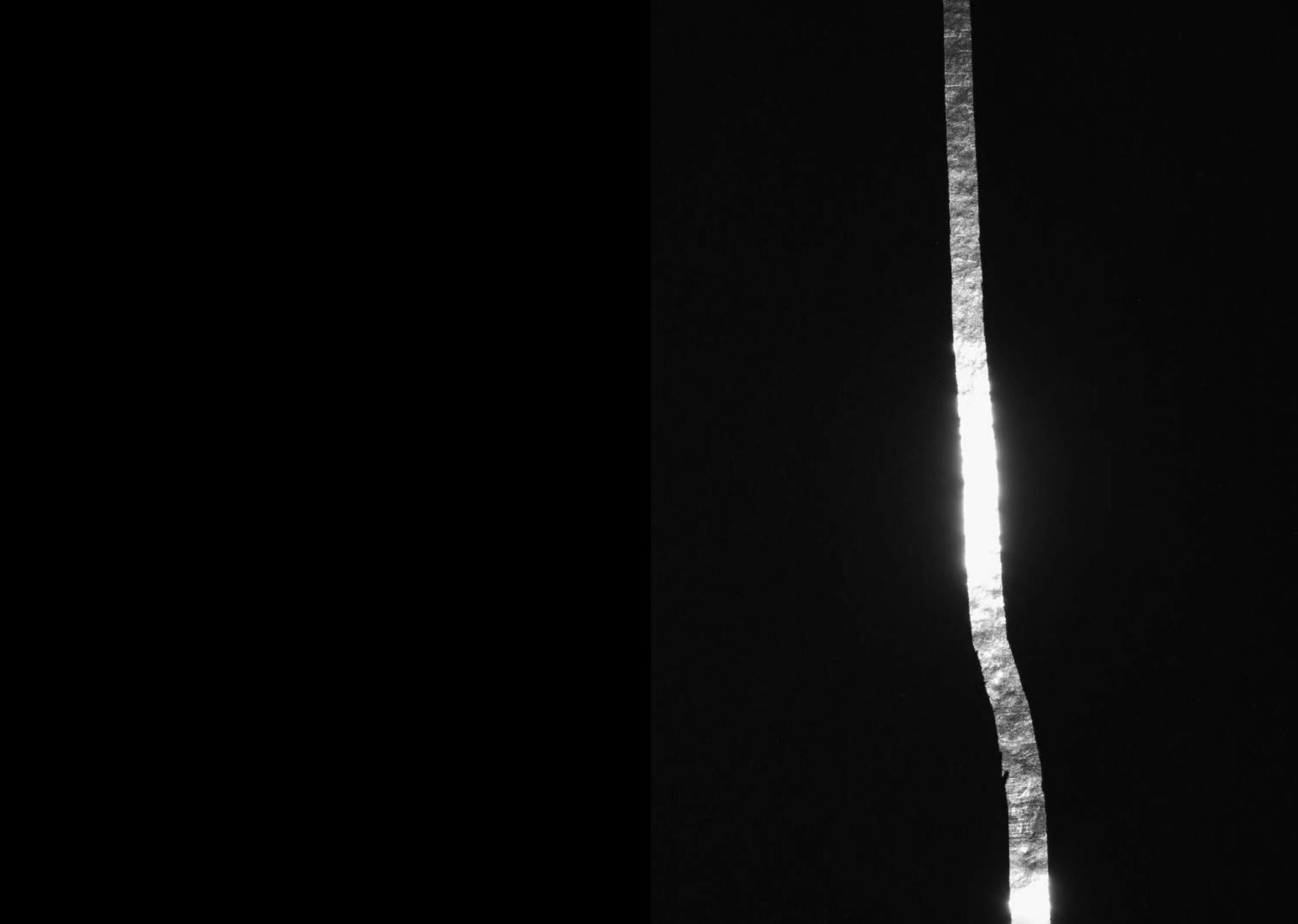


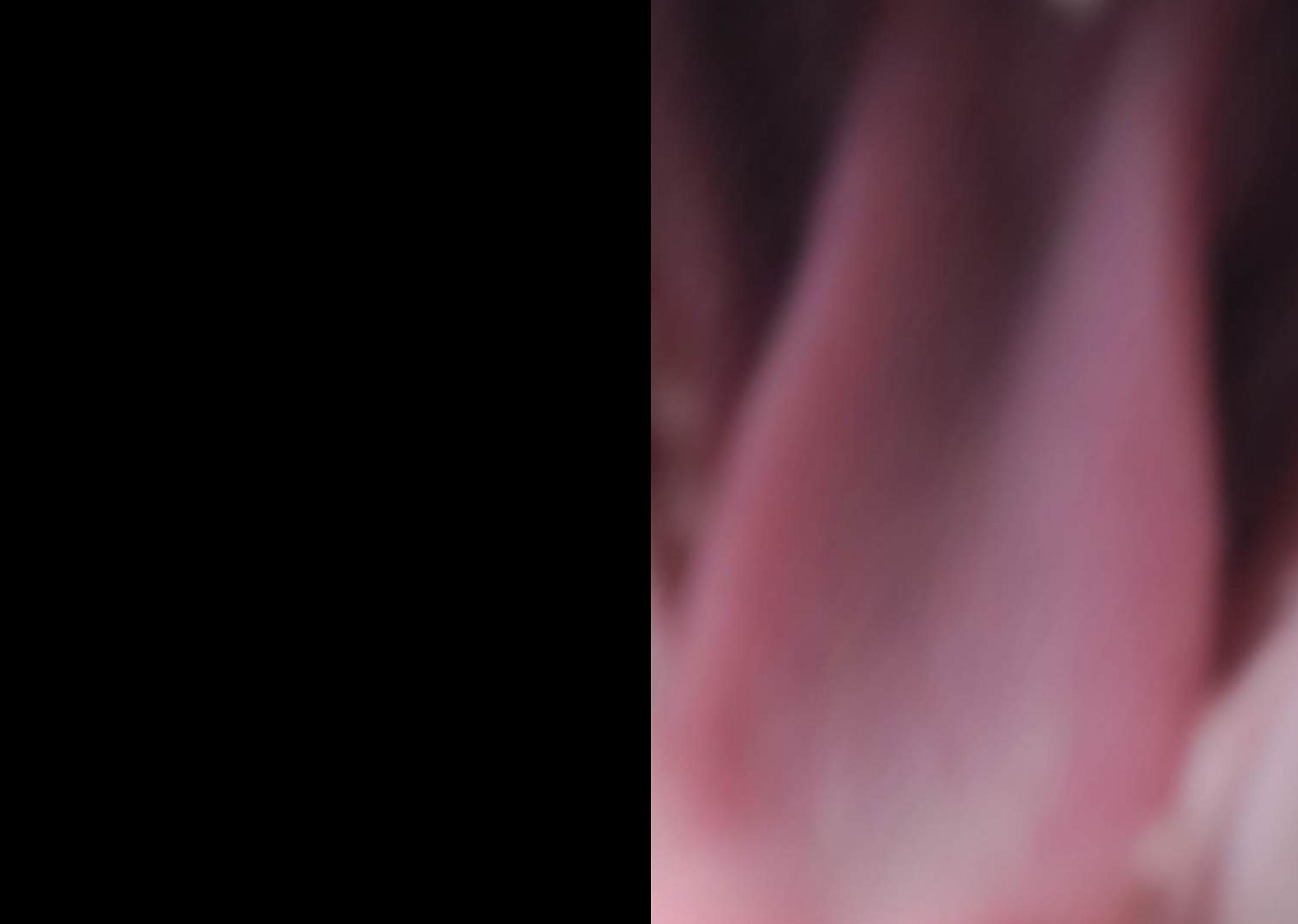


# **My Nonhuman friends**

Nika Sandler







I was brought home from the hospital. For the first time you had  
seen a human child. What were you thinking then?





Meow-mew







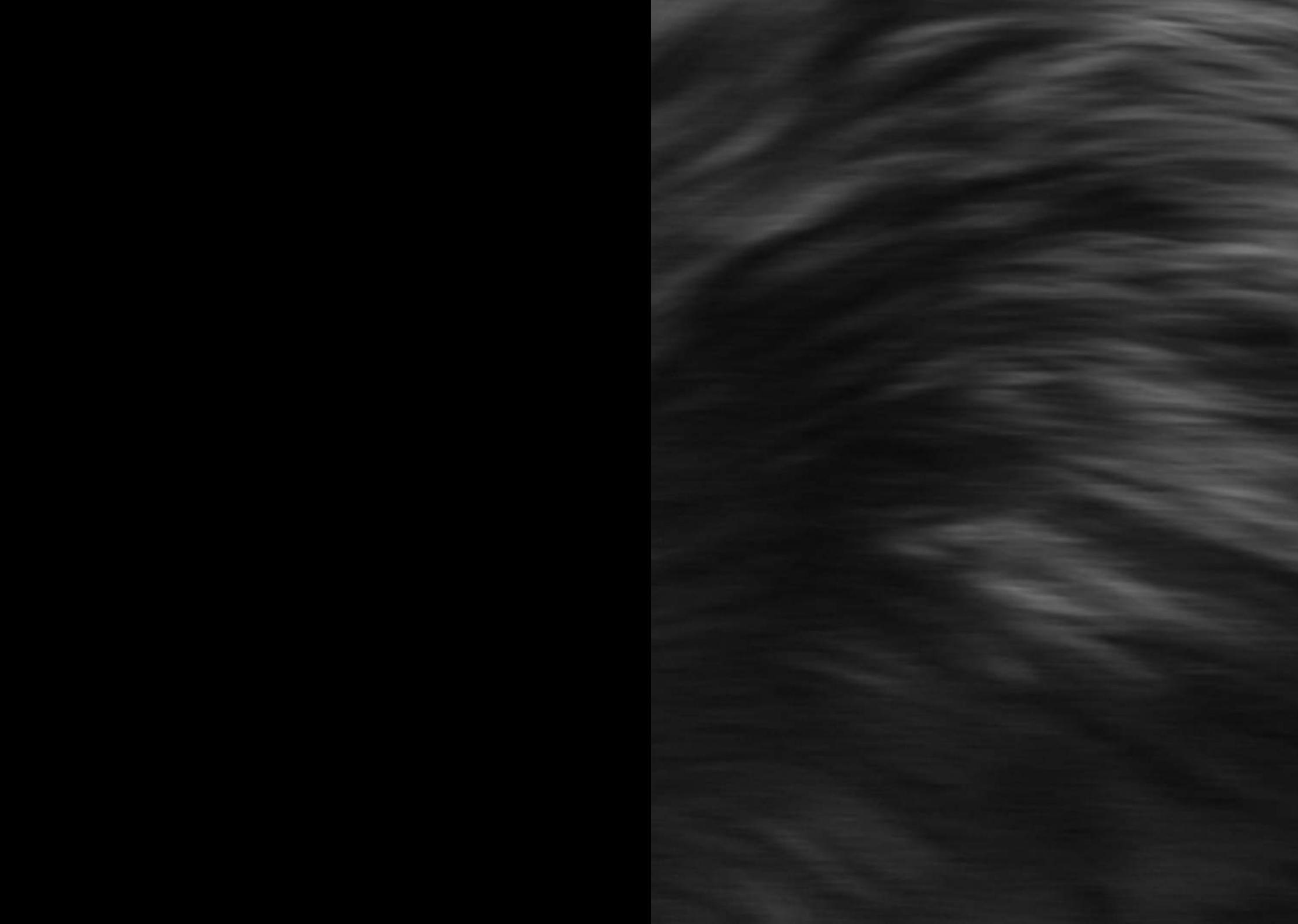








You came and left and always came back. We were eating together,  
were silent and looking at each other, then into the distance.

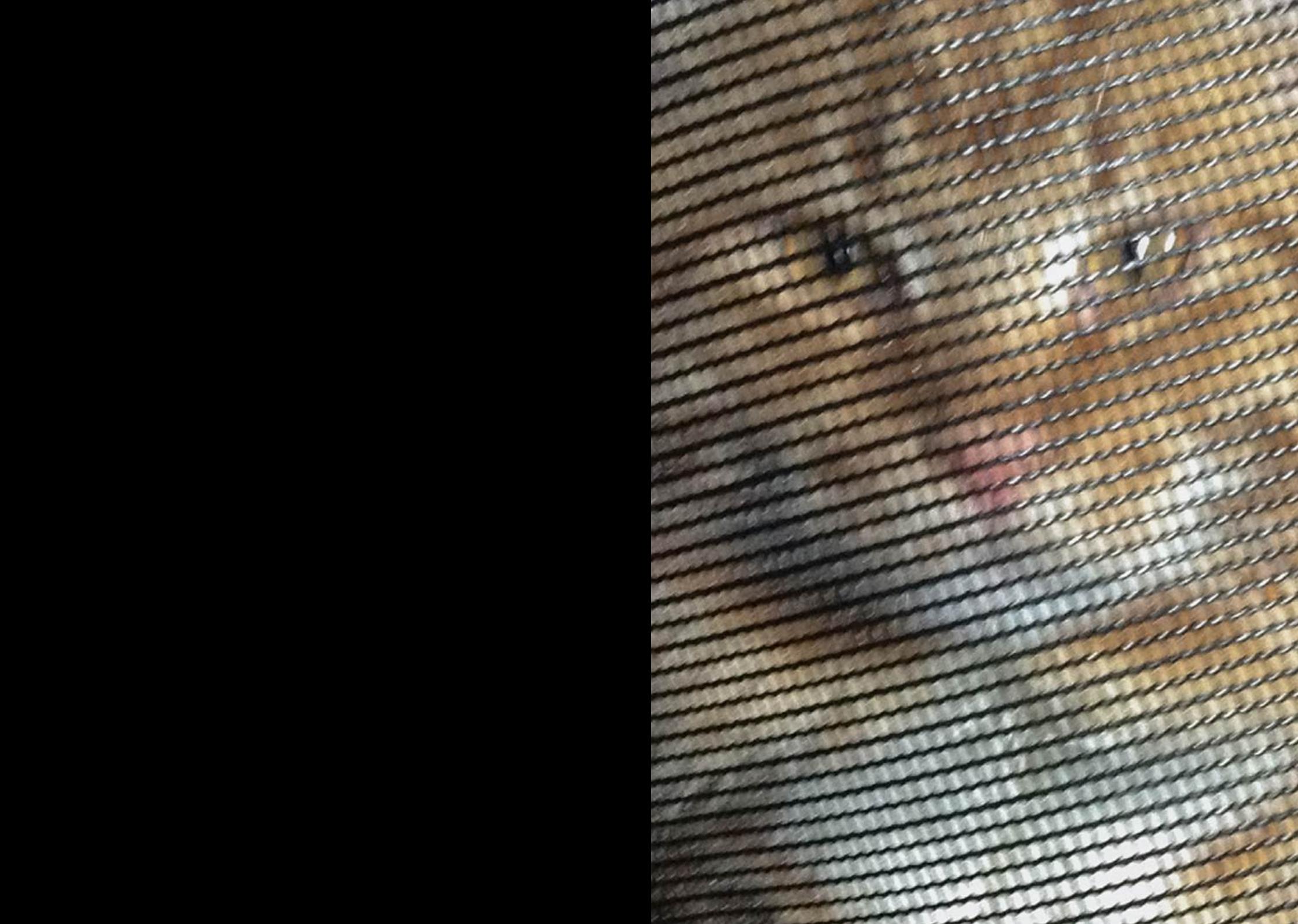












I remember you were catching cockroaches. You were singing  
them a hunting song. It sounded tender and tremulous.

This song was to their death.

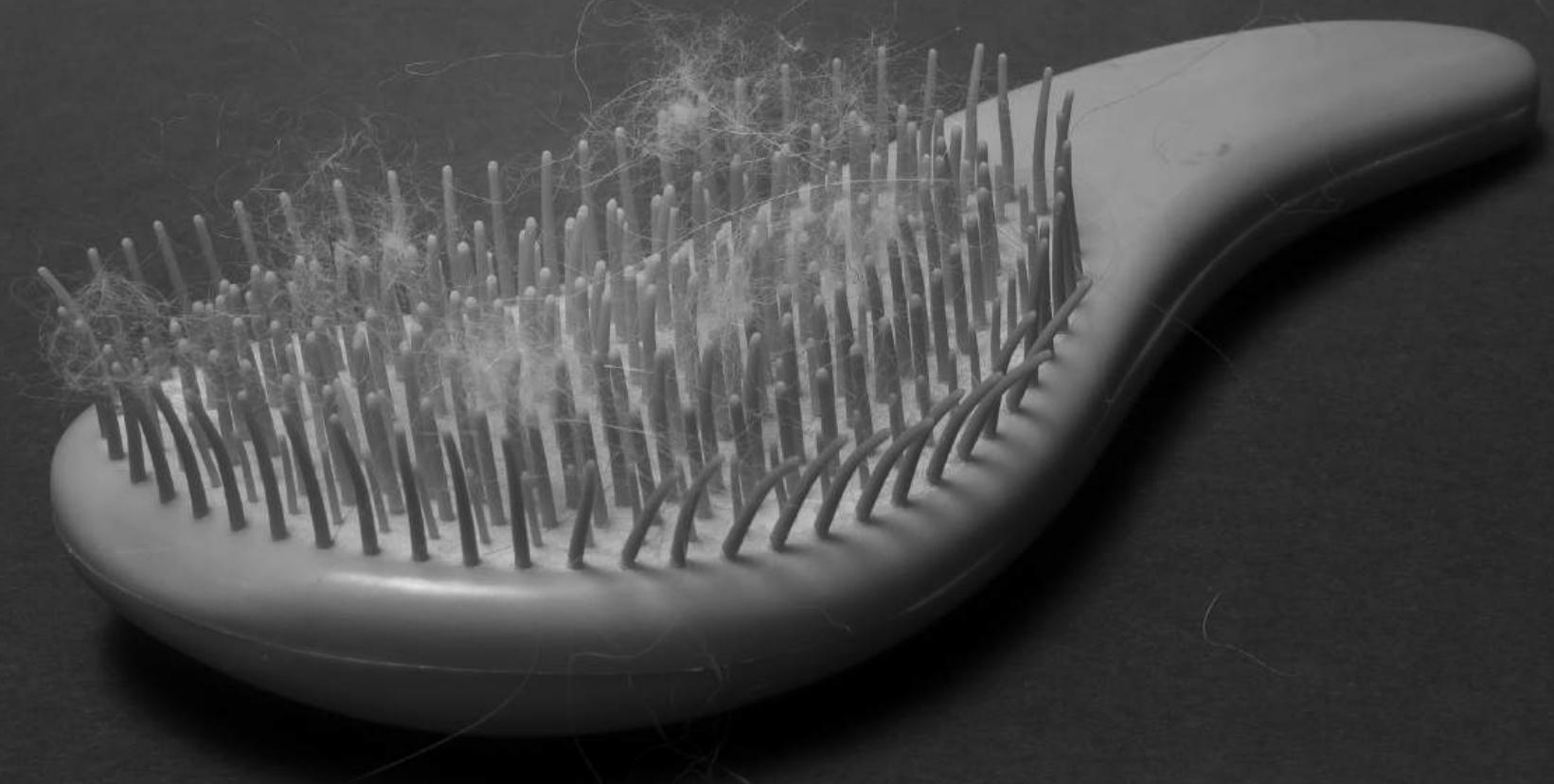




Mr-mr-mr-r-r







You peed in your bed. I accidentally closed the bathroom door  
and you had nowhere to go. You were very upset,  
but it wasn't your fault.

















Mr-r-r mew-mew









We went for a walk. In the city, among noisy people and cars,  
you were scared and hid behind my back or under my skirt.

Only in the forest you felt free.







You caught and brought me a mouse. You would have  
eaten it yourself, but decided to share it with me.







M-m-mia-a-a-a-ow...

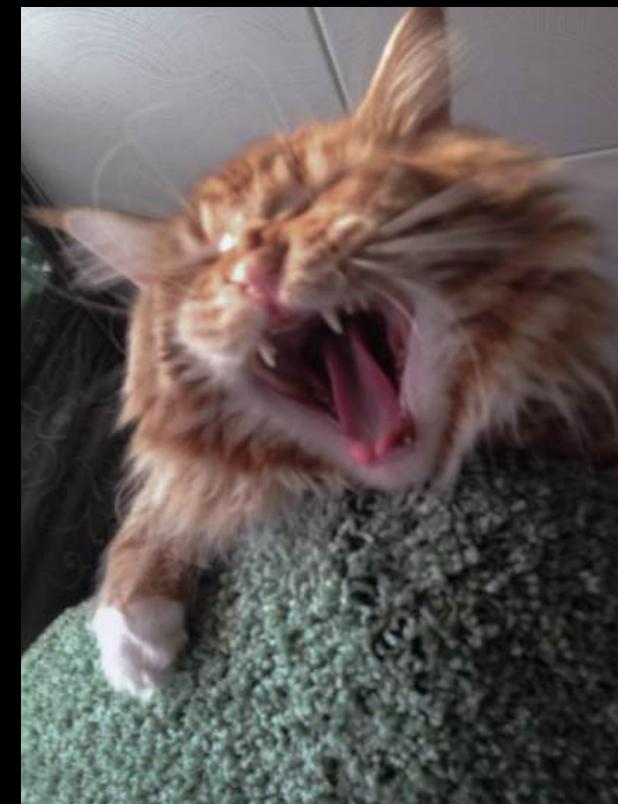




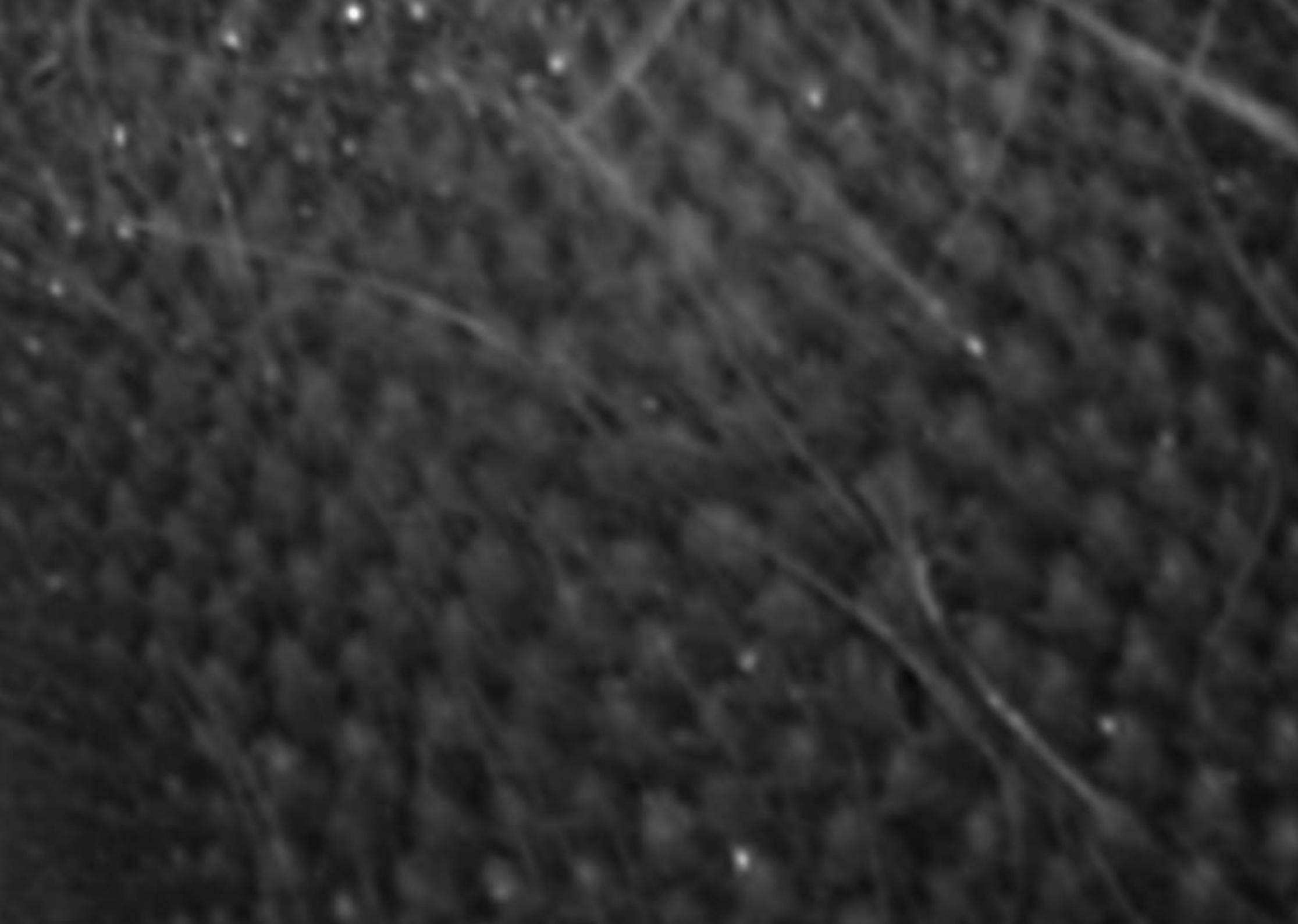
Mia-a-a-ow!





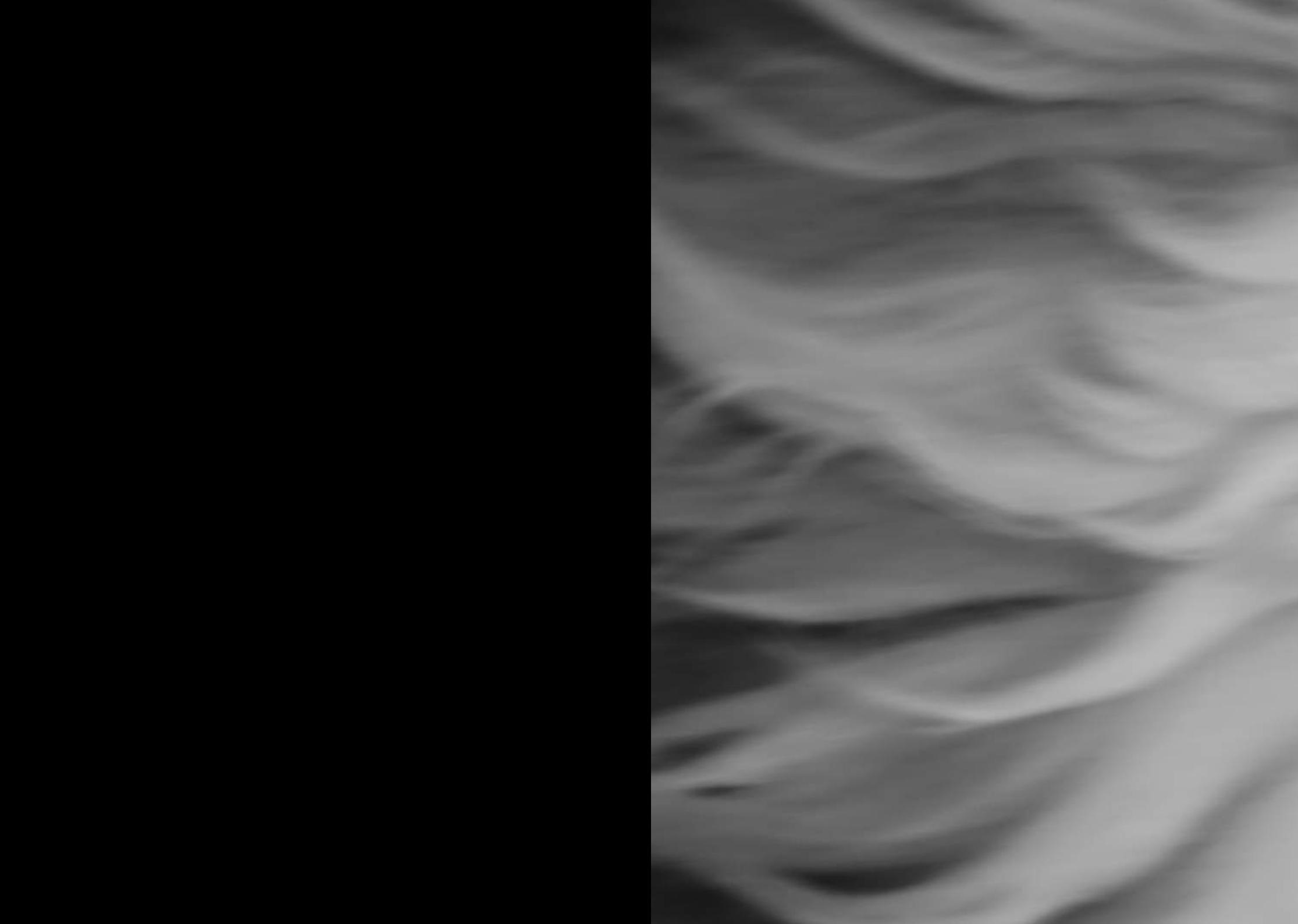


I was sitting on the edge of a small chair, and suddenly you jumped  
on it and sat down behind me. I felt your warmth and I still feel it.









Within a month, the vase broke, two weeks later, your bowl  
with water, and two more - your heart.

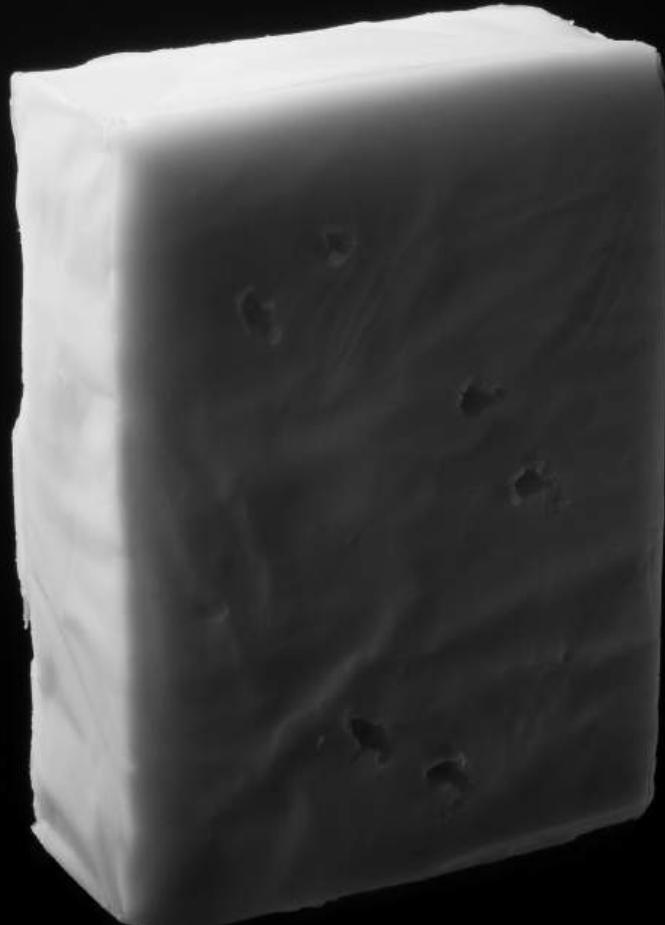




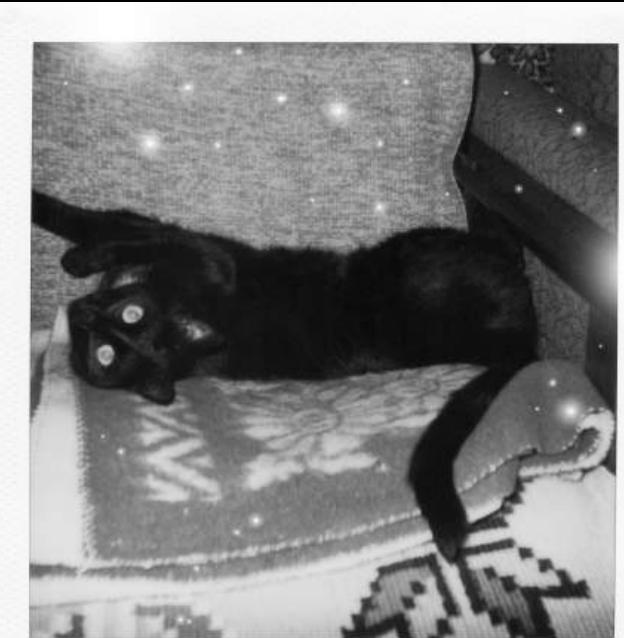












I was born and lived with cats, and now I don't know  
how much is human in me, and how much is feline.









I sleep like a cat: long, sound, sweet,  
as if nothing is more important than sleep.



I don't care how smart, brave, confident I am:  
cats accept themselves by anyone.







