

Spoiled and Shameless

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Christie

I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I've become a willing slave to my cat Christie. Eleven years ago, I adopted Christie from a shelter in Corpus Christi (hence her name). Each year she finds more duties to assign me. My work sometimes begins at 4 a.m. when Christie wants breakfast. Then I become doorman, opening the French door to the screen porch so she can monitor outside activity. After a while, she rings the miniature cowbell on the door to be let back inside. Later in the day, she sometimes has me hold an outside door partly open while she sniffs and listens at the screen. When I sit down to a meal, Christie often gets me to follow her to her food dish. Even if the dish isn't empty, she won't start eating until I'm standing next to her. I am also her litterbox attendant. Although she has a litterbox on the porch, she has stopped using that one because she prefers to have me cover or scoop out her "productions" immediately to avoid dirtying her beautiful white paws.

Christie commands all this attention with hardly a meow. I pay attention to her demands because if I don't, she rubs on everything near me or opens kitchen cabinets. She doesn't care to sit on my lap, but lies on her back in the living room rug until I rub her stomach. If she's sleeping in the laundry room, I usually avoid disturbing her with the washer noise. The laundry can wait. I think Christie knows that she's so cute she can always get her way.

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