



Hi! My name is Baby Girl! I am an eight year old Manx mix. All black with a little bitty white spot on my belly. I have a brother, Buddy the dog. Not too fond of him. I stay in the bedroom so I don't have to be around him. I call him The Interloper.

Mom picked me out of a litter of four. Me! There was two grey tabby and one white kitten. She says she picked me out because I was different, like her. And her favorite color is black. I was the only black kitten. Mom was going to that place humans call college when she got me. Not sure what it is. But, she would be reading these big books. I would go over, sit right on the book and stare up at her.

One day, she kept putting me on the ground. I kept jumping back up. It was play time! I meant it! I was a determined little kitty. She balled a piece of paper and tossed it. Oh joy! I saw that ball go flying! The chase was on! I batted it around the hallway and living room! Then I picked it up, carried it, jumped back on the book and dropped it. Mom was shocked! I played fetch! So, after that, anytime I wanted to play fetch, I'd drop a toy on her lap or book. And we played!

The following little piece is from me! It was written in 2015:

From the desk of Baby Girl:

Yes, that's me. I am adorable, cute, blah, blah, blah...

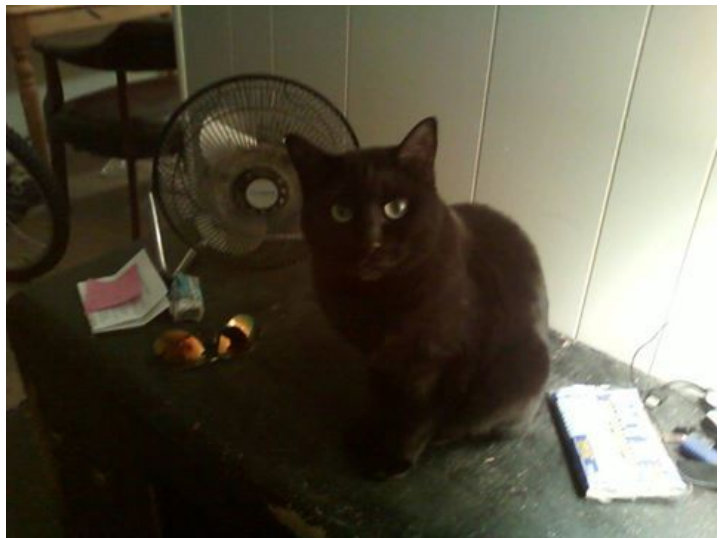
Today's subject: Training Servants (er..humans) For More Snacks

As cats, we know we must get extra snacks. Simply because we are cats we deserve them, obviously.

There are several approaches, not all are indicators of good behavior. But, hey, it's snack time, who cares? As long as we get our snacks, right?

And here they are:

1. Walk across the desk, preferably in front of the computer.
2. Sit on the book they are reading.



3. Put a paw on their leg (works when they are eating, sometimes).
4. Sit in their lap and look right into their eyes.
5. Stare at snack bowl (this usually works for me).
6. A personal favorite, use the corner of desk as a scratching post (this has worked in the past with mixed results).
7. Rub up against the legs (works!).
8. Meow cutely, purr loudly!

That is all for now. Later we might discuss world domination (it's inevitable, has to happen. Why? We are cats.).

That dog over there? It's a drooling machine. Ignore it.

Thank you for reading! Another photo of yours truly!



supervising.

Brendie D. Harrison is a simple pet servant of two pets, a cat and a dog, writer, blogger, and enjoys life.

The following is not the best photo of Brendie. But it is one of both her and Baby Girl. It was wintertime, a little chilly. Baby Girl is laying on the back of the recliner,

