My Snowball

Many people keep pets as companions. Some people have dogs, other people have cats, and still others have snakes. People love pets because they might be lonely and in need of someone to talk with. I am also no exception. I still could remember that Snowball was a very cute, little cat, and she came into my life when I was about thirteen years old. My parents bought Snowball for me as a birthday gift. She was very tiny when I first saw her. She was usually lying on a warm blanket in a plastic basket, and she had curled herself up like a furry ball. I could barely recognize what she was until I heard her meow. I could scarcely take it all in. I was astonished but delighted to have her. She looked like a white, fluffy ball. That was the reason why I came up with the name Snowball.

Snowball was a Persian cat with long, snow-white fur. She enjoyed staying beside me. When I came home from school, she would walk toward me, lie by my side and feel my hand patting her. When I felt frustrated, she would also lie by me and respond to everything I said with a meow. What I remember most about her was that she would always lie on the couch with both eyes fixed on the TV. When she saw other cats on TV, she would rush to the TV and scratch the screen with her sharp claws. Unfortunately, she died when I was sixteen years old. She was not with me for a very long time, but I was still full of sorrow. I will never, never forget her although she has been gone for many years. The memory of her will always be deep in my mind.