

# If My Cat Were a Human

*Samantha Stapleton*

If Ivy were a human, she would have brown hair and wear glasses. She would be slightly plump, but “well-fed” would be the preferred description. She would love to read and have her headphones on at all times. She would be antisocial – not in a rude, hateful way, but rather in a shy, reserved way. She would be just like her mother.

Her mouth wouldn't be able to process the messages it received from her brain, so all words would come out in a mumble, a stutter, a lisp. She would have so many thoughts flowing in that vivid, calamitous brain of hers, but she would keep them to herself due to her lack of social ability. She would listen to people talk about their most absurd opinions, and she would silently form her own contrary arguments that would never reach another set of ears. She might write them down, though. Her hands would cooperate with her brain much better than her lips would.

She would take long showers, enjoying the time to herself, rinsing away the day's work or the night's dreams. She would stare in the mirror for longer than she should, trying to decide whether her reflection is deceiving her, or if she really looks that odd. To her disbelief, she would be told later that day that her golden-green eyes look like the leaves of a Komorebi-washed Oak tree on a warm summer morning.

She would constantly feel like she was being watched. Shoppers' eyes would be burning into her skin as she walked through the aisles of the grocery store, drivers' eyes would be glaring at her like the sun as she sung in the car, neighbors' eyes would be shooting like lasers through her window as she made her bed.

She would spend a lot of time in her room, listening to her CDs, reading her books, sorting her jewelry, trying on her outfits, putting on her makeup, writing in her journal, planning out her days, and talking to her cat. She would be just like her mother.

Ivy would be discovered a little later in life, not having been known by much of anyone when she was a baby. Her early days would be unknown of, all her memories in the form of blurry colors and swirls. She would know that she is loved, but she is also frequently ignored. Not that it can be helped, she would know that it is inevitable because her mother has important things to do, but that doesn't mean it wouldn't sometimes take a toll on her. That being said, her mother would still be her best friend.