

Guide

The Ultimate Guide to Peter Celli Street

Mia, a cat from the Cats Of Kochi household, wanders Peter Celli Street in Fort Kochi. She finds Teapot cafe and meets its resident cats, Mama Cat and Boaty.

Before you go

WherePeter Celli Street, Fort Kochi

Pulled from the place record. Nothing in this panel is written on the guide.

As a feline who meows and hopes hoomans get it, I know language can be ruff. Try the Google Translate feature on this page. It purrs in 20 hooman languages!

The afternoon air was humid outside the room. I, Mia, the newest member of the Cats Of Kochi household, felt bored watching the sunlight bathe the trees outside. I listened to the murmur of chirping birds. On top of that, I was getting endlessly tired of hearing the other cats of the house, Bandit and Aroo, bickering. They talked about their adventures in the Water Metro and other places.

Humans who know nothing would call it jealousy. But I cannot bring myself to indulge in prancing around and taking naps in random places. Or so I thought.

I decided that I had enough of it. I built up courage day by day and stepped out of the house one fine and windy afternoon. The other cats were all cuddling in our human's bed for their daily nap. Usually I would join them, albeit a bit far away, my spot under the window. Today I used this knowledge as a window of opportunity, literally.

The only way out for me was through the small window gap that only I am aware of. I also made sure to check that the humans in the house were at a considerable amount of sleepiness and drowsiness. They would not notice my absence. They might be under the false assumption that they are smart, installing the nets on those windows and caging doors.

But what they do not know is that I, unassuming and quiet Mia, am smarter. And you know how the saying goes, what they do not know will not kill them or something. Let us be done with cages!

Anymeow, off I went! I pawed around the streets of Fort Kochi for the first time in my cat life. Honestly, I had high expectations and standards. You would, too, if you heard the way Luna talks about the streets of Fort Kochi. It was welcoming, that is for sure.

The neighbourhood felt calm. Or maybe I am just coming from a noisy household where all I hear is screeching meows. The pavements were beautiful, and the humans were keeping their mouths shut the perfect

amount. After trodding along the main road for a while, I jumped onto the first street that caught my eye. Green covered the first building.

Every inch of it! And I fell in love because you see, green is my favorite color. The next building, following the same pattern, was white. I could not make out what or why the buildings were for. But the street was called Peter Celli Street.

It is close to the Water Metro station that Luna loves to travel in. Here look at the map!

Down the street, I was in for a surprise. A surprise that would change my life. You would not believe it, I met a cat! Another cat! One who was not Bandit, or Ginger, or Aroo.

I was a bit apprehensive about approaching them at first. What if they do not like me? What if they start a fight with me? I did not want my first day in Fort Kochi to be one where I would walk home with scratches and blood all over me. I slowly walked over to the pretty cat lounging on the footpath, licking her paws and judging the tourists.

“Meow” I said, to catch their attention. The cat glanced at me indifferently and then suddenly got up. I was startled. She started sniffing me. That is a good sign, I hoped.

“Meow, you’re cute. Come, I’ll show my dear son to you.” I was flabbergasted. Her son? I went behind her. You have to respect your elders, you know?

I followed her through a small door, perfect for cats like us. Green also covered it. More points for that!

Inside, I entered another timeline. One where the houses had yellow walls and antique posters on them. Every nook and corner was carefully designed, nap friendly and perfect for judging the humans. The chairs looked comfortable. The tables were the perfect height to see if something interesting was being served.

A corner held the books that humans oh so love to read. She led me towards another room. There were sofas!

With cushions! My future lounge spot momentarily distracted me. But Mama cat instantly nipped me.

Interiors of Teapot

That is when I noticed him. The tiny cat who looked a bit like Aroo. Hmm. That was interesting. I wondered if Aroo visits this cafe often.

“This is my son, his name is Boaty. I will go and get you some food.” Oh, how hospitable. Did I just get adopted? Or married? Boaty did not look happy about this.

He was scowling at me. When I tried to extend my hand for him to shake on, he swatted me away and also gave me a tiny scratch. My goal to make a friend was failing miserably. But before things could go more gloomy, a cute human came our way and started petting us.

Soon enough, Mama cat came back from the kitchen of the place with a fish. My mouth started watering. I made an undignified whine. I could not help it! An orange curry covered the fish.

I gave a small lick. I could taste mangoes and coconuts. Soooo yummm. Boaty was still squinting at me. I took a bite of the tail and presented it to him as a peace offering.

He accepted it well, as expected. My charm is too powerful. I trick humans with it every day. It is my salaried job at this point.

I was curious about this place. It looked like a home. I asked Mama cat if this is her home and if she has her own human here. She told me a story.

Her grandmother, Granma Cat, was once stuck on the roof of the opposite building. Stories tell of her rescue mission. Even after seeking help from the fire brigade, they were unable to rescue her. The previous owners would hear her meows and feel helpless. But one day, she was able to escape from the parapet and came down to live in the cafe.

She made the cafe her home and delivered three kittens! One of which is Mama Cat. Right now, Mama Cat’s brothers and sisters are no more, and she stays within the cafe with just Boaty.

Before the cafe was called Chez's Teapot, it was called just 'Teapot'. A different set of humans took care of her home. The word carried on from her ancestors is that they have been here since 2002. But the history of this house goes beyond that, up to 400 years. The interesting paintings that adorned the walls and antique pieces around the place seemed as if they had their own histories to tell.

They say that this house was a 'home' for many people who have come to Fort Kochi. The Portuguese, the Jews, the Dutch and the British. Before it became a cafe, it was the house of a family of Anglo Indians. Mama cat told me that now, people from all over the world come to visit this place and find a bit of home. Her words came true when a sweet French lady came near us with some treats and pets.

Who knew stepping out of the house would feed me so well?

This was my first taste of Fort Kochi. I really liked what I have encountered so far. A place where there is a story for everything. I am excited to discover many such stories about the place, meet new humans and make some more cat friends!

All this talk of home had made me miss my own human and fellow cats. I felt like sharing all of this with Ginger, who would love this place. Saying goodbye to Mama cat and Boaty with a promise to visit again, I trotted back to my house with a smile on my face.

You can check out the Instagram of when this place was called 'Teapot' on Teapot's Instagram page! And the present 'Chez Teapot' on Chez Teapot's Instagram page. They also have a website which I will link below.

Chez Teapot

If you want to find a way to reach Fort Kochi, check out the Water Metro rides. My friends Bandit and Luna have talked about them!

Is there anything else you would like us to add? Or something to correct? Or a question? Write to us at hello@catsofkochi.com

Kochi Water Metro: A Cat's guide with routes, timings, tips

The place

Peter Celli Street