

The Cat Pride goes for a Stroll

by Brian Paul Kaess

Recently, on Thanksgiving weekend 2025 in Las Villas, Mexico, I had been taking my cat Nieve for strolls during the past few days, and then, during the next stroll in the afternoon after our main meal, all three cats joined in: Nieve, Candy & Sabrina. Candy and Nieve rolled on the ground, basking in the sunlight with their clean fur, eager for me to rub their bellies, which I did obediently. Sabrina meanwhile hugged the bumper on a neighbor's car, careful as cats can be. After that, I strolled at a leisurely pace heading west on our boulevard (Circuito via Venecia), and they tagged along, trailing behind only a little bit. Now and then, they would burst ahead, surprising me with their enthusiasm- playing 'catch-up.' By the time I reached Cynthia's green house, they were meowing far behind and seemed to be at the treshhold of their patience following me. A car zoomed by, but the cats casually moved to the side, retaining all nine lives. They pretty much stopped by a tree, and called it quits while I walked the reminder of my 1/4 to 1/2 mile stroll, all the way to Florencia and back. It's good exercise for me, but a bit too much for them. They don't want to get caught by a dog in the open, with too much distance between them and home. So, I quickened my pace, did my stroll, arrived back on Privada Venecia, with all three cats emerging from the grass, eagerly following me. By then it was like a 'pride.' And hate to say it, I was their leader! That's the sum of my leadership skills these days.

We arrived at home, and I opened the door with Mayte in the kitchen, and I said, 'We took a stroll, and it was like a scene out of the Lion King!' I think she was mirth about it. In any case, the cats are lovin' it, and having fun with me as their bonified friend and escort. I feel like a tour guide for cats!