

Rain

It's raining today; it's the first steady rain of the season. As I look out of the kitchen window while washing the dishes, the insistent sound of rain drops falling seems to make my task a little better.

Today is a day for staying home, I thought to myself this morning when I woke up to my real-life cat alarm. Thankfully, I have the day off from work, so I can actually live out my first thought of the day. Before anything else, though, the cat will surely start plotting my demise if I do not promptly feed him and let him out.

My cat is a typical cat; the only aspects of the world that exist involve his stomach, his bladder, his claws, and his bed. The pretty can sitting on the top of the kitchen counter does not exist until I proceed to spray his bed with it; that's when his claws are involved. Later, he'll involve his stomach by barfing out his disapproval for the new smell. If I'm lucky, he'll show me the contents of his bladder too. Damn cat.

I suppose I live with this because I love animals. Perhaps it's just because I love my cat. I forget about his natural temperament when I come home after a bad day at work, and he proceeds to jump on my lap to cuddle without any other expectation of me. This morning, however, he weaved between my legs in a brilliant assassination attempt the moment he saw me walking into the bathroom, which is not in the direction of his food bowl; his stomach comes first.

I went through the normal feeding routine, and the death threats seized. I suppose I should count that as gratitude. Now that he's eating, I'm washing the dishes from last night and marveling at the rain. After taking care of the cat, I might make myself some hot chocolate and lie down on the couch to read.

The cat finished his breakfast, but I decided to make him wait. Apparently, he doesn't see that as an option, so I walk over to the back door.

"You silly cat," I say, pointing outside. "I hope you realize that it's raining." He looks up at me and meows. Apparently cute, little meows can also mean *Get out of my way, insignificant human*. I open the door, and he doesn't move; after a few seconds he turns around to see if he left anything in his food bowl.

After making my hot chocolate, I lie down on the couch and flip open Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. (What can I say? I'm a romantic at heart.) The cat claims the recliner, and the rain continues. Thank goodness I'm not out there getting sick like Miss Bennet. However, I am also not winning the heart of a wealthy man like Elizabeth is, either. Regardless, I am content with my day off, my cat, some hot chocolate, a good book, and – most importantly – the rain.