

The Hunter and his Prey

The pain was worth the reward. The reward was worth the risk. The risk was worth the kill. This time he would not give up. He would not fail.

His entire leg was aching. The lithe muscles along his shoulder to his abdomen were tight and shaking. His foot was punctured and bleeding. He didn't care. All of his exquisite senses were locked onto his prey. It would not get away.

With every pause he took from clawing at the creature in the cave he felt the subtle vibrations of the trapped animal bouncing off the finely tuned vibrissae on his forearm. As he pressed his face closer to the tiny in-ground cavern he could smell layers of minerals packed into the damp Earth. The scent of his prey penetrated his sensitive nose. A flood of endorphins filled his mind and body. The excitement was almost overwhelming. He began to salivate at the thought of crunching into the creature once it was captured.

The mud from the creature's tiny tunnel home was now in his face, yet his gold-yellow eyes remained wide open. For this hunt to be successful he needed to utilize all 5 of his exquisite senses: touch, taste, sight, sound, and smell. The hunter was fiercely focused. Nothing could distract him. There was no deterring him this time.

Sharp powerful pinchers dug into the pads of his feet again. The pain pierced deeply. He yanked his foot out of the long, narrow, dark and damp earth tunnel. He licked his foot vigorously, tasting his own blood. Frustration filled him. With as much energy as it took to remove his leg he thrust it back into the tunnel. Fiercely grabbing the trapped prey in the tiny tunnel. He felt another sharp painful stab his foot. This time he did not let the pain distract him from the hunt. He would capture and kill this clever creature. What an adversary this tiny beast was! This would be a hunt to remember. Long after he devoured his earth-dwelling foe. His adversary would soon be plucked from his subterranean dwelling and thrown into the mighty jaws of death. Nothing could distract him. This was it. He would finally win!

"Beaux, get away from that crawfish hole!!" a loud voice boomed from above him.

Without thinking he instinctively extracted his leg from the tiny tunnel in the ground. With all four feet planted firmly on the ground Beaux looked up to see his person staring down at him from the second-floor window with a furrowed brow and exasperated expression. Beaux blinked his eyes, attempting to appease his impatient person.

Turning his attention back to the matter at paw, Beaux silently stared into the dark narrow hole in the ground. Thinking to himself he defeatedly admitted, "Cat versus crawfish; match 2. Cat 0: Crawfish 1. Location: Cajun Country."

Beaux withdrew himself from his prey's safe haven but stayed within striking distance. He found a warm spot on the grass directly in the sunshine where he could relax his mind while his

keen senses kept a look out for potential opportunities to succeed next time.

Hunt. Capture. Kill. Consume. To cats like Mr. Beaux, that is living life to the fullest on the bayou. There is no thrill to be had by playing it safe. Safe is boring. Boring is emotional death to felines. All cats know that life is all about risk versus reward. And Beaux loved to take risks. A life without risks was no life at all.

Humans, though, always had a way of hindering him.