then left that kingdom, feeling quite sad.

Cat wanted to distance himself from that kingdom as quickly as possible. He found that most cats there were not particularly friendly. He encountered many humans, none of whom even glanced at him. Despite the abundance of humans in a small area, they were mostly alone. When they were together, they did not speak to each other. They all held something in their front paws, which they called a phone, and it was the only thing they paid attention to.

Cat realised that humans are indeed strange creatures. Everyone says that the commodity they call money corrupts them, yet everyone wants as much of it as possible. There is something seriously wrong with them, he thought. So, he headed to hilly areas, hoping to meet fewer creatures obsessed with their phones and having no time for companionship. There would be less noise, less disturbing light, and fewer soulless moving boxes.

Cat left his first longer note on the wall of a large, abandoned house on a hill that had many empty rooms.

In the deserted rooms and the spacious park, many animal inhabitants lived quite comfortably. Only one room had glass windows, where an elderly lady lived.



This journey was a significant life experience for Cat. Wandering from one yard to another, from one settlement to another, was exhausting and dangerous. He often had to cross busy roads and even swim across a stream. It was a good life lesson. His testimony on the house wall speaks to this:



*It is hard for me. Alone in an unknown world. Encounters with unfamiliar creatures. I do not know their intentions. They are all stronger than me.*

*How to find food? Where to sleep? On many occasions, my extreme hunger caused me to lose all hope. I was even in mortal danger.*

*But there were also beautiful experiences. Even miraculous ones. Not only with other cats.*

*In my homeland, I realised that not all cats are my friends. On my journey, I learned that not all other animals are my enemies. And these strange two-legged beings can be good friends.*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer*

One rainy autumn afternoon, Cat stepped into the yard of the old house. He was soaked to the skin, thin, and exhausted. Curled up on the doorstep, he shivered from the cold. Some she-cats and tomcats affectionately sniffed him. "Hello! I am Cat, a homeless wanderer," he introduced himself to his new acquaintances. They were all attentive and understanding. One she-cat sat right next to him to warm him up. Tenderness filled his soul. For the first time in a long while, a "Prr-prr" sound came from his throat.

The only human resident of the house, where many people once lived, appeared at the door. "Oh, you poor little thing!" exclaimed the old lady, stroking her guest. Cat felt a connection between kindred spirits. He purred louder and surrendered to the gentle hands of the kind lady.



In a warm room, sitting by a toasty stove, the kind lady thoroughly rubbed and dried his drenched fur with a dry cloth. She then offered him a saucer of milk with a whisked egg yolk.

Although he was terribly hungry, he drank slowly. After a few sips, he stopped, sat on his hind legs, cleaned his nose with his tongue, looked around, and slowly continued.

This is the nobility of a true cat, thought the kind lady.

When he had finished eating, Cat cleaned his nose, ran a damp front paw over his cheek and ears, stretched, and yawned. He allowed his warm, dreamy eyes to gaze into his benefactor's eyes for a moment. He gently rubbed his head against her legs and then his whole body. He repeated this several times as if he wanted to wrap himself around her legs. This way, he exchanged scents with the dear being. He looked into her eyes once more, then jumped onto the wooden chest by the fireplace, where a comfortable cushion awaited him. He began to slowly drift off until moments later, he was sound asleep.



The next day, the kind lady carried him out to the garden in her arms. She placed a bowl in front of the doorstep, poured milk into it, and explained, "You will live with the other cats. Once a day, you will get a little milk. This means you will have to find food on your own."

Cat did not understand human speech. But he understood the tone and strength of her voice. He guessed that his mother had explained something similar to him: "My son, you will get more out of life if you learn to take care of yourself."

Cat spent a few months in this cat kingdom. He got along well with all the cats and explored the mysterious rooms of the house, as well as its surroundings. He slept in bright, luxurious rooms and hidden dark corners. Every day at noon, he met with the kind old lady over a bowl of warm milk. By rubbing against her legs, he showed his devotion. Her granddaughter, who visited every Sunday, was also very gentle with him.

One early spring morning, Cat set off. He said goodbye with a loving letter:

*I have had a wonderful time  
in this feline kingdom. You are  
true cats, connected with nature.  
Even the two-legged human  
being is dignified and gentle, just  
like true cats.*

*Nonetheless, I must leave. I need  
to research something important.  
Why are some cats true cats and  
others not? I will not be at peace  
until I find out.*

*I will never forget you.*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer*



## DANCING IN THE HEIGHTS

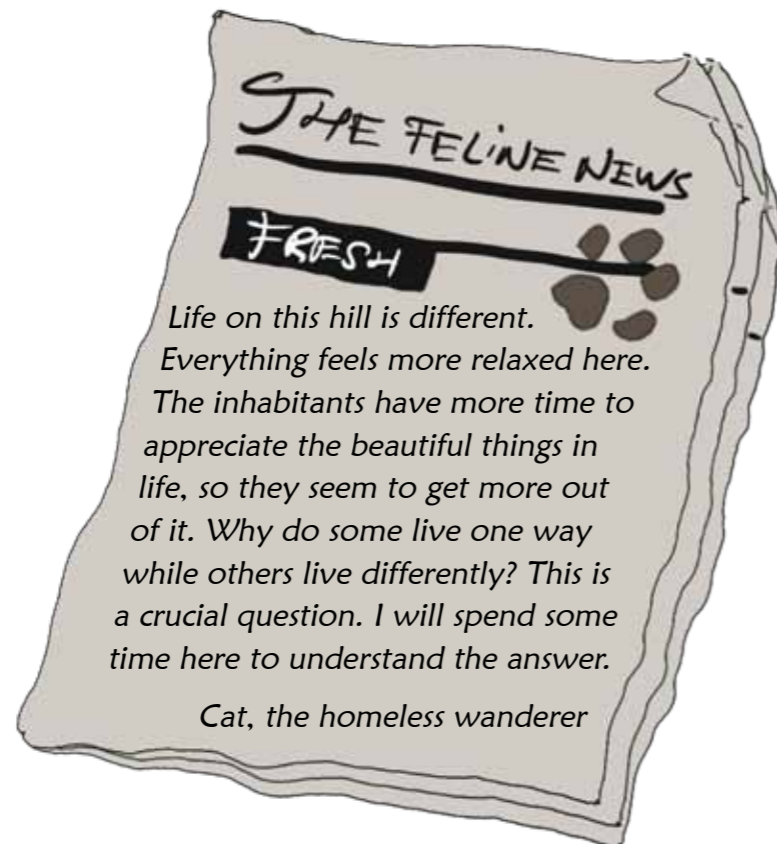
As evening approached, Cat found himself on a rocky plateau surrounded by very high hills. He felt a lot of life everywhere. He noticed some harmless animals, a small body of water (humans call it a lake), and a few human dwellings. However, there were not many humans or moving boxes. He saw tall rocks and walls built by humans as a shield for several human dwellings. It seemed to him that there was a lot of life on the other side of the wall. But how to get there? The rocks and walls were high. He walked around and found the entrance.



And indeed, inside this natural and man-made enclosure, he discovered an abundance of life. Why this fence, he pondered. Obviously, these two-legged creatures had fierce enemies in the past. To protect themselves, they went high up, where only brave beings could reach. They also found a place that naturally protected and enhanced it. Now they are safe. They can serve the high mountains embracing white clouds. When they look down, they see resting water, as well as water flowing to the unknown (humans call it a river). Their fate seemed similar to that of a cat. We also turn challenges into advantages.

Cat strolled peacefully through this serene kingdom. He greeted passing cats with friendly sniffs, exchanging a few words of introduction. The two-legged inhabitants mostly offered kind glances, friendly words, or gentle touches. They did not rush frantically or stare at their phones. They also had ample time for relaxed conversations with each other. For cats without a permanent human companion, they had even set up an outdoor dining area.

That same day, Cat wrote in the Feline News:



Every day, Cat observed the daily life of the two-legged beings living there. He noticed that they used various beautiful objects, such as jugs, cups, pots, sundials, and statues.



They treated these items with great care, indicating their importance. After several months of observation, he published a longer piece in the Feline News.

# THE FELINE NEWS

FRESH

I have found that the two-legged beings here behave similarly to animals. Because they had enemies in the past who invaded their land and looted their crops, they grew closer. They knew they could only survive if they fought together and helped each other. Let's remember how it is in nature. Weaker animals can resist stronger ones and save their lives if they stick together.

I noticed that occasionally more human beings gather on this hill. Some play games, just like us cats or dogs do. They call it dancing. Others watch them. Everyone is happy.

Reading the writings of other cats, I learned that recently more two-legged beings came to live in this kingdom. They mostly produce some beautiful things they call art.

It is good that human beings observe animals. We understand life. When we cats play, when a squirrel jumps from branch to branch, when an eagle soars into the heights, when a horse gallops with the wind in its mane – we celebrate life. We strengthen our health and our nature. We remain who we naturally are. Humans can do this too. On this little hill, they dance and engage in art. This makes them better. To themselves and to others. And they get more out of life.

I just hope they don't become overly focused on accumulating wealth.

I am glad to have met them. Now, my feline curiosity leads me to other kingdoms.

Cat, the homeless wanderer



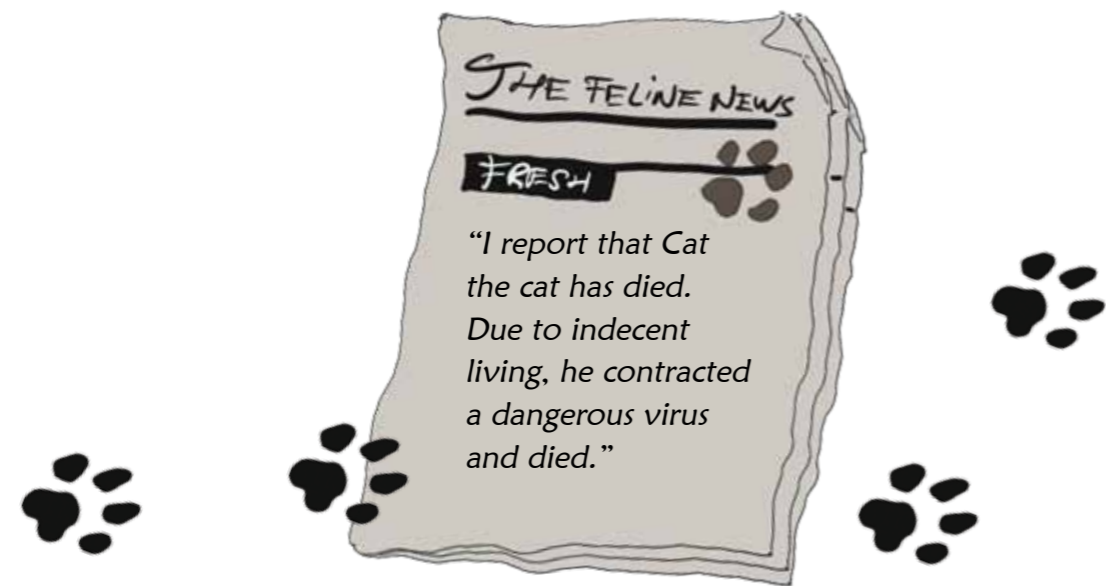


## WHAT IS LIFE?

For a long time, the feline world heard nothing about Cat the cat. In the lands where he was known, no one saw him. There were no writings from him in the Feline News.

He was travelling. He wanted to reach the other end of the feline world and get to know very distant cat countries. He did not linger anywhere unnecessarily. He would only glance briefly at the Feline News occasionally. He never wrote anything.

In a certain feline land where he was known, Cat the cat happened to come across the Feline News. He was very surprised when he read this news:



This was written by a cat who often published fake news as long as it was shocking. Following that, another cat, apparently of similar character, published a correction: "It is true, Cat the cat was infected, but he died in a clash between drug-dealing gangs." Many inhabitants of this feline country commented on this news, writing only nastiness about Cat the cat, as if on command. Each comment was worse than the last, as if someone wanted to convince everyone that Cat the cat was a monster in feline form.

Cat continued his journey, reflecting sadly that the feline world was undergoing a severe test. It had strayed too far from its true nature, adopting human habits. This is bad for everyone—both the feline and human species, he thought. In these contemplations and persistent travels, he found himself at the other end of the feline world, far from his homeland.



One warm afternoon, in who-knows-which feline country, Cat the cat sought out a sunny spot to rest. Gracefully, he leapt onto the trunk of an old apple tree. Mid-leap, he extended his strong claws from his soft pads and skilfully caught hold of a branch growing alongside a tall building. Once close enough, he made a perfect jump onto the balcony railing. A bit more climbing up the drainpipe and he was on the roof, basking in the sun.

He sat near the chimney and looked around. A few moments later, he stood up and turned around a few times to prepare his bed. He lay on his side and purred loudly. The warm roof tiles and sun rays heated him. Relaxed, as only cats can be, he drifted into a soft daydream.



After a while, he heard some unusual sounds. Cat moans? He got up and arched his body. Then he stretched, yawned, and sat on his hind legs. He turned his ears left and right, raising and lowering them until he figured out where the strange sounds were coming from.



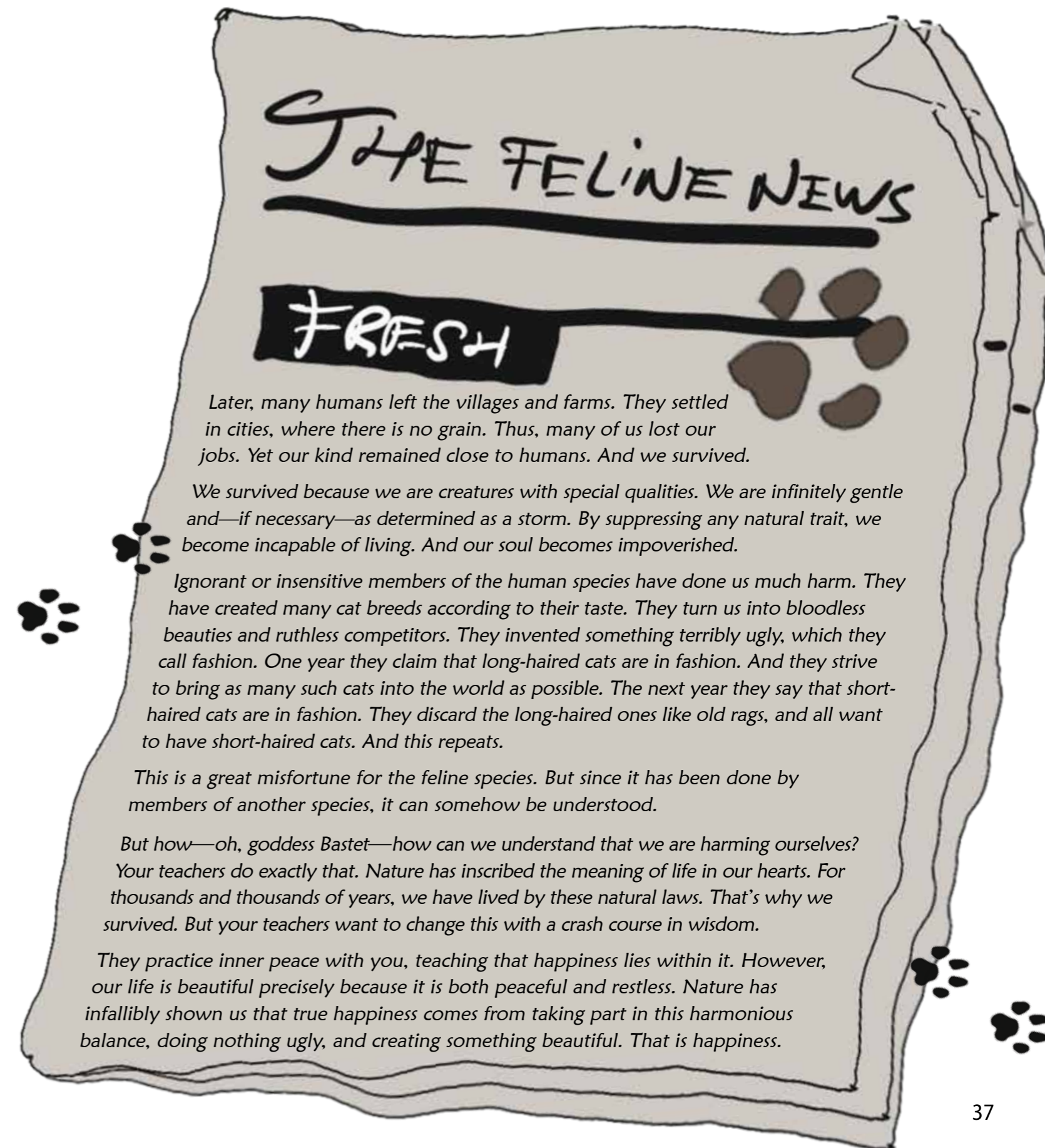
In the attic, he saw a peculiar scene. Several she-cats and tomcats sat in a semicircle. They covered their eyes with their front paws. Their bodies swayed back and forth. In front of them, in the same position, sat a cat with longer whiskers. They called him the Teacher.

Cat the cat was quite confused. He tried to address them. They did not respond. As if he wasn't there. As if they were deaf and mute.

After a while, at the Teacher's signal, they returned to their usual state and opened their eyes. "You missed the session, brother. You can join us for the breathing exercises," the Teacher invited him with a comforting voice.

That afternoon, Cat discovered that in this feline country, the most respected individuals were the teachers of wisdom. These were the ones with longer whiskers. They practised "inner peace" and "mastery of natural needs" with ordinary cats. Within a few days, they taught the feline inhabitants the meaning of life and how to be happy.

This is the note Cat the cat left in their Feline News:



# THE FELINE NEWS

FRESH

*What you call inner peace is actually the dying of the soul—running away from reality and responsibility. But it's our sense of responsibility that helps us understand the meaning of life. Cats are naturally responsible, not just for our own kittens. A cat will feed another's kitten if it's hungry and will find food for other cats when they are sick and helpless. If we can't help an endangered cat, we alert humans with a special meow, saving many feline lives this way.*

*If you respect what nature has inscribed in your heart, you live a true life and feel that it is worthwhile. If you deviate from these eternal rules, you are not a true cat. You will always feel that something is missing and constantly seek shortcuts to happiness. It will seem as if happiness is within reach, but it will always elude you, making life feel too short.*

*Those who live wrongly need a longer life to correct mistakes and catch up on what was missed. The more misguided the life, the longer it should be. The most misguided one should be eternal. Do you see the foolishness of teachings that go against nature?*

*A true cat feels that death is part of nature and does not need eternal life or the eternity of the soul. Nature does not know this. Nature knows eternity through beautiful memories.*

*The memory of a pure life is the greatest thing life can give!*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer*

## LACE AND WELL-BEING

The sadness in Cat grew even stronger after this experience. He realised that the cats in this country were under a greater influence of two-legged beings than those in his homeland. Yet, it is to this very place that two-legged beings from various parts of the human world come to learn the wisdom of life.

Time to head to the high mountains again, thought Cat as he continued his journey. In the forests and on the high plateaus, he saw various animals he had never encountered before. Skilfully avoiding them, he watched from a distance. He did not meet any humans or moving boxes, which made him think that it might be possible to live more freely in these environments. However, when he recalled the old woman who had hosted him in her large house for a while, he abandoned these thoughts.



A bowl of milk, the caressing hand of a human friend, and stretching out by a warm stove were very appealing. He realised there were no perfect solutions and kept walking.

Pondering the mysteries of life, he found himself in a somewhat unusual feline country. Though it was situated high up and surrounded by mountains, he noticed quite a few two-legged beings. Initially, the cats were reserved towards him, as if they had had bad experiences with strangers. However, once they were convinced of his good intentions, they became very friendly.



Even the humans were not too troublesome. They walked slowly and conversed more with each other. He wondered why this was. He knew that you could learn a lot about an environment by reading the Feline News.

For a long time, he read numerous articles. There were many shocking ones as well. He learned that the two-legged inhabitants of this country were among the oldest under this part of the sky. This is why their old customs meant a lot to them. Other human beings with different habits disturbed them. Consequently, terrible things often happened in this feline and human country. Human inhabitants often fought with inhabitants of other lands. This was terrible for everyone—not just those who fought, but also for those who had never done anything wrong.

Human children and the elderly died. Animals and plants died. Because of these conflicts, many human inhabitants left their own country. These were severe ordeals.

With sadness in his heart, Cat went for a walk. He observed the feline and human inhabitants. No cat had done anything deserving of punishment, let alone death. He carefully watched the human women who sat on a bench in the park. In their hands and on their laps, they had some balls and threads, which the feline



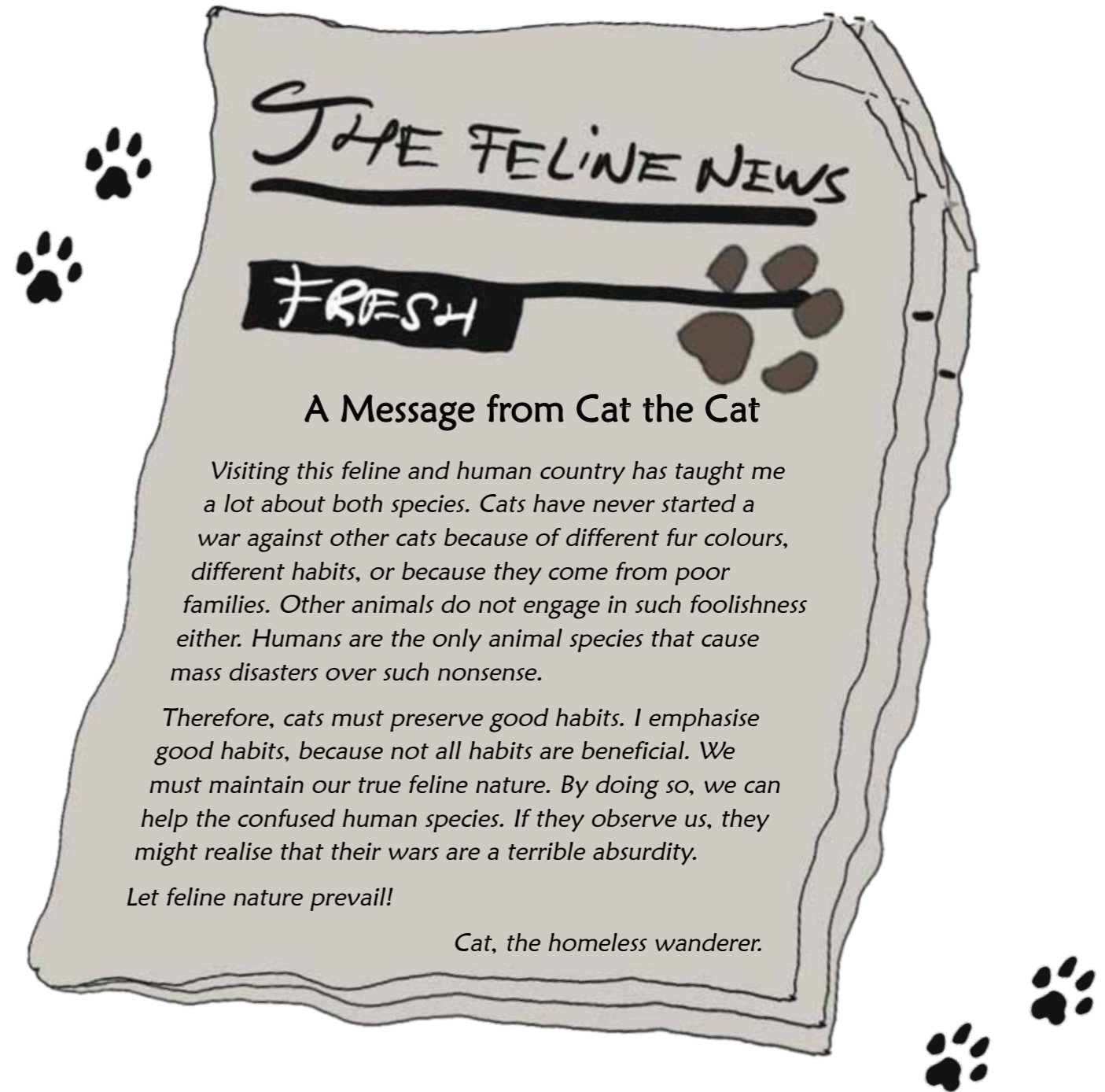
world is also familiar with. We cats happily roll these balls, chase them, and pretend to fight with them. These women were doing something different. They were turning these balls into beautiful decorative items called lace, which are also incorporated into special clothing.

Cat observed the faces and movements of the front paws of these lace-making humans. Their faces were calm and relaxed, their movements harmonious. It seemed to him that these beings were similar to cats when they wet their front paws with their tongues and then cleaned their faces. This activity calms them, gives them a sense of purpose, and maintains their feline nature.

From numerous articles in the Feline News, Cat learned that the human inhabitants of this country had great respect for their past. This respect helps them preserve good habits, maintain their will to live, and endure. They also respect nature—their poets even praise the high mountains that surround them.



With a sense of the many injustices in both the feline and human worlds, Cat wrote down some reflections in the Feline News and departed.



### A Message from Cat the Cat

*Visiting this feline and human country has taught me a lot about both species. Cats have never started a war against other cats because of different fur colours, different habits, or because they come from poor families. Other animals do not engage in such foolishness either. Humans are the only animal species that cause mass disasters over such nonsense.*

*Therefore, cats must preserve good habits. I emphasise good habits, because not all habits are beneficial. We must maintain our true feline nature. By doing so, we can help the confused human species. If they observe us, they might realise that their wars are a terrible absurdity.*

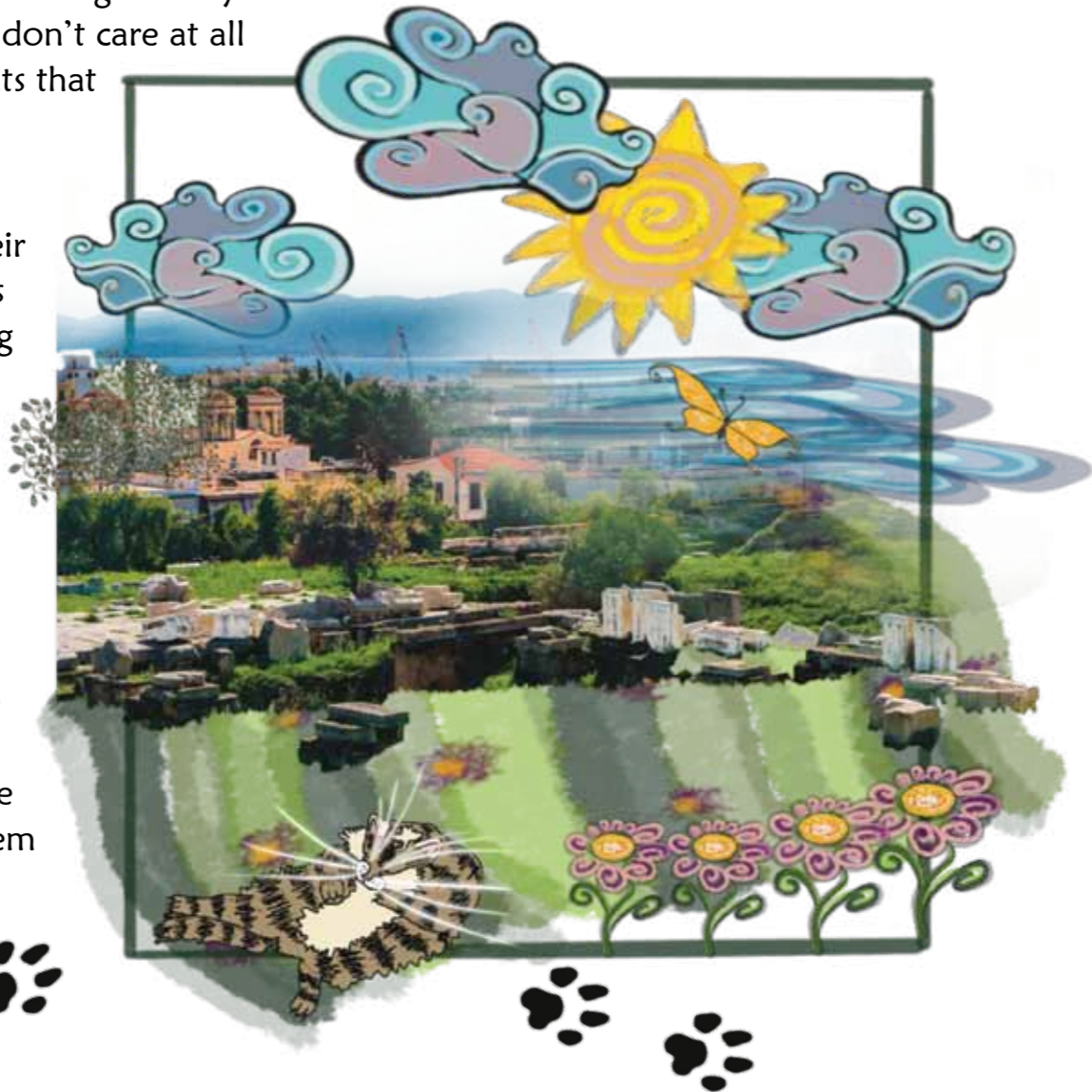
*Let feline nature prevail!*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer.*

## IT'S NOT EASY, BUT IT'S WONDERFUL – BEING AN OUTCAST

It was late at night when Cat found himself on a hill overlooking the feline and human settlement. Tired from the long journey, he decided to find some shelter and rest. However, something was bothering him. Many lights were burning in the settlement. The candle of his benefactor from the lonely house was the only pleasant source of light. She even extinguished it when the last birds went to sleep. Human beings living in large dwellings are strange, he thought. Why don't they turn off the lights? They don't care at all about other animals and plants that should be resting now.

Cat woke up when the bird choir had already finished their morning singing and the sun's rays were caressing everything around. He realised he had slept among the remnants of some very old human houses. As he walked around the hill, he noticed more similar remnants, each connected by a narrow stone path. There were many more of them at the foot of the hill, along with countless large human dwellings. Beyond them lay a large body of water.



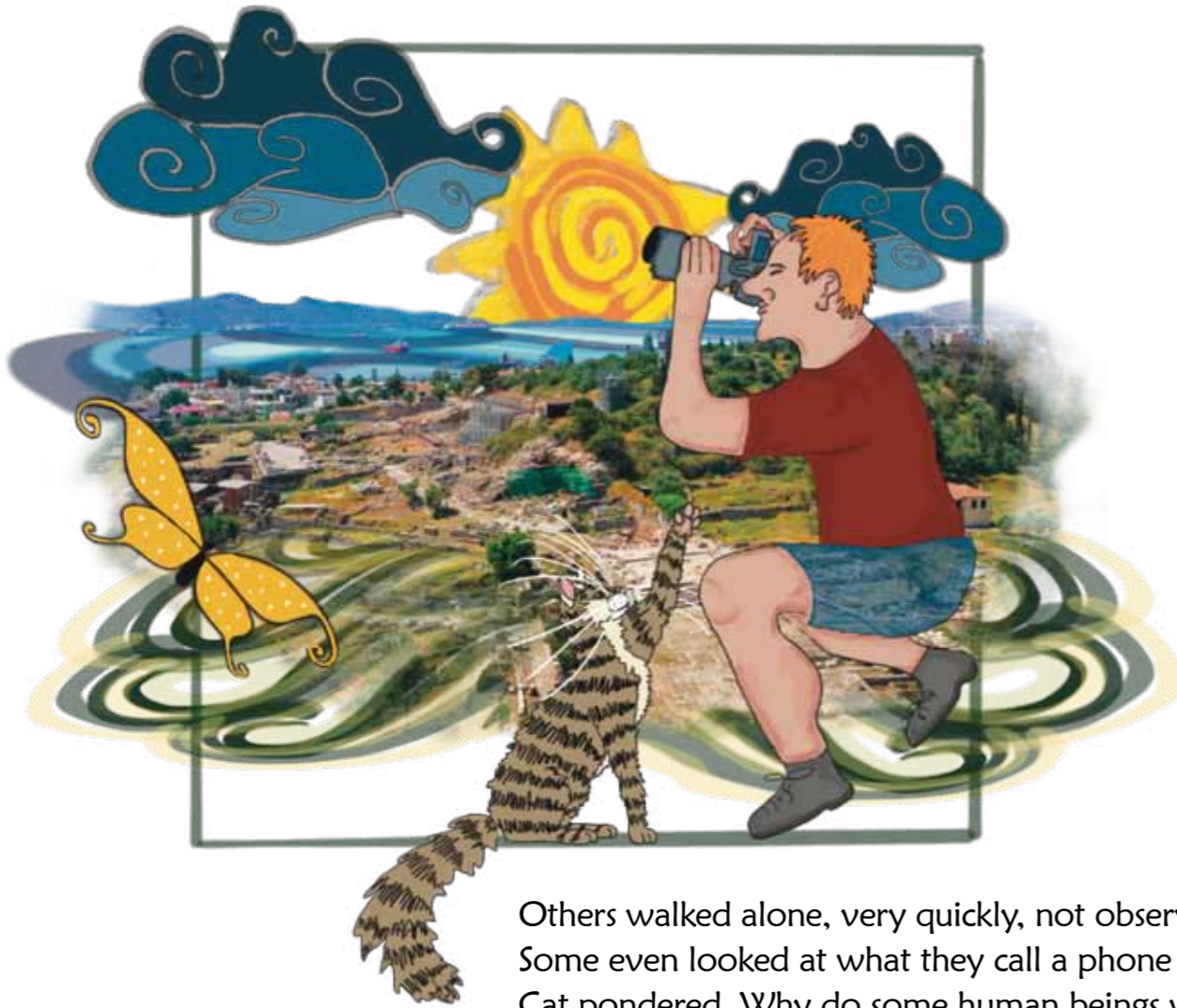
Human beings are truly strange animals, Cat thought as he looked at the large houses and the remnants beside them. They build big houses, then they demolish them, build again, and demolish again. What foolishness, he thought. He then decided to get to know this feline and human country better.

Cat cautiously descended from the hill into the human settlement. He noticed that the plants here were not very tall, not reaching the clouds. But they were colourful and smelled nice. He encountered a few human beings who walked slowly, stopping at the remains of the old houses, taking photos, and moving on. They seemed to give him a friendly look, but nothing more. This hill was also a feline dwelling. Some cats strolled around, not paying attention to other happenings, as if pondering important matters. He sniffed a few of them, exchanged friendly information, and they went their separate ways.

When Cat descended from the top of the hill, he found himself in a stone square next to a large body of water. Around him were mighty houses and various remnants of houses. There were also things that human beings call monuments. The sun shone brightly, the stone ground was warm, and his paws were truly being put to the test. He understood why human beings invented coverings for their feet. They call them sandals. They also invented shoes and boots because of the rain and snow.



Cat noticed various human beings moving around in the settlement. Some walked in groups, slowly, looking around and taking photos.



Others walked alone, very quickly, not observing anything. Some even looked at what they call a phone while walking. Cat pondered. Why do some human beings walk slowly while others rush? Why do some look around or at each other's faces, while others only look at their phones?

In this contemplation, he noticed an even more unusual member of the human species. He walked alone. Everyone else had sandals on their feet; he was barefoot. Everyone had their faces and most of their bodies uncovered; he had only his eyes and feet exposed. When he was near a crowd, he walked quickly. When no one else was

around, he walked slowly. He always looked at the ground. Occasionally, he would pick something up from the ground and put it in a bag he was carrying.

After a brief reflection, Cat was less surprised. He realised that this peculiar human had something in common with the feline race. We cats are also completely covered. Only our eyes are exposed to observe everything around us, and our paws to create a stronger connection with nature, he thought. We also hurry or run like lightning when near beings that could make our lives difficult. When surrounded by gentleness, we slow down or lie on our backs and enjoy.

As he wandered around this human and feline country, Cat often smelled the scent of the large body of water. Why did he find this scent pleasant? He remembered that in the past, a human benefactor had given him a morsel of their own food that had a similar scent. He remembered the words: "Here. We'll share this fish from the sea."





While walking and pondering the mystery of life, Cat found himself at the other end of the settlement. Instead of large old houses and monuments, he was surrounded by monotonous grey buildings. In some, humans lived; in others, they produced and sold things. There were smaller gardens and some abandoned warehouses in between. Only in the stone ground could remnants of old times be seen. Cat noticed a peculiar group of people measuring, filming, and writing things down. From their gestures and tone of voice, he concluded that they would demolish something and then build something new. He quickly bypassed the gardens, abandoned warehouses, and other feline dwellings. I must warn them immediately that humans will destroy their homes. If they don't move in time, they could all perish, he thought.

He searched for the Feline News to write the warning. However, there was no space for new news. It was already filled with various announcements. For example, one cat boasted about having the deepest voice. Another admitted to being madly in love with a cat with the most beautiful fur. And similar fluff.

Where should I write this important warning? Cat wondered. It's not nice to cover other notices, but I'll have to do it. Because an accident could happen. So, he took action.

### An Urgent Message

We created the Feline News to help us survive better and improve our lives. The writings in your newspaper might be interesting to some boastful tomcat or some shallow beauty. But they are not important for the residents of this place, much less for the feline race. Because of these meaningless messages, there's no room for a really important warning: **Quickly start looking for new homes. Humans will soon destroy your country.**



In the evening, Cat visited this feline dwelling once more. He noticed that the cats were not particularly disturbed. Under his warning in the Feline News, he found unfriendly responses: "We were perfectly fine without you, smart aleck. And there's no reason we won't be in the future." "Oh, we live in a time without romance. The lofty impulses of my soul were covered by some idiot's boring notice." "Tonight, you'll feel the strongest claws in the world on your stupid head, you dumb feline outcast!"

Sadness flooded Cat's soul. He sat on his hind legs, wrapped his soft tail around them, and looked up at the sky. He felt the urge to meow so painfully and loudly that it would be heard up to Heaven. To the feline goddess Bastet.

But he didn't. A brave heart suffers in silence.

Cat wasn't afraid of the threat in the Feline News. But he felt a strong need to quickly move away from the residents of this dwelling. He was afraid that he might start thinking like them if he stayed nearby. That he might start behaving like them. He felt the need to hurry. And he remembered the human oddball who also walked quickly past some members of his kind.

Cat soon found himself in a rather neglected park outside this populated and feline-infested dwelling. He was already tired. He realised he needed to rest and process his impressions. He jumped onto a somewhat hidden human bench, relaxed, and observed the inhabitants of this peaceful corner. Two sparrows were chirping and hopping in a bush nearby. He wondered what important task they were performing. Were they writing poetry or arguing? Then a bee caught his attention. It tirelessly flew from one flower to another, diving into each one. Cat pondered this activity: it gives so much of itself, and humans benefit the most from it. They enjoy the honey. Yet they are not always kind to it.

On a nearby bench sat a somewhat unusual member of the human species. Unusual because she was very ordinary. Ordinarily dressed, she was talking to nature, which is



quite ordinary. Since most dress strangely and do not talk to nature, ordinary becomes unusual. Now and then, a bird would flutter to her hand, sit for a while, take a seed, and fly away.

Humans are strange creatures, Cat thought. Some of them start wars, destroying everything that smells of life. Others carry their hearts on their outstretched hands. What should we think of this species? With other animals living separately from humans, it's clear how they will act in any situation. And we can respond appropriately. With humans, it's different—they can be a song or a storm. It's hard that there are also troubles with our kind. And with other species living near humans. We need to help the human species, he concluded sadly.

In this state, Cat was startled by the arrival of the peculiar man from the city square. He entered the park slowly, without the hood on his face, looking around, as if greeting all the beings – birds, bees, flowers, trees.

He sat down next to the woman. He handed her a bag. She looked inside. Then she took



something in her hand, brought it close to her eyes, and observed it. Cat thought it was an ordinary pebble. When he saw her waving her hands and hugging the oddball, he realised they were special stones. That's why she was so happy. After looking at all the stones, she hugged him again and handed him her own bag. They exchanged a few words, then were silent for a long time. Then they said something again and were silent. Cat thought this silence was very eloquent.

After a while, she walked away. She did it calmly and softly, as if she were being careful not to step on an ant. Reading the news, Cat learned that she took these precious stones to a special place on the hill (humans call it a museum).

Cat noticed that little birds would also flutter onto the peculiar man's shoulder and hand. He would say something, and they would chirp back in their own way. It was as if they were having a conversation. And it went on.

After some time, two young human children, a girl and a boy as they are called, appeared in the park. They skipped along, holding hands. From afar, they waved at him. When they sat down, he handed each of them a book. Cat heard some words repeatedly: Aesop... good book... must read... He didn't understand, but he realised it was important. Because when the peculiar man spoke these words, the girl and boy clutched the books to their hearts. After a while, they stood up, waved at the man, and left the park. Cat continued to notice something unusual: the girl and boy didn't walk like humans do, but with the books pressed to their chests, they skipped like birds do when they are happy.

When he was alone, the peculiar man took something out of the bag the woman had left on the bench and turned to Cat. Cat heard a soothing voice: "Cat, come here!" Cat was astonished: how did this human know his name was Cat? Should he go, he wondered. If the birds did, so could he. He walked slowly, stopped in front of the bench, looked into the man's eyes, and jumped up. He felt the warm hand of the human friend on his head. Then he heard the words: "Now, we will share this fish from the sea." He didn't know what these human words meant, but he felt it was something beautiful, something healing. Then he tasted a delicious treat.



As the human friend was leaving, Cat heard these words: “You know, Cat, we are doing the same job. And this task must be completed, even if it causes us trouble.”

The feline kind doesn’t understand human words. But they strongly feel the tone of the human voice, understand the manner of speaking, and human gestures. Cat was very proud. He left a message in the Feline News and departed.



### A Letter from Cat the Cat

Lately, I have been carefully reading all the Feline News. And indeed: if you want to understand an environment and find out who is who, you have to read their newspapers.

I have learned a lot about the feline and human species. Both promising and sad. In this human country, people in the past had a good understanding of nature, as well as the feline world. Human sages wrote useful books about how one should live. They said that nature can be a teacher. And what they call science can also be harmful. It is true that science helps them make useful things. Unfortunately, also harmful things. Their ancestors said that money cannot replace water, food, and air. Nor can it provide the beautiful experience of a sunrise, the first bud, the dance of snowflakes, a cat’s purr, a beautiful home, or heartfelt conversations.



Some members of their kind did not obey them. And they argued that earning money is the most important thing. More and more people act this way. As a result, the hearts of the human species are becoming harder. And they feel less and less of the beauty of nature, are unaware of the importance of the beauty of their homes and the beauty of conversations in gathering places. If someone acts like their ancestors did, they are ridiculed. I found out that many human beings here do not even like the benefactor who shared a fish with me. They say he is peculiar. That he is a nuisance. Why? Because he prefers to read the books of ancestors rather than look at a phone. He prefers to walk barefoot rather than ride in a moving box, which can be dangerous. He picks up the remnants of beautiful objects from the ground so that they are not destroyed by construction machines. He prefers the company of animals to that of some people.

For these reasons, people give him a hard time. This is sad. Those who care for the good of all are pushed aside. Those who care only for themselves and have a lot of money are respected. Something is seriously wrong with human beings. This is a warning for us—we must not act this way.

Sadly, some in the feline world also act wrongly. When I wrote here that humans would destroy a feline dwelling, some of you threatened me. The threat still remains: “We were perfectly fine without you, smarty-pants... Tonight you will feel the strongest claws in the world on your stupid head, you dumb feline outcast.”

This is how some human beings behave. This is bad for the entire feline race. Some would punish me because I want what is best for everyone.

I have done what I could and am moving on. I am accompanied by the words of the human friend who shared a fish with me: “The task must be completed, even if it causes us trouble.”

Cat, the homeless wanderer



## KILLING BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE

While travelling around the world, Cat found himself in a feline country that reminded him of human beings. In the Feline News, many cats offered various services. One cat organised a course for models, another predicted fortunes, and a third guaranteed wealth by working from home. She claimed it was possible to hypnotise a mouse from a distance, which would then come and lie on a cat's plate. A tomcat claimed to be the greatest sage under the sky and offered a quick wisdom course. Everything had to be paid for – each day, the teacher had to be brought a mouse.

One ad was particularly highlighted in a special frame:



Finally, he was startled by an "Important Warning," prominently displayed: "A monster disguised as a grey-white cat roams the feline world. It goes by the name of Cat. This monster is very dangerous because it plays the role of a benefactor and an oddball. We must get rid of it as soon as possible."

This was signed by a Concerned Cat. This helped Cat understand why the cute cats in this country were curiously watching him, but only from afar.

He became very sad. What will become of us? he wondered mournfully. Following the commands of his soul, he wrote a longer piece for the Feline News:



*They love and respect us for our feline nature. They recognise that we are a link to ancient times when they lived more peacefully. This means a lot to them because they have become too distant from nature. But if we also become distant, they will no longer need us.*

*I know that some among them enjoy turning us into feline beauties and rough bandits. However, we must not renounce ourselves because of such unscrupulous individuals.*

*Instead of quick courses on learning human skills and other nonsense, we should introduce long-term lessons on forgotten feline values. Because much of our felinity has already faded from our hearts.*

*This is also happening because many of us live in small spaces. The same is true for humans. Their hearts also become hard when they fight for space. And when there are many of us alongside many of them, it spells bad news for everyone. Therefore, we must not get used to confinement and great dependence on humans.*

*I hope that with this response to the ad of an unenlightened modern cat, I have also addressed the concerns of a distinguished tomcat who issued a warrant for my arrest.*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer.*



Cat knew that his letter would not be liked by the more distinguished cats. He knew they would write hundreds of the ugliest lies about him, without allowing him to respond. Two fierce battle-ready cats would stop him from approaching the Feline News.

“Do what you can,” he said to himself. “Travel.”

## BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE IS ETERNALLY FRAGRANT

Cat travelled; he travelled long days and months. He explored feline countries and pondered the feline race. He realised that the feline race was also changing. It was adapting to new circumstances. Some changes might be for the better, but mostly for the worse.

One day, he found himself on a forested hill near a human settlement. He was already exhausted and decided to rest there. Where would he sleep? There were only two human houses on the hill. In one, different people were constantly coming and going. He realised it was an inn. The other one, across the road, stood alone. It had a porch and wooden benches. Yes, he would rest on the bench. There were no moving boxes or noise. Only the lights from the valley slightly disturbed him.

The next day, when he woke up, he looked for the Feline News. Reading various articles, he found out that he had slept in the house where the most prolific writer of this human country had lived for some time. In this very house, he wrote a beautiful story about a dog named Leda and several gentle tales about different animals. From various articles, he learned that this writer had died prematurely because



he was beautifully different. He had continuously fought for the rights of good people and animals. Some were very disturbed by his uniqueness.

Descending into the human settlement, Cat met many human beings with dogs: it seemed that humans and dogs were walking each other to the inn on the hill. He found this lovely.

At the first houses, he met a few cats, all of whom were curious and friendly. From house to house, and after some time, Cat found himself by the river, next to a giant human statue. He didn't feel well. In a small space, there were many human beings, mostly in groups. It seemed that taking photographs was their primary life goal. In this part of the settlement, he did not meet a single cat.

No one paid any attention to him either. It was only when he found himself on the other side of the river, among the tables with fruit, vegetables, and fish (they call this a market), that Cat felt some human kindness. He even got a few tasty bites, and some kind words to encourage him.



Reading the Feline News, Cat discovered that the greatest poet in this country and the girl he was deeply in love with lived in this part of the settlement. This poet behaved somewhat differently. He was not interested in beautiful clothes and money. Therefore, the girl chose another boy. This hurt him deeply. So, he turned his suffering into poetry. They say this is how the most beautiful love song in this part of the human world was created. Hence, the crowd around the monument.

Cat noticed that in the gathering places of this country, called inns, people behaved unusually. They did not talk about what truly affected them. They argued about things from the past that had no impact on their lives. Many would spend their lives in quarrels.

This saddened Cat. He felt the need to get away from the crowd of visitors and their photography as soon as possible. And also, from the evaluators of the past who knew nothing about life.



Cat felt a strong need for solitude. And he walked. Toward the hills. High. And ever higher. On the same day, he crossed a few hills and found himself in one of the oldest settlements of this people. Cat noticed that the settlement was pleasant – many old beautiful houses, no human crowds. He also met free-roaming feline walkers. All calm and friendly.



In a field, near the largest and oldest house—humans call it a castle—he observed a human being performing hard labour. Gruelling work, probably working all day. When he noticed Cat, he said something to him. Cat didn't understand, but it was encouraging.

Cat continued upward, even higher, to places only those curious about life go. It smelled of the forest. It felt healing. He met curious human beings—some accompanied by dogs—all friendly. At the top, surrounded by forest, was a beautiful human house, called a cabin. The visitors were hikers. In the cabin or on the terrace, they mostly drank tea, some accompanied it with homemade brandy. The hungry could get traditional homemade dishes. Everyone was in good spirits, talking relaxedly. No one spoke about history or politics—no arguments. Cat noticed that male hikers gave warm looks and very kind words to female hikers. He found this lovely.

In this observation of relaxed human beings, Cat was surprised by the being who had previously worked hard in the field by the castle. “Cat, you're a hiker too,” he heard his words and felt a pleasant touch on his head. Cat was amazed that the human being, who had worked hard in the field all day, was still hiking up the high hill by the end of the day. He decided to stay here for a few more days. He would observe the hikers.

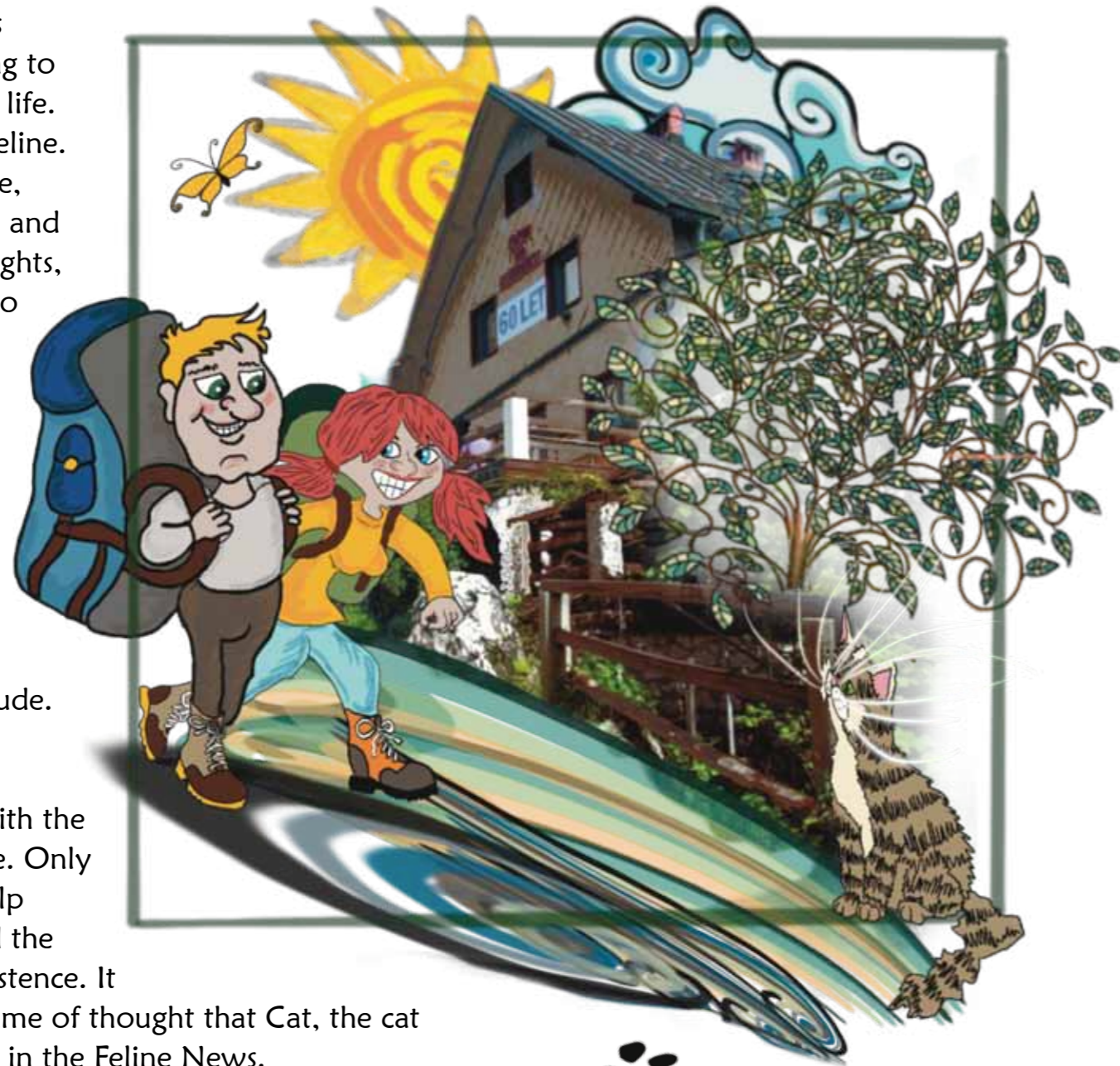
When the sun was setting behind the high hills, the last visitors left the cabin. Cat noticed that some hikers who had come alone were leaving with female hikers who had also come alone. This reminded him of his encounters with cute she-cats that made his heart beat faster. During his reflection, he was startled by the cabin owner: “Where did you come from, poor thing?” he heard warm words and felt a gentle touch. With a few tasty cat snacks, she showed him a basement room where he could sleep.

For a few more days, Cat observed the cabin visitors. He noticed that everyone was in good spirits. Even strangers gave kind words to each other. Acquaintances talked casually, and there was a lot of laughter. This meant they were witty. He noticed they



also mentioned ancestors who had monuments. Those who wrote beautiful poems and stories, built beautiful houses, and explained how to live. But there were no conversations about the rights and wrongs of these people. No arguments. In the settlement with the large monument and the town hall, there was only arguing.

Thus, Cat was actually talking to himself about life. Human and feline. Yes, in solitude, without noise and unnecessary lights, you can talk to yourself, Cat pondered. If you talk to yourself, you exist. If we can't live in solitude, we must occasionally travel to solitude. This way, we maintain a connection with the core of nature. Only nature can help us understand the essence of existence. It was in this frame of thought that Cat, the cat wrote a letter in the Feline News.



## A Letter from Cat the Cat

*In this feline country, life isn't too harsh for cats. It isn't because the human race doesn't start wars and at least somewhat respects nature. Human beings haven't erected monuments to those who kill, but to those who create good books and build beautiful houses. They also build mountain huts and maintain the paths to them.*

*This doesn't mean that the feline race isn't in danger. In their main human settlement, there are no stray cats. The human leader of this settlement believes that cats spoil the town and deter tourists. Tourists bring money. If this mindset spreads to all feline countries, it will be bad for our race. Consequently, also for the human race, although their leaders don't realise this.*

*Therefore, we must help human beings. The feline race can contribute something. How? By maintaining our feline nature. We will not change and adopt the habits of human beings from their town hall and presidential palace. We will continue to respect nature. This is also how human visitors to mountain huts behave. We will continue to respect diversity, just as nature respects it. We nurture diversity that is beneficial. Diversity that is harmful, we rightly understand as a mistake. This is how it is in nature. And it will be good for everyone.*

*Therefore, I emphasise: let feline nature prevail!*

*Now I must go further—to explore the entirety of life!*

*Cat, the homeless wanderer.*

In response to this letter, a certain cat wrote: "Cat is like a flower. He smells sweet even in solitude—always. He will still smell sweet, even when he's gone!"



## A SMILE AND ITS REFLECTIONS CANNOT BE KILLED

The courtyard where Cat first saw the light of day. On a moss-covered stone, sits the Elderly Stranger. In his heart, he feels the last beats of nature. He bids farewell to Cat. In the air, he hears the song of his heart. He smells the intoxicating scent of his being.

Nearby, on a high fence post, stands the Chief of the courtyard. The Feline News can be found on this post. The same Feline News in which Cat once wrote long ago: "Our most important task is to be a cat." The message is fresh, as if it were written this very moment.

The Chief of the courtyard, with bared teeth and outstretched claws. Ready for a deadly leap. He trembles. Hatred has doubled his strength. His bite will be deadly. He glares at the approaching one. He bristles even more. His sharp teeth become even larger. He lowers and calms the front part of his body slightly. He prepares his hind legs for the leap. Just a moment. Now!



Like an arrow from the strongest bow, he flew at his eternal opponent. From pain and despair, he groaned on the cracked hard ground. He was alone. He flew into nothingness.

"He is dead. He has been dead for a long time. What you see is not Cat the cat. This is his smile. Embraced by this smile, the reflections of the souls of the cats from your courtyard march on. In this reflection is admiration for Cat and pity for you. But you can't kill a reflection and a smile. The imprints of a great heart live. And they act. They remind us. That's why mistaken lives try to save themselves by killing the beauty of great lives. You sense this, but you mustn't admit it to yourself."

When he heard these words, the Chief of the courtyard tiredly raised his head. He looked at the Elderly Stranger. He bared his teeth at him. He prepared for another leap. He would kill him.

But suddenly, he faltered. He lowered his head to the dry ground and mournfully whined: "I can't anymore, I can't, no..."

"I know. For you, life is hell," said the Elderly Stranger slowly. "You have spent your entire life thinking of someone you hate. This can't be endured. Not even for a moment has your heart felt the joy of life. But you must know: Cat didn't want this. On the contrary. He wanted to create poetry from all life—even yours and mine."

The Chief of the courtyard pressed his head even more to the ground. And whined even more painfully. He trembled like a reed. After some time, he raised his head. His contorted face and pleading eyes did not waver from the Old Stranger even for a moment.

"Search all the sheds and woodsheds, the cellar and the attic of the barn," said the Old Stranger calmly. "Surely, there is a cat that needs help. Lick her wounds and bring her food. Every day. Do what you can."

The Chief of the courtyard listened to him.

Before he went on his final walk that was unseen to everyone else, the Old Stranger wrote something else in the Feline News. In the same Feline News in which Cat the cat wrote long ago: "Our most important task is ... to be a cat."

## A Message from the Elderly Stranger

*It is possible to travel into the future and see what will happen to those who come after us. However, not with the help of balls and pebbles, card reading, or paws.*

*This can only be done with intelligence. A cat who knows our past and present well, who can connect events, can travel into the future. Just like Cat the cat travelled from his time to the distant future. And also, to our present time. And he wrote down what would happen. We see that he was not wrong.*

*I too have travelled into the future. Not very far; just as far as I could. I was interested in whether the truth about Cat would change anything in the lives of our children and grandchildren.*

*Those who are angry with Cat the cat will become even angrier. The love of the loving will grow even greater. Some of the bitter ones will realise their mistake and join the virtuous. Just like the Chief of the courtyard did. The undecided have found a guidepost.*

*My feline responsibility does not allow me to tell you only what is pleasant to your ears.*

*For the feline race, as for all beings on Earth, life will become increasingly difficult. We have broken too many threads that connect us with Nature.*



We continue to break them. This cannot be stopped – it can only be slowed down. The truth about Cat the cat will certainly slow down the breaking of Nature's golden threads. At least for a while. This is not much, but it is the most that can be done. That is why I have refreshed the story of Cat the cat.

And one more thing: it is true that there are all kinds of cats. But until you are sure that a cat is not a real cat, respect the oldest truth about our race: Cats are gentle and beloved beings.

