

Timothy and Cat

By Corey Dean Broslow

“You're going to kill her in the morning. She's going to die spitting blood and begging for her filthy wretched life. You're going to stab her Seventy Eight times, in fact, you'll still be stabbing her when your little brother pulls you off... it's going to be quite gruesome”

“She looks so peaceful...”

Cat leaned over the edge of the dresser for a second and peered down at the sleeping woman.

“That's because she's not dreaming... She went to bed drunk again. Trust me. She's going to look much different when you drive the blade into her uterus.”

“I'll do no such thing. Cat why are we here? Why are you telling me this?”

Cat sat back on his haunches and began to purr. “Because it pleases me.”

“I don't believe you. I'm not going to do it.”

“Sure you will. She went too far today... farther than she's ever gone... giving you to him like that. The neighbors heard you scream you know. They've known what goes on here for years but they say nothing because they don't particularly care. They're drunks just like her. They make me proud”

“Cat, I don't believe you!”

“Have I ever lied to you?”

“No”

“So why would I start now? This has been coming a long time. It began the first time you went to bed with the rancid taste of her in your mouth and it ended last night when she gave you to a stranger she met in the bar. Did you know she got Sixty Five dollars and a pack of smokes for you? Not the most business savvy woman if you ask me. Anyhoo the story ends tomorrow morning... well her story does anyways. Yours is going to continue for quite some time. We're going to have great adventures you and I.”

Cat stood up and slowly strolled to the other end of the dresser and back, stopping occasionally to stretch one sleek black limb then another, his slim body quivering with delight.

Timothy looked back down at his mother peacefully unconscious in her bed then turned back to Cat and asked. “What can I do?”

“You can stop crying for one. I've pretty much had it with your constant bawling. You're going to do what you're going to do. Suck it up.”

Timothy wiped the tears from his face and took a step towards Cat, arms stiff at his sides, hands balled into shaking fists of rage.

“I won't do it. I'm not going to let her destroy my life. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life in prison because of her!”

Cat stopped pacing and sat facing him. He cocked his head to one side and said. “You won't go to prison for this. You're too young. They're going to send you for psychiatric testing then to a Juvenile Home. You'll last about Six months before you're raped by a gang of boys very much like you. In just over a year, you are going to kill one of them with a spoon. It's going to be glorious”

“And... then?”

“And then we'll strike out on our own.”

Cat stretched out on the top of the dresser, his back leg draped over the side and began to groom himself. After a short while, he stopped and turned his small featureless eyes back to Timothy.

“Do you remember the first time we met?”

“Yes. You were in the White Room... on the pedestal... it was spinning but you wouldn't take your eyes off me... your body spun but your head stayed fixed.”

“Do you remember how it felt... being there... unable to move?”

Timothy nodded. “I was terrified of you.”

“Do you remember what I said?”

Timothy nodded again.

“You said you were going to take the fear away.”

“Yes. And have you been afraid since? You've been hurt, sad, angry and all that other weepy shit, but have you for one second been afraid?”

“No.”

“That's the good news. You'll never be afraid again.”

Timothy forced his stiffening hands open.

“What's the bad news?”

“You're going to end badly. You're going to die of a heart attack on Death Row at the age of 47.”

Timothy put the palms of his hands to his temples and squeezed hard. He didn't want to hear Cat's voice anymore. He wanted to leave, to run somewhere far away, but he couldn't. When Cat wanted to show him something there was no escape.

“Relax Tim. That's a long way off. We are going to have great adventures before then. You're going to make me fat and lazy.”

Timothy turned and took a step to the edge of his mother's bed again. He looked down at her and tried to find some semblance of warmth for her in his rapidly beating heart.

Cat stood up and walked back to the edge of the dresser. “Sixty Five dollars and a pack of smokes... She's an evil bitch... You know that right?”

“Yes.”

“They're all Evil Bitches.”

“Yes.”

Cat sat down and began to purr again. “Good” he said “Then wake up. You have a job to do.”