

Good Bye, Little Meow

The cat that shared the house with my girlfriend and I passed away recently. Wanted to write a few words about her, so that people know that I lost the perfect kitty.

I come from a long line of cat-haters. My father despises them with a fervor that few can match, and he's a convincing man. But, when the love of my life came with a cat, I decided to make the sacrifices and let the cat move in. That's what I say, anyway. The truth of the matter is that my girlfriend and the cat conferred and decided to give me a chance, but I cling to the other fiction.

At any rate, I girded myself for the inevitable difficulties that I've been told (by even my cat-loving friends) come with cats: chewed up cords, shredded furniture, late night howling, marking territory with a stranger in the house. You probably know the drill.

But there was nothing - no bad behavior at all. (Well, I don't count toppling a glass of water on my sleeping girlfriend or throwing up once in my shoes as bad behavior. I mean the water didn't hit *me*, and a man with my history can't afford to hold inappropriate vomit distribution against anyone.)

The cat was a joy to have around. She had two moods: cheerful or asleep. She was warm and comforting. She tolerated my singing and manic outbursts. When I would rant to her about something, she would listen attentively and meow sagaciously in approval at the end. In fact, a kitty treat was usually sufficient to get her to join in with me in ranting.

She was a wonderful companion, and a better housemate than some people I've lived with. I grew to care for her very much. I miss her terribly.