

The Fable of Fiona the Fussy Feline

Fiona, a tuxedo cat of considerable fluff and questionable temper, believed the world revolved entirely around the timely provision of **tuna in springwater, not brine**. She lived with a human named Bernard, a kind but perpetually confused soul who often purchased the wrong variety.

"Mrow?" Fiona would inquire, delicately batting a paw at the offensive can, a dramatic sigh escaping her tiny pink nose. The sound was less a plea and more a deeply felt existential critique of Bernard's life choices.

The Sardine Incident

One Tuesday, Bernard, running late for his competitive bird-watching group, grabbed a can marked 'Sardines in Oil.' A rookie mistake. Fiona's reaction was immediate and theatrical. She didn't just refuse the food; she treated the bowl as a biohazard, circling it with a low, menacing growl that vibrated the kitchen tiles.

Bernard's Excuse: "They were on a special, Fiona! And they have extra Omega-3s!"

Fiona rolled onto her back, exposing her belly—a risky maneuver that usually signalled trust—but this time it was a power move. Her eyes, narrowed to slits, communicated volumes: *'I am grievously offended, and my trust fund attorney will be in touch.'* This was going to be an 'accident' on the rug later.

The Great Bedtime Conspiracy

Fiona's true genius lay in her nighttime agenda. Every 3:17 AM, she would launch 'Operation: Human Disturbance.' This involved three phases:

- 1 **The Silent Stare:** Perching on the bedside table and silently judging Bernard until he woke up from sheer psychic pressure.
- 2 **The Corner Attack:** Viciously attacking an imaginary foe in the darkest corner of the room, making sounds like a tiny, dying lawnmower.
- 3 **The Nose Nudge:** A soft, cold, wet nose tap directly to Bernard's open eyeball. A guaranteed wake-up call.

Bernard eventually installed a miniature security camera just to catch her in the act. The footage revealed her practicing yoga poses before beginning the operation. She was a **methodical maniac**.

Moral of the Story?

The moral of Fiona's tale, whispered amongst the other neighborhood pets (who were less demanding), is simple: **Never underestimate the passive-aggressive power of a creature that can sleep for 20 hours a day and still demand respect.** Also, always double-check the label—**brine is a betrayal.** The end.