

cats of kochi

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Aroo: The Matriarch Who Runs the Show

Aroo explains how she got her name and why she answers to Arvind. She says she is considering adoption in India and beyond.

The morning light filters through the curtains. I stretch languidly across the human's chest, deliberately placing my paw on his face to signal breakfast time. I am Aroo, though you might occasionally hear me respond to "Arvind" because of an amusing mix-up over my name.

A bittersweet tale explains my name. I invited myself into my human's home on the day his dear friend Arvind bid adieu to us. Seeing a reflection of his friend in my eyes (a sign of my remarkable character), he named me after him. A few weeks later came the somewhat startling revelation of my gender. Rather than a complete rebrand, I graciously accepted the abbreviated "Aroo", which, between us, suits my regal demeanor perfectly.

I am, without question, the original power behind Cats of Kochi. Bandit may hold the flashy title of "editor in mischief," but everyone understands who truly runs this establishment. Sound of a whip in the background. My business card would read "Chief Operations Officer" if I had not shredded it during a particularly vigorous play session last Tuesday.

My management style combines firm leadership with compassionate oversight. I ensure our human performs his duties adequately. I do this through gentle reminders (sudden pounces at 5 a.m.) and positive reinforcement (purring when he correctly serves my tuna). I have also built good working relationships with the maid and her daughter. They understand that no one may pass through a doorway without checking if I wish to enter or exit.

When not directing operations, I occupy elevated positions surveying my domain. I also sleep on the human's belly, a practice I have perfected through diligent daily rehearsals. I maintain cordial relations with other felines, provided they acknowledge my seniority. Those requiring clarification about the hierarchy receive firm but non-violent corrections. As one visitor aptly observed while watching me delegate grooming responsibilities: "She's quite the matriarch."

I maintain impeccable personal hygiene standards, the most fastidious cat in our collective. My coat gleams with the dedication of someone who understands that leadership begins with carrying oneself with grace. I enjoy contemplative window sessions, observing the outside world (particularly birds) while formulating strategic plans.

Though I am happy here and like the leadership role, I am considering career advancement, that is, adoption opportunities in India and beyond. I would excel in a home without existing feline staff, where my

organizational skills could be fully appreciated from the start. However, I would consider a package deal with Luna, my trusted lieutenant with whom I share grooming duties and recreational activities. I am fully vaccinated, spayed (Thank you Dr. George from Cochin Pet Trust).

My preferences include quality nutrition, with a fondness for tuna. I enjoy extended rest periods. I sleep near the human's shoulder, a position that offers both security and the perfect angle for 3 a.m. face pats when I require attention.

Now, if you will excuse me, important business awaits. The sunbeam on the living room floor requires immediate occupation. I have scheduled an afternoon of intensive napping, followed by a twilight session of inexplicably running through the house at top speed.