

To Whom It May Concern:

I'm not like most cats. I've never been like most cats. I knew this might keep me from getting adopted, but I was happy just to have fresh food every day while I waited. I was only a kitten when I was rescued and given my own special cubicle at Petsmart. Day after day I saw faces come by the window. Smiling faces and happy fingers wiggling inside my room. Everyone wanted to see me, but I was too scared to say hello. They eventually gave up and moved on after I hid in my corner. I had several neighbors come and go over the few months I was there. Some loud, some quiet, some playful, some private. They all came and went, none staying for long. Occasionally, I would be pulled from my safe room and handed to a stranger. Fearful of the new smells and sounds, I would leap from their arms and wiggle my way beneath the food container or behind the bags of litter to hide. Moments later, when the coast was clear, I was scooped up and placed back in my little home to keep waiting.

It was summer when I saw a couple looking in my window. The woman wiggled her finger inside and I gave it a sniff. She smiled at me before moving on to my neighbor's window. He was very friendly and loved attention. Not at all like me. I sighed, knowing he was the popular choice and accepted another day of living in my clear room and laid down for a nap. I jolted awake when a hand pulled me from my room and handed me to the woman I saw before. She cradled me in her arms. I wanted to be good and give her a nuzzle, but I was too afraid. I clawed my way out of her arms and ran across the floor. Knowing I blew it again, I tried to squeeze under the counter. My heart raced as a warm hand lifted me from my hiding place and put me inside a plastic carrier. I looked through the door at the warm faces looking in at me. They told me they were taking me to my new home.

It's been two years since then. I know I'm not approachable like some cats, not at first anyway. I never thought I would enjoy being cuddled or getting nose kisses, but I do. I love it! My mom lets me take naps with her and loves having conversations with me about birds and bugs and snacks. She makes sure I have fun new toys, a warm place to sleep, and am up to date on all of my shots and Revolution. My favorite thing about my mom is her patience and understanding. I'm still afraid of quick movements and big noises but she gives me room to run and hide. She gives me alone time to calm down and when I come back she showers me with affection.

As I write this letter on her laptop while she sleeps, I know I will always be safe and loved when I am with her. Even if I scratch up the couch or knock over the Christmas tree, breaking all of her glass ornaments. My mom is the best mom and no one could ever love me like she does.

Love,

Mina Bee Bare