

Email Letters from Marie

March 2005, 3rd Letter

The “Tabby” Story

Dear Email friends,

My name is Tabby.

Yes, you heard me, my name is Tabby. Seeing as how a name tells everyone who and what you are, my name changed as I changed.

But I have gotten ahead of my story. I should call my story “The It Ain’t Fairs of a Cat’s Life.”

My life began with a big “it ain’t fair.” I was taken from my mommy and all my brothers and sisters right after I was born. I do not know how old I was but I missed snuggling up to Mommy and playing with my brothers and sisters. My favorite was a white kitty with a black nose.

My ride to my next home was scary as I saw all things pass by and I got so scared I wanted to run but I was caged. After the scary ride I was put into a small home with several other kitties. The other kitties were cuter than I and did not stay with me for long. I noticed they were all sold as slaves and although I wanted someone to love me and buy me, I was scared of anyone who looked at me.

One day when I was really in a “it ain’t fair, woe is me” mood, I heard some giggling and laughing and someone saying, “Oh, isn’t she the cutest?” I looked around to see who they were talking about and then I saw her eyes were looking at me. I put on my best face hoping I could go home with that nice lady who thought I was cute, when, lo and behold, I heard someone say, “Yes, she is 150 dollars, including shots,” which by the way, I hated worse than this god awful home I was in.

Soon I was swooped out of my cage and given to the nicest lady I had ever met. She kept saying I was for her grandma, whom I was sure I was going to hate as being with her would be just one more chapter in my “it ain’t fair” book of life.

My first meeting of grandma was a mutual standoff. She picked me up

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reluctantly and we just stared at each other as if to say, “Let us make the most of a doubtful situation.”

This time my home became larger. I tried to find trees to climb and someone to play with but because there was neither I invented my own fun. I climbed the walls, the curtains, swung from the light, chased make-believe birds in the air.

When grandma came in for the night and snuggled into bed I made believe she was a rat and I pounced on her, scratched and bit her. She picked me up and threw me across the room. I came back for another try and she took me in her arms and petted me like my mommy used to do. She said my name was “Spider” because it is how I acted but her voice was kind and she let me know we would become friends — a family.

One day much to my surprise my new family brought me a white kitty to play with. The kitty was exactly like my brother I liked to play with I left so long ago. We romped and played. This new friend loved me and did not seem to mind when I would climb the walls and fly through the air chasing make believe birds.

One day, grandma, who petted and preened me like my mommy used to do said to me, “Biscuit, you are like a teenager, hard to control but lovable and I see promises of a kitty who will earn the respect of all who meet you.” I was learning that the doorway to one’s heart is opened from the inside and I tried to see what would make grandma happy. She seemed to like to have me sleep with her so I would lay my head on the pillow with her, my whiskers telling me where her face was, and we would go off to dreamland together.

One day not too long ago grandma looked me right in the eyes and said, “You are the most beautiful Tabby I have ever seen. Your name now and forever will be ‘Tabby’.” So that is how my “it ain’t fair” life turned into the best a kitty cat could have and my name tells everyone I am who I am — a happy, life is wonderful, Tabby.

Grandma says that the Good Book says, “All things work together for good for those that love the Lord.” And grandma’s always right.



Marie Kolasinski