

Spoiled and Shameless

[<< Back to Index Page](#)

Dhali

Dhali is my 12-year-old Himalayan matron. Upon moving into the house from the animal shelter, she immediately set the ground rules. I learned quickly.

My little "Italian" lies down next to her water dish when she wants me to get her fresh water. She stares into my eyes when she wants a treat. She insisted that I learn what the different stares meant. She's shameless when she firmly insists we share milk — from the same glass. She always sleeps under my computer desk when I'm in the office, and as any good nurse would, she recognizes when one of us is ill and stays close.

She organized her sleeping arrangements about 10 years ago — the lion's share of my pillow. In the winter she curls around my head, puts a paw around my neck and her nose on my ear as she sings me to sleep. The problem occurs when I want to turn over. She doesn't want my back to her; she pats my shoulder until I turn around.

My husband is up earlier than I, and pulls our bedroom door closed, not latched. When she wants back in, Dhali puts both front paws on the door, pushes it open, jumps on the bed and back on her (my) pillow. Closed doors are a no-no. And if she decides to go back to sleep before I get the bed made, I don't move her; therefore the bed sometimes does not get made until much later in the day.

Spoiled? Yes. Shameless? Yes. But anything I do for her cannot match what she has given me. Love, affection, nursing and a good night's sleep. Who else would sing me a lullaby every night?

Nancy Johnson
Orange Park, Fla.