

# WOULD YOU EAT YOUR CAT?

Cleo Patrick had always enjoyed a close relationship with her cat, Hector. She would tell her friends that she and Hector were more like sister and brother than owner and pet. Hector went everywhere with Cleo. He would ride in the shopping cart as she stocked up on his favorite gourmet foods at her weekly supermarket shop. They would regularly watch afternoon reruns of *Melrose Place* together, she enjoying the occasional After Eight mint, he happily devouring a tuna melt. And at night he would curl up at the bottom of her bed and she would read to him—an Agatha Christie, perhaps, or excerpts from *The Owl and the Pussycat*.

Hector, unfortunately, was not blessed with great eyesight and this led to his downfall, when one day he mistook a lawnmower for a mouse. Cleo was devastated by his death. But having known that this moment would come, she had, some years before, made herself a promise: as a tribute to Hector, she would eat him for supper. She felt that this was fitting—he

key ethical conundrums  
and what they tell you about yourself

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would in death become one with her. Also, she had heard that cat meat was extremely tasty and she figured that Hector would have been pleased that he was now satisfying her curiosity in this regard.

So it was, then, that Cleo sat down on the evening of Hector's death and ate him on toast, washed down with a nice glass of Chianti. Cleo lived to be a ripe old age. She never regretted her decision to eat Hector, never suffered any ill-effects as a result, and told nobody else what she had done.

*Was Cleo wrong to eat her beloved cat  
as if he were just a bedtime snack?*



RESPONSE ON PAGE 68