

SONNY – The musings of a black cat ambassador (Part 2)

In last month's newsletter I had just been brought back to the rescue centre by the vet nurse who was fostering me. So here I was again, no home, no-one to love me ...

The very same day that Sophie brought me back to the centre, my fortunes began to change! I met Marianne, another member of staff. She knew my sad story, but had always been one of those strange people – a dog lover (ugh!). She had had to say goodbye to her last dog only a few weeks earlier, and as it turns out, she had a little black-cat-shaped hole in her life! One look from my mesmerising amber eyes and she was hooked! After the necessary checks, I finally went home with Marianne. There was still the matter of needing to be neutered; I couldn't be officially adopted until I had "that" operation, but I could enjoy being in a home environment in the meantime. Please, please let this be my forever home?!

The minute I arrived inside the house I made myself well and truly at home. I found my way up to the bedroom and curled up on a lovely big bed with my head resting on the pillow. So comfortable! How thoughtful of Marianne to provide such a large bed with the perfect headrest. Then I discovered this wasn't actually my bed but Marianne's, but luckily she didn't mind at all.

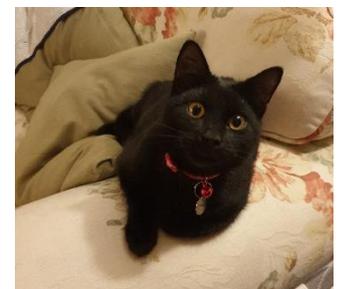


Eventually, after a few weeks, I did go in for the operation, but I didn't mind too much as it meant that I could then be officially adopted! And, guess what? Marianne did adopt me! She had, by then, fallen totally under my spell. All part of my master plan! We have wonderful games. It turns out I'm very good at football with impressive ball control. I can bat a ping pong ball from one end of the house to the other, and have fun skidding along the floor to get to it before it disappears under a piece of furniture! Sometimes I leap onto a handy rug and I end up surfing the floor. There have been a few times when I haven't stopped in time and ended up with my face against the patio doors! I'm also a bit of a game-inventor. Marianne has a long narrow rug and I have learned to lie down on it and pull a corner over me.



If I keep rolling over and over I end up completely encased in the rug! It's great fun, but I'm not so good at getting out of it. I really must work on that! And, you know how cats are meant to be graceful? Well meet a cat who isn't! I am really quite clumsy. I fall off the bed because I overstretch and miscalculate the amount of leg I can dangle over the edge before I fall into an undignified heap! Oh, and on that big bed is where I sleep every night! Bliss! I do leave a little bit of space for Marianne too ... it would be rude not to!

I'm not the only four-legged friend that Marianne has. There are some small furry creatures called guinea pigs that squeak and eat a lot. And then ... there's Tilly! She sleeps at night in a cardboard box in the lounge, but during the day she goes outside. Sometimes she moves very slowly, sometimes not at all, but sometimes she can go quite fast! She doesn't look like me – she has a hard shell on her back. I know it's hard because I've tried sleeping on it at night when she's in her box ... very uncomfortable, I can tell you! Apparently she is a tortoise, and I have to confess I'm a little bit fascinated by her but I don't think the feeling is mutual!



So there it is – a year on from when I was found as a tiny abandoned kitten, I now have a lovely home with a caring human who dotes on me. She talks about me to everyone, and has become a real convert to cat ownership. She says I bring so much laughter and love into the house. I am very affectionate and like nothing better than to cuddle up in her arms, and I know she can't imagine life without me now.

She is so thankful that she rehomed a rescue black cat. Why don't you do the same? You really won't regret it, I promise.