

cats of kochi

Published 9 March 2025

Luna: the hyperactive sustainability correspondent with a fridge-climbing habit

Luna is the sustainability correspondent at Cats of Kochi. She has written an award-worthy series on the Kochi Water Metro. She also climbed the refrigerator.

In this page

The refrigerator door opens with a gentle whoosh. Before the human can reach for the milk, I have already calculated three possible routes to the top shelf. I am Luna, though “Luna-tic” is equally accurate. I am the sustainability correspondent and resident energy bomb at Cats of Kochi. My boundless enthusiasm is both my greatest strength and my occasional liability.

My arrival story has all the dramatic elements of a holiday special. On Christmas Eve 2024, while investigating the famous Kochi Carnival preparations, I found myself in an unfortunate chase with dogs of questionable intelligence and worse manners. Motherless and resourceful, I sought refuge at what would become my professional home, the Cats of Kochi household.

As the second feline to join the home, I quickly formed a deep bond with Aroo, our distinguished matriarch. Our friendship goes beyond typical ranked feline relationships. We are confidantes who share grooming sessions and napping spots, and we also have occasional midnight zoomies across the living room. Last Tuesday, we watched birds from our favorite windowsill. I caught Aroo mid-yawn and pounced directly into her mouth, a liberty only a true friend could take without severe trouble.



Luna, one of the Cats of Kochi — the hyperactive sustainability correspondent with a fridge-climbing habit.

My journalistic focus naturally turns to sustainability projects. My work channels my perpetual motion into productive investigation. My award-worthy series on the Kochi Water Metro has been praised for its insightful analysis of public transportation's environmental impact. However, my editor occasionally questions how I manage to include the phrase "insatiable appetite" in every article regardless of subject matter.

"Luna approaches environmental journalism with the same intensity she brings to scaling the refrigerator," noted a colleague last week. I presented my latest research on traditional handloom practices while simultaneously attempting to balance on a rolling office chair. This intensity helps me in both pursuits.

My legendary conquest of the refrigerator summit shows my pioneering spirit. I reached it before cats much older and presumably wiser even attempted the climb. The expedition came from my well-documented

relationship with food, a passion that borders on spiritual devotion. I can hear a can opener from three rooms away. Household members describe this as “either impressive or terrifying, possibly both.”



Luna, one of the Cats of Kochi — the hyperactive sustainability correspondent with a fridge-climbing habit.

When not investigating sustainable practices or plotting refrigerator raids, I practice what I optimistically call “yoga”. Others might describe it as “contorting into improbable positions before suddenly sprinting at top speed for no apparent reason.” My search for inner peace remains a work in progress. Primarily, my natural inability to stay still for more than 3.7 seconds holds me back.

I maintain excellent relations with all my colleagues. I show none of the territorial tendencies that sometimes plague our species. My diplomatic approach can be summed up as: “Why hiss when you can play-tackle instead?” This philosophy has worked well for me in professional settings.

As the moon rises over Fort Kochi, my namesake lighting up the night, I am thinking about my next sustainability feature. Perhaps I will investigate the solar-powered streetlights recently installed along the waterfront. But first, I have identified a new potential climbing route to the top of the bookshelf. It requires immediate testing.

Now, if you will excuse me, I need to practice my yoga. These downward-facing cat poses will not perfect themselves. I have exactly 2.5 seconds of patience left before I need to sprint across the house. The reasons will remain entirely mysterious to everyone including myself.

Places in this story 1

Fort Kochi