

Lola & Felix



When we visited the cat pavilion in January, I noticed a small black shape hiding in the back of a covered litter pan. "That is not a happy girl," I told my husband. He's a bit of a cat whisperer, so he bravely reached in and lifted out Baby. She was a stunning creature, slender and slinky, with a silky black coat and enormous green eyes. Though she had been living on the streets, she was gentle and friendly, and he fell in love on the spot. We brought her home that day, but decided such an exotic beauty required a more glamorous name. So she became "Lola Baby" for a few weeks, and now answers readily to "Lola" or simply "Lo."

In August we lost an older cat who had been her favorite playmate. Knowing she was lonely, we returned to the Humane Society in search of a kitten companion. As soon as we walked past his enclosure, one little scamp jumped up and started patting on the glass to get our attention. His ploy worked, and we brought home Felix. He has proven to be more of a "Wreck-It Ralph" than a "Fix-It Felix", but we liked the name the shelter had given him and stuck with it. He came into the household as the typical little brother,

annoying Lola in every way he could find. Sneak attacks are his favorite and he often pounces on her back and holds on with all four paws, hoping for a piggy-back ride.

After a few weeks of adjustment, they have settled into a comfortable relationship. She is patient when he noses into her food dish and pushes her aside. He will give her a few minutes of peace if she whacks him on the head. They have several rousing games of chase each day and they have developed the "shelf game". This involves sitting on adjacent shelves in the screened-in porch and poking each other with their paws. Felix never misses an opportunity to bother his Lola and we never tire of watching their play.

Leslie