

# In the middle of the night



**In the middle of the night Dust Ball calls my name** from the bathroom. I wake to hear her shouting in excitement "Peep! Peep!"

She doesn't "meow" as other cats do. Maybe that is my fault as her parent. When she was a baby and made that adorable "Peep!" sound I responded affirmatively with "Peep! Peep!" Thus I may have taught her that "Peep!" was the correct form of cat speech, and not the usual "Meow."

Almost every night she wakes me around 5 AM peeping with joy from the bathroom. She is telling me "Verne! I caught a squirmy lizard!"

No matter how many squirmy lizards Dust Ball catches each one gives her as much delight as the first one. And I reply, as her proud and constantly permissive parent, "Good Girl! Got another one, he? Dust Ball is a good girl!"

Then, in the middle of the night I roll over to go back to sleep. Dust Ball plays hide and seek with her animal toys among the floor towels. Starting from my neatly laid out towels by the shower she tangles them up in layers with her toys hiding inside.

Like any proud parent I would rather have her playing at home than to be out drinking, getting tattooed, or buying a nose ring.



Squeaky mouse



Hoppy cricket

Squirmy lizard

Day after day I toss out little Dust Ball's broken toys, place any live lizards in the bathtub for containment and try to ignore the sounds of crunching and popping beneath my bare feet.

I guess when you really love your child you forgive those little things.