

Life With the Cheshire Cat

By Maruul

Submitted: August 16, 2007
Updated: November 28, 2007

My cat is a cheshire cat. The whole world is his toy, he loves to be where he isn't allowed, and he's only found when he wants to be.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Maruul/47874/Life-With-Cheshire-Cat>

Chapter 1 - Dedication to an Old Friend	2
Chapter 2 - A Cheshire's Sleeping Habits	3
Chapter 3 - Tender and Ammusing Moments	4

1 - Dedication to an Old Friend

Before I begin this, I'd like to dedicate my writing of my cat to my first cat before him.

We got her when I was one, not long after my parents divorced. I guess Mom needed a companion now that dad was gone. She went nameless for a while, until one day, while I was mimicking my older brother, he said, "You copy cat!" Assuming he was talking about the new cat, I looked around and said "Now where'd that Copycat go?" And thus, she was named.

Copycat taught me a lot about forgiveness and second chances. I was not very nice as a kid. I spent much time pulling her tail, dancing with her, and coloring on her fur with green non-toxic markers. She began to avoid me, and flee in terror at the mere sight of me. But as I grew older, I grew kinder (to animals anyway), and attempted mend our relationship. Eventually, we became friends again.

When I was five, just before my sixth birthday, my brother died. That Thanksgiving, when we went to my grandparents' house, Mom introduced me to my new companion: a small gray kitten with white toes. I named him Cheshire, after my favorite character from Alice in Wonderland. I spent the day chasing him around the house and trying to put him in doll clothes.

When we brought him home, mom was afraid Copycat would bully him. She set him down, and the first thing he did was walk up to her. She swatted him across the floor. Mom was scared for him, but then he got back up and did it again. They soon became best friends. During litter box training, we'd keep him closed in the bathroom at night. But Copycat had learned how to open the door for him, so we would wake the next day with little "gifts" all over the house.

A few years ago, Copycat was diagnosed with breast cancer that had spread to her lungs. She had to be put down. That night, Mom and I curled up on the couch together and cried. After we went to bed, Cheshire seemed to realize that his life long friend wasn't coming home. He sat in the hall between our bedrooms and cried.

We've tried getting other cats to keep him company. Simon, and fluffy orange cat, was a good companion, but he ran away one day when the door was opened. Now we have Cheerio, a fat, lazy calico who refuses to play, and growls any time he comes near her.

We all still miss Copycat. She was my first cat, and I've never been without one since. So, I dedicate these writings to her.

2 - A Cheshire's Sleeping Habits

Cheshire's sleeping habits have changed over the years. I don't remember much about how he slept as a kitten. But it has gotten interesting in recent years.

I found, during my more angsty period, that certain music makes him twitch in his sleep. It was during homework time. He was curled up on his back in a crooked C shape, and I was sitting in front of a math book, eating my pencil's eraser. A Linkin Park song I liked came on, so I turned up the radio. Then I noticed something. Cheshire's paws were twitching. I turned off the music and they stopped. But when I turned it back up, he twitched some more. I don't know that it's ever happened since.

-I would like to apologize now. Cheshire has joined me in the chair and is loving on me as he does when I'm busy. And spelling errors or missing words are his doing-

For a year or two, he started talking in his sleep. We were in the livingroom, watching a movie. When I paused it to get a snack, we heard a strange sound, like a cross between muttering, and meowing. It was Cheshire, of course! He was curled up in this very chair, sleeping, but talking. At that same period in time, he developed a weird habit of "suckling" in his sleep. Mom figured he was dreaming of early kittenhood.

For many years now, Cheshire has snored. It's nothing new, I think all our cats have snored at one point or another. It always confuses us, because we don't expect it.

Cheshire cats make very good teddy bears. Just last night, I pulled him to the front of the bed to sleep with me. It doesn't usually work, because I tend to toss and turn a lot. But last night was pretty special. He curled into the crooked C shape and fell fast asleep, as did I. But, I woke a few hours later to a kick in the chest. It was him, trying to roll onto his stomach. He pressed his butt up against me and went back to sleep. Why do cats love rubbing us with they're butts?

Cheshire's favorite sleeping spots are, from least to most favorite: My bed, especially when he's not wanted; Mom's bed, where he's never wanted; and lastly, the computer chair, which the whole family fights for, except Cheerio, who is too fat to get onto it.

Now that I've written today, I must go to bed. I'm bringing the Cheshire cat with me.

3 - Tender and Amusing Moments

As with most human/cat relationships, we've had our moments, with more to come I'm sure. At the moment, Cheshire is curled up on my lap, keeping me warm because we can't afford to properly heat the house. And my leg is gone to sleep because of this. ;-;

One of the more amusing moments happened a couple years ago. I was in my room, and I heard a door shut. Assuming it was mom going to the restroom, I peeked out my door. But she was still in her bedroom. I began to panic. What if someone had gotten into our house? I slowly peeked around and looked at the bathroom door. Then, a little gray and white paw slid under it. Cheshire had somehow closed the door and couldn't get out. XP

One night Mom fell asleep with Cheshire in her room. Bad idea. She sleeps with her feet dangling over the end of the bed. And Cheshire was like "Ooooh, toy~" I'm sitting in my room, and suddenly I hear a scream. Rushing to Mother's rescue, I opened my door to find her tossing the cat out of her room.

Now, Mom calls Cheshire "Psycho Kitty", and with good reason. We were watching TV one day, and he was doing his crazy "chase my tail then run up and down the house" ritual. But this time, instead of stopping in the hall and turning around, he jumped onto the couch arm, over Mom, and onto the other side of the couch. He also ran over my foot in the process...

Just the other day, I was playing video games, and Cheshire was sleeping on my bed, belly-up. Something you should know: Cheshire has little to no belly fur. Don't know why. Anyway, my fingers had gone cold as they do, so for kicks I reached over and went "COLD BELLY!" and pressed them against his exposed belly. Naturally, he was not amused...

Here's a more tender moment: The other day when I came home, I was in great pain. I collapsed on the floor, crying and waiting for it to subside. As I lay there, Cheshire came over and started licking my face, which is weird, since that's more of a dog thing. Once I could talk again, I muttered "Cheshire, this is not a good time..."