



**April 16, 2018**

**From time to time even the most hound-savvy of us are baffled by the behavior of our Irish Wolfhounds. I've learned to simply ask Oona, my loving four-year-old, diva. Like most wolfhounds, Oona's quirky and opinionated, but she always tells it like it is.**

Got a question? Send it to [bob@thewildstare.com](mailto:bob@thewildstare.com) and Oona will get back to you as soon as she gets her nails done or she can prod the old guy to take dictation.

## **Why Are Cats So Mean?**

**Dear Oona:**

**Why are cats so mean? The one who lives with us keeps swatting at me whenever I go by. I've done NOTHING. I just walk by and out come the claws.**

**— Jittery Gary**

Dear Gary:

Why are cats so mean? The short answer? Because cats are evil. I suspect possession.

But then again...When GreatDog made wolfhounds big, he gave us big brains and big hearts, too. My brother Finn loved everrrrrything. If he could, he would have brought home every creature he met and wrapped them in a warm, fluffy blanket. Birds, goldfish, donkeys, turtles, little bugs that crawl across the patio... Finn was a loving guy. And even *Finn* liked to roust the cat.

If he found her sleeping on the bed, he'd take a running leap and — boooooiiinnngg — she was off like a circus clown from a cannon. There's something about cats that brings out the...errr... mischief in us. I think it's because cats take themselves so seriously. And wolfhounds, we love a good prank.

I have to give cats a little credit, though. Both the cats I've lived with have made an effort to be civil. They live in a house full of dogs. They've done the math. They've kept their claws in. Despite being solitary hunters by nature, they sometimes want to be around their family, too. Finn was fine with that. Sully looks the other way hoping the cat won't notice him. Bentley would eat the cat if mom and dad let him, but — get this — they seem to LIKE the cat. So Bentley slinks around a lot giving the cat the stink eye.

Me, I think the cat's fun. Fun to flip, fun to spar with, fun to chase down the hall and up over the room divider. She's a blast. Unless she goofs up and gets in mom or dad's lap. That's where I draw the line. They're *mine*. So I give her a gentle flip across the

room. But, again, she keeps her claws in and I don't show my teeth. We co-exist. Like I think GreatDog wants us to.

But I guess some cats are like some dogs. They have a short fuse. Or no fuse. They're not willing to compromise. Cats are predators just like us. But we hunt in packs. We cooperate. Cats hunt alone and going it alone is okey-dokey by them. They don't need friends as much as we do.

And you've probably noticed cats have no shortage of attitude. They think they're *better* than dogs. Don't get me started. Cats like that are lucky they haven't met me because I just see red. I can't resist a challenge and, being a wolfhound, I don't back down (To be honest, I guess my nose is pretty lucky I've never met a cat like that, too).

It's just the luck of the draw, Gary. If you live with a schizoid cat, I'd encourage my mom and dad to get more dogs. Leave puppy pictures laying around all over the house and hope the bug bites. This will give the cat more targets. Hang back and let the others take the hit now and then. And when you have enough dogs in the house, even a cat will usually wise up and mind GreatDog. Or at least stay in its corner and keep quiet. And, you know, sometimes it's the darndest thing but cats just go missing. It's just the darnedest thing.

More dogs, Gary, you need more dogs. Learn to bob and weave until your parents come to their senses.

— Oona