

## A Small Life

It is not a bad life. I am warm and well fed. But my world is small. It's just 18 inches from side to side and back again. The floors are covered with bits of wood. I like the smell. The walls, well, they're not really walls. I can see through them. They're made of wires. I suppose most everyone would call this a cage. But to me, it's home. I have an amusement park ride in my little room. But there is no bed - just the floor. My kitchen is made of little plates that are attached to the wire walls.

You may have guessed by now that I am quite small. Actually, I am large for a hamster, but smaller than most members of this family, except the goldfish. That fellow is really little. His cage has glass walls. I don't know what he does for fun.

The cat eyes me now and then, but has given up on getting a mouthful of me. When I'm tired of spinning on my running wheel, I like to drive him crazy. First I rattle something. The noise perks him up. Then I run around. Sometimes I stick my tongue out. That really sends him around the bend.

Yes, life is good. I wish, however, that I had more say about coming and going. Often, people just lift my whole house without asking if it's all right with me. They are trying to be nice, I know. But when they pick up my abode and carry it around--well, it's like an earthquake or something. Up and down! Side to side! Don't they realize that I have feelings! Especially dizziness. I hang on for dear life and just hope that the journey is a short one.