

## **From the Editor: The Black Tornado Revisited**

I've written twice in this column about my little black cat, Cindy- once as the "demander" in contrast with her brother Paddy, the "appreciator," and once as the rather unfriendly "Black Tornado "who was tearing the house apart and might be expected to walk across the ceiling. So, how did Cindy turn out? Do I still have the little monster?

Right now, Cindy is rolling on her back in my lap, so loving that she acts as though I'm made of catnip! At age 5, she is as affectionate as any cat I've ever seen. More than that, Cindy is North-Dakota Nice!

When I feed the cats, does Cindy chase her father away, as her (formerly wild) mother used to do? Does she just dive in and eat? No. She dashes off to look for Ragnar. "Daddy, daddy, she's feeding us! Come quick!" This is her obvious import. She doesn't come back until she has a sleepy Ragnar in tow. No one can tell me cats are governed only by instinct and can't be unselfish or genuinely love.

In short, she's a wonderful little lady.

Does this have a moral? Of course. First, don't ever give up on a kitten. Second, don't ever give up on a pet. Third, don't ever give up on ANYBODY!

Have a wonderful summer!