

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

With every pause 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 subterranean cavern, he could smell layers of minerals packed into the damp earth. The sweet scent of his prey penetrated his sensitive nose. A flood of endorphins filled his mind and body. The excitement was overwhelming. He began to salivate at the thought of crunching into flesh.

The mud from the creature's tiny tunnel home was now in his face, yet his golden eyes remained wide open. For this hunt to be successful, he needed to utilize all five of his exquisite senses: touch, taste, sight, sound, and smell. The hunter was fiercely focused.

Sharp, powerful pinchers dug into the pads of his feet again. The pain was piercing. He yanked his foot free from the dark cavern. Licking his foot vigorously, the metallic taste of his own blood permeated his mouth. Frustration filled him. With as much energy as it took to remove his leg, he thrust it back into the tunnel, seizing his prey. He felt another sharp painful stab in 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.

He instinctively extracted his skinny leg from the tiny tunnel. All four feet planted firmly on the ground, Beaux looked up to see His Person staring down at him from the second-floor window. Her brow was furrowed.

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. Defeated, he 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 in the sunshine, where he could relax his mind while keeping 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 always had a way of hindering him...

Chapter 1

The Magical, Mystical Musings of Mr. Beaux

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