

SakeCat

The Official Survival Guide

2026 Edition · Not liable for scratches

Congratulations. You have made a reservation at SakeCat, the city's only fully feline-operated dining establishment. This guide exists because our lawyers insisted on it. Please read it. Our chefs will not.

"Where every meal is chef-tested and occasionally bitten."

I. Before You Arrive

Rule 1 — Do not wear anything you love.

Chef Biscuit has strong opinions about certain fabrics. Specifically, he is attracted to them and will sit on them. We cannot prevent this. We have tried.

Rule 2 — Arrive on time. Leave when the chefs decide.

Your reservation is honoured to the minute. Your departure, however, is subject to Chef Purrkins finishing his nap on your coat. Average delay: 45 minutes.

Rule 3 — Do not bring fish of your own.

We understand the temptation. The answer is no. The last guest who attempted this was escorted out by four chefs and has not been seen since. We assume he is fine.

TIP: A light, forgiving outfit is recommended. Earth tones blend well with fur.

II. Being Seated

Rule 4 — Do not sit down immediately.

Check your chair first. If a chef is already seated in it, you are not being seated there. Attempting to negotiate will be met with a stare of such profound disappointment that several guests have simply gone home.

Rule 5 — The bread basket is a trap.

It will be placed on the table. A chef will knock it off the table. This is not an accident. This is theatre. Applause is optional but appreciated.

Rule 6 — Eye contact.

If a chef makes eye contact with you, hold it. Breaking eye contact first signals weakness. You will receive smaller portions. We do not make the rules. The chefs do.

III. Ordering

Rule 7 — Be decisive.

Our chefs have no patience for indecision. If you say "I'm not sure," Chef Whiskers will choose for you. She will choose the tuna. It is always the tuna. This is not negotiable.

Rule 8 — Do not ask what is in the dish.

You will be told "the finest ingredients." If you press further, you will be told "paw-selected." If you press even further, a chef will simply leave. The dish will still arrive. Nobody knows how.

Rule 9 — The specials board may or may not be accurate.

Chef Purrkins updates it when he feels like it, which is infrequently. The board currently still lists a seasonal mushroom risotto from autumn 2023. It was very good. It is gone. We are all still grieving.

NOTE: Dietary requirements are taken seriously. Please inform staff. Chef Biscuit will acknowledge your allergy by blinking once, slowly.

IV. During the Meal

Rule 10 — Guard your plate.

Not aggressively. A firm hand placed near the edge of the plate communicates ownership. A plate left unguarded for more than 30 seconds is considered abandoned under SakeCat policy and may be redistributed.

Rule 11 — The screaming at 3AM is not your concern.

For evening sittings running late, guests have reported hearing what can only be described as existential screaming from the kitchen. This is Chef Purrkins. He is passionate. Send him good thoughts.

Rule 12 — Compliments to the chef must be sincere.

Chef Biscuit can tell the difference. Insincere compliments result in a slow blink of absolute disdain and, in documented cases, a deliberate nudge of your water glass toward the edge of the table.

V. Leaving

Rule 13 — Do not say goodbye to the chefs.

They will not respond. They are already thinking about the next meal, or asleep, or both. A respectful nod is sufficient. They will not nod back. That is also sufficient.

Rule 14 — Check your belongings.

Scarves, gloves, small bags and reading glasses are commonly found in the kitchen after service. We return them eventually. Chef Whiskers keeps a scarf she is particularly fond of. It is not available for return at this time.

Rule 15 — You will come back.

Everyone does. We do not know why. The chefs are indifferent to your return but will acknowledge it with the faint possibility of a slightly larger portion. No promises.

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SakeCat accepts no responsibility for emotional distress, fur-related incidents, or the lingering smell of tuna. Survival not guaranteed.