

THE BAR CAT
(Or the story of the first cat- owner of a bar for cats)

To my children,
Spyros and Matilda

Hello, I am pussycat Samantha.

For many years I've been working as an assistant hairdresser-cat in a modern hairdresser's salon of the city.

I am a little overweight and I have a thick light brown fur.

I'm very proud of my lovely, green, almond-shaped eyes.

Besides, all cats are proud for their beautiful eyes.

I've no problems with my lady-boss, who always pays me on time, never asks me to work overtime and treats very well in general.

Also, most of our clients are very satisfied with my work, as they should be, since no human assistant-hairdresser equals me when it comes to washing hair and using the hair-dryer.

Still, I'm a restless cat.

I'm always on the lookout for a more suitable profession.

On a sunny day, as I was lying on the doormat, in front of the hairdresser's salon, leisurely enjoying the warm sun as it caressed my thick fur, I caught a glimpse of the window of the store opposite ours. There was a notice there that the place was for rent.

Suddenly I had a great idea, an idea that was going to change my life forever.

I got up, stretched lazily and went over there to see the telephone number that was written on the notice.

After a while I made my phone call:

- Good morning, I'm the cat-hairdresser of the salon that's exactly opposite your store. I'm interesting in renting your place. I plan to open a bar there.

Many cats live in this area, and I think its about time for us to have a place of our own, a joint you might say.

- If you think that a cat-bar is going to do well in that area, I've no problem.

My only hesitation is that the neighbors might complain.

- Complain for what? Besides, it was a bar before.
- Yes, that's true, but it's one thing to listen to human voices and another to listen to meows.

You're going to use your own language, aren't you?

And of course we must not forget the street-cats, which have no manners at all.

Please, let me think about your proposition for a while.

- Of course, take all the time you need to think about it.

You mustn't forget though that there are humans who are also uncivilized, with no manners at all.

So, please, try to be positive about my proposal.

I'll call you back in a week to tell me your answer. Good morning.

- Fine. What's your name?

- Pussy-cat Samantha

- Good morning to you too, pussycat Samantha, we'll talk again soon.

Since that day, whenever we had no clients in the salon, I sat on the doormat, waiting for the week to pass, staring at the shop and daydreamed.

I dreamt of creating the best, the most modern and trendy Cat Bar of the world.

I hadn't talk about it to my boss, because nothing was certain yet, and I didn't want to loose my job and be unemployed.

But I did talk about it with the street-cats of the neighborhood, and they were all very excited with my idea.

I hadn't decided yet whether we're going to allow humans in our cat- bar.

Of course, the more clients we'll have, the more money we'll earn.

Besides, it was about time to warm up our relationship with humans, and now I had the chance to make it happen and in my own place too.

My heart is warm and hospitable, and I'm always willing to make this effort.

After the conversation I've had over the phone with Mr. Petroulidis and our agreement to sigh the contract in the next few days, my joy was difficult to describe.

I told the news for my new job to my lady- boss, who didn't get angry with me, on the contrary, was very excited.

- Pussycat Samantha, I'll often come over to see you and to pass my time in your bar.

In the same night, my cat-neighbors and I gathered at the usual steps, which were our joint then, and we celebrated the news, eating the best food we had find inside the thrash-cans.

We were all very happy because a new, beautiful corner was going to be created, only for us.

- Good luck, we meowed all together.

So, on Sunday, extremely happy, I stepped inside my future bar, putting the right foot first for good luck.

It was very difficult for me to realize that I was inside my own business place.

I had to wait for a few minutes in order to overcome my emotion and then I began to study the space in order to plan the decoration I was going to use.

Then I stood proudly in front of the door and greeted the cats that were passing by, who also looked very happy for our new bar.

A cat, which lived at the house of an architect, was going to help me with the decoration, with all the knowledge he had acquired from his owner. We started by placing round glass closets with mirrors and putting in them cans with cat food by well-known companies, potato chips, biscuits and nuts.

We made serving sets in the shape of a cat or we decorated them with cats.

We had everything ready in only a week.

Then I had two next steps:

First, I had to put some order in my stomach by starting a diet -and by that I mean by eating only one time per day- because I wanted to be very attractive in new, professional suit.

Then I had to hire four cat- girls as waitresses, two cat- boys as waiters, two cat- boys for the security of my bar and another cat- boy as a D.J.

And they were:

Pussycat Kiki, who planned to leave the house of madam Areti in order to live an intense, exciting life, because she was fed up with her owner. She's is tall, thin, with an orange colored, thick fur and yellow irises.

Pussycat Zoe, who lived in the living room of a house.

She was going to get out without anyone seeing her from the cottage-house where she lived, and come for work in my bar.

Then, in the morning, she would return.

She's small, a little overweight, with a beautiful white face, round green eyes and a bushy white fur.

Pussycat Magie, a street -cat, who happily accepted my invitation to work for me.

She has a well-shaped body with soft, long, black and peach-colored fur.

Pussycat Lulu, who has slept with all the male- cats of our city, and continues to live such a life.

She lives in a neighborhood where everybody feeds her.

She begged me to hire her.

She has a sexy body and short, silky, light brown and golden colored fur. Pussycat Koko, who is a gay cat, and pussycat Nick.

These two are good friends.

They used to live in an auto-repair shop, but their owner one-day simply kicked them out.

Pussycat Koko is small, with grey- blue fur and a silvery nose.

Pussycat Nick is tall and thin, with a soft hair full of specks.

Pussycat Toto sleeps in a disco, and he's going to fetch us C.D. from there.

His height is medium, and his fur is crème-silvery colored.

Pussycat Negro and pussycat Grey are two huge male cats that used to live in the train station.

The noise and the whistling of the trains had gotten on their nerves, and so the happily accepted my proposal to come to our neighborhood and work for me.

Pussycat Grey has a short fur colored grey-beige.

Pussycat Negro is black, with orange eyes and shining hair.

Before opening our bar, we all gathered together to decide whether we were going to accept humans and dogs in the Cat Bar.

I was very impressed by the number of my cat-friends who attended this meeting.

After a few disagreements, we unanimously decided not to accept dogs, no matter how harmless they might be, and to allow the entrance only to animal-lovers humans.

As they were leaving, after our meeting had ended, all the cats congratulated me for my cat-business that was going to liven up the lives of male and female cats.

It was Saturday afternoon.

The cat- employees were all ready for the opening of my new 'Cat Bar'.

The invitation is 'cats- only'.

' On Saturday the 30th of March, at 9 o' clock, we invite you all at the opening of the 'Cat Bar' that belongs to all of you, admirable pussycats.

Meow- kisses'.

Our joint was lighten-up with small, multi-colored lights and decorated with pink ribbons, red balloons and orange balls.

We had ordered cat-food of the best quality, and we were going to have French champagne to accompany it, which a very good friend of mine, a French cat, had sent us.

The guests arrived dressed in the trendiest clothes of our cat's society. The female cats wore silvery gowns, open at the back, tight-fitting clothes or long, smart dresses.

The male cats all wore a black tie around their necks.

Each guest carried his/ her can of cat food or cat-biscuits or fish-bones well preserved and wrapped in a tinfoil with a small ribbon-knot on it. I welcomed them with short speech.

- My dear friends welcome to our new joint.

I promise you to have unforgettable, exciting nights here and for that we're going to need your help, of course.

I'm going to do everything I can to make this promise come true.

Thank you all for coming. Have a great cat-time.

Soon the party begun.

We all had a fantastic time.

There was plenty of champagne and the cans with the cat-food were being thrown from one corner to the other.

We caught them, opened them up and ate the delicious food dancing at the sound of samba.

There were of course small circles where the cats- guests happily had their cat- conversations.

- Oh, where did you buy that magnificent dress from, pussycat Lolie?

- Since the day I received the invitation I've been reading all the fashion magazines of my crazy-owner and I've chosen this one. Isn't it great? The cat-tailor charged me a fortune for it, but it was worth it.

- Hello, pussycat Pimple. How are your night-walks at the alleys going? Do you find good stuff?

- Well, there's low quality and frugality everywhere, even at the garbage. With all this expensiveness we all suffer. Well, no worries!

- Eh, my dear friend pussycat Pipie. What's new?

- Everything is just fine. Come, I'll buy you a drink.

- Why not? I might as well have another one. It's a fantastic night tonight.

And so the Cat Bar was established.

During the first few nights everything worked with no problems at all. The Cat Bar was getting better and better, and I was certain that in a very short time it was going to reach the highest quality level.

We, the female bar- cats, were very impressive behind and in front the counter, serving with a style of our own.

The male bar- cats did exactly the same.

The cat- porters never left the front door. They came inside only for a drink or for some small talk.

The cat- D.J. played his music non-stop.

For the first few nights our clients were cats, but one night a human appeared in our bar.

The fact that we had started to attract human clients made us very happy. In this way, a deeper and more meaningful friendship and contact were going to develop between cats and humans.

At first our porters hesitated and they didn't know whether they should allow him to come inside, but after an animal-loving test, he was allowed to enter.

Pussycat Zoe served him whisky on the rocks, and so the ice between us was broken.

After that, more and more humans began to come in our bar and they all left with a happy smile on their faces.

Our satisfaction was great, because we liked to see our clients happy, especially our human clients.

Pussycat Toto played all kinds of music and our clients liked that.

Pussycat Lulu danced with pussycat Koko.

Pussycat Magie swayed in front of the counter and pussycat Kiki and pussycat Zoe got on the bar and danced their crazy dance.

Our cat-lives were beautiful.

Fortunately, some times unexpected, happy events happen in our lives, like the love affairs between humans and cats, which manage to transform in a magical way those involved.

The first love affair was pussycat's Lulu love at first sight for a human client, who had become a regular in our bar.

He was a handsome young man, of medium height, with trendy clothes.

The waves of love transformed pussycat Lulu into an attractive cat-woman every time they were together outside our bar.

- Good evening my tender love.
- Hello my love
- What time will you finish tonight?

French kisses. Little stars.

- I'll be with you in a minute baby. I want to serve my last cat- client and then we can leave together.
- Should I be jealous? You are not making sweet eyes to a customer, are you?
- Oh, you jealous- cat! I only have eyes for you, my love. She reassured him.

When they rode his bike at nights in the city streets, embraced tightly, they sang loudly:

' A man has loved a cat
A cat has loved a man
Everything is all right
What a strange thing'.

The second love affair was the love of pussycat Magie for a very tall, middle aged man.

The bar -cat transformed into a wild cat-woman, whenever they were together at the luxury hotels of the city and made wild love.

A passionate love had been born.

The third love affair was between my ex- lady boss and pussycat Nick. My ex-boss came to our bar every night and her love for him was too obvious.

The power of love of pussycat Nick and the atmosphere of our bar transformed her into a big cat-woman, which danced, drunk, talked and flirted.

- Good evening to all of you.

And she hurried into Nick's open arms.

He took her into his arms and he whispered happily in her ears:

- Hello, my cute pussycat.

Unfortunately, we also had some unexpected, ugly situations.

Like, for example, when the Mafia of the neighborhood appeared on one rainy night in our bar.

At first it was only cat-Mafia.

Wild cats began to appear in the streets around our bar more and more often.

They hadn't made a move against us until then, but we were certain that they were going to.

We were sure that they were going to try to enforce their own conditions. The pigeons, which were on our side, had asked from their own pigeon-Mafia to protect us.

They were afraid to fly around because there were too many cats in the area because of our bar.

They demanded from us to close down the Cat Bar.

Then, third, came the mice- Mafia, a little late because their decision to act hadn't been made unanimously by their assembly.

That of course was justified, they were afraid more than everybody else.

Human- Mafia came after them, because they were worried that more cat- bars were going to open in the neighborhood.

Humans were afraid that the city was going to become a cat-city.

We hadn't anticipated all that, so I had to gather all the regular clients of our bar in order to discuss these unpleasant events and to make our decisions.

Finally we all agreed that our first step should be on a diplomatic level, so as to avoid war-like situations.

So, when one night three members of the cat- Mafia appeared in front of our Cat Bar, I went out to meet them.

- Hello pussycats. Come in for a drink, it's on the house.
- Pussycat Samantha, we don't want to come in because you've taken our job.
- I don't know what you're talking about. What job?
- We, too, wanted to rent this place.
- I didn't know that. The owner never mentioned it to me.
- Who knows what you've told him in order to convince him to rent it to you instead of us.
- Honestly, I don't understand. I haven't told him anything about you, because simply I didn't know your plans. Come in, we'll talk about it. Why are we standing outside?
- O.K. we'll come in, but only for a few minutes, we don't want to be seen by our own people.

So we continued our cat-talk at the bar, drinking and eating cat food.

But we couldn't reach an agreement.

The wild cats left decided to continue to be provocative and hostile.

Our next diplomatic effort was with the pigeon- Mafia and the mice- Mafia.

I invited the pigeon- leaders to the Cat Bar.

I had no positive results with them, also.

They insisted that the Cat Bar should close down, because they were very scared, as they've told me, that the cats were going to annihilate them.

I had the same answer from the mice, who refused even to discuss the matter with us.

They all demanded that the bar should close down.

' Oh, my God, I am a disappointed, successful cat- businesswoman'.

After all this, my last hope lied with the human-Mafia.

Fortunately, the people of the night talked with me calmly and they reassured me that they would try to find a solution because they didn't like unpleasant situations.

Despite our immense diplomatic efforts, soon the civil war begun.

There were two rival armies: we, the bar- cats and the human- Mafia against the cat- Mafia, the pigeon-Mafia and the mice-Mafia.

The street-fights took place during the nights.

As soon as our security-porters saw the enemy closing in, they warned us and then we gathered in order to face them.

The scenes of street- fighting in the streets were often.

Flocks of pigeons bombarded us from the air, throwing stones on our heads whereas the wild cats used small weapons.

They often managed to beat us using their extreme flexibility, their super-sharp nails and their pointed dogteeth

As for the mice, they run as fast as they could between our feet, trying to trip us and to throw us down.

These were war-like encounters that blackened our work and our cat-neighborhood.

But, despite all these difficulties, the Cat Bar was open and it had great success.

Our last achievement was the organization of a mini concert in our bar with the American group 'Lone Cats', who came to sing for us for free, accompanied by their manager.

The night of the concert was admirable.

The bar and the pavements around it were filled with cats, especially young cats, fans of the group.

‘ Hello, hello baby-cat. I love you so much’.

And we all repeated loudly, in frenzy:

‘ Hello, hello baby-cat. I love you so much’.

It was a truly unique musical pandemonium, accompanied by many loud meows.

It had been the most shaking show of the last ten years in cats’ history. During the recital, the wild cats were jealously watching us from the branches of the surrounding trees.

Their eyes shone into the darkness like fireflies.

The pigeons had nested on the balconies of the surrounding apartment-buildings.

They were looking down at our show with great curiosity, flying around from time to time, letting their droppings on our heads.

The mice run in and out of their holes, and around the feet of our audience, causing a small disturbance.

But all this didn’t bother us at all.

Our concert was a great success.

In this world everything is possible.

Take for example me, pussycat Samantha, who fell in love with the leader of the human- Mafia.

Some believed that my love affair with him aimed at my protection.

But they were wrong.

I’ve fallen in love with him.

In the midst of a war, a love was born.

Whenever he entered the Cat Bar, my heart bit fast and I run to take his order.

- Hello my little Venus. Get me a glass of tequila nicely served, just like you.

And I kept wondering why he called me like that.

I asked my lady-boss and she explained to me that Venus was a beautiful goddess in ancient times.

‘ Wow, I am a Venus, a cat- Goddess. Imagine that pussycat Samantha’ I talked to myself.

One night my beloved one brought me a nice gift.

It was a big surprise for me because when I opened the box I saw a collar- necklace with a shining green stone on it.

- My love, it’s so beautiful, thank you very much.

- It goes well with the color of your eyes, my pussycat.

- I'm going to show it to my friends.
- O.K., but wait a minute, I want to put it on your neck first.

He carefully put it on my neck and I run to my friends.

I stood proudly in front of them.

- Wow, pussycat Samantha, it's wonderful.
- Wow, pussycat Samantha, it's beautiful.

My beloved one thought that we should think of a plan to annihilate our enemies, in order to stop the war.

It was about time too, because it would surely begin to have serious consequences at the Cat Bar.

I agreed with him.

But the days went by, and no ideas came to us.

The conflicts, the street-fighting and the violence continued.

There were also some threatening messages at our cell- phones, but we tried to maintain our self-control - as much as we could under the circumstances.

But it was certain that all the hard work, the late hours, the dancing and the drinking and the war would soon make us collapse.

- I've an idea pussycat Samantha. Why don't we ask from a private detective to follow them?
- Which one? Do you have some human in mind?
- No, not a human, a cat.
- A cat? Which cat?
- The blind cat of Madam Agatha, which is the only cat that hasn't been in our bar yet. They'll never suspect her.
- But she can't see. How on earth is going to follow them?
- She can't see, but she can smell and she can hear.
- Hmm, it's not such a bad idea after all.
- So, you go and find her and offer her the job. Tell her that she'll eat the best cat food and that she'll have the best drinks. But you must stress her out that she must never come to the Cat Bar.
- O.K. darling.

Indeed the blind cat accepted willingly to help, without any reward.

She was so much happy that someone had asked her to do something.

She had been alone for a long time because of her blindness.

So, she managed to become a member of the cat- Mafia.

They not only welcomed her, but they also protected her, because of her disability.

- Come with us pussycat- Matie, and get away from these bar- cats.
- I'm on your side, wild- cats. You are my true friends.

But during daytime, before she returned to Madame Agatha, she secretly met with my Mafia- leader and me, and gave us her report.

Despite all our efforts, the cat- Mafia was unbeatable.

But one night, without anyone expecting it, the most cunning of all the wild- cats followed her.

He had suspected something was wrong.

Curiously enough, poor pussycat- Matie didn't notice him, but, fortunately, we did.

As we stood at the secret place waiting to meet her, we discerned the shadow of a cat at one corner, not far away from pussycat Matie.

So, before she came closer, we hid.

She looked for us, and since she couldn't find us, she stood beside a tree to wait for us.

Of course we didn't come out of our hiding place, but we waited for the wild- cat to make his next move, because we were certain that our enemy was out there.

Twenty minutes passed by in agony and nobody showed up.

So, after a while we left, without being able to inform pussycat- Matie for what we had seen.

And so no harm was done.

After this night pussycat- Matie was afraid for her life in case the wild- cats found out the truth about her, and so she stopped hanging out with them.

Today pussycat- Toto has his birthday and we're organizing a surprise-party.

We've ordered a huge cake, shaped like a fish, made of fish-bones and covered with mayonnaise.

At night, as soon as he enters the bar, we all sing loud:

- 'Happy birthday, pussycat- Toto'.
- May you be forever happy.

And Toto, excited, blows out the candles of his cake.

Later, we share a piece of cake with all our clients, while pussycat- Toto plays the nicest music and lifts our spirits.

Then we all dance together, to all kinds of music, from rock and roll to popular Greek music.

The members of the human- Mafia celebrate with us.

My beloved one dances wildly with me and we reach the highest level of euphoria, joy, happiness, fun, and craziness, not only the two of us, but all our clients and friends in our bar.

The pigeon- Mafia, the cat- Mafia and the mice- Mafia prowl around the bar, looking stealthily inside, filled with jealousy.

They are such fools.

They, too, could be inside with us and we could all celebrate together, if only they had buried their hatchets.

What a pity!

It's spring.

The day is getting bigger and bigger

And day after day the conflicts are getting lesser

And day after day our civil war simmers down

And there comes a day when our enemies realize how wrong they have been and so,

One day the mice come into our bar in order to reconcile,

The next day the pigeons come and

Later, to our big surprise, the wild- cats.

Now the Cat Bar is for everyone.

It's the place where cats, wild- cats, pigeons, mice and humans hang out.

Five different species united.

But we made an agreement.

The wild- cats must be careful when they use their sharp teeth.

The pigeons mustn't let their droppings when they fly inside the bar.

The mice mustn't run around our feet, disturbing us.

As you realize, my dear cinema- lovers, here ends happily another cat-story, which I hope will be in your thoughts for a long time.

Can it be that the century of the cat has begun?