

## Chapter Seven

### *The Purrfect Day*

If Renny and Darla spoke human, I think I know how they would describe their perfect day.

First and most important, I would be home all day. Renny would wake me up in the morning, as she often does, by sitting right next to my face and meowing really loud. This is an annoying habit of hers, and I don't know why she keeps doing it, since I just shoo her off the bed and go back to sleep. But on a perfect day, I would get up.

I would let them out the back door, so they can go outside and do their thing. Renny does not like to use the cat box, so unless she's been locked in all day, she prefers to go outside and use real dirt. Both cats are fastidious when it comes to the cat box. They like it to be perfectly clean at all times. So on a perfect day, it would be, whether they have to use it or not.

Then we would have a love fest. Darla would sit on my chest, nuzzling her head underneath my chin. This is her favorite place to be. Usually she gets there by stealth mode, sneaking little by little, higher and higher. She thinks I won't notice her if she does it slowly and quietly. Except she's heavy and she likes to make bread on my body. But on a perfect day she would get to sit there as long as she wants.

Renny would get a rub down, all over her entire body, for hours and hours. I've done some empirical testing, to see how long it would take her to get tired of being rubbed, but so far she outlasts me every time. She never gets tired of it. Renny will let anyone touch her whenever they want. She is totally trusting and just soaks up the love. I play with her little feet, and I like to feel all her little muscles and bones. I check out her shoulder blades and how neatly they fit right into her backbone. I also love the way she smells. I like to bury my nose in her fur. She has a clean, musty animal scent. And Renny is beautiful. She's got great big green eyes, and her fur is soft and shiny, and she has wonderful patterns on her fur. I love that her stripes on one leg aren't symmetrical with the stripes on her other leg; I love all those intricate whorls and bands.

After I rub her, Renny would wash herself all over. Darla might wash too, but she's not as dedicated to washing as Renny is. Renny is pretty and she knows it. Darla is kind of funny-looking; she has this little head on a chubby, pear-shaped body. She also has a really



*Beautiful green eyes*

small tongue, and is unable to get completely clean. She often has little bits of dirt stuck in her fur. Even so they would both wash themselves, and then each other. They like their grooming sessions.

On a perfect day there would be a continual supply of fresh crunchies in their dish at all times, so they can snack when they want. And I would give them a yummy treat, too. Renny's favorite is tuna juice, so for lunch I would make myself a tuna fish sandwich and then give her the juice from the can. Renny is funny about food. She doesn't like liver or fish, but one day she and I ate dried pineapple slices together. She ate an entire slice all by herself. So maybe I'd get some more dried pineapple and she could have that for dessert.

We would go outside and lay in the sun for a few hours in the afternoon. I'd lie on the grass and read a book, and they would laze beside me, close enough so I could pet them and talk to them. If it was raining, we would make a fire in the fireplace and lie on the floor together and do the same thing.



*Renny in the sun*

Then they would come inside and have a romp. I would give them some catnip, which they love, and they'd wrestle and play thunder-cats by running from room to room. Their energy would be happy and bouncy, like it always is when I first come home.

On a perfect day they would get to follow me wherever I go, even into the bathroom. Darla especially likes to come into the bathroom with me. When I look into the mirror, she'll jump up on the counter and say, "prrt?" and stick her face into mine. On a perfect day, I would not look into the mirror at all, only at them.



*Darla in the mirror*

Of course on a perfect day we would not go to the vet, and we would not run the vacuum cleaner. These are two things they both hate.

In the evening we would make a fire so they could lie in front of it while I make dinner. We would have some friends over for company.



*this makes an awful noise!*

For Renny, company means a party; the more people there are to pay attention to her and tell her she's beautiful, the better. For Darla, she only likes people

she knows well, so our company would be three or four of our best friends. That way she won't have to hide under the bed, like she does at big parties. On this perfect evening, both of them will bounce from lap to lap, gathering up all the love they can. Of course on this perfect day, there will be lots.

At night, they would go outside and do their mysterious cat things. I don't know what those things are. Maybe they just sit on the fence and watch the night. On a perfect day, Renny will hunt and kill a mouse or a shrew or some other little creature. I don't hold this against her.

At the end of this perfect day, we would all go to sleep together on my bed. Darla will sleep next to my face, and Renny will cuddle near my feet. They will purr softly before they fall asleep.

By this definition of perfection, most of Renny and Darla's days are perfect. They live their lives the way they want. They share their perfection with me. I am blessed.