

# THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

<https://www.wsj.com/articles/stay-home-back-to-work-a-dog-and-cat-debate-re-opening-america-11587138058>

## Stay Home! Back to Work! A Dog and Cat Debate Reopening America

You think this decision is strictly yours. It's not.



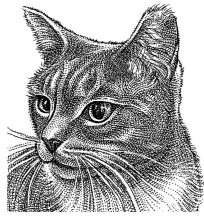
ILLUSTRATION: ZOHAR LAZAR

*By*  
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## America Needs To Get Back to Work

*By A Cat*



Enough is enough. American business has taken a historic plunge over the past month. It's time to consider a practical plan for protecting public health—while also allowing for a return to work and, hopefully, a revival of the economy.

Oh, who am I kidding?

On behalf of cats everywhere, I'll just say it: We want everyone out of the house.

It was cute for a while, but the party is over. We're sick of this quarantine, shelter-in-place directive.

Sheltering in place? That's a cat's job. Cats invented sheltering in place—sleeping in the windowsill, the corner of the couch, the sock drawer in the closet and, if it gets a little too noisy, under the bed, eyes open, annoyed. Cats know what it takes to stay home all the time. We're just tired of sharing our home with everybody else.

Have we liked getting snacks at unexpected hours? Sure. Is it nice to roll around on that warm laptop keyboard during Zoom calls? Sure is. Warm keyboards are heaven.

But it's gotten to be too much. The other day I walked into the kitchen and saw someone standing in my 9 a.m. sun spot. So rude. That sun spot is only there for 15 minutes a day!

We (sort of) love you, and appreciate the occasional pats on the head, but cats are not the most social creatures. Sure, there are some exceptions. You might have one of those cats who actually enjoys human company. Congratulations.

But the vast majority of us—

BIRD OUTSIDE THE WINDOW! MUST! GET! BIRD!

Sorry. Where was I? Right. The vast majority of cats are ready for you to get back to work. Or just leave the house for longer than 15 minutes.

Please consider it. Not for America. For cats.

## **Why Not Work at Home Forever?**

*By A Dog*



As America debates a return to work, it's important not to rush. We need to balance the economy against the extremely valid concerns about public health and protecting lives.

And walks. We need to think about all of the walks.

And ball. We need to also chase the ball. Lots and lots.

Look: I'm a dog. I'm not some public intellectual. I'm a good, good dog, most of the time, but I just ate half of a baseball glove in the garage. I also knocked over a potted plant in the living room. I'm sorry. I'm a dog. What do you want?

The important thing is: Dogs want you to stay. These past four weeks, they have been some of the greatest weeks of our lives. You're there in the morning. You're there in the evening. You're there at lunch. It's the best.

And the walks...we've never been so fit in our lives! There's the 8:30 a.m. walk, the 11:15 a.m. walk, the 1 p.m. walk, the 3 p.m. walk, the 7 p.m. walk, and, if we're lucky, a 9:30 p.m. walk.

Sometimes you throw the ball. And then I get the ball and bring it back to you. And then you throw the ball again, and I bring it back again. And again. And again. And again. Bliss.

I'm sure the cats are telling you they've had it. Never trust a cat. They're rude animals. They don't appreciate you.

But dogs understand what you bring to the table. We love having you at home. Stay. Stay forever. We promise to be a good dog. Or at least a pretty good dog.