

A Fleeting Moment of Altruism

By Donna Bishop

I want you to understand that I'm no noble character that goes about helping old ladies cross the street or sharing my meals with someone who is hungry. I pretty much go about my own business and expect others to do the same. That was until recently when my family decided to bring home a new baby. A baby kitten they called Gypsy. I'm not sure why we needed another animal in the family but my plan was to stay out of the way and ignore the thing. At least that was my plan. The dang little thing was fun to watch as she raced around the house, climbing onto everything and hiding behind the furniture. She tried to get me to play with her but I turned my back and pretended to be asleep.

At first she was too small to play outside so I escaped to the yard to sun myself or visited with the other dogs in the neighborhood. Life was good even with the new intruder. She grew bigger every day and was more determined that we should be buddies. I still held my ground only allowing her to drink water from my bowl but she understood my food dish was off limits. Sometimes I woke up in my bed and there she was not quite touching me but too close for my comfort. Egad! What would the other guys think? They would laugh me out of the neighborhood.

Gypsy soon was howling to leave the house every time I went outside. Off she would disappear which suited me fine. I had my own business to attend to. One day I was lying on the patio enjoying the warm sun when I heard Gypsy on the other side of the house making a terrible hissing sound and howling in a frantic voice I had never heard. Without a moment's thought I raced to help her. Three tough dogs from up the block had cornered Gypsy and were moving in for the attack! I faced off the three bullies and Gypsy ran for the house. Now I was in a spot! I can mix it up with the best of the dogs but three to one wasn't looking good. Lucky for me all the barking and howling brought out the humans and the three dogs headed for home. I got a lot of hugs and ear scratches for saving the cat but I made it darn clear to her that it was a onetime deal.