

Merry catmas

It was a usual winter morning in the house. The sun had just risen over our block of flats and everything seemed white again. I was sleeping on my warm nest of blankets as usual. However, my nest had been moved the other night by the man. I would call him master but it is quite obvious that he is not in charge here. Of course, as I was very sleepy the night before, I hadn't dragged my nest back to its very comfortable place. This, as I expected, resulted in my miserable morning. The sun was hurting my eyes, yet I didn't feel warm enough, so I had to move. I went upstairs and took a look in the bedroom. Man and mistress were still sleeping. I decided to join them for some cuddling under the blankets and the pillows. After a while the, so called, alarm went off with its irritating, unique din. Man turned it off and got up. Thank God he left! The past five minutes, I suffered being next to a very unpleasant human being. Now I had more time to cuddle with my mistress. Or at least I thought so. She got up too and went downstairs for breakfast. I must have woken up in a parallel universe; the man had got up first! Usually, my delightful mistress gets up first to prepare a wholesome breakfast and get ready for work. I wondered what had changed and I went downstairs as well. Following them with my furry, tiny paws is a piece of cake, really! I always scare him and I love doing it. The next thing that surprised me was that today's breakfast consisted of nothing but coffee for them. Then I found my bowl filled with lukewarm milk. What happened to the cookies, humans? I meowed non-stop till my mistress said there'd be no cookies for me this time! Then they brought some boxes inside and started decorating a tree. I knew what that meant. That time of the year had come once again. Christmas! The most miserable time of the year when everyone is disgustingly happy and grateful and they sing silly Christmas songs

that give me a headache! I stood tall right behind them and they did not look at me until they had finished. The sun had gone down and all they said to apologize was "sorry ginger, we have a lot to do right now." How was I supposed to react? I turned my back at them and went to my nest. I was so angry, so furious, that I could just kill a mouse and put it in man's slippers.

The next morning, I saw man and mistress cooking in the kitchen. They kept ignoring me for the whole day. When I got bored, which was often, I would play with man's keys, shirt, shoes and sometimes I'd scratch the bathroom carpet. Night had fallen before I could notice and man and mistress were getting ready to go out. I did everything I could to make them stay. I hid man's shirt in the shower, I hid my mistress's lipstick in the mixing bowl, I even meowed sweetly, doing the big, sad eyes you simply cannot resist and nothing happened! They found everything! Clearly, I have underestimated the human mind. Big mistake! Only two minutes before they left, my mistress said, "don't worry ginger, we are going to be back before you know it. Merry Christmas!" I was shocked. Why did she have to go with man and leave me alone on Christmas night? During the holidays, humans are supposed to feel grateful for what they have, so where's your gratitude, if you leave your cute little pet alone? But after my grouchy mood faded, I realized that I had all the freedom in the world to do whatever I wanted! So, I ate all the Christmas cookies, I climbed up the shelves and walked between the glasses, I snuggled on the couch and of course I made a mess of man's office space. But as I was scratching the papers on the desk, I heard a noise. Fearless as I always am, I took a peek in the living room. There was no one there. That's when I heard another noise. It was like someone was scratching the chimney. I went over to the fireplace and heard yet another noise. Good grief, we were being robbed! I would have

defended the house with my sharp nails, but instead I went upstairs and hid myself under the sheets of the bed. If only man hadn't taken me to the vet the previous week, I would now have nails long enough to scratch the face of the robber. After a while the noises stopped and I thought that the robber had finally gone. I hopped down the stairs quietly and caught a glimpse of an old man in a red suit; he had red cheeks and a long white beard. He was putting some presents under the tree, but I was so stunned I couldn't even move my beautiful tail. He turned and looked in my direction. I didn't move. I thought if I stood still maybe I'd become one with environment and he wouldn't notice me. Well, I wasn't so lucky. "There you are!" he said. I took a step towards him and he moved to the couch. "Come on, ginger. Come, sit next to me." I did as told; I couldn't help it. "I hear you haven't been such a good cat," he said. "I deny all the accusations against me!" I immediately answered. "Don't you lie to me, ginger. I know very well what you've been doing." I didn't know what to say! "You've been a very naughty cat," he continued. "But, but I... I didn't mean to." I replied. "Listen ginger, I'm giving you another chance to improve and here's your present, but I want you to promise that you'll never be a naughty cat again." "I promise." I replied, as I crossed my paw over my heart. Then he disappeared! I couldn't believe my eyes! Santa had just vanished. I climbed up the shelf and looked out the window. I caught a glimpse of a shadow of a sleigh with reindeer flying past the full moon. Finally, at midnight, I curled up on the couch and purred "I love catmas!"