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Workshop Submission #2

A Different Perspective

My brother Vincent and I were always together and we got adopted together luckily. Our new family consisted of us, two sisters another brother and two parents. They were always sweet and kind, but other times we would get in so much trouble, especially for sitting on the table. The house was huge, two floors and a basement. The first floor had a lot of couches and tables, the couch was one of my favorite spots to hang out on, always full of blankets and pillows. Sometimes dad would fall asleep on the couch and make funny noises, same with mom. My older sister always had the best blankets though and always let me use them. Vincent and I were very energetic at first running around the house exploring, jumping onto beds and couches, hiding under beds, and just tried to have a bunch of fun. I had a lot of fun playing with all the toys until I got super tired and just passed out on the couch with my brother Vincent. The next day we got to explore the house more, like the basement. The basement had lots of boxes and bins to hide behind or in, and it was fun to hide from the family. There was also a big bed down there that was great for taking my daily nap on. The three siblings each had a room to themselves and the parents shared a room together while Vincent and I shared a space. It wasn't too small but wasn't too big either. We were always provided with enough food and water every day, and they never forgot about us. Our family always takes good care of us.

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 Vincent had an infection at one point and had to spend a lot of time resting and I became very lonely for that small period of time. It may have seemed like forever, but in reality, it really wasn't that long, it was just me overthinking. I hope I don’t have to go through with that. He did start to act a little strange after that, though. He wasn't allowed his outside privileges for quite a while, so I just rubbed it on his face that I could go outside and he couldn't, brotherly love right.

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 I got another brother eventually, his name is Wilson. He was quite annoying at first bothering me all the time and wanting to play. Vincent especially hated him and ignored him on the daily basis for a while. He always acted very stupidly at times laying in the weirdest positions, like upside down on the couch. He was a bit bigger than me even though he was a couple years younger than me. Nowadays, Vincent and I don’t hate him as much as we used to because before we would completely ignore him and whenever he messed with us we got in a fight. Wilson did like to go outside with me, even though he explored on his own. He was great at finding birds in the summer time too. When we got a new brother, we started to hang out more than usual, since the new one was so energetic and annoying, like Wilson used to be. So now we actually enjoy each other’s company more, sometimes I still think he’s an idiot.

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 I spent a lot of time outside playing and going on adventures. Sometimes Vincent would join me on my little adventures. The warmer months were nicer since there were lots of green leaves to navigate around and it was easier to be sneaky, especially when I wanted to go in the neighbor's backyard. The cooler months were very troublesome since the green leaves were now loud crunchy brown ones that didn't allow me to sneak around on my adventures. When it was super chilly outside I wouldn’t stay outside for very long, especially when there was a lot of that cold, fluffy, white substance on the ground. Now that stuff was cold, wet and annoying. Though, when the cold weather lightened up there were lots of flowers, which meant lots of bugs and birds to look at and mess with. Sometimes I would bring a bird back home, but then my parents would be angry with me. I usually did kill the bugs, which they were definitely okay with. Most of the time I spend time playing, rolling in the grass or climbing up trees. This one time, Wilson got stuck in a tree because he climbed up too high because he was scared of some dogs that were chasing him. Most days I just explore outside in the woods, sometimes I will mess with the neighbor’s dog for fun. I also enjoy hunting around for other animals as well, such as birds and lizards. At one point while I was hunting around Wilson got bit by a stray cat, and I just ran away back home hoping that cat wouldn’t bite me. Sometimes the older sister would come outside and hang out with me, but only when it was nice out. She would not come out when it was hot and humid. A daily exploration is always a must in my opinion.

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 At one point, the family had gotten a dog, she was some type of Chihuahua mix. Such a tiny dog. She had black fur and was pretty much scared of really tall people. One time she chased the UPS deliver out to his truck. Just imagine a tiny dog chasing this large man out to his truck. She’s not even that scary. Most of the time she takes a nap on my favorite couch, so I have to find a new spot, such as my sister's room since she has the softest blankets and it is usually a nice temperature. Though the dog will come in the room sometimes and disturb me, but I, of course, ignore her.

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 The two sisters were always making weird noises with these metal objects. One was a very high pitched sound and the other was a lower and louder sound. It always annoyed me when they played these objects, but later on, the younger brother of the sisters was playing a brash sounding metal object. This was even worse than the other two, so I just went down to the basement and took a nap every time. Unless they decided to practice in the basement, then I would go outside or up to the top floor of the house. Sometimes I will be able to find the best hiding spots where no one can disturb me at all. These areas I try to remember for future reference since they may be playing these objects for years to come. Though talking to them does disrupt their annoying playing.

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 We had our favorite siblings as well. I liked the older sister the most, she was very relaxed and was always working in her room, so I hung out with her a lot. For fun, I would sit really close to her and bother her while she tried to do actual work or play a game. In her room, she has this one hat with a bunch of feathers on top, but she always has it in a place I can’t reach. Vincent really liked the younger sister; she was more active than the older one. We all like to hang out in the brother’s room, since he is never really in there, due to his Xbox obsession. His bed is also high up from the ground which I personally enjoy. Wilson personally liked the younger sister as well, which annoyed Vincent greatly. I just found the whole situation hilarious.

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 Another brother, George, came along, this family was just getting bigger and bigger. He always liked to bother the sisters when they were trying to play video games or do their homework. George would literally eat anything and everything whether he was given it or not. He was always very energetic, so laser pointers were his favorite thing. His unbearable amount of energy was very disturbing to me because I just wanted to sleep most of the time, but he would start messing with me every time. We would always fight and mess with each other, but he would go after Wilson the most. But he didn’t stay for long, he seemed pretty sick and had to go to the doctor. George did get to go outside before he left, though. He was gone soon after that.

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 Lately, I had been feeling weird and I went to the doctor, turns out I have skin cancer, but luckily it is not terminal just on the skin, not the organs or anything. I had surgery to remove my tumor and I turned out just fine. Only had to rest for a couple weeks. I was very scared at first, though, I was not sure what the doctors were doing to me. But then I kind of just fell asleep and woke up back home with some stitches. I was not allowed to go outside and play for a while due to the stitches. This made me so frustrated that I was just temperamental around everyone, and my favorite person was not there to hang out with me, so now I was even grumpier.

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 My favorite person, the older sister, disappeared as of late. I have no idea why though and she returned when the weather got cold but then left after a bunch of white, fluffy, cold stuff came down from the sky. I hope she comes back soon from wherever she is. I'm quite bored of chasing my brothers around and lounging around the house. I believe she is doing some important things with her life at the moment, I just hope she comes home soon or else I’m going to just be moody all the time.

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 My brother Vincent has black and white hair while I have gray and white hair. Wilson was the same colors as me except he was less gray, and George was orange and had really cool dark orange stripes on him. Whenever we got sick we had to wear cones around our heads which were the most annoying, and we had to stay in one room unless someone was watching us. One of my favorite things to do is sleep on my favorite owner’s bed at night since her room is the warmest. Sometimes the owners will meow at me thinking I understand them, but I really just hear incoherent noises, but they pet me at the same time so it’s okay. Laser pointers are my weakness, but treats are as well, or feathers because birds have feathers too. Boxes are another one of my weaknesses, especially big boxes where I can hide and jump out and attack Wilson or my owner. Sometimes the neighbor’s dog will chase Vincent out of the backyard and he runs home and hides in a box. Also, sitting on laptops is a great passion of mine, so is leaving paw prints on all the cars possible. In the winter, my fur gets really thick, and Wilson happens to look the fattest out of the three of us. Though in the summer, most of the fluffiness go away, since it gets super humid outside. Whenever I am in my hiding spot, no one can usually find me unless they have treats for me, then I come running to them. At times, during the cold season, I hide under the big, bright tree in the living room. George one time had actually climbed all the way to the top of the tree and almost got stuck, hilarious I say. The glass decorations on the tree are the fun part for me personally because I can just lay on the ground and mess with them. I love being outside because I can track down moles, birds and mice so I can bring them back to my owner’s as a present, but they never like it. My world is much different than that of my owner’s, especially the part where I can lay around the house all day, there’s always water and food for me, and I do not have any obligations unlike you the reader might have.