



Oreo Preece

December 15, 2024

Oreo was adopted from a shelter. The name they gave her was Jena. The name Oreo was chosen by my daughter. We weren't supposed to be adopting any fur baby that day. We were just there to see them because my daughter was begging to go look around inside after taking a stray male cat that she found to be fixed that she was going to keep as her fur baby, only to find out that they wouldn't let us take him back home because he had a sickness that would spread to other animals he came in contact with. My daughter walked back to Jena's cage a few times to pet her through the bars. She decided we were not leaving without this fur baby. After talking me into adopting Jena, she immediately said I'm calling her Oreo. I looked at her paws and asked the lady at the shelter just how big she thought Oreo would get because her paws were huge. She said not very big I'm sure, they just look big because the white on black was giving an illusion of being big. I knew she was full of it because I was holding one of her paws in my hand and it wasn't an illusion making it look big, it was big. The older she got the bigger she got and she was starting to get too long and heavy to hold for anymore than a few minutes. Everyone that saw her fell in love with her. She was OK with being around dogs, she would just smack them on the nose if they were annoying her, but she didn't want anything to do with other cats. At the age my daughter was when the adoption took place, I knew I'd be the one taking care of Oreo (aka) now know as Big Girl. The only name she would ever responded to was my name for her. I had many conversations with her daily sometimes for an

hour. She'd meow and I'd meow back and forth to one another over and over. I'm not sure what I was saying to her and she probably didn't either even if she acted like she did. It was hard to get a picture without her having her tongue sticking out. It was always sticking out and I'd boop it with my finger (tap it) then laugh at her and tell her to put her tongue away. She was very independent and liked to do her own thing unless she was wanting some lovings or treats. She would trip you if you ignored her and kept walking, or she would pounce on your lap with all her weight and get right in your face and start purring as loud as she could, making sure she was getting your attention. Just like any fur baby she could be up to no good one minute and the next minute she'd act like she didn't do anything and expect a treat anyway. It broke my heart to find you stretched out on the kitchen floor like you always did when relaxing and making people step over you or around you because you refused to move, only this time you didn't wake up, so I picked you up and held you in my arms and sat in the floor with you while crying and petting you and saying my goodbyes. I will miss our kitty conversations and booping you on your little tongue that was always sticking out among the other things I will miss about you. I hope the angels are falling in love with you just like we all did and I hope you're getting all the treats and catnip that you want and deserve. We love you and miss you and will forever hold you in our hearts.