

Pumpkin and Cricket



We adopted “Pumpkin” (the orange cat) and “Cricket” (the black and white kitten) in December. They were our family Christmas present to each other – and what a gift they’ve been! They bonded in oh, say...5 seconds, and have been best buds ever since. They delight us—and each other—constantly, and are so much fun we can’t imagine life without them. Both of them run down the stairs and peek through the banisters when anyone comes in. They’ll then race you upstairs and forget to leave you alone. J

Pumpkin seemed to take to the name Carl, and seems like a Carl. He’s big and orange with the most awesome dark stripes, he swaggers, he comes when he’s called, and can be a little edgy. He cuddles and watches over Jimmie, and adopted his own chair from Day 1. He’s the perfect male cat.

Cricket is Jimmie to us. Sometimes Jamal, sometimes James (when he’s acting all grown up), but usually Jimmie or Jim Jam. He is the definition of “frolicky” and will follow us like one of the dogs (we have 2). Jimmie is growing by leaps and bounds, and is the most active and sweet cat we’ve ever met. He’ll crawl up onto your shoulder, kiss your ear, and just hang out there. He loves being cuddled like a baby (you can hold him in the crook of your arm for hours while you cook, clean, read or whatever, and he won’t mind!), will crawl under a blanket and snuggle with you, and is very fond of his “blankie.” Truth be told, he thinks he’s a human. We agree.

Interestingly enough, Carl came to the shelter for failure to eat...he had liver damage at the time, and was quite ill. Well, nothing could be the further from the truth now! Carl eats all of his food, will eat Jimmie’s if he’s allowed, and has been known to sniff around the dogs’ dishes too. He opens cupboards and looks for crackers but will settle for shredding trash bags. He’s got a GREAT appetite! When he’s not grooming Jimmie, snuggling on someone’s shoulder and purring, pouncing on a cat toy, or on a quest for food, he can be found napping in the salad bowl on top of the fridge. Oh, did I mention he’s an Olympic jumper too?

All in all, these two cats were meant to be together—and we were meant to blend them into our family. We are so grateful that they picked us at the League!