

Pearly Kisses

By Lenore Farkas

She roamed the yard carefree, busily surveying its contents. Oblivious to all, she frolicked in the grass, dancing enchantingly. As evening dusk appeared, I softly chanted her name, Fluffy. Crawling through the grass, climbing the cement steps, she made her way past the threshold and into the house. Fluffy, our pearly eyed princess, was our adorable albino pet rat.

Fluffy was an unexpected gift we the Farkas Family inherited from my son Alan's fourth grade class. The star of the science project, she needed a home.

Upon her arrival, she stood as long and as high as a bar of Dove Soap; her white wispy tale doubled her size. Soft, sleek, fur covered every inch of her body....

Becoming a more supportive family with Fluffy in our lives, we took turns caring for her. Stroking our precious pet and increasing her calmness brought peace and patience into our lives.

What else had she given us-- unconditional love, never expecting anything, always just being there, lovingly licking our fingers and clicking her teeth.

Weekday mornings, I looked forward to my daily ritual of greeting her at her cage. There she stood waiting for me, her sweet little paws hanging onto the bars, those pearly pink eyes pleading, "Please let me out, so I can be part of your world." Always giving in, I would take her

out caressing and kissing her. Upon returning home, she would be waiting....unless someone let her out to explore.

Given the run of the house, she made her presence known. I would hear a "Hi" from my husband doing laundry downstairs and knew she was visiting him. Barefoot in the kitchen peeling carrots, I would feel her tiny paws cradling my toes.

On many days, Fluffy joined us for dinner, with her own perfect dish, our green one quarter size measuring cup. Spaghetti was her favorite main course, with Hostess Cherry Pie, being her most scrumptious dessert. One day she was mischievously boxing in the bread bag. What else could I do but proclaim it Ah-- Fluffy's Bread.

One evening, I walked into my bedroom and found her busily sliding down the sweaters in my closet! Suddenly, I heard my husband laughing while trying to take a nap. Unbeknownst to me, Fluffy had climbed upon the bed, and was busy giving him Fluffy kisses.

The socialite of the family, Fluffy entertained friends crawling into their laps and walking across their shoulders. Most of them loved her and cherished the time they spent with her. My sister's dog, Rascal, was a small, grey haired mutt, six inches long as he was high. At first, he cowered every time Fluffy tried to come close. Once he got to know her, Rascal enjoyed the times Fluffy rode on his back.

Fluffy graced our lives for less than two years. Before she died, I held her lovingly, stroked and kissed her, and thanked her for her presence in our lives. Now, nearly thirty years later, my fondest memories are of her nibbling on her favorite pie. I will never forget the unconditional love, hours of entertainment, the enjoyment, and the closeness we all

shared with her. After all, that pink-eyed little princess was a part of our family---Fluffy—Fluffy Farkas....