

## **Joy, the feline fur person**

By Evan F. Clements

Hi, my name is Joy, or at least that what my humans call me. They sometimes call me by other names, but I'll get to that later. In the animal world, I'm known as a feline fur person. I'm part Persian, with a long, beautiful, black and white coat and I'm a class act. I'm very attractive if I do say so, much prettier than the other felines I've seen.

When I was first born and for the first 10+ years I think (I loved so much, I lost count), I lived with some very nice humans, however I moved to this new place where there were so many other felines and some other beings I got to know were called dogs. They were all shapes and sizes, made loud barking noises all the time, smelled horrible to my sensitive nose and were simply dreadful to be around. My fellow felines and I each had our own "condo" and we were all so well behaved. Each "condo" had mesh windows and a door in the front. They were NOT very big and we were not allowed to visit with each other, except for one "condo" that had several baby felines sharing space. Humans would bring us food and water and we had a wonderful housekeeping staff that would come in and clean without even having to ask. I lived there for over three months and would get visits from time to time by

people I didn't know, but they wouldn't stay long and didn't come back.

I wondered where my other humans were and why they would not visit. Even though my "condo" was nice, it was a bit cramped and I longed for the place I used to live. We had a much bigger "condo" where I had so many places to sleep and play. I could climb on things my humans had and see my world from a higher view. Sometimes I would go outside our "condo" and play in the grass, scratch and dig in the garden and sleep under the bushes. It was wonderful.

After some time in my new place, a lady came to see me and the rest of my friends. After being on my own for a few months in the new place, I wasn't sure whether I wanted to make friends, so I stayed in the back of my condo. Eventually she coaxed me toward the front and picked me up in her arms. It was so wonderful to feel her warm touch, her stroking of my fur and the warm little cooing noises she made at me. I don't speak human very well, only a few words but I could tell she liked me.

Despite my reluctance to attach myself to another human, I felt this strong urge to do so, and let her know how I felt. She returned me to my condo, and walked away. I thought, oh well that is that. I was very surprised to find her at my door a bit later. She opened the door, lifted me into her arms once again and then helped me into her motorized rolling device. I was so happy. I

didn't know where she was taking me, but hopefully it was to be a new adventure.

We didn't go very far before she lifted me up once again and we went into this great big "condo" with large porches and two levels. *I was not used to such a large space. Was I to live here? I'm not so sure about this,* I thought.

To my dismay, they also had one of those dog fur persons who I could tell did not like me nor want me anywhere near her. She made this deep noise at me when I tried to show her I was alright. There also was a male human in a rolling chair. I sat on his lap for a few minutes but I didn't like the sounds from that chair. I wanted to explore this new place so I hopped down and began my walk about. There was so much to see, so many places to wander. I steered clear of that dog person as I went about, and didn't go far at first for fear of getting lost.

After several hours, I settled into a spot under a large bed. You might ask how I knew it was a bed? Well, over my years I picked up a little of human speak and got to know what some things were called. I didn't speak human nor did I want to. I could if I was so inclined but choose to use my own language. That and my body gestures were good enough to get what I needed. A little rub, a little purring and an occasional cry were

good for communication. As I say, I settled into my small space under that bed. I stayed there for a long time, only coming out for some water and food they put near that bed. I was comfy there just like back in my "condo". The humans moved about and dog, too, but I just stayed put. I was safe and warm.

After about a week or so, I decided they must really want me to stay because they were constantly trying to coax me out. It was time to explore once again. I strolled out and spent some time with the humans and tried to make friends with dog. I then wandered about this new place, curious about all of the spaces, the elevated spots and the little hidey nooks where I might enjoy some peace and quiet. My humans would stroke my fur, make funny cooing noises and just hold me in their arms. I thought that this might be a wonderful new place to live.

At first, they put my food near my bed space, but then they moved it further away, near to my, if you'll excuse the term, toilet. I prefer not to mention such things despite being the "necessity".

Anyway, my food and water were placed there, except every time I tried to eat, dog would come near and make those low grumbles at me that canines make. I don't know why. This was my food and my water. I thought it best that I share, so I would step away after having a few bites. She would then proceed to eat

and drink the rest. How rude. My humans noticed this behavior and put my nourishment up on a higher place where dog could not reach. Sheesh, finally, I could enjoy my food at my liesure and even leave some for later need.

I was truly enjoying my new space, and then discovered a whole other world. In the hallway was an opening that led down to a whole new place. The floor was covered with the stuff like what I had on my scratching post as a little feline. It was soft and padded, and I could move about without being heard. I heard them call it carpeting or something. All I know is it was nice.

The spaces were different with many more up places to climb, and in one room there were many doors. I loved to open doors and explore inside. Who knew what I'd find. They wouldn't let me up on the bigger flat places, but I could sleep on lower spots. Now I had two whole spaces, up and down. This "condo" was huge. Dog and the humans moved about and I could go anywhere I wanted in this, my new condo.

Eventually, they moved my food to that lower level where all the doors were. I discovered that they ate their food in the same space. The human in the rolling chair would move about the space, sometimes with no regard for me. Once, I didn't move out of his way and he dare run over my poor delicate tail. I learned to

avoid that rolling chair. Sometimes I would lie on my back to show them how cute was my belly, and chose not to move out of the way. He would stop rolling and talk to me, but I pretended not to hear. It was a fun little game I still like to play. To better avoid any more insults to my tail, I took to sitting on a stool. My humans placed my food and water on the stool. I like it there as I'm safe and dog can't reach it as well. They brought me a larger stool that they first were using as a step for exercise, but I quickly took ownership.

In both places, upstairs and down are openings to the outside world I knew before. Sometimes they have them open and sometimes closed. I like open as I can come and go as I please. At two of the openings, when they are closed are these small square areas that are little openings. I'd never seen the humans use them but dog will sometimes go out or come in. I decided to try this too. I don't like them very much but they have their use, especially when the big openings are closed.

All the way around both spaces are these large flat areas with thin little rails on the outer edge. I love to lie about on these flat spaces and recently I learned to climb up on those railings. My humans are petrified I might fall. They don't know me!

I perch there and watch the feather persons, the small fur persons with the long tails and these funny looking fur things with big floppy ears. I could catch any of them if I wanted, but I like to just watch them all and think such wonderful thoughts of pursuit and capture. Besides, my humans provide me with all the food I want and I don't have to chase it down.

I also spend a lot of time sleeping about their garden. I use it now as my "necessity" and I like sleeping on the cool, soft, dark places under the plants and bushes.

I eat when I want, I sleep when I want, I can get loving any time and dog leaves me be, most of the time. I still have to dodge rolling chair human and they won't let me sleep on their bed but I'd say this is a pretty good space to spend my time.

I've not ventured far from my new space. My wants and needs are all right here. I hope I'll always be welcome and I'll try to behave, at least a little.

Oh, about those other names? Well first you need to know, my new humans called me Joy. Of course they did after all I was the new Joy in their lives. They also call me "burdurp" That's the sound I make when I walk and wish to greet them. They also call me "fu". When licking my fur to clean myself, a bit gets stuck on

my bottom lip, and it looks like I have, according to my humans, a "fu-man-chew" beard whatever that is. Finally, they call me "crazy cat". I have no idea what that means, but they usually call me that as I scurry about at play. I love these humans and maybe even dog sometimes, but don't tell them that. I have them trained properly and wouldn't want them to act any other way. Besides, I like being Joy. It's what and who I am.