

A Cat Called Phoenix



One snowy day last year in Tennessee, a cat was taking a ride on a broom. No, not a witches broom but a simple sweeping broom. The name of that cat was Phoenix. She lived in a nice house in Tennessee with a few other cats and dogs and was in a group called Bright Hope Animal Rescue. Some of the cats were eating and she released her claws from the broom and bounced to her food bowl.

A few days later she was loaded into a crate and into a trailer with a bunch of barking dogs. Hounds, labradors, golden retrievers, and one young cat. Two days in that trailer were probably terrifying. Finally late one night on the second day, they stopped at a parking lot in the middle of Connecticut.



Meanwhile, families were driving to that one parking lot to meet their new pets. Dogs were barking insanely ready to jump out of their crates and into their owner's arms, and one cat screaming "MEOW!" The trailer door slid open and a line of people waited in the cold. I shivered and waited patiently but excitedly. I could've jumped up and down crazily but it really was too cold for that.

People smiled while they walked back to their car with their new dogs. Then the door closed while a cat was being put into a carrier. She was passed down to her new family and a few pictures were taken of me and my new cat who was eight months old. I had always wanted a cat since I was about four and now my dreams were coming true.



Phoenix was fearful and hid in the corner of her carrier as she was put into the car. The top lid zippered open a bit while I peeked at the calico colors of Phoenix.

Now's my chance to explore! Phoenix thought. She squeezed her head through the tiny gap slyly and climbed onto the top of the seat. Phoenix had a bit of trouble and nearly jumped into the trunk where there were tires she could get stuck in. I slowly and calmly lifted her back to the bottom of the seat.

Phoenix seemed exhausted from her journey of hundreds of miles. She yawned and settled onto my lap as the car moved along. She purred loudly and then took an interest in my hair. Phoenix attacked my hair and I laughed even though it hurt a bit. Almost two hours later the car finally stopped. With difficulty Phoenix was put back into the carrier and was walked to the house. She had arrived in a small room with toys, food and a scratching post. Phoenix was sure she wasn't in Tennessee anymore but she knew she had a home.



She hid under the soft checkered chair and I desperately tried to coax her out of it. Later in the night the door revealed a small sniffing nose. It was Jiao-Jiao, our fluffy white dog! The gap between them was small but they seemed like they were going to be fine together. The door opened and Jiao-Jiao followed Phoenix around the room. I was so relieved because Jiao-Jiao's experience with cats was not good at all.

Phoenix batted Jiao-Jiao's face playfully and then went to hide in the closet for the rest of the night. The next five days were hiding, eating, and playing. Phoenix felt uneasy and didn't know what to do in this new world. I was frustrated but it was a good experience when it comes to getting new cats. The time was very lucky because we had many snow days that I could spend with Phoenix.



After about a week of having her, she opened up and pretty much stopped hiding which was great news. She played with her squeaky mouse toy and was still cowardly. That night she attacked the giant rats on the bed which were actually just my feet. Then, Phoenix settled down and fell asleep just as she did on the very first day.

Nowadays she's grown up and has become a braver and more sensible cat. For her birthday I got her cat treats that she adores. I taught her with the treats how to sit, beg, and steal on my command! She's a wonderful cat but is as sneaky as Houdini. She's learned how to open doors and use her claws and paws as hands and is much smarter than most cats.

I honestly wouldn't be the same person I am today without her. She's more than just a cat, she's a friend.

