ILLYRIA INTO

Hello, my name is Illyria. I am 9 years old in human years. My story is, I was living with my fur family, in a gopher hole, behind the hotel my daddy was running at the time. One day a very nice lady, caught me and took me inside to this silly looking guy placing me on his shoulder. That silly guy, was daddy. He immediately left work, went to the pet store, and bought me everything I would need because I was only 3 weeks old. After settling me in, and introducing me to Katrina, daddy got my fur mom and dad fixed, and found homes for my siblings. From that day forward, I grew into the Tortie of Terror, that daddy adores. I don’t really get it, but everyone says I am the Queen of Tortitude whatever that means. All I care is I have daddy’s lap to sleep in, and enough tuna and catnip to last me furever.