

Mary Ferrall

4406 Holland
Dallas, Texas 75219
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Dear Sylvia (and Mimi):

I have a cat (a kitten)! Her name is Marina... She looks a lot like Mimi but not as long haired. Carol Anne and Karen Sue say she is a calico. She has a white throat and forepaws and her back is spotted in orange, yellow, brown and black. Buck was very opposed to getting a cat but now he calls me during the day to tell me the brilliant things she is doing. She was just eight weeks old when she came home with us. She is very tiny (or maybe it's just that I haven't been around a kitten in forty years and don't remember how small they are).

We went to the pet shop to get all the necessary cat things. I bought her two toys, a small rubber mouse that said it was scented with catnip and another ball-like toy that has a bell in it. (I thought I would enjoy playing with both of them.) When we got home with all the kitty litter, deodorant, vitamins, food, etc., etc., one of the sacks fell to the floor as I was unloading the things. The kitten got in the sack and started playing -- rolling over and over, slapping at it, jumping on it. Now, she ignores the two toys and just plays with the two sacks.

Last night we were sitting on the couch in the back watching television. She would walk up one side, around my shoulders, down the other side, then go over to Buck and go through the same procedure. She did that a number of times then gave a giant leap to the floor and darted into the kitchen. Then, she would peep around the kitchen door and run back, like she was playing peek-a-boo.

Buck has always said he hates cats. When he traveled all the time, forty years ago, I had the first Siamese cat in Memphis. Her name was Missy. She was run over by an automobile when she was six years old. Buck was home more by that time so I never tried to have another cat. But, as much as he said he didn't want the cat, I think it is going to mean as much to him as it does to me. She sleeps cuddled up next to him and he gets up to go find her if she disappears during the night. He just called me a few minutes ago to tell me that she has a new sleeping place. He said he missed her and went trying to find her and she was up under the dining table on one of the chairs asleep.

each day } I've been putting her in the carrying case twice a day and one of those times I've taken her riding around the block in the car. Just before I take her out of the case, I give her a Kitty Treat. Now, she will go get in the case when the door is open. She doesn't mind the car ride any more. She's just waiting for the Treat.

Next time I'll write a "people letter." This is a cat letter...

Love,

Mary

