

My One Pet Peeve

By Marilyn Reeves

Hi. The name's Butch. I'll tolerate your presence, so long as you don't abuse me. Just please don't try to pet me. I still don't trust humans, except for the Lady. I'm a 'rescue dog' and got the scars to prove it.

I'd been on Death Row just waiting my turn at the needle when the Lady came along and saved me. She picked me up and petted me, and then she brought me here to my new home. When she took me on a tour of the house, everything was so clean and bright I couldn't believe my eyes! There was only one drawback: I wasn't the only pet.

Sitting on a chair in the living room was a cat. The only other cats I'd met before were the ones who used to come around the backyard at my old house where they kept me chained to the clothesline. Those cats were pretty scruffy looking and weren't very nice people. But this particular cat looked like the Queen of Sheba. She had all this long, fluffy fur and a pair of green eyes that shone like jewels. She was so pretty, I wanted to be her friend. So I cautiously approached her and was rewarded with a yowl and a scratch on the nose! Nice welcome to my new home.

I soon learned to avoid 'Pretty Kitty' as much as possible. I could admire her from a distance, but didn't dare get too close. Except at night. It was the darndest thing. The Lady actually let both of us sleep with her on her nice soft bed. Pretty Kitty would jump up and stretch out on the second pillow, and the Lady set a stepstool down near the end of the bed so I could jump up, too. I forgot to mention that I've got these short, stubby legs, so I can't jump up that high on my own. But once I got up there and after taking a few exploratory turns, I took my place down at the end of the bed and we all settled in for the night.

But one particular night I got the surprise of my life. Here was Pretty Kitty curled up next to me, fast asleep, and making this strange humming sound. I didn't know what to think! To be sure, all that long fluffy fur was as soft and cuddly as advertised. But I didn't dare move an inch, for fear she'd wake up and out would come those claws. So I just lay there, and in the morning when I woke up the cat was gone.

I hopped down off the bed and went out to the kitchen to get my breakfast, and passed by the kitchen chair. I hadn't been aware that Pretty Kitty was sitting there, but was quickly greeted with another swipe to my nose.

I've been happy here for the most part. The Lady takes good care of me. I get plenty to eat and have a nice, soft bed to sleep in. My one pet peeve is the other pet.