

## Morgan, Boy and Girl: Jan Downing's Cats

*[Note: Morgan wrote this last May, before cancer took Jan Downing's life. I am happy to report that a home has been found for all three cats. – Motek]*

I am Morgan, the Alpha female at 3930 Rickover. Here is my public persona:



When necessary, I can channel my inner self, although this is less often necessary than it was before I initiated training exercises:



My place is Jan Downing – a comfortable lap under most circumstances although “she” tends to stand up, shift position, rest a book on my back and other such inconvenient behaviors. I put up with “her” because she provides food, litter, and entertainment. I have two subject cats – formally Gambol and Cavort but the names are ridiculous so they are known as Boy and Girl. I started out in California – never knew my mother and was

taken in by a stranger who subsequently flew me East to suburban DC. Life got complicated: the place known as Liz hooked up with a guy who had dogs and I moved on to my place's daughter, Meg. That was a good outdoors life but there were huge dogs there as well as some scary wild animals – so I came to my current place and settled in with the old cats (currently represented by plaster “memorials” in front of the house.) I've been here about ten years. All in all, it's good – but I never get to go outside. Boy and Girl are relatively well-behaved – need some disciplining, of course, but nothing I can't handle.

Boy is huge – more than 20 pounds and 14 inches tall at the shoulders. Girl is bigger than me but smaller than Boy. She's a Calico, I'm a Tortoiseshell and Boy is grey with white splotches. Jan says that both he and Girl are sweet – I guess they are. At least they know who's the boss and will defer to me if I choose to take advantage of any warm spot that they have prepared. Here is their picture – as you see, they get along well with each other.



They don't really share the same tail – each has one. Boy's has that silly white tip that serves as a beacon in the dark – useful to Jan with her limited night vision.

Well, that'll introduce you to us – I expect that we will never get to meet in the flesh since Boy, Girl and I never get to go outside. I try from time to time to get out – I'll swing by if ever I do make it.

Morgan