

On the Merits of Pelage

Tod, brushing a knot out of his tail: «Sometimes I think this coat isn't worth the hassle.»

Jim: “You know there are humans who would kill to have your fur.”

Tod: «Just as long as they don't kill ME.»

Jim: “Eh, stay away from Cruella Deville and you'll be fine.”

Tod, after a moment's thought: «Really though, y'all have a much better deal, setting aside how gross your sweat smells, it really is superior to our panting.»

Jim: “I don't know... I think not having to worry about washing clothes is pretty nice. We have to do laundry on top of showering.”

Tod, looking up at Jim, having finished his grooming: «But I'm also constantly shedding.»

Jim reaches up and wipes his finger across a blade of the ceiling fan, then holds his dust-caked thumb out for Tod to inspect. “Yeah, we shed, too. All this is dead skin.”

Tod: «Dead skin, Dead fur, I'd say it's about even there.»

Jim: “I personally wouldn't mind some warm fluff during the winter.”

Tod: «You mean the few hours in the morning when it's cold enough to see your breath? What are you going to do in the afternoon when it's hot enough to swim? Shave?»

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