

The Cat Who Shared



Jane MEADOW

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Luna the cat had a favorite spot in the whole world: the sunny windowsill. Every afternoon, the warm sun poured through the glass like golden honey. Luna would curl up on her soft cream-and-ginger fur, close her round amber eyes, and purr. Her red collar with the tiny gold bell jingled softly as she settled in. Nothing was better than this warm, cozy place.



One day, a little kitten named Pip peeked around the corner. Pip had fluffy grey fur, big round green eyes, and oversized ears that twitched with hope. The kitten spoke in a tiny voice. "Excuse me, may I sit on the windowsill too? It looks so warm and nice." Luna opened one eye and flicked her long fluffy tail. "No," she said. "This is my spot."



Pip's ears drooped, and the little grey kitten backed away slowly. Luna closed her eyes again, but the sunshine felt a little less warm. She tried to purr, but the sound came out thin and small. The windowsill was still hers, but somehow it felt bigger and emptier than before. Luna shifted her paws and sighed.



From the corner of the room, Luna could see Pip sitting alone on the cold floor. The little kitten looked so sad and small, with those big green eyes staring at nothing. Pip's fluffy grey fur looked chilly, and the kitten's short tail was wrapped tightly around tiny white paws. Luna's whiskers twitched. She remembered how it felt to be lonely.



Luna thought about kindness. She remembered the time a big old tomcat had shared his warm basket with her when she was just a tiny kitten. That kindness had felt like a soft blanket on a cold night. Luna's amber eyes softened. Maybe sharing her sunny windowsill wouldn't be so bad after all. Her little gold bell jingled as she sat up.



Luna hopped down from the windowsill and padded over to Pip. "You know," she said, "there is room for two on the windowsill. Would you like to share it with me?" Pip's big green eyes grew wide with surprise. "Really? Are you sure?" The little kitten's voice squeaked with hope. Luna nodded and gave a small smile. "Yes, come on."



Pip followed Luna to the sunny windowsill. The little kitten climbed up carefully, and Luna made space. At first, they sat a little apart. Then Pip's fluffy grey fur brushed against Luna's cream-and-ginger side. It felt nice and warm. Luna's red collar bell gave a happy little tinkle. The sun shone down on both of them, and the windowsill felt bigger than before.



Together, they watched the birds outside. Pip's big green eyes followed every flutter and hop. "Look at the blue one!" Pip whispered. Luna flicked her tail and pointed with her pink nose. "That's a blue jay. He's very loud." They watched the birds hop from branch to branch, and the afternoon slipped by like a happy dream.



Soon, Pip's eyelids grew heavy. The little kitten yawned a tiny yawn and leaned against Luna's warm side. Luna felt Pip's soft grey fur and heard a gentle purr. She wrapped her fluffy tail around the little kitten like a blanket. Then Luna closed her own amber eyes, and they napped side by side in the golden sun.



When they woke up, the sun had moved a little, but the windowsill was still warm. Pip stretched and said, "Thank you for sharing, Luna. This is the best afternoon I've ever had." Luna felt a happy glow inside. "You know," she said, "I think you're right. This is the best afternoon." Her little gold bell jingled as she purred.



From that day on, Luna and Pip shared the sunny windowsill every afternoon. Sometimes they watched birds, sometimes they napped, and sometimes they just talked. Luna learned that sharing her favorite place didn't make it smaller. It made it bigger and warmer, because now she had a friend to enjoy it with.



Pip brought Luna little gifts: a feather, a fallen leaf, a smooth pebble. Luna shared her warm spot and her stories about the big old tomcat who had been kind to her. The two cats became the best of friends. The windowsill was no longer just Luna's spot. It was their spot, and that made it special.



Other cats in the house noticed. They saw Luna and Pip curled up together, purring. One cold afternoon, a little black cat asked shyly, "May I sit with you too?" Luna looked at Pip, and Pip nodded. "There's always room for one more," Luna said. And there was.



The sunny windowsill became the favorite meeting place for all the cats. They took turns sharing the warmest spots. Luna's red collar bell jingled as she welcomed each new friend. Pip's big green eyes sparkled with happiness. The windowsill was full of warmth and purrs and friendship, and it all started with one kind question.



Luna learned that sharing her favorite place brought more joy than keeping it all to herself. Her heart felt as warm as the sunshine. Pip was no longer a lonely little kitten but a cheerful friend with a cozy spot. And Luna was no longer alone on her windowsill. They had each other, and that was the best gift of all.



So if you ever see a cat curled up on a sunny windowsill, look closely. There might be another cat beside her, and maybe even a third. Because Luna discovered that the warmest spot in the house is the one you share. And that is a lesson worth remembering, especially on a sunny afternoon.