

Regarding Carrion Diets

By Cecil D. Fritz

On a Tuesday like any other, a ginger-furred tomcat and red-eyed crow met at their favorite coffee shop to shoot the breeze and discuss the business affairs of the company they worked at. Their conversation had started out pleasant and civil enough, but it soon took a rather troublesome turn.

The ginger-furred tomcat folded his arms as he glared at the crow sitting in front of him and said, "Please tell me that I won't find another dead body at the office."

The crow gave an irritated caw and rolled his ruby-red eyes. "Of course, you'll find another dead body at the office. A bird has to eat!"

The tomcat stared at the crow blankly for a few moments and just rubbed his temples. "My god, man. Is the concept of being civilized really that foreign to you? You can't keep bringing dead bodies to the office for your lunch break."

The crow tilted his head in confusion and asked, "Why not?"

The cat sighed and took a swig of his coffee before answering, "It's illegal for starters."

The crow scoffed. "Oh really? In what states?"

The tomcat groaned. "It's illegal in all states, dude. It's been outlawed for eighty years."

The crow let out a puzzled squawk and shrugged. "Well, that's news to me. Dead bodies have been the primary diet of my species ever since the first crow hatched from it's egg. If it's considered such a taboo subject by other animals, they shouldn't make dead bodies taste so good."

The tomcat slammed a fist down on the table. "Dude! Other species don't hang around graveyards and dig up dead bodies for food!"

The crow paused to process this information and took a peck at his blueberry scone, "Well, maybe they should. If it's good enough for crows, it should be good enough for others. Besides, it's nothing new. It's how it went down in the old days anyway."

"In the old days? In the old days?!" The tomcat was absolutely livid at how the conversation was going.

The crow bobbed his head and kept on pecking at his scone. That's what I said."

"In the old days, all of us were savages. In the old days, for some reason that I can't even fathom, a cat like me would eat dead mice in bed."

"Exactly. What was wrong with that sort thing? If it was good enough for our ancestors, it should be good enough for us."

The tomcat was practically bristling and he suppressed the urge to let a furious yowl.

"My god. Are you hearing yourself?" The tomcat asked in disbelief.

"All I'm saying," the crow said as he finished his scone, "is that the natural order of the olden times was simpler and I think we need to go back to that."

The tomcat groaned and threw his half-finished cup of coffee across the shop. He was better off without it considering how the conversation had affected his mood.

The crow watched the cup go sailing through the air and successfully land into a trash can. He let an amused caw. "Ten points."

The tomcat grumbled and drummed his claws on the table, "God, I don't know how we became friends."

"Isn't it obvious? I'm the best looking bird at the office and the highest paid accountant in the company with the best perks. Who wouldn't want to be friends with a fine bird like me?" The crow chuckled and winked at the tomcat playfully.

And so, the tomcat flipped over the table with a furious caterwaul and was promptly banned from the coffee shop by the store manager. After all, it was the fifth time in two months that conversations between the tomcat and crow had gotten out of hand.

Furthermore, one would think that the tomcat and crow would have parted ways as friends due to how that particular meeting ended.

However, a fact of life is that some friends -- especially in the animal kingdom -- are gluttons are punishment for better or worse.