

Northwoods Humane Society – Melissa Spero, NHS Volunteer

Have you ever been told by a non-cat person (gasp, the horror), they don't like cats because they're aloof? Well, there is something to be said about a cat's sometimes...independent personality. Once you bond with a cat, though, the line between cat independence and cat affection quickly blurs until you wonder how you survived without your feline shadow.

Perfect example of the cat described above is my cat Clove. When I went to the Northwood's Humane Society to adopt a feline addition to the family, I immediately fell in love with Sage, Clove's sister. While I was falling in love with Sage, Clove was already marking me as her human. There was this little kitten who would not let me be. She demanded to be held, to be pet, to be snuggled. My heart melted. Just like that, Clove became family, even though I am typically the only person who sees her.

Clove is that pet who people know exists, just few have proof beyond my stories and pictures. Unlike Sage, who tends to be more social, or Pepper, her dog sister, who doesn't believe in alone time, Clove has always been extremely picky of her company. To really emphasize my point, my dad lived with us for a year before Clove was comfortable enough to seek his company when I wasn't home.

I, however, always know where Clove is. Why? Because we have that human-feline bond. It also doesn't hurt that whenever there is a bulge underneath the comforter, you can assume that is Clove.

We weren't always so close. I tend to be loud, whether I am singing, dancing or simply existing. Clove likes it quiet with minimal movement. We found our rhythm, though. Now it is Sage who runs out of the room when I start singing. Clove is resigned and flattens her ears while I belt away. My favorite parts of the day with Clove are early morning and late evening. She gets under the covers with me and falls asleep in my arms while sucking on her blanket (it used to be mine, but when you own pets, is anything ever really yours again).

Some might call Clove aloof. I consider her independent. Some might call Clove anti-social. I call her selective. Maybe someone else would've picked one of Clove's sister cats, but I knew from the moment I held her in my arms and she meowed at me, effectively bossing me around already, that we were meant to be. Please visit the Northwood's Humane Society to either adopt or volunteer with these majestic creatures. Cats are intelligent, social, affectionate, playful, and best of all, can purr you to sleep.

At least that's what Clove does for me nightly. Now we are independent and selective together. If that's not the cat's meow, then what is?