



### **The story of Arther the short haired domestic black cat**

**I got Arther when he was around 1 year old from the Animal Refuge League of Westbrook approx. 10 years ago. He was neutered, had his shots and cost me 50 dollars. For better or worse he was ours. And he was high strung and fiesty, attacking feet under covers viciously so much so that my daughter, age 9 said she didn't want to keep him. I explained to her that he was ours no matter what. that was the first 3 days. Within a few months Arther had chilled out and all was well.**

**Approximately 5 years later my daughter was on the computer at 9pm. I went to blow out a pillar candle burning in a dish on a wooden dresser beside the computer table in the kitchen. She said, "Mom, I'll blow it out before i go to bed.", "OK", I replied and went to sleep.**

**Well, around 2am I was wakened by Arther walking and meowing loudly on my upper chest, and he was loud. When I finally opened my eyes I saw a yellow-orange glow coming from the kitchen area. My daughter had forgotten to blow out the candle. The flame was 4 to 6 inches high and all the wax had dripped down over the dresser. It wouldn't have been long before the whole dresser was on fire. Thanks to Arther I was alerted to the danger, I blew out the flame, doused it with water and made sure it was completely out once and for all.**

**I saved him and he saved me.**

*Shirley*  
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