

## Our Cat

I have a cat. I didn't love cats before, accidentally, I got mine. I felt sorry for a homeless, sick kitten—full of worms and mites, and with a respiratory infection—that was about to die.

Two years later, she is a full grown cat and a fat monster in disguise that likes to play and doesn't let me sleep in the morning—past her breakfast time.

I love my cat unconditionally. My husband does too, but he's fighting back to hold on to the last rights he has left. My cat tends to do that: to make your world, a "cat world."

In the morning, before I even have a chance to wake up, she is all over my face. Who needs an alarm clock, when you have a cat? I don't protest too much, knowing that she's hungry and I have to feed her. On the other hand, my husband is very protective of his sleeping time. He tells the cat to get out of the bedroom and let him sleep the last precious half an hour he has left. "Yeah, right!" Like my cat cares about that. When the cat doesn't listen, he throws her out of the bedroom and closes the door. I could never do that.

Breakfast time, when it is our turn to eat, my cat starts begging again. My husband tells her to take a hike and get out of the kitchen. On the other hand, I feel sorry for my cat and give her some milk to make her feel better.

I never tease my cat. I consider my cat to be more like a little baby, and I spoil her a lot. On the other hand, my husband likes to tease the cat. He's calling her "silly cat," "fat cat," or other names he finds amusing, pretending that he's talking nicely to my cat. She purrs happily.

Despite our different ways of dealing with a very demanding cat, we both love her a lot. I think that she loves us too, although some people think that cats are ungrateful. My cat will never go to someone else, and she follows me around like a dog. For me, she is the best cat in the world.