

Betty Ingram Bankston

by Sammie the Cat

8-28-2020

SAMMIE THE CAT

TO: D MAGAZINE

Attn: Zac Crain & Tim Rogers

My person, (Betty) read the article about John, the cat, in the latest issue of D Magazine. She also Read Zach Crain's article about turning his cat back in. I am only 3 months' old, and have been Adopted by an older couple who are in their seventies. They felt as if they needed some common Thread, a kitten to raise together and make them feel closer to each other. Judging by the fact That their front yard has 2 political signs, one saying Vote Biden, and the other says vote for Trump, I do feel they need to heal their differences. Personally, I would vote for Biden!

Today I heard them discussing that perhaps they are too old to raise a toddler cat. Their arms and Legs are full of little scratches that I have inflicted upon them. Rarely have I drawn blood, but lately I have overheard my person muttering under her breath, "What was I thinking, getting a cat as she Dabbed Neosporin on her bloody scratches. She made several telephone calls today to Vet's Offices about trimming my claws.

The husband person loves me even though I have scratched his arms and legs too. He kisses me On the top of my head, and rubs my back if I sit in his lap. The wife person shouts "NO! NO!" at Me if I use my claws to crawl up furniture or bite her fingers with my sharp teeth. She has a bottle Of water that she sprays me with when I'm only trying to play with her.

5

Sammie the Cat

Betty Ingram Bankston

I hope I don't have to go back to the Humane Society. I thought they were beginning to get attached to me. This Biden/Trump fight is going to last until November. I hope, I hope, I last until then! Maybe Things will get better.....

Today I was taken to the Veterinarian's office to have my claws trimmed. It was quite a hectic trip. Husband came in from the garage carrying the cardboard cat carrier box the Humane Society gave Wife to take me home in. This, Of course, freaked me out. I thought they were returning me to The orphanage! I definitely did not want to go! As soon as I saw that box I went under the bed. My person tried to lure me out with treats and one of my favorite toys. Using her softest voice She tried to explain. "I counted 16 scratches on Husband's leg last night. We can't go on with your Claws being so long. We just want to have them trimmed." She slid one of my favorite foods to Me. After I ate it. I gave in and came out. Husband grabbed me and put me in the orphanage box And slammed the top together so I couldn't get out. Then he handed the box to Wife. I heard the Car back out of the garage. Wife, carrying the box slid into the back seat of the car. Before she Knew it I had found a small air hole and banged my head through it startling her. She began to soothe And pet me to calm me down until we reached the Vet's office a short distance down Garland Road. Because of Corvid only animals were allowed in the clinic. A helper came out and took me and the box Inside the clinic. The deed was done quickly and I was returned to my people. When we came in I Was exhausted from the ordeal. My person wanted to type this story for me, so I jumped up on The bed in her office and fell fast asleep. Me thinks that my surviving this long might mean that I have found my forever home!