

cats of kochi

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Ginger: the historian of human follies

Ginger, historical correspondent and skeptic-in-residence at Cats of Kochi, documents the endless parade of human folly. He shares a close bond with Bandit, his three-legged friend, and comes as a package deal requiring patience.

In this page

At Cats of Kochi

The afternoon shadows lengthen as I watch tourists take selfies with a 500-year-old Portuguese cannon. They are oblivious to its bloody colonial

history. I am Ginger, historical correspondent and skeptic-in-residence at Cats of Kochi. I specialize in documenting the endless parade of human folly.

My backstory

My backstory contains the kind of cruelty that shapes one's worldview. My tail, now slightly kinked, bears witness to an encounter with local children and firecrackers. That experience left me with physical scars and a wariness of what humans intend. "The problem with humans," I noted in my recent journal entry, "is not their capacity for cruelty, but their remarkable talent for forgetting it."

Life with Bandit

Despite my reservations about humans, I have formed a close bond with Bandit, my three-legged confidant and grooming partner. Our friendship transcends typical feline alliances, and we are kindred spirits who understand that physical differences merely add character. Last week, as we watched the sunset from our favorite windowsill, I caught him mid-groom and realized that I had found my family, not been born into it. The logical family is different from the biological family.

Reporting on history

My journalistic focus naturally gravitates toward historical investigation. I have developed a skill in documenting human blunders throughout the centuries, finding a perverse comfort in the consistent pattern of mistakes repeated across generations. "Ginger approaches history with the same intensity he brings to hunting cockroaches," observed my editor last month, as I presented my latest research on the Dutch occupation's impact on local fishing practices. This intensity serves me well in both pursuits.

Aroo and daily life

When not documenting historical failures, I race through the house at improbable speeds or practice my vertical jumps, skills honed during my street days that now serve as stress relief. I maintain a complicated

relationship with Aroo, our resident matriarch. My romantic overtures have been consistently rebuffed, yet I persist with the optimism that only the truly delusional can maintain. As I told Bandit during one of our grooming sessions: “Rejection is merely history’s way of redirecting you.”

Alleppey and Fort Kochi

I share a playful rivalry with my fellow ginger Alleppey. While he concerns himself with culinary matters, I prefer intellectual pursuits, though I am not above using his restaurant knowledge to locate the best fish scraps in town. Together we explore Fort Kochi’s playgrounds, where I observe human recreational behavior with the clinical detachment of an anthropologist studying a newly discovered tribe.

Care and companionship

My vaccination record is impeccable. Dr. George from Cochin Pet Trust neutered me, and I am potty trained, but I come with a disclaimer: I require patience. I only trust those who respect my boundaries and appreciate skeptical intelligence. I am available as a package deal with Bandit, and we have been through too much separately to be parted now.

Next investigation

As the sun sets over Fort Kochi, I am contemplating my next historical investigation: the curious case of the abandoned lighthouse that mysteriously changed location on all official maps after 1962. The human explanation involves administrative error, but I suspect something far more intriguing.



Ginger, one of the Cats of Kochi — the historian of human follies.

Keeping the records straight

Now, if you will excuse me, I need to finish my notes on today's observations. These humans will not document their own absurdities, and someone with proper historical perspective must keep the records straight.

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Fort Kochi