Our Windowsill Cat: Remembering Bhulu

For Bhulu, from Tanushree, Arnab and Dida, Kolkata. A fictional family.





You came to us as a tiny voice under the stairs. Dida said we would keep you for one night. You stayed for fourteen years, and most of them were spent in her lap.

Every morning at nine, you sat by the kitchen door and supervised the fish. You never once stole any. You only looked at us until we gave in.





We still say goodnight to the windowsill. You are not on it any more, Bhulu, but you are in every room of this house. Thank you for choosing us.

The end

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