

WHAT IS THIS BOOK?

This book is not a manual... for example... “if my cat stops moving its tail what does this mean” ?... NO, here we try to cover other topics which you may never have heard of or thought of before, and consequently revisit the lost, hidden and forgotten ancestral knowledge about these creatures. If this does not appeal to you then this book may not be for you.

We hope to teach effective techniques to enable you to communicate with your cat, to understand him or her and in so doing to generate a more natural, safe relationship with your feline, which up until now, you may not have even thought about..

As you journey through this story, you will learn stories about Kandor, Karel, Pandora, Leyre, Nana, Aynara as well as about Maiwen. This will be done using generic references and not actual descriptions of each one as I don't want to create a preference for one cat over another.

WHAT IS THIS BOOK?

Your feline is all you could ever need, who will keep you company as you page through this book, who will lie at your feet on top of your bed, who will sleep sharing your pillow, or warm itself in the jacket you just took off as you got home. You have the perfect feline , perfect for just for you.

Alena Kufir



PROLOGUE

ALL CAT LOVERS have at some point had fantasies about being able to hear their furry friends talk to them as there are times they seem so easy to understand that it seems *“all that is missing is to be able to talk”*

Most of you will have said *“it seems this cat is talking to me, and it feels as though I am able to understand what they are trying to say”*

This book started when I heard my cat talk to me for the first time, honestly it didn't feel like a fantasy, it was real, these cats can speak.

But how do we get to this point?

The story traces back to more than 16 years ago. I was working crazy, strenuous and long hours without resting from sunrise to sunset, as if the world ceased to exist, from 07:00 to 23:00 from Monday to Sunday, where my only company at that moment was Aynara, an old cat of almost 14 years of age who kept me

company until I finished University. She was extremely intelligent and affectionate.

Aynara was abandoned when it was discovered she had a renal insufficiency which she overcame with homeopathic treatment until she eventually passed away in June 2010 at the ripe old age of 17.

So...

One day, a friend of mine told me she had found a beautiful cat, very similar to Aynara, who had been bitten on the paw by a dog and had managed to catch him and took him to the vet to try to save him. She kept insisting that it was a beautiful cat and that I would love him, obviously hoping I would consider adopting him.

Consequently I took one look at Kandor and fell in love with him instantly while he was convalescing after his surgery at my friend's house. I thought he was gorgeous honestly, no exaggeration, he was the most beautiful cat.

Of course, due to my being such a chronic workaholic, I asked my friend to keep him with her and to please take him for his treatments, promising to take him back to my place once his leg had healed. And that's exactly what happened.

The reason I had asked my friend to take him for his treatments was because the visits were always during my working hours and obviously very difficult to take him 2 or 3 times a week to be checked, certainly not because I couldn't have been bothered, but because my friend had the flexibility to come and go as was neces-

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sary and she did so until the paw had healed which took no more than two weeks.

Of course I paid for Kandor's hospital bills and treatments, as well as contributed to his food due to the commitment I had made to this beautiful feline creature, even though he was not under my roof for those couple of weeks, to take care of him.

When he finally came home, Aynara did not receive him with much glee as she was an older cat and her energy levels nowhere near that of a kitten. Her patience and tolerance were not what they could be and Kandor had to be disciplined by her on many occasions until she eventually accepted him as part of the family.

KANDOR ARRIVED AT MY HOUSE AT THE BEGINNING OF 2007 and until 2015 we had enjoyed the most happy years of our lives together as a family. In the middle of this arrived our little dog Nana, a pretty little small breed dog, who got to meet Aynara a few months before she passed away after we had adopted her in March of 2010.

In the middle of 2014 we adopted Karel, who was received happily by Kandor and with great love by Nana. He was so adorable and another cat in the house was no big deal, actually to the contrary.

In 2015 I married Paul, my husband who with Kandor, Karel and Nana got along famously and we then decided to extend the family and Michael our son, was born in 2018.

With time and the maturing one goes through with living life, I started working more reasonable hours.. more reasonable for both me and for my family, without working after hours until late at night as I had at the beginning of my career. This paid off and although I am not one to sit on my laurels I looked for a path in which I could grow myself professionally as well as be able to spend quality time with those I love, which I achieved. The years flew by in a flash with no cliché intended, but they did pass faster than I ever imagined they could.

Ensure that you are in a good place when you realize how far you have come and how far you still have to go.

The days passed by quietly and peacefully following a comfortable routine which Kandor and Karel appreciated immensely, with Nana permanently by my side along with the cats, we went on with our daily lives.

Then out of the blue Kandor fell ill and in less than 24 hours, his soul had left his body.

CHAPTER ONE
THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY

AT THE MOMENT when Kandor transcended, I felt this warm, bright light or presence next to me which from that moment on made me feel that he will be my guide, my guardian and my protector. Despite the sadness of being physically separated from him as well as trying to maintain calm within the storm so to speak, I felt so incredibly proud and so at peace with the feeling of how much I loved him with all my soul, that this helped to relieve some of the sadness within me.

From that moment on I began to converse with him and began receiving information from him. In the first few days I just didn't have a clue of the scope of that communication, but as time passed, I began to write down what Kandor was saying to me and began to realize the importance and seriousness of his words.

In fact, he himself suggested I write down the conversations, as at times they were complex and the

concepts foreign so I battled to retain everything he was transmitting to me.

I can't express enough the pain and sadness I felt in the beginning , of not being able to touch him whenever I wanted to. It was very tough separating from him on a physical level and it lasted intensely for more than a month, probably more like 2 complete months.

20TH OF JULY

Kandor began talking to me about the complexity of relationships between felines and humans and that few people have the capacity to really understand cats, basically due to the human ego preventing them from having an equal relationship with them.

He expressed that he felt proud to be able to teach all these things he was sending to me and that the basis of the communication was thanks to the close bond and the strong love we shared between us.

In the days after he had left this world I asked him many questions, some mundane and others really not particularly important but realized after his responses that there existed no silly question, nor was the process itself silly, it was my human mind and my humanity that was trying to make sense of the process.

"Kandor, why do you cats live less than we humans?"

This was my first question to him considering the state of mind I was in with not having him in my phys-

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ical space any longer and could not get my head around the fact he was in another dimension. His answer was this..” *My existence is eternal, as is yours and your existence in the physical realm is as short as mine*”.

At that moment after a brief reflection I understood then that our perception of time is identical; we are always told that “time does not exist” and yes, they are perceptions that humans have about the length of their lives and is the same way that felines feel about theirs, and that by no means is our existence short.

There is a component that exists on a cellular level that acts as a kind of organ and measures time. It is programmable and modifiable in all living things, but for humans it’s even more important as they base their achievements or failures on time or milestones and not on feelings or emotions such as happiness. These milestones are separated from each other by lapses that dominate time. This is something that Scientists will want to study, or could have started studying already - according to Kandor.

In changing my perception about the duration of his existence, I felt more at peace, and all the conversations with Kandor were like a healing balm relieving the pain I felt from being separated physically.

You know rationally that the day will come when one of these creatures enters your life and the time will come when they will have to depart from the physical realm which will likely occur before you do, as technically they live shorter lives. In true human form

however, we prefer not to face these things as we are not in the habit of reflecting on the day they will leave us even if in so doing it could make that milestone all the more bearable physically and emotionally. When Kandor passed away he was the equivalent of 101 years old and could no longer hold on.

I cried entire rivers missing him, I cried oceans and seas, I cried floods of tears as even though I could still communicate with him, it was the not touching him, the smelling and the hugging him I missed so much...which at a certain level made no sense as Kandor hated hugs and many times I would run behind him calling "kitty...kitty...kitty ...kitty while he rushed off with that quick little step of his. I would end up in giggles because even if he wasn't running fast I could not keep up with him. He would suddenly stop and sit down when it got too much for him and had enough.

But the touching him, I needed this ..and even now when I write this and look at his beautiful photos, I miss him and am overcome with nostalgia and driven to tears because he is no longer here physically.

Nobody prepares you for the separation from your feline life partner, nobody tells you how to grieve or how hard that grief is to share. No doctor is going to give you a medical license, no employer is going to exempt you from going to work because your cat died. All you want to do is curl up, curl up and cry because you can't touch your cat and you need it so much!

But... he is there, his energy is there, the loving bond

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that united us and that I feel so strongly linked to my heart, consoles me in a marvelous way. At the times when tears flow and cloud my vision, I am reminded that Kandor is still with me.

I managed to resist for months to talk about his departure, I just was not capable of doing so. A part of me did not want to admit that "separation"; I also wanted to avoid ignorant mundane comments from non-empathetic people like "but it's "just" a cat..." because I would have been capable of throwing myself at their necks to bite, scratch and gouge their eyes out.

I thought that no one - or perhaps very few people - would be able to understand the bond I have with Kandor, the importance of his existence in my life, his unconditional company and his tremendous, immense and unquantifiable love, which was reciprocated by me in every second of his life, until his last breath and even now. I love him with all my heart and I am sure that I will always love him, until the end of my days as Alena and that even beyond my physical life, I will continue to love Kandor with all my soul.

Death, I can't talk about this either with the experience I've lived and with the possibility I have of talking to him. I talk to him because he's alive, he exists, he's real and the only difference between him and me is that he's not here" incarnated in this physical plane". He does not have a body that contains his spirit and his energy, but his spirit not only lives, it is eternal.

The grieving process is complex. A part of you wants