

My Cat Can Read

By David Lyons

Look. You can see for yourself. Not only can she read but she has great taste in literature, my novel Ice Fire.

She has every right to read over my shoulder. My muse was there from conception of the plot and characters through every phase of creation.

Most of the time she slept on my desk next to my computer, except when the computer was in my lap, which is of course was where she decided she wanted to be. Between her and the computer, she always won or at least tied. You wouldn't think a lap could hold a nineteen inch laptop and a cat at the same time, but with extreme care, using the armrests of a desk chair and contorting into positions a yoga master would envy, it can be done.

She was so generous and considerate to me through all those hours, weeks and months. Whenever I was stuck for words or ideas, she let me stroke her, never complaining, actually purring through it all. How selfless is that?

I owe her a lot. I adore her and am so grateful for her company. I wouldn't be surprised if, on some other-worldly plane, she was transmitting thoughts and suggestions to me throughout the creative process. Perhaps in the after-life we'll meet again and she'll say to me, 'The idea for that plot twist in Ice Fire, where do you think THAT came from?'

Maybe that was what she was looking for in the pictured reading session. The photo was taken just before she asked me to turn the page.

Now I have to confess to you that she does have one fault. Yes. My muse. One tiny flaw. Now don't tell her I told you this, and I know it's hard to see in a snap-shot and I didn't shoot a video. But if you look carefully you might spot it. When she reads, her lips move.