

Adopting a cat is a decision for life...

Seen Through the Eyes of a Cat

When I was a little kitten, I entertained you with my antics and made you laugh. You called me "your baby", and although I broke a few things, I became your best friend. Whenever I did something wrong, you put up your finger and said:

"How could you?"

But only a few moments later, you were all loving again and pressed me to your heart. When you had to spend a lot of time studying during your time at university you naturally did not have so much time for me. But I always understood and played with my ball. I remember all those nights, in which I lay close to you in your bed and life seemed to be perfect. You played with me and we both enjoyed the sunshine on the balcony. I always got a bit of ham from your breakfast, "but not too much, that's not good for cats!" And I slept until you got back from work. Gradually you spent more time at work than with me, because you wanted to have a "career". Then you were away a lot, because you wanted to find a human partner. I always waited patiently for you, comforted you when you were lovesick, wiped the tears from your face. And I was happy when you at last found "your" partner. He was no big cat lover, but I respected your choice. I was happy, because you were happy.

Then your children were born. I shared your excitement and was so fascinated by your sweet babies that I wanted to mother them. Therefore you locked me out of the big nice room. I had already not been allowed in your bed for some time. I loved the children and became a "prisoner of love". They grew up and I became their friend. They pulled at my ears, my coat and my tail and held on to me when they learned to walk. They explored my sensitive nose with clumsy fingers and I was always patient. I loved everything the children did, especially their touches, because you hardly ever touched me any more. If necessary I was ready to defend the children with my own life. I was ready to jump into bed with them to listen to their worries and to their dreams. And we were listening to the sound of your car together, when you came up the drive.

A long time ago, when you were asked, whether you owned a pet, you pulled a photo from your pocket and told everyone lovingly about me. During the last few years you only answered with a short "yes" and changed the subject. I used to be "your furry friend", today I am "just a cat". Then you had the offer of a better job in a different town. You and your family moved to a flat, where pets weren't allowed. Although you were told this before, both of you signed without any hesitation. You had to make a decision for you and your family, which was probably right from your point of view.

Although I once was part of your family.

The drive was fun, because the children came as well. When I found out where we had gone, it was no longer fun. It smelled of dogs and of other cats, of fear and disinfectant and of hopelessness. You filled in some forms and said that you knew I would be found a good home. The two ladies behind the desk shrugged their shoulders and looked at you in a funny way. They knew what the reality for a cat over fifteen years of age was. You had to pull the fingers of your youngest daughter out of my coat, while she cried and screamed "No, no! Don't take away my beloved cat!". I wondered how you could at this moment try to teach her something about friendship, responsibility and loyalty. When you said good-bye you lightly touched my head, but avoided looking into my eyes. You also politely declined to take the transport box home with you. You had to keep an important appointment, now I have one too. Shortly after you had gone, a nice lady said that you had most certainly already known about the move for months and would have had time to try and find me "a good home". They shook their head sadly and asked in a low voice:

"How could you?"

The ladies looked after us, whenever they had time. We received good and plentiful meals, but I had lost my appetite some time ago already. At the beginning I was always hoping that you would come back to take me home again. I wished it was all just a bad dream and that I would one day wake up again - at home with you..... But you never came. And whenever someone walked past my "rehoming room", I pressed my paws through every possible crevice.

Was there nobody, who liked me? Nobody, who I could give all my love, gratitude and tender loyalty? The truth was that I could not compete with all those sweet, cute kittens. Ignored, overlooked by everyone and forgotten, I retreated to a corner and did not get up any more.

One afternoon, I heard steps. Someone picked me up and carried me through a long corridor into a room. It was a very quiet, peaceful room. The woman laid me onto the table, gently stroked my head and said to me that I was not to worry. My heart beat expectantly and I waited for what was to come.

At the same time, I had a feeling of detachment. For me, the prisoner of love, days were running out. I was more worried about the nice lady than for myself. I realized that she was carrying a big burden, which must have weighed tons.

