

## Artemis

Our beloved outdoor cat started life here in a box left on the front porch. When her mom abandoned her here, she weighed only 12 ounces and was starving. We made the commitment to take care of her, and she has been a source of constant entertainment and fear ever since.

Artemis is half-friend, half-foe, even to those of us who feed her every day. She seems friendly, but will shift according to her whims and may suddenly attack. Thus the warning signs at the winery in The Brogue, warning "Beware of Cat." We mean it.

We know that deep down she does appreciate us, though, because our hunter cat brings us occasional gifts: ex-chipmunks, ex-bunnies, and--once, memorably---the perfectly severed head of a cardinal. Yikes.

