She pushes me away. Her eyes barely open, she clasps the ball, Drops it in an end table drawer and slams it shut.

Maybe she'll toss it For me to bring back. NO! she feels for the ball and hides it under her pillow. I burrow my head in there, Searching.

10N

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I smell the chicken she ate last night, still on her breath.

Mmmmm, she says And opens her eyes. She rubs my ears, And touches my nose.

l rub her nose hard with my own. When not playing dead, she calls that kissing. I wet her face with my tongue and rest my paw on her hand.

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I leap over her and poke her face.

l crank out my loudest purr, But she rolls.

> The Long Night (cat –induced sleep deprivation)

All that's in my dish is Food-scented hard stuff scooped from the bag. I want meat from a can, from that big box that lights when she opens it.

But she's a mountain, rolled in her covers playing dead. I land. She screams *NO*! as I bite her toes. She kicks, but I scamper to a far corner of the bed.

I leap to retrieve a foil ball from the stash under the couch, carry it in my mouth, then kick it over her head.

The Long Night (cat-induced sleep deprivation)



Jenny Hudson

Please recycle to a friend.

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The Long Night (cat-induced sleep deprivation)

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