

JODY WILSON: DO YOU LOVE ME?

BASSAM IMAM

## MONTREAL

Cynthia and I finally got away from our previous dimension and entered what appeared to be a more stable one. We'd been in the suburb of Westmount, Quebec for a whole year without any horrible incidents.

Although we lived in Westmount, much of our life experiences took place in the city of Montreal.

We found the greater metropolitan area cosmopolitan, relatively friendly, and very active.

Unlike our previous home this area contained a bus service, subway system, and a long distance train. Not to mention, a good underground mall and walking system.

Although Cynthia and I have always been Anglophones at heart, we were in a multi-lingual environment, with French as the officially dominant language, and English the second language. Many other languages are spoken in this incredible place.

As for English, you can get by in the downtown area and much of suburbia. Being an American cat, I understood that there was only one dominant language in North America. At the moment, Spanish is expanding in various regions of the United States. The French language is not spreading has not spread to the United States.

Cynthia and I loved to take long walks, read, go to the mall and eat, watch television, and other fun stuff.

However, there was something that was still pestering me. How to find Cynthia Corbett 'Mr. Right'?

It would be a little bit tricky and difficult because Cynthia wasn't quite normal; mentally. Her experience with the gang-rape, the cold criminal justice system, and her other problems, weren't going away. In fact, underneath our relative happiness was a very depressed and anxious young woman.

Cynthia and I decided to go to Westmount Park on a beautiful Sunday morning. We awoke to the sound of our alarm clock.

"Jody, please turn that ugly alarm off! I can leap like you can. I'm only a human being," requested Cynthia.

"Don't worry, Cynthia, consider the alarm clock turned off," I responded.

I leaped onto the alarm clock then quickly turned it off.

Cynthia and I had gotten a good night's sleep; however getting out of bed for humans is often quite difficult. I had to say this but I've picked up some human habits. Waking up isn't quite the same as it was before. I've become too chummy with my human friends, especially Cynthia.

"Cynthia, rise and shine!" I exclaimed.

"Okay, my dear love," responded Cynthia.

Cynthia and I got out of bed then headed for the restroom. We took turns washing up then I exited the restroom.

Cynthia disrobed then hopped into the shower. I was forbidden to see Cynthia in the nude. Never mind that we're both girls and that I'm a cat. Cynthia still hadn't fully recovered from her gang-rape ordeal.

Although I loved Cynthia more than anyone else in the world and I wanted her to make a full recovery, I was pessimistic about her making a recovery soon.

Even a cat knows that a gang-rape isn't something that just goes away. The memory will always be there, no matter how much therapy the victim gets.

That's not to say that the victim should give up on life. No, the victim should try to move on. Excel in whatever she/he can. Don't let the perpetrators ruin your life.

Cynthia exited the shower a short while later, all freshened up and wearing a smile. Somehow, something didn't seem right. My cat intuition and suspicion alerted me.

"Jody, let's go to the kitchen so we can eat breakfast. I'm very hungry!" Cynthia asked.

"Yes, I'm hungry too. Actually, I'm famished. Let's go to the kitchen to eat," I said.

Cynthia and I went to the kitchen. As soon as we entered the kitchen, Cynthia asked me to leap onto my kitchen table and wait patiently for my breakfast.

Cynthia fixed us eggs, pancakes, juice, milk, and toast.

"Jody, do you like my cooking?" asked Cynthia.

"Your pancakes were incredible. Actually, everything was good except the eggs were a bit raw," I said.

"Jody, do you still love me?" asked Cynthia.

"Of course I do, Cynthia! I love you a lot!" I exclaimed.

"Then why are you breaking my heart. You're telling me that my hard work isn't good. See, I'm crying!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Cynthia, I'm so sorry! Your eggs are the best in the whole world, without any exception whatsoever," I said.

"There you go, Jody. You really do love me.

Jody, will you always love me no matter what?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes, no matter what," I said.

Cynthia and I cleaned up then washed up after breakfast.

We decided to head to the park at 10:00 A.M. Any later and our activities for the day would be delayed.

At 10:00 A.M. we exited our apartment then walked down the hall to the elevators.

As soon as we got to the elevators Cynthia pressed the down button. We waited patiently for the elevator to arrive.

Our patience paid off. The elevator arrived a minute later. As soon as the elevator door opened we saw a friend of ours named Lydia Love.

We entered the elevator then smiled at Lydia, a well-dressed, beautiful black-haired woman. Also, she had beautiful cat eyes and a friendly demeanor.

Unfortunately, Lydia had red eyes and tears streaming down her cheeks. Instantly, Cynthia and I tried to find out what had happened to her.

"Lydia, why are you crying?" I asked.

"I received my Bachelor of Arts Degree in Sociology from McGill University last week. I ended up with a 3.5 GPA.

I was so happy, I rushed back home to tell my sister and her four friends the wonderful news.

As soon as I told them the good news, they frowned at me. Instantly, I knew that something was terribly wrong.

I asked them why they were frowning at me. I was shocked at their answer! They accused me of sleeping around to get my high GPA.

To tell you gals the truth, I was hoping that it was all a joke. Unfortunately, it wasn't! My sister and her friends were boozing it up, eating pizza, potato chips, and all sorts of sweets.

I have always been picky about what I eat; until a few days ago, that is. The pressure of it all was too much for me. They called me a little wench! I'm not a wench! I studied my brains out to get my degree and GPA.

I knew that my sister was envious of me. She's got two more years to graduate. She has a 2.0 GPA in Ancient History.

Suddenly, those little wenches began to laugh at me. That was the end of it! I physically attacked my sister. It was her fault. She should have stood by my side instead of conspire against me.

Then I proceeded to attack the other girls. Unfortunately, they outnumbered me. I found myself pinned to the floor, unable to move or say a word. My sister, who by then had a bloody nose, gagged my mouth with the palm of my hand.

They kept me on the floor for several minutes. Then, my sister slowly released her hand from my aching mouth.

At first, I thought that it was all over. No, it certainly wasn't! Those little wenches told me that they were going to keep me on the floor as long as necessary, until I admitted to sleeping with my male professors and the academic dean.

Girls, I lasted for another hour before I finally caved in. Please understand that I was crying, hungry, thirsty, and frustrated as all hell.

I admitted, under duress, that I was a wench in school. That I slept with my male professors and especially

Dean William T. Anderson, a man who's old enough to be my grandfather.

Girls, I need a hug and a big kiss from each of you, starting with Jody."

I leaped onto her chest, gave Lydia a kiss on the chin then rubbed my face against her left cheek. In essence, I was marking her.

As soon as the elevator door opened, the three of us left, going straight to the lounge room.

Meanwhile, I was still in Lydia's arms; trying desperately to console her.

As soon as Cynthia and Lydia sat down I leaped onto the floor, to allow Cynthia to console Lydia.

Both girls stood up then Cynthia gave Lydia a big embrace and a kiss on the right cheek. That brought a smile to Lydia's face.

"Girls, thank you very much for helping me through this rough time! I'm leaving Montreal tomorrow evening. Please allow me to take you out for a nice meal. I want to leave this beautiful city in good spirits. As for my sister, I don't want to talk to that little wench ever again!"

We chatted with Lydia for roughly twenty minutes before she began to cry again. This time, it was much worse. The irreversible familial problems had taken a toll on her. Lydia knew that when she left, it was for good.

Cynthia and I embraced Lydia and spoke to her slowly and softly. Thankfully, it helped to raise her spirits.

"Girls, why don't I take you out to eat? When we arrive at the Eaton Center it'll be lunch time.

How about it? It's all on me!"

"That'll be really fine!" I exclaimed.

"Please don't overburden yourself with this invitation. You're still recovering from a horrific ordeal. Also, what about the police? Did you consider calling them up and telling them what had happened?" asked Cynthia.

"How can I testify against my own flesh and blood? She's all I got now. My younger brother and parents died in a car crash. A drunk driver drove into an outdoor food stand in Toronto.

Imagine, here I was sweating my buns off in school then I receive a phone call from one of my former Torontonians neighbors.

This guy looks like a shriveled up prune. He told me point blank that my parents and brother were killed in a car accident.

Elmer, as we used to call him, had no tact; only a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of Old Granddad Bourbon in the other.

Girls, I must take you out to eat. Please allow me to do one last good deed before I return home.

I'm all alone! No family! No husband! No children! And I can't stop ... I just need more time to figure out what else I don't have. I have a gut feeling that I'm missing something very important in my life."

What did Lydia mean by 'I can't stop'?

I sensed that Lydia was suffering from terrible pain, anxiety, depression, apprehension, and confusion. It was obvious to me that she was in no condition to take us out to eat. She was Montreal soon afterwards.

I glanced over at Cynthia indicating that I didn't want to go out to eat. So, I told Lydia that we should stay in the lounge room. There was nobody there except two quiet, well-behaved workers.

"Why don't we get some food here, from the snack bar then we can sit down and enjoy a beautiful, quiet lunch," I said.

"Jody, you're a genius! I love you so much!" exclaimed Lydia

I noticed that Cynthia's face turned red then it paled; indicating that she felt left out. Lydia didn't tell her that she loved her too.

Anyway, we went to the snack bar and ordered our lunches.

"Sir, please give me a tuna sandwich, milk, mini-salad, a slice of lemon meringue pie, and fries. Wait, I also want a Frankenstein pop drink; make it a super-sized can," said Lydia.

"Certainly, and what do you lovely girls want to order?"

"We'll have the same thing," said Cynthia.

We walked over to a table near a mini-fountain and faux plants. It was in a nice secluded corner.

The three of us chatted for ten minutes before the other worker brought our food to us.

We ate that meal like there was no tomorrow! It was one of the most enjoyable meals I ever had.

After finishing our meal, Lydia insisted on paying the tab. We reluctantly agreed. The fact is Cynthia and I had so much fun we felt like it was obligatory on us to pay for the food.

We walked over to the television section then sat down.

"Jody, do you love me?" asked Lydia.

Somehow, that question seemed to be too up front and early in our relationship. I'd only known Lydia for a short while. Thankfully, I liked her a lot. In order not to offend or hurt her feelings, I told her that I did indeed love her.

Meanwhile, Cynthia was grinding her teeth. For a second, I thought she was going to bite Lydia. Thankfully, she didn't.

After chatting and watching television for a couple of hours, Lydia informed us that she had to get some rest before leaving. She decided to leave the following morning.

Cynthia and I gave Lydia a good, long hug. Then each of us kissed her on the cheek.

Lydia was so happy, she cried. But this was the good kind of cry; the happiness cry.

I still sensed something unusual about Lydia. She was temporarily content, but something very painful was brewing inside of her.

"Lydia, it was our pleasure to have met you. We wish you the best of luck in your career ventures, marriage, and security," said Cynthia.

As Cynthia was walking away, Cynthia went to the restroom. That's when Lydia waved me over to her.

"Jody, I live in apartment number 905. Please, if you can, come to visit me, tonight."

I gave Lydia an okay on the visit. Although I wasn't sure why she wanted me to visit her, Lydia had a problem.

I walked Cynthia to the elevator then waved her goodbye. She did likewise.

I quickly ran back to my previous place. I didn't want Cynthia to know about my rendezvous with Lydia. Humans can sometimes feel extreme envy and jealousy for the most trivial reasons.

As soon Cynthia returned I put on a smiling face as though nothing had happened.

"Jody, something doesn't seem right. You're giving me an unusual smile; like you're hiding something from me. Are you hiding anything from me?"

"Cat's honor, I'm not up to anything underhanded or conniving.

After barely convincing Cynthia that I had nothing personal going on with Lydia we left our apartment building in good spirits.

Unfortunately, my feline altered me to the hidden problems of my two friends, Cynthia and Lydia. No doubt,



they had deep emotional wounds. I had to dig into Lydia's psyche.

As for Cynthia, I already knew something about her problems. But, there were still other problems to be resolved. For a solution to these problems, Cynthia had to open up 'completely' to me.

Cynthia and I headed east on Sherbrooke Street. As soon as we reached Atwater Street we walk down to St. Catherines Street and continued east until we got to the Eaton Center.

By now it was late afternoon and the people were beginning to converge upon this area.

Cynthia and I entered the Eaton Center then took the elevator to the fourth floor. It's calmer up there. Most people converge upon the first three floors.

Cynthia and I casually walked the fourth floor twice before taking the elevator to the third floor. Once there, we headed for the exit then walked towards Bonaventure.

As soon as we exited the Eaton Center Cynthia got into a tangle with a homeless man.

The homeless man was sitting down on the sidewalk, with alcohol breath, a cigarette in his hand, disheveled hair, holes in his pants and shirt, and a stench that could kill a lion.

I figured he couldn't have cared less about what people thought of him. Judging from the way he spoke the years of boozing had destroyed his brain, perhaps beyond repair.

"Hey, honey! Can you please give me a couple of bucks for dinner? I'm two dollars short for a big bottle of Beer."

"Listen to me you stinking nitwit! I'm not your freaking honey! Next time you call me honey I'll punch you in the nose. Got-it?" shouted Cynthia.

"Hold your horses, princess! Who told you that my 'honey' was directed at you? I was talking to your cute little cat."

"We don't give money to drunkards!" I exclaimed.

Cynthia and I took on last look at the homeless man then crossed St. Catherines Street.

"Jody, I really sympathize with people and companion animals that are homeless for reasons beyond their control. Any person like that boozer gets nothing from me but disgust."

On our way to Bonaventure we passed an outdoor café'. The patrons looked like they were happy and relaxed. In

fact, one of the patrons blew Cynthia a kiss. That was a fatal error!

"Jody, that man wants to assault me!" I want need your help! Please don't leave me if he tries anything! I've got my hand on my cell phone!"

I didn't have the heart to tell Cynthia that she was acting irrationally. I used more subtle words.

"Cynthia, I really think that that man likes you. He's handsome, wearing a suit and a tie, appears friendly, and is worth speaking to."

Cynthia and I approached the man directly. I assumed that he was friendly while Cynthia wasn't so sure. Anyhow, we had to see what he was up to.

"Sir, how are you?" I asked.

"I'm fine, thank you!"

"You look like you're in good spirits," said Cynthia.

"Yes, I'm waiting for my wife and kids. I'm sorry about the kiss. I mean, if it insulted you?"

"You were directing it at me?" I asked.

"Yes, at you. You see, my cat died a few weeks ago. He was run over by a cruel driver.

Toby and I were crossing the street on a walk sign then this creep comes out of nowhere. Worse yet, he tried to run us over.

Toby pushed me out of the way by leaping at my back. The result, I was pushed forward several feet while he bounced back onto the ground.

After he was run over I called the police. Unfortunately, they couldn't help much. It looked like a dark car. But being nighttime, colors are deceiving.

I didn't get the license plate number either. I was clutching straws. I figured the person had done this kind of thing before. Anyhow, Toby was squashed to death.

Thankfully, a friendly onlooker removed a plastic bag from his backpack then carefully swooped Toby's pancake-looking body into it.

Afterwards, he gave me the bag. I thanked him afterwards then walked away.

Burying Toby was very painful. Not to mention the lie. My wife and son loved Toby to death. I told them that Toby died suddenly. And that I took him to the veterinarian.

I claimed that the veterinarian gave no cause of death."

"We're so sorry!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"You two girls look like you really get along fine. Please cherish every single moment that you are together. A cat is a human's 'special friend'."

Cynthia and I noticed that the man's eyes were teary. Also, the waiter came by and placed the order on the table.

We said our goodbyes then we left area wondering about the poor little kitty.

Cynthia and I decided to walk through Ville Marie then through Bonaventure. As soon as we arrived at Bonaventure we sat down in a secluded area and watched the people as they walked by us.

Montreal was a good city for both of us; subway system, bus service, malls, and a generally friendly atmosphere. However, there was one sad thing that I noticed; there were hardly any cats on the streets. The vast majority of my brethren were in homes or an animal shelter.

I guess you could say that I'd become too humanized; imprinted to the Homo sapiens; the naked primates.

The super felines of old were once feared beyond comprehension. With awesome daggers and incredible claws the other animals dreaded their attack.

Now our kind is controlled by humans. Big cats' habitats are shrinking or are carved out by humans. What a shame!

Cynthia and I decided to walk to the skating rink then turn back to the Eaton Center. We were starting to get hungry and we needed more caffeine in our systems.

Roughly twenty minutes later, Cynthia and I entered the Eaton Center then descended the escalators to the lower level.

We toured the food court trying to find a place to get food from.

We decided to eat at Burger King. A trio is an easy and convenient meal.

We walked over to the Burger King stand then patiently waited in line.

"Yes, may I take your order?"

"We want two veggie trios, everything extra on the burgers, super-sized fries, and super-sized diet cokes without ice. Also, please give us two pies," I said.

"Is that for here or to go?"

"We want to eat our food here," I said.

After Cynthia paid for our food we grabbed several packets of ketchup and pepper.

A short while later our food was presented to us on a tray.

Cynthia carried the tray to a table near a hand sanitizer. After she and I cleaned up we continued to walk

through the food court in order to find a good place to eat.

We ended up sitting near a viewing screen. It was a very relaxing environment.

"Jody, how many ketchup packets and peppers do you want on your burger and fries?"

"I want one ketchup packet's worth on my burger, and give me four on my fries. Also, I want three pepper packet's worth on my fries please.

Oh, and don't forget my straw!"

Cynthia and I enjoyed our meal. Thankfully, nobody bothered us and the food was very tasty. Considering how much we paid for it, it was an incredibly good deal.

After finishing our last morsel and taking our last gulp Cynthia emptied out the contents of the tray into the garbage bin.

Afterwards, Cynthia and I went to the restroom to wash up.

A short while later, we exited the restroom then walked around the Eaton Center.

There were many people in the center. I guess malls attract humans the way honey attracts bears.

## JODY LOOK AT MY BODY

After twenty minutes of walking Cynthia and I called it quits. Although we'd had a beautiful day it was time to go home. Her feet and my paws were beginning to ache. Besides, our home was a sweet place, in a literal sense.

Cynthia and I often told each other secrets. We opened up to each other. However, I admit that Cynthia was holding back on me. I sensed that her eating disorder could return at any moment. That's why I cropped up my ears whenever Cynthia entered the restroom.

Also, I had to keep a keen eye on her knuckles, her weight, behavior, and general demeanor.

As soon as we entered our apartment Cynthia dashed into her bedroom then closed the door behind her and locked it.

Even after all that we'd been through Cynthia never disrobed in front of me. The gang-rape memory was still haunting her.

In other words, being the nude brought out flashbacks of the gang-rape.

After conversing for a few minutes, Cynthia and I decided to hit the sack for as long as possible. That's how tired we were.

We hopped into bed then Cynthia glanced at the alarm clock. A short while later Cynthia was sound asleep. I was certain of this because her pupils were shifting rapidly from right to left.

I crept out of bed, left our apartment, and then slowly walked to the elevators.

As soon as I got there I leaped up then pressed the up button. We were in apartment number 509, while Lydia was in apartment number 910.

As soon as the elevator door opened I leaped inside, then again unto the number 9. I quickly punched it then descended to the floor.

After exiting the elevator on the ninth floor I dashed to Lydia's room then pawed on the door.

Lydia ran to the door then opened it. She was flabbergasted to see me.

After inviting me into her apartment, Lydia insisted that I sit on the sofa in the living room. I did just that.

"Jody, I want to fix you a tasty snack. Please don't reject me or my snack."

"No problem, I'll eat whatever you give me, my dear love."

I sensed that Lydia had been crying. Her eyes were red, her voice was shaky, and her general demeanor indicated incredible stress.

Lydia fixed me a large bowl of vanilla ice cream. Gosh how the heck was I going to reject this snack? Lydia need not have been apprehensive about my rejecting her food.

Lydia placed the food beside me then she returned to the kitchen to pick up her own snack.

A short while later, Lydia and I were munching on a tasty snack. Vanilla was always my favorite flavor. Too bad, chocolate is very harmful to cats and dogs. I mean, it smells really nice. Perhaps one day scientist will make chocolate safe for us.

"Jody, you don't mind the cartoons in the background, do you?"

"No way, I love cartoons! Please keep your television on. I mean it."

"Jody, I appreciate your coming here behind Cynthia's back. Yes, I know for a fact that you snuck out of your apartment while she was sound asleep. Perhaps she was in a dream state?"

"Lydia, I care about you dearly. Besides, I can befriend whomever I please. Cynthia's not my mommy!" I exclaimed.

"Jody, my sister and her friends just left this apartment. They mocked me for being a fatso. I've tried everything in the book. I just can't lose any more weight without ending up in 'special clinic'. You do understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I certainly understand what you mean. However, I'm puzzled at this thing about you being a fatso. Lydia, you're skinny! I mean this from the bottom of my heart!"

At that point Lydia broke down in tears. She fell onto the carpet then rolled up like a snail.

"Jody, I'm nothing but an ugly duckling. Maybe, I did sleep my way to a degree. Maybe I just can't remember sleeping with my male professors and the academic dean."

"Lydia, please don't be verbally self-destructive! You did not sleep your way to a Bachelor of Arts degree! You are a very intelligent, beautiful, and empathetic friend. I love you so dearly.

Please don't fall into that self-pity trap! I've seen the horrible results of eating disorders.

"Lydia, I demand that you tell me how you keep your weight down and still manage to eat like a lioness."

"Jody, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have a real eating problem. Sure, I'm in incredible pain, but I am very busy throughout the day."

"Lydia, please be honest with me. What happened to you when you were a child?"

"Jody, please don't tell anyone. My parents, and my sister for that matter, never told me that they loved me. Sure, I got whatever material goods that I needed, but love was not one of them.

The only person who told me that he loved me was a tree bird named Lucky O'Malley.

Lucky was my best friend in the whole world for the duration of his short life.

Jody, when my sister and her friends tormented me recently I felt like killing them all! Those little wenches should be sent to the gallows! Yes, especially my wench sister.

There'll be no next time. I'm leaving this city for good! I don't want to ever see my little sister again. I

changed my mind. I don't want to move to Toronto. My sister wants to move back to Toronto as soon as she graduates. Vancouver or somewhere in western Ontario would be a better bet for me.

Jody, I want you to follow me to my bedroom. I need to show you something and to ask you a question or two."

I thought that it was a bit odd for Lydia to ask me into her bedroom because she didn't appear to want to sleep.

As soon as we entered Lydia's bedroom she slowly closed the door.

Jody, I'm going to disrobe. Look, I want you to see what I really look like. Then you can tell me that I'm ugly."

"Lydia, please don't do this!"

"Jody if you don't help me I'll have a nervous breakdown right here and now! Also, I'll never speak to you for the rest of my life!"

I relented. There was nothing that I could do. Go away and Lydia would be mentally devastated and maybe she would try to harm herself.

Lydia slowly disrobed then she did several 360 degree turns, like a carrousel. I guess she wanted me to see her entire body from every single angle possible.

"Jody, look at my body. I'm a fatso! I want you to look at my stomach, love handles, and my staffing breasts. Even my nipples are fat."

"Lydia, you are terrifyingly skinny! You're kind of like Twiggy. Please put on some weight! Otherwise, you'll get really sick, maybe even die.

I'm telling you this because I love you very much. In case you don't know, that means that I care about you!" I exclaimed.

"Jody thanks for telling me that I'm terrifyingly skinny. I want to look like a little girly. I don't want to be a fatso.

Wait, what about my sagging breasts?"

"Lydia, you are as flat as a cat. Your breasts are as flat as mine. You're a human being. You can't be like this. Please, let me fix you something to eat."

"Jody, you're trying to make me fat!"

"Lydia, I'm not trying to do that! Please get a medical exam. I noticed that you were skinny when you were dressed. However, I didn't know that you were like this.

Lydia, I want to know how you can manage to stay that skinny and eat normally. I have a friend who sticks her



finger deep into her throat whenever she's emotionally challenged about something.

I want to know! If you don't tell me, I'm walking!"

"Jody, please don't leave me. Please tell me that you love me. I need someone to tell me **THE THREE GOLDEN WORDS** that every sane woman wants to hear ... 'I love you'."

"Lydia, I love you! Now please eat like a woman, not like a mouse.

Go ahead and leave your sister, but seek counseling for your problem."

"Jody, I'm not sick! I'm normal! Why can't you accept me the way I am?"

"Okay, my dear love. But please, for the sake of your health, drink plenty of water and make sure that you get all of your vitamins and minerals and everything else that your body needs, in liquid and solid form. As long as you are happy and healthy, I'll be content."

"Jody, you're the best kitty in the whole world. Please, I want you to squeeze my stomach, love handles, and my breasts. Afterwards, I want you to promise me that I'm not fat. If you do that, I'll believe you. In addition, I will eat and drink whatever my mind and body need."

I did as Lydia asked then told her that she wasn't fat. My actions put a big smile on Lydia's face. A

"Jody, please sleep with me for a few hours. I'm very lonely and it's not like I'm afraid of the boogey man, really. I just don't like to sleep alone.

My sister and her friends won't be back until after I leave Montreal. I'll leave that little wench a goodbye letter.

Maybe, I should put some poison in several of the food item in the fridge. What do you think about that, Jody?"

"No, please don't do that! Just leave the goodbye note and leave. If your sister is as bad as you say, never return!"

I promised Lydia that I'd sleep beside her for three hours. Afterwards, I'd have to sneak back into our apartment and slither into bed with Cynthia.

If Cynthia ever found out that I had a sleepover, it would cause a major rift in our friendship. After all that we'd been through, I didn't need that.

Exactly three hours later, I gave Lydia a gentle kiss on the cheek then I crept out of her bed.

A few minutes later, I slithered into our apartment. Hopefully, unnoticed.

Thankfully, Cynthia was sound asleep. I slithered into bed then closed my eyes. I was very thankful that Cynthia didn't notice me leaving our apartment.

Lydia left Montreal two days later. However, before she left she came by to say goodbye. It was a very emotional goodbye, at that.

For the following three months I noticed that Cynthia's behavior had begun to deteriorate. I figured she needed a good husband. Where could I find him? That was the million dollar question.

SANDRA SPALDING

Our lucky break came on a Friday evening. Cynthia and I had decided to go to the Westmount Public Library and read for several hours. We were long due for book and magazine reading. Internet reading is very good, but you need the other avenues of knowledge acquisition.

Cynthia and I ate an early dinner, washed up then began our trek to the library. In all it only took us ten minutes to walk there.

As soon as Cynthia and I entered Westmount Park we felt a rush of relief. Although the park is too small to even be a dot on the map, our instincts had awakened.

I've always believed that companion animals and humans have a hidden need to go back to the forest or other open land. The concrete jungle is nice but every so often we need to see, smell, hear, and feel the outdoors.

We continued our walk to the north entrance of the Westmount Public Library.

Upon entering the library Cynthia and I went to the magazine then pulled four magazines for us to read; two for each of us. Cynthia took two women's magazines while I took two doggy ones.

We sat down and read through the magazines for an hour. Then we decided to go upstairs.

As soon as I went upstairs Cynthia told me to sit on a sofa nearby. I did as she requested.

Cynthia entered the restroom to wash up. I crept to the restroom then pressed my ear against the door. Mind you, I wasn't trying to be a snoopy kitty. I did it because I cared about Cynthia. I loved her so much!

Thankfully, she didn't stick her finger down her throat. A library worker eyed me then walked away. Naturally, she didn't understand why I'd pressed my ear against the restroom door. I had to wait and see if she complained to the head librarian.

For a few minutes my pulse and blood pressure were elevated. As soon as I saw the library worker again she didn't take much notice of me. This was a good sign.

"Jody, let's sit somewhere else. Maybe in that secluded area next to the window. We can see the park from this vantage point. Jody, stay seated until I return. I want to browse around for a while."

As soon as Cynthia walked away I pressed my face against the window in order to see the people and animals outside. There were four humans, two squirrels and three pigeons in the area.

As soon as I began tapping my paw on the glass window Cynthia returned.

She and I sat down and chatted about what we'd read. It was fifteen minutes later before another library worker approached us.

She seemed to be very caring and friendly. It was like she'd known us a lifetime.

Madam, I noticed that you were browsing in the relationships area. If you want the perfect husband I know how to find him. Are you game?"

YES, TELL ME HOW I CAN FIND MR. RIGHT! I'M READY TO PAY AND TO GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Cynthia, please lower your voice. Remember, this is a library," I said.

"Madam, I know where you can purchase a fleshy android. He'll be pre-programmed to fit your specific personality and needs. In essence, you will choose between two different kinds of fleshy androids.

Also, making love to a fleshy android is very comforting. Either male or female; he/she doesn't tire out. No panting, no

I'm sleepy, no adultery, no spousal abuse (verbal or physical), and no disobedience. You will be the 'commander' of the household.

Girls, how does that sound? Is it too good to be true? Well, it isn't."

I couldn't help but notice that the library worker was at least fifty pounds overweight, and appeared to be lonely. I was almost certain that she didn't have a man in her life. He had the look of desperation and apprehension on her face.

Well, I found out really fast why she didn't have a fleshy android husband.

"Girls, it'll cost you ten thousand Canadian dollars for a fleshy android. No taxes or official government forms to fill out; it's all under the table.

The fleshy android hasn't been approved by the Government of Canada or the Government of Quebec."

"I forgot something in the restroom. Please excuse me," said Cynthia.

As soon as Cynthia left for the restroom the library worker began to cry.

"Why are you crying?"

"Kitty, I've had four jobs now and nobody has said the three golden words to me! My boss has never told me that he loves me. I work really hard in this library. Actually, I had two other library jobs; at the Verdun Public Library and the Saint Laurent Public Library. If I don't get those three words in this library soon, I'll apply for another library job at the LaSalle Public Library.

Kitty, what's your name?"

"I'm Jody Wilson, and my friend is Cynthia Corbett.

"Jody, do you love me? Please tell me that you love me?"

"Please tell me your name first."

"I'm sorry for forgetting to tell you my name. As you can see I'm crying my brains out.

My name is Sandra Spalding."

I leaped onto Sandra's chest, gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek then told her that I love her. That was enough to help her stop crying.

After I leaped back onto the carpet, Sandra recited her home phone number to me. I memorized it quickly.

Cynthia returned from the restrooms teary-eyed. Her tears weren't caused by crying. I strongly suspected that she stuck her finger down her throat. Anyhow, I was pre-occupied with the other problem at hand.

Cynthia saw what I did to Sandra and she heard me tell her the three golden words. She didn't like it. She thought that I

was two timing her. As if I had another secret best friend in the whole world.

"Cynthia, this is Sandra Spalding!"

"I'm glad to meet you! I think the three of us can be good friends. You really seem like a nice person. However, please don't forget that Jody Wilson is my best friend in the whole world. And I am her best friend in the whole world."

"Gosh I'd never try to get in between the two of you or anyone else. I'm neither a friendship buster nor a marriage buster. I was brought up by good parents.

As for the fleshy android, I'll write down the street address, phone number, and email of the secret place. Normally, I'd never give out this information to anyone. However, Cynthia, I see pain, agony, and loneliness on your face and demeanor. It takes one to know one.

Oh, Jody, I'm not taking anything away from you. By loneliness I mean that Cynthia desperately needs to find Mr. Right."

Sandra wrote down the phone number of the secret place. After we thanked her dearly for the information, she went back to work. Although she was still a bit teary-eyed I think that she was very thankful to have me us.

"Jody, what were you doing with Sandra while I was in the restroom?"

"Cynthia, what were you doing in the restroom?"

My response was enough to halt Cynthia's verbal attack upon me. Besides, I'm my own cat. If I want to make a new friend it's my own business.

Cynthia and I spent the next fifteen minutes chatting about trivial things. Afterwards, we got up and left the Westmount Public Library.

As soon as we exited the library we noticed menacing clouds overhead. It really looked like it was going to rain soon. So Cynthia and I hurried back to our apartment.

As soon as we got onto Sherbrooke Street we headed west. After walking for several blocks, we noticed a break in the clouds. The incredible sun was manifesting its beautiful face so everyone could see it. However, east of us were gray-black clouds. They were bursting at the seams with water. A downpour was inevitable. However, Cynthia and I were craving for some ice cream. So entered an ice cream parlor then ordered two large vanilla cones dipped into butterscotch. My, did our treat taste good.

We relished the taste, feel, and scent of it all. After we finished our cones we hurried back home.

As soon as Cynthia and I entered our apartment she threw a fit. It was totally unfounded, but probably eminent.

"Jody, what did you and that little wench talk about? I want to know! Jody, did you agree to have a secret rendezvous with that little wench?"

Jody, you and I are best friends in the whole world to each other. You can't have secret friendships without me; especially if it's with a wench like Sandra!"

"Cynthia, you're over-reacting! Sandra and I didn't say or do anything behind your back."

"Jody, did that little wench give you her phone number. If she did, I want you to flush it down the toilet."

"Cat's honor, Sandra did no such thing! Cynthia, I love you more than anyone else in the whole world."

Cynthia and I went at it for another thirty minutes. Then, it abated. We were so exhausted, sleep overtook us instantly. We collapsed on our bed then closed our eyes; only to awaken many hours later.

Cynthia and I awakened the next morning in better spirits. We hugged, kissed, and said the three golden words to each other. Those words are truly golden. Many people, especially those who are desperate for a companion need to hear those kind words.

Two whole weeks passed before I got the courage to call Sandra. I was afraid that Cynthia would find out. The circumstances had changed. Cynthia was hospitalized as a result of an incredibly powerful bug. It was tough to combat. It zapped much of Cynthia's strength. Mind you, I was calling her up at least once a day and visiting her often.

Cynthia and I had agreed to go to the secret place after she got better. Then she could pick out a good husband.

"Sandra, hello, it's me Jody Wilson from the library."

"Gosh, Jody how the heck are you doing?"

"I'm doing just fine. I've been thinking about you all this time. I think that you're an incredibly good person. Well, would you like to meet up?"

"Jody, please come over, right now! I'm craving for a loving friend.

As soon as you arrive I'll order us a pizza. I have milk, juice, dessert, and high-caffeinated pop. I know that you are like me. Sometimes during times of depression I need a good buzz."

After Sandra and I finished chatting on the phone, I quickly washed up, called Cynthia and told her that I loved her then dashed to Sandra's apartment.

Thankfully, her apartment was only a ten minute walk. Both of us lived near Westmount Park.

As I was walking to Sandra's house three kids approached me. One of them, an ugly little girl, told me that she wanted to pet me.

I almost allowed her to do that. However, I noticed that one of the other kids, a chubby boy, with a witch's pimple on his nose, and snots dangling to his chin, was holding a firecracker in his right hand.

Instantly, I ran away! I didn't even look back to see what the kids were doing.

A short while later I entered the apartment building where Sandra lived. After locating her name on the bulletin I buzzed her room.

Five seconds later, Sandra buzzed me in. I was ecstatic! Now I could enjoy the company of another good friend.

I dashed through the lobby then pushed the up button for the elevators.

A short while later, I entered elevator number four. A few seconds later, I found myself on the eleventh floor.

I exited the elevator then walked to room number 1105 then I knocked on the door.

Sandra opened the door then opened out her hands. I got the message. She wanted me to leap onto her chest. So I obliged her.

After Sandra closed her apartment door, she gave me a big kiss between the ears, then a bear hug.

In turn, I gave her a kiss on the forehead, licked her chin then I rubbed the side of my head onto hers.

"Jody, I love you so much! Did you gals go to the secret place?"

"No, we didn't go yet. Cynthia's in the hospital recovering from an incredibly powerful bug. I think that she'll be in the hospital for three or four more days. In case you want to call or visit her, she's at the Montreal General Hospital.

Anyway, please don't ever tell her or anyone else that I visited you. Cynthia wants me all to herself. I can't blame her."

"Jody, you're absolutely right! You're a wonderfully incredible cat! I love you so dearly! If it wasn't for Cynthia, you and I would be best friends in the whole world.

As for our pizza, would you like extra cheese and no toppings?"

"That sounds nice! You do have more food in the fridge? We can eat and drink from that too, correct?"

"Jody, you can have anything that you want from me!"

Sandra ordered pizza then she and I conversed about various topics until the pizza delivery man buzzed from downstairs.



After buzzing the pizza boy into the apartment building and paying for the pizza Sandra and I gorged on our food like hungry lions.

We ended up eating an entire extra large pizza, pop, and ice cream. Although I had my fill, Sandra ate the vast majority of food.

From our first encounter at the library, it was apparent to me that Sandra was considerably overweight. I wouldn't quite call her obese, but unhealthily overweight.

After watching television for a couple of hours, Sandra and I decided to take a long walk. We were satiated. Humans aren't supposed to sleep after eating a big meal. Cats are immune to this rule.

We left Sandra's apartment with the intent to return within two hours. In actuality, we returned home many hours later.

As we were walking through Westmount Park I noticed a squirrel crying his brains out. Wondering what was wrong I told Sandra that we should investigate.

Hey little squirrel. What is the matter with you? Why are you crying so?" asked Sandra.

"Do you see that nut over there? I can't crack it open. For some reason the shell is too hard. Maybe, it's a freak of nature. However, I've had my eye on it for some time now. It's really big and I'm literally starving. I need to pack on much weight before the cold season. I have to become obese, or else I'll starve to death. Could you please help me?"

"Of course well help you! Jody can crack that nut with her powerful jaws and teeth," said Sandra.

I cracked the nut open then gave it to the squirrel. By now, the squirrel was in much better spirits.

"Little squirrel, what's your name?"

"My name is Corey. I'm normally happy and secure in this park; except for the occasional trouble-making teen. A tiny percentage of them are outright cruel to animals.

Several years ago they had ducks in that artificial pond over there. Well, someone poisoned them. What a terrible thing to do.

Otherwise, summer is the best time of the entire year. There are many good humans out there. They love to feed the squirrels, pigeons, and also the gulls. However, the gulls are the lowest on their love list. Perhaps it's because they're the biggest, and are aggressive towards pigeons and squirrels.

Squirrels can sometimes be a bit nasty. However, we're not as loud and arrogant as gulls.

On the other hand, gulls are the most fearful of humans. I guess they've had worse experiences with them. Also, it's probably instinctive.

That large tree over there near the restrooms is my favorite resting place. Mind you, I don't like to sleep there. At night my defenses are down."

"Corey, I'm Sandra and this is my dear friend Jody. Do you need anything else from us?"

"No, everything is just fine! Thanks a lot for helping me acquire my food. Have a beautiful day!"

Sandra and I walked over to the other end of the park, near the largest part of the artificial pond.

Although there was a no swimming sign there and the pond was obviously filthy, we saw two kids wading and splashing therein.

I can't imagine what their parents were thinking. Although we saw them sitting nearby Sandra and I left them alone. They looked like a couple of creeps. You know, like the Adams Family on television.

"Sandra, let's sit over here. This bench looks like a nice place to rest in. My, is there beauty in the air. Even the sky looks nice and blue," I said.

"Jody, I love you so dearly. Please repeat the three golden words to me. I'm starting to feel emotionally deprived again. Usually when that happens I gorge on food.

"Jody, I know that I'm not exactly Ms. Canada. Although my hair, eyes, skin, lips, nose, voice, and ears are incredibly gorgeous, I still need to lose about fifty or so pounds.

Sometimes, when I'm walking alone, or when I'm standing in the bus or train someone nearby says the dreaded F word to me. Fatso is the worst thing that anyone can ever call me, except for the W word. Jody, I'm not a wench!

Jody, I've been called a wench before. I think it's out of envy and jealousy. If it wasn't for my weight, I'd have a hundred boyfriends. Then, I can choose two of them; one for marriage and the other for a secret affair."

"Sandra, I love you! You've been very kind and generous to me."

"Jody, you've made my day! Let's go to the Pepsi Forum. We can see two or three movies then we can head back home and have dinner together.

I hope Cynthia makes a spontaneous recovery from her medical problem, so that the two of you can be best friends in the whole world."

Sandra and I left Westmount Park then walked east on Maisonneuve Boulevard.

Our walk to the Pepsi Forum was very relaxing and enjoyable. Nobody gave us a bad look. Thankfully, Sandra wasn't called 'fatso' by anyone.

I think that humans can sometimes be very cruel and inhumane, both to other humans, animals, and especially to the

environment. No wonder there are numerous ongoing military conflicts on this planet.

As soon as we entered the Pepsi Forum Sandra asked me to wait for her downstairs while she went upstairs to the restrooms. I did as she asked.

I sat down then waited for Sandra to return. Meanwhile, a young couple approached me, both smiling and happy. I figured they were friendly.

The man was in his late twenties, tall, handsome, red-haired and blue-eyed, and the woman was a tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed princess. Perhaps she was in her early twenties.

"Hey kitty, are you lost?" said the woman.

"No, actually, I'm waiting for my friend."

"Kitty you're really cute! If you ever need a new home and a loving family you are welcome in our home. Tara our two year-old daughter would love to have you as a pseudo-sister. You're exactly what our family needs.

We live in a mini-mansion in Mount Royal. My wife and I own and operate a downtown legal firm; Thompson and Kruger Corporate Attorneys.

We make over a million dollars a year. Kitty, if you want, we can take you to another movie theater, then you can come home with us. We've got steaks in the fridge just waiting to be eaten by us," said the man.

"Thanks a lot! But my best friend in the whole world is in the hospital. I'm presently here with my second best friend in the whole world."

The young couple realized that I was already taken. They smiled at me, then said goodbye. I did likewise.

Sandra was descending the escalator while the young couple was leaving me. She hurried her pace then approached me directly.

"Jody, what did those two humans want from you? Did they try to harm you? Did they try to entice you with a lie that was too good to be true?"

I didn't want to make a big deal out of nothing, so I told Sandra that they were asking me for directions to Alexis Nihon Plaza.

Thankfully, Sandra believed me. So we were off to the movies.

A short while later, Cynthia and I were sitting down in the movie theater eating popcorn, drinking pop, and enjoying a nice horror flick. I wasn't scared, really!

Cynthia and I ended up seeing two movies, back to back. It was very refreshing to be with a good friend. However, it was time for me to go home. I had to call Cynthia then visit her.

I explained to Sandra what I had to do. She and I promptly left the Pepsi Forum immediately after the second movie ended.

We walked back home on Maisonneuve Boulevard. Unfortunately, this time someone did mock Sandra.

As were crossing Greene Avenue a group of youngsters in a van yelled out an obscenity and a personal insult to Sandra.

"Hey fatso, can't you get a better date than that little kitty? C'mon baby, I don't care how obese you are, I'll do you here and now!" yelled a passenger.

Sandra and I decided not to make matters worse. The best thing to do in this kind of situation is to allow the driver to keep going. Afterward, you should forget that it ever happened.

Unfortunately, Sandra was a bit sensitive to her weight issues. She stopped walking as soon as the van was out of sight. Then she broke down and cried.

"Jody, I'm nothing but a fat, ugly-duckling. Even the real ugly duckling of old wasn't fat.

Jody, please give me a big hug, kisses, and the three golden words."

I gave her what she requested and an extra licking of her hand. Later, I did my best to raise her spirits. In all of the commotion, I forgot about Cynthia. My immediate problem at hand was serious indeed.

For the first time, I sensed that Sandra was contemplating harming herself. Maybe she was like Cynthia? No, maybe she was a self-cutter? I had to dig into Sandra's psyche to find out.

Mind you, I wasn't trying to be a suspicious cat. My friend was in dire straits.

As soon as we entered Sandra's apartment she fell to the beautiful brown carpet then began a series of major crying spells. I was afraid for her, really.

"Sandra, please don't overreact to what those idiots in that van shouted out. They don't know anything about you. You are a very remarkable, beautiful, and intelligent woman. Not to mention, very friendly."

"Jody, I noticed that you didn't tell me that I was skinny. Or that I wasn't obese. Deep down inside, you think that I'm an ugly fatso!"

"Honey, I think that you are very beautiful! Who the hell ever said that chunky wasn't beautiful? Or that fat wasn't beautiful? Perhaps it was a person who looked like a skeleton."

It took me thirty full minutes to calm Sandra down to an acceptable level. I convinced her to sit on her lazy boy chair. I leaped onto her chest then rubbed the side of my head against her chin, on-and-off.

Suddenly, Sandra closed her eyes then fell asleep. I did likewise. Thankfully, we slept like babies.

Upon awakening, Sandra asked me to follow her into her bedroom. I did as she asked.

What followed was a similar repeat of what I saw with Cynthia. Somehow, I suspected that this problem was a lot more serious than people suspect.

"Jody, please be patient with me. I must undress in front of you. I want you to see my gargantuan bulges, especially my elephant thighs, large buttocks, watermelon drooping breasts, double chin, chubby stomach, and love handles."

I instinctively covered my eyes with my paws. I couldn't deal with the situation at hand. It was difficult enough to deal with Cynthia's problems; not to mention my own problems.

"Jody, you think I'm a monster! You're covering both of your eyes! You don't want to freak out in front of me! You know how fat I am!"

"Honey, no! I just don't think that it's appropriate for you to disrobe in front of a cat; me. As I told you, I think that you are very beautiful."

"Jody, you keep forgetting the three golden words. You only remember when I remind you."

"Sandra, you win! I'll critique your body as objectively as possible."

Sandra twirled around in circles a total of fifteen times; like a carrousel. I think that deep down inside she wanted to be a ballerina.

"Jody, don't you see how fat I am?"

"Forget your build! Sandra, I'm very disappointed with you. Furthermore, I'm very angry and worried about you. You have faded abrasions on your upper arms, chest, stomach, and chest. Thankfully, they'll heal without scarring. But I'm very worried about the root cause.

Sandra, I want you to answer my question with complete honesty! If you lie, I'm out of here; forever!

"Are you a self-cutter? Either yes, or no and absolutely no in-between answers!"

"Jody, I feel like I must cut myself. Although I hate to do it, part of me likes it. In fact, I'm kind of addicted to it. I can't stop! Please help me before I hurt myself really badly!"

I managed to calm Sandra down. It took a lot of energy out of me. Sandra promised me that she'd take therapy beginning the following week and that she'd stop cutting herself.

As soon as I was convinced that Sandra was safe from 'herself', I told her that I was going home.

Upon hearing that, she totally freaked out; to the point where I had to sleep over.

"Jody, don't think I'm a bit harsh or rough but who do you love more, me or Cynthia?"

Sandra, you know very well that I love you so dearly. However, Cynthia is number one in this whole world for me. Don't worry too much you're number three for me."

"What! I'm number three! You're breaking my heart! Jody, please find me a good husband.

You know something I do have the ten thousand dollars that is necessary for the purchase of the fleshy android. I'm just too shy to go to the secret place and get 'my husband'.

"Jody, please, let's set a date where you and I can go there together. Is that all right with you?"

"Yes, I'd love to go there with you. In fact, I'll go there with Cynthia as soon as she fully recovers from her illness."

Sandra and I decided that the following evening was a good time for our secret rendezvous, to the secret place.

I took a short nap then headed home. All along the way I was thinking of my beloved Cynthia. How was she going to feel about me not visiting her the day before?

Upon entering our apartment I headed straight for my cell phone. I picked it up then called the Montreal General Hospital to inquire about Cynthia's condition.

The operator transferred my call to Cynthia's hospital room. Apparently, Cynthia had been moved to another floor.

I allowed the phone to ring a total of seven times before I hung up.

I ate a quick snack then headed for the Montreal General Hospital. The whole way there, I didn't want to speak to any stranger/s. If anyone had said one word to me, I would've kicked that person's you know what. Thankfully, it wasn't necessary.

I entered the Montreal General Hospital's front entrance then proceeded to walk down the hallway to the elevators.

It only took about two minutes for me to arrive at Cynthia's hospital room.

As soon as I entered Cynthia's room I noticed that she was reading a magazine. So I crept up on her.

As soon as she took notice of me she extended her arms. Also, I noticed that she had tears in her eyes.

I leaped onto Cynthia's chest then kissed her several times.

She returned every single kiss that I launched at her. We were back together, hopefully forever!

"Jody, take a seat, please. I'm sorry for not answering your calls yesterday and for not being in my room. There were more tests to be taken.

Anyhow, I'll be checking out of this hospital on Thursday. There's no need to call or visit me on Wednesday. I'll be sleeping like a baby on Wednesday."

That was excellent news for me! I was wondering how I was going to weasel out of that predicament.

The following Wednesday I called Sandra to re-affirm our rendezvous. Thankfully, it was still on.

"Hello, this is your beloved friend Jody!"

"Hi Jody, please come over! I've been thinking about you continuously!"

"I'll be at your apartment at 7:00 P.M., sharp. I have to wash up and eat a nice meal and have some liquids. I don't want to be hungry or thirsty on our trip to the secret place.

Luckily, Cynthia's zonked out in her hospital bed. But, she's scheduled to check out tomorrow. So, it is urgent that we complete our task tonight."

"Of course, honey! I'll be waiting for you!"

Somehow, I felt that Sandra was a bit too obsessive with me. A short while later I brushed it off.

I washed up then ate a fish and fries meal, served with salad, dessert, milk, and pop.

After eating I cleaned up then headed to Sandra's apartment. All the while I was very anxious about our mission. The thought of failure kept ringing in my ears.

As soon as I got to Cote des Neiges Avenue I picked up my pace. Thankfully, my tenacity paid off. Within a short while, I was knocking on Sandra's door.

It took a total of fourteen knocks for Sandra to open the door.

As soon as she let me in I noticed that there were partially digested food items on her lips and on the floor beside the kitchen.

It was apparent that something was going on. What was it? In reality I didn't want to know.

"Hi Jody, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you?"

"Baby, come on in!"

I entered Sandra's apartment then waited patiently for her to give us the signal to leave.

Shortly afterwards, we left Sandra's apartment and headed for the secret place.

"Jody thanks a lot for being here with me! You're the best kind of companion in the whole world!"

"Thanks, I needed that!"

Sandra and I descended through Sherbrooke Street then continued on southeastwardly until we were near Lionel Groulx Metro Station. From there it was only a ten minute walk to the secret place.

Sandra and I kept our eyes open for the police or RCMP. Maybe we were a bit paranoid, but under the circumstances we had to be careful. The production and sale of fleshy androids was illegal in any city or province of Canada.

This was truly an underground operation. Not to mention, the humiliation for Sandra if she was caught. I can't tell you what the punishment for me would have been; a cat aiding and abetting in the purchase of an illegal object. Legally, the fleshy android would be considered an object.

Furthermore, I don't think that the Canadian authorities would ever want the mass sales of fleshy androids within its borders. Men and women would stop getting married. Opting for a fleshy android that gave them whatever they wanted and was much friendlier and agreeable than a real life human being.

A short while later, Sandra and I were within a few feet of the secret place. After waiting for an elderly couple with their dog to pass through the area we walked to the front door of the 'establishment' then pressed the ringer.

We were asked why we were there. Sandra gave them the code word then we were allowed in.

We entered the establishment then waited in the lobby. A short while later a middle-aged man approached us. He was wearing a beautiful smile on his face. Also, he appeared to be very learned.

"Hello girls! I'm Dr. Osman Hirsi. I am the man in charge of this secret operation.

Please follow me downstairs to the secret chamber. This is where you will find your fleshy android."

With a name like Osman Hirsi it was definite that he was born in Somalia. This is perhaps the most 'Somali' name anyone could ever have.

We walked down a long corridor with rooms on each side. Perhaps there were twenty five rooms in all. I think that these were production and experimentation rooms. Anyhow, that's not important now.

When we arrived at a large steel door Dr. Hirsi asked us to turn around so he could punch in the security code. We did as he asked.

After Dr. Hirsi punched the security code we entered a large room with two nude fleshy androids. Apparently, they were turned off.

Both fleshy androids were well build, tall, and very handsome. Sandra had a hard time taking her eyes off them. Judging from where her eyes were gazed I was certain that we wouldn't leave the establishment without at least one fleshy android.

"Girls, we have two kinds of fleshy androids:

MODEL 555-A will never say 'no' to his owner. He will be a 'yes' husband for any request; physical or mental.

MODEL 555-B will be a generally agreeable husband, but will sometimes need persuading.



"Girls, take your time with your answer. I shall leave this room then return in thirty minutes. Please help yourselves to some of those tasty snacks and drinks on the table

They are complementary."

Sandra and I waited until Dr. Hirsi left the large room before gorging on the snacks, which consisted of donuts, cookies, crackers, milk, juice, flavored nuts, anchovies, cheese bits, little sandwich squares, punch (no alcohol), caffeinated pop, hot apple cider, tea, and coffee with plenty of cream and sugar.

Gosh what we ate and drank was considered a meal! We just couldn't help ourselves!

Thankfully, Dr. Hirsi was delayed for an hour. By that time we had already had our fill and Sandra had sternly chosen MODEL 555-A, over my strenuous objections.

"Girls, as I know, you are Sandra Spalding, and you are Jody Wilson.

I need to see an I.D. from you and in your case the name on your collar. Afterwards, we can discuss the purchase."

We did as Dr. Hirsi had asked of us then waited patiently for him to 'generate' Sandra's new husband.

"Sandra, I have generated your new husband! His name is Robert Fleming. As you insisted, he is of western European stock.

Now as for the purchase, it will be ten thousand Canadian Dollars. You are lucky, because in a few months we will increase the price to fifteen thousand dollars and freeze it there for several years, at least."

Sandra handed Dr. Hirsi a money order for ten thousand dollars. Although it's a lot of money, a good husband or wife is worth immeasurably more.

"Girls, say hi to Robert!"

"Hi Robert, how are you?"

We left the secret place in good spirits. Sandra and I had a big smile on her face the whole way back.

You see, fleshy androids are very strong. Robert carried Sandra back the entire way back. Unfortunately, we got several snarls, all from women. I guess they couldn't handle seeing another woman treated in such a sweet way. It was a case of envy and jealousy.

As soon as we entered Sandra's apartment she politely asked me to stay out of her bedroom until she and Robert were done with their naked wrestling match.

I understood what she meant. So I got myself some pop, turned on the giant screen television, and then took a front row seat.

While I was watching an interesting show on the Animal Planet unusual sounds and groans emanated from Sandra's bedroom. I ignored it to the best of my ability.

Sandra and 'her husband' began their wrestling match at 10:00 P.M. By 3:00 A.M. I started to worry about Sandra. She was still going at it after five full hours, and didn't sound like she wanted to ever stop.

I changed my viewing to the History Channel in order to watch a show about the Roman Empire. While I was deeply engulfed into the show, Sandra finally exited her bedroom all sweaty, panting, and exhausted. It was now 5:00 A.M. I didn't know that humans could go at it for seven straight hours, non-stop. So I inquired about this with Sandra.

"Sandra, are you all right? Is it normal for humans to go at it for seven straight hours, non-stop?"

"Jody, I'm not a super-wench! Please don't tell anyone about my escapade. After all, Robert is my beloved husband. Whatever we do behind closed doors is our own private affair.

Yes, Jody, it's normal behavior, but please be quiet about this. Once again, I'm not a wench! I'm a highly energetic, young, and intelligent woman. Besides, this is the beginning of our honeymoon."

That was my hint to creep away from Sandra's apartment, and go home.

I said goodbye to Sandra and Robert, then exited the apartment perplexed and confused about human behavior. What I'd heard from the animal grapevine contradicted what Sandra and Robert were able to do.

PLEASE HELP ME!

By animal standards, humans are weak. The males amongst them have a long refractory period. My kind doesn't.

Anyhow, as soon as I got home I crashed out on the sofa for several hours. When I awakened it was time to pick Cynthia up from the hospital.

I quickly ate a quick meal, washed up then gave Cynthia a call, alerting her to my arrival.

I told Cynthia that I'd be at the Montreal General Hospital main entrance.

As soon as I exited our apartment building the manager, an elderly man named Roger Cormack called out to me. He'd been living in the building for five years.

"Hey, Jody, how's your best friend Cynthia Corbett? I heard that she was recovering in a hospital bed. |

Roger, I'm going to the hospital to pick her up. Thankfully, she's made a full recovery!"

"You gals are the best tenants in this entire building! No complaints! No loud music! No partying! I can't think of anything bad about either you or Cynthia."

I told Roger that I was in a hurry. I had to pick Cynthia up from the hospital.

My walk to the Montreal General Hospital was strenuous at the least. The entire time, I was thinking about my beloved friend Cynthia. Also, I was apprehensive and anxious about her finding out that I was having a splendid time with Sandra.

As I approached the perimeter of the hospital my heart beat doubled and my blood pressure shot up through the clouds. If I'd been an elderly cat I probably would've passed out.

I entered the main entrance of the Montreal General Hospital, through the parting doors. Instantly, as I took my first step inside, the typical 'hospital scent' shot up through my nose.

The hospital scent is terrifying to some people and animals. It reminds them of inoculations, sickness, and pain.

I saw an elderly man with an IV attached to his arm was sitting in a wheelchair. I wanted to know what this guy did when he was young. When you see a person in his/her eighties and all shriveled up, it's sad. The person looks sickly, helpless, and without an occupation. That's dead wrong! This person probably spent many years working, and most likely has children and grandchildren.

"Sir, do you have a moment, please?"

"Kitty, I have a million moments! I've been in this hospital for a week now. I'm waiting for my ride back to the special center. It's for seniors who need special assistance.

Now, I will return there to slowly die. I see the young humans and animals like you enjoying life; especially on a nice spring day. They don't quite understand the rules of nature/life. If you live long enough, you'll be old someday.

When I was a kid I never thought that I'd ever get old. Seniors disgusted me. They were all shriveled up, smelled different, and were weak and defenseless. That's what I thought. Actually, seniors in some parts of the world receive much respect and honor. We, in North America have all but lost this beautiful thing.

My four children, three sons and one daughter are scattered throughout the world. They go many weeks, sometimes a month or two without calling their 'daddy' up.

Kitty, enjoy your youth while it lasts! Once when it goes, it never returns. It's a one way ticket to old age.

The medical personnel, in whatever clinic or hospital can sometimes be unsympathetic and tired of the extra care needed for seniors. In the worst case scenarios, some seniors in

"homes" may be severely neglected or even abused. Their fecal matter and urine may be residing in their underwear.

Kitty, I was an electrical engineer for forty years. I was a vice president of a company! Now, nobody remembers me. Even my younger associates and co-workers have forgotten me. Never mind all of the good things that I did for them.

Kitty, I'm one of the luckier ones. At least I have money. If I was poor, things would've been a lot worse for me.

Kitty, I'm very sorry, but lethargy is hitting me very hard. I'm on multiple medications, in pain, and have periods of psychotic episodes."

"Sir, I wish you the best of luck! I will leave you to rest. Please wish my beloved friend Cynthia the best of luck."

I left the elderly man slouched over and beginning to lose his awareness of matters around him.

I asked a passerby to press the up button. There were now two other individuals waiting for the elevator. For some reason, they didn't find it in them to press the up button.

As soon as the elevator door opened I rushed inside then 'pounced' on the number five button.

A short while later I was on Cynthia's floor. Luckily, she was all ready to go. I found her standing a few feet away from the elevators.

"Jody, come over here and leap into my arms! I want to give you a giant kiss on the face!"

I leaped onto Cynthia's arms then allowed her to kiss me on the face. I in turn, kissed her on both cheeks (Sicilian style).

Cynthia and I went downstairs then promptly left the hospital premises. It was a nice day, clear skies, and good for a long walk.

Although Cynthia was a bit groggy and weak from her hospital stay, she needed to a long walk. After all, she'd been cooped up in a hospital be for two weeks.

We decided to walk on the mountain side of Westmount. It was nice. As soon as we entered the residential areas it was calmer, more beautiful, and the people were friendly.

As we were walking through the area Cynthia told me something that I'd already suspected.

"Jody, I'm a millionaire! I can live anywhere in Canada that I want. Where do you want us to live?"

Cynthia I'd like to live in Vancouver, western Ontario, or an Anglophone neighborhood in Montreal. But I can't live here forever! Although I love it here I'm still a Missouri-bred cat. I need English only!"

"Jody, let's stay in Westmount for now, and later we can carve out a game plan about moving. But for now, I think you're content, right?"

"Yes, I'm content."

Cynthia and I walked around for another hour before deciding to head home.

As soon as we entered our apartment Cynthia ran into her bedroom then fell to her knees. A few seconds later, she began to cry.

I ran in after her, in order to comfort her. I was shocked at her behavior. Surely, it wasn't me who caused her to cry.

"Jody, who were you with on that day that you mysteriously didn't call me? Was it that Lydia wench? Or was it that Sandra wench? Damn it, I demand to know!"

"Cynthia, I wasn't with anyone! I was thinking about you the whole time, really!"

"Are you sure you didn't sleep with that little wench Sandra? You didn't spend the night with her? You didn't go to the movie theatre with her? You didn't eat a nice meal with her?"

"Cynthia, I wouldn't do that to you. You and I are best friends in the whole world."

"Jody, I'm still hurting so badly! I need two things from this world; an incredible husband and I want you to tell me that you love me."

"Cynthia, I love you! Let me prove it by helping you find the perfect husband. Remember the fleshy android?"

Cynthia, why don't we go to the next stage; purchase a fleshy android!"

Your frustrations will disappear overnight. Also, he'll be very kind, considerate, loving, and generous to you. Furthermore, I don't think that fleshy androids can lie. So, honesty is a bonus."

I finally convinced Cynthia that I was her best friend in the whole, and that she could trust me with her life.

"Jody, let's go to bed for a few hours. I need the rest. The drugs are still in my system."

Cynthia and I slept for what seemed like an entire year. She and I went through a dozen or so dream stages each.

I was awakened by Cynthia's talking in her sleep. I didn't wake her up because I wanted to hear what she had to say. Mind you, I'm not a snoopy little kitty. I just wanted to know if she'd fully recovered from her gang-rape and what she felt about me.

"Jody, I love you so dearly! Why do you break my heart on a regular basis? You didn't come by to visit me as often as I wanted you to. You called me up daily, but most of the time you left a message with the nurse on duty, who I barely even knew. I know that you had a blast with either Lydia or Sandra. Hopefully, it wasn't that Sandra wench.

Jody, why don't you tell me that you love me more often? Why don't you comfort me more often? Why don't you help me find a good husband?

Jody, I'm a young, attractive, and highly intelligent woman. Why don't you tell me that I'm the most beautiful woman in the entire world, on a regular basis?

Jody, I'm in much pain, anxiety, and highly depressed. Why don't you stop me more often whenever I stick my finger down my throat in the restroom?"

A short while later Cynthia awakened from her sleep. She was red-eyed and appeared to be in a daze. Also, she appeared to be depressed.

"Cynthia, I love you more than anyone else in the whole world! I'm lucky to be roommates with the most beautiful, intelligent, and ambitious woman in the whole world.

Cynthia, I'd never betray you; especially when you were sick. Cynthia, I care about your physical and mental health.

Cynthia, please allow me to help you find a very good husband. That way, we can be the all-Canadian family.

Cynthia, if you're ever bummed out, even in the restroom call out to me. I'll do my best to help you."

My statements helped to lift Cynthia's spirits. She had a big smile on her face and shot out of bed like a rocket.

"Jody, let's have a nice big breakfast at a good restaurant. I think that we'll have a good time!"

I agreed with Cynthia. But first, we had to wash up and get ready.

I went to living room and turned on the wide screen television. Thankfully, there were cartoons showing. I love cartoons that include animal characters.

Roughly ten minutes into my viewing, I noticed that Cynthia wasn't making a racket or saying anything. She was too quiet.

In that regard, I crept back to our bedroom then went to the restroom. It was there that I got a shocker.

As I approached the restroom, I noticed that Cynthia was making unusual grunting noises. I didn't want to believe it! But it was true! Cynthia was inducing a series of dry-heaving and vomiting spells; for the umpteenth time.

I banged on the restroom door then threatened to break it down if Cynthia didn't open up.

"Cynthia, you better open up this door, right now! Or else I'll break in down!"

"Jody, you're persecuting me! I'm supposed to be your best friend in the whole world!"

I gave Cynthia one last warning before she capitulated. I had to stop her before things got out of hand; to the point of having to call 911.

As soon as Cynthia exited the restroom, I noticed an expression of defeat and pain on her face. I understood that drastic action had to be taken, immediately!

"Cynthia, we'll have to make plans to go to the secret place very soon. Please do not procrastinate on this issue. Mr. Right must be sought after and attained, at all costs! The hell with the ten thousand dollars! I want you to get better!



SHARON PEABODY

"Cynthia, as for today, let's eat a quick meal, then go to the Public Library near Berri Metro Station. We need to spend at least several hours reading. Our minds must be diverted away from the problem at hand."

Cynthia wholeheartedly agreed with me about eating and going to the library.

After eating a full-course meal consisting of two fried eggs, French toast (must syrup and margarine), milk, juice, muffins, and coffee, we prepared to go to the library.

Cynthia and I washed up then left our apartment in better spirits. Everything seemed brighter and more beautiful. Luckily, we'd return in even better spirits.

As we exited our the apartment building Cynthia hoisted me up off of the ground then gave me a big kiss on the cheek. I liked it so did Cynthia.

We walked to Sherbrooke Street then waited patiently for the number 24 bus. This bus goes direct to a stop near the library.

Five minutes later, the bus arrived. Cynthia carried me inside then placed her monthly card on the scanner. When the scanner lit up and beeped Cynthia walked to an isolated window seat in the middle of the bus.

Meanwhile, I was curled up on her chest. It was a nice view from my vantage point.

By the time we arrived at our stop I felt groggy. All of that driving, bumps, and sound of the bus engine was like a powerful tranquilizer.

"Thank you so much, sir!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Yes, thank you very much and have an incredible day!" I exclaimed.

"Girls, enjoy yourselves and always be careful!" exclaimed the bus driver.

Cynthia and I walked downhill for several minutes until we arrived at the back door of the library building.

As soon as we entered the building we noticed a shady character standing all alone on our left.

Cynthia and I ignored the shady character. The security guards were already on their way, and we didn't have any time to waste.

Cynthia and I picked up our pace until we were a few feet from the security arch. Standing guard were two library security guards. Instantly, Cynthia's paranoia set in; not mine!

"Jody, let's stand in the corner for a few minutes. I think those two security guards are eyeing us because we're Anglophones! We probably stand out like pink cats.

Jody, I'm not being paranoid! And, I'm certainly not sick! Please reassure me of this important fact!"

"Cynthia, you're not sick. You're absolutely right! Let's stay together, keep our heads down, and be careful about who we talk to. Let's enter the library, right now!"

"Jody, please leap onto my chest so I can hold you tightly in my arms. I need your reassurance, comfort, and added protection."

I did as Cynthia asked and then I gave her a big kiss on the chin. Thankfully, my actions made her feel better.

Cynthia and I went downstairs to the youth section. We figured it would be calmer and safer for us.

As soon as we got downstairs we decided to sit in the back near the English language books. Although the library workers were very friendly and helpful, we were still traumatized; about what, I still don't know!

"Jody, wait here! I'm going to get a book about animals. We can read it together for a couple of hours. It's nice to read

some educational material. That way, we'll reassure ourselves that we're not wasting time.

Jody, please launch the three golden words at me! Please do it before I have a nervous breakdown and cry my brains out in front of all of these strangers; so they can call 911, bound and shackle me; and take me in an ambulance to a special clinic. Afterwards, I'll be darted like a lioness on the African plains. Finally, they'll put me in a straight jacket. You won't be able to visit me until I'm a zombie!"

"Cynthia, I love you!"

"Jody, I love you too!"

Later, we read the animal book for an hour before we notice a young, incredibly attractive woman who sat near us. The rest of the area was empty.

"Jody, that young woman doesn't like us! See, she keeps glancing over her shoulder 'like this'. That means she's ready to attack us; probably me because I'm one of her own kind.

Jody, I know what I'm talking about! I once read one of Jane Goodall's books. I know a thing or two about chimpanzees!"

Cynthia and I braced ourselves for an imminent attack. We glanced at each other before deciding to form a game plan.

"Jody, I think that she hates us because we're Anglophones! Look, when she gets really close to us, I'll punch her in the stomach as hard and as many times as possible. You, on the other hand, should pounce on that little wench, like you're a cougar!"

"Cynthia, let's give each other one last hug! It may be our last!"

We hugged then braced ourselves. The young woman eyed us again then got up. Worse yet, she approached us!

"Jody, perch on my right shoulder! From there, you can launch your incredible attack!"

The young woman got to within two feet of us. As we were about to launch our attack, she smiled at us, then spoke. Boy, oh boy, did we get the shock of our lives!

"Girls, I couldn't help but notice you. Gosh, do you look like a good pair! You must love each other so dearly!

My name is Sharon Peabody. I'm from Vancouver, and I couldn't help but notice that you're 'like me'."

"I was just telling Jody how nice of a person you seem to be. We wanted to approach you and begin a conversation, but we weren't sure about how you'd respond," said Cynthia.

"Gosh you girls are incredible! Please, allow me to invite you to a nice meal in a decent restaurant. Or, we could go to the mall."

"Why don't we go to another mall? Like somewhere a little farther than the downtown area? We can go to Rockland Plaza in Mount Royal. Do you agree with me?" I asked.

"Yes, my beloved cat! Let's go wherever you want to go. Don't forget, the entire meal is on me!"

Cynthia didn't like Sharon to get too cozy with me. After all, I'm Cynthia's kitty, and nobody else's. I mean, that's what Cynthia thought.

We left the library then headed down to the Metro Station. We took the Montmorency train to Cremazie Metro Station. Afterwards, we took the number 100 bus to Rockland Plaza. Actually, we had to cross a busy intersection, the walk up a low-level bridge. It was well worth it.

As soon as we entered the mall, a rush of relief hit us with full force. It feels nice hitting the malls; especially when you're with good friends.

We walked around the interior of the mall before entering Le Bay's Department Store.

We browsed around for roughly twenty minutes before leaving. Afterwards, we hopped from one store to another.

When our hunger set in, we went to the food court. Our walk there was saliva-filled. We were now beginning to feel a real crunch in our stomachs.

After walking the perimeter of the food court we went to Pharmaprix then purchased some high caffeine pop. This pop would be an 'addendum' to the pop that we got with our food order. It was a good deal.

After exiting Pharmaprix we went to the Thai Express food stand and ordered three vegetarian number 5 plates, and three extra large pops.

After Sharon paid for the food, we waited for our food to be given to us.

"Jody, Cynthia, please go sit over there. I'll carry your trays. I have very good balance and incredible hand-eye coordination.

We sat down then waited patiently for our food. As soon as Sharon placed our food trays on the table, we ate like lionesses. It wasn't a matter of bad table manners. We were all doing it.

"Sharon thanks a lot for this beautiful meal! Unfortunately, there's one item that's missing." I said.

"My dear Lord; I know what it is! I'm terribly sorry! Please wait a minute so I can get us some good desserts.

Sharon quickly got up then walked over to Café' Depot and ordered six blueberry muffins.

Cynthia saw me smiling at Sharon. Cynthia didn't like it one bit!

"Jody, do you love me more than anyone else in the whole world, especially and including Sharon?"

"Of course my dear love. As far as I'm concerned you are my best friend, regardless."

"Jody, although I'm flabbergasted at Sharon's generosity, it still doesn't remove the fact that she has a cunning underside. That little wench is trying to steal you away from me!"

I let it go. It appeared as though Cynthia was losing her marbles. I'd have to wait until we got home to fix the problem.

Sharon returned to our table, sat down then continued eating her delicious meal.

"What a wonderful day! What a wonderful meal! I love you two girls, incredibly! Too bad I'm returning to Vancouver in a few days.

I recently graduated from the University of British Columbia, with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Biology. I received high distinctions."

I glanced over at Cynthia while Sharon was talking. I sensed a touch of envy and hatred in Cynthia's eyes.

We finished our meal then walked the interior of Rockland Plaza. We needed to digest our food quickly before going home. Cynthia and I were tired. We needed to sleep.

We took the number 100 bus to Cremazie Metro Station. A short while later we were back in Westmount. Sharon lived roughly six blocks from our apartment complex. So, we said our goodbyes and exchanged phone numbers, emails, and home address.

While Cynthia and I were walking home she fell down onto her knees then cried her brains out. It was imminent that I comfort her immediately. Nearby, a dozen men and women who were waiting for a bus took notice of Cynthia's 'escapade'.

Cynthia needed a fleshy android in her life. He'd be Mr. Right for her. Then she'd have no problems or frustrations whatsoever.

"Jody, you don't love me more than anyone else in this whole world! You want to be with that little wench, Sharon! I don't like her! How could you do this to me?"

"Cynthia, I love you! Please believe me! I don't want to hurt you! Really, I just want the best for you!"

"Tell me the truth! Regarding Sandra, while I was in the hospital, did you go out with her and have a good time? Also, did you spend the night with her, laughing and conversing while I was wasting away in a hospital bed?"

No, Cynthia I was never with Sandra!"

For the next minute or so, we went at it back and forth. Luckily, Cynthia caved in. She got up then walked home with me.

Lucky for us, as soon as we were out of sight a patrol car arrived at the scene. The police couldn't see us from their vantage point, but we could see them.

An elderly man approached the police officers then pointed his finger in our direction. Cynthia and I sprinted back home.

Within a few minutes we were safe and sound in our home. But all was not so sweet and perfect. I had to convince Cynthia to go to the secret place with me. Of course, she had to have her ten thousand dollars on her person; cash only. It's worth every penny if you're buying a Mr. Right replica.

Cynthia and I spent several hours chatting with each other. We felt comfortable resting on sofa chairs in the living room. With low volume television in the background we enjoyed ourselves dearly.

We awakened the next morning at 9:30 A.M. It was nice and sunny outside. So we decided to eat breakfast then chat about what to do regarding Mr. Right.

"Jody, we just had a wonderful breakfast! Gosh do I love you so much!"

"Cynthia, you're a very beautiful, young, ambitious, and incredibly intelligent woman."

"Jody, I'm suffering! Although I'm thankful to be with you and to have eaten an incredible breakfast, I need a man in my life. Every time I spot someone I think is worthy of being my husband, his wench wife pops up out of nowhere."

"Cynthia, I do believe that it's time to go to the secret place. We need a game plan, soon."

"Jody, I want a very handsome, successful, articulate, loving, caring, rich, wealthy, successful, articulate, trustworthy, honest, attentive, intelligent, monogamous, energetic, lustful (whenever I want him to, and only with me), clean, courageous, brave, sympathetic, healthy (physically and emotionally), strong, powerful, athletic, non-argumentative, non-violent, athletic, observant, obedient, and agreeable husband!"

## THIS IS MY HUSBAND

"Cynthia, you need a fleshy android! You won't find a man anywhere on this planet who lives up to your expectations!"

"Jody, what do you mean 'lives up to your expectations'? You're making me out to be a snobby wench! I'm not a wench!" shouted Cynthia.

Cynthia broke down in tears. She began to bite herself in the forearms. That's when I notice new, but fading slashes near her wrists. Thankfully, she didn't hit a nerve or an artery.

"Cynthia, you're self-cutting again!"

"Jody, no I'm not! I'm not doing that! Why are you persecuting me? Jody, you're abusing me!" shouted Cynthia.

"Cynthia, Monday morning, we go to the Royal Bank of Canada and make a ten thousand dollar withdrawal in order to purchase you future husband."

That was the end of the argument. I stomped my right paw on the carpet, indicating that I wouldn't budge with my views. We had to go to the secret place, soon, and that was final!

On the following Monday Cynthia and I went to the Royal Bank of Canada to make the withdrawal.

After we returned from the bank Cynthia and I ate lunch, which consisted of spaghetti, garlic bread, pop, salad, and vanilla cake.

After eating and cleaning up we took a long walk in order to rehearse our actions for the evening.

Come evening Cynthia and I prepared for our walk to the secret place; which was several blocks south of McKay Street; a very dark place at night where you can see a raccoon rummaging through garbage.

"Jody, are you ready to go?"

"Yes, Cynthia, I'm ready. Let's leave right now!"

"Jody, I'm very tensed up and anxious. Please give me those three golden words."

"Cynthia, I love you!"

The three golden words helped to boost Cynthia's energy and enthusiasm.

We left our apartment at 7:30 P.M., heading straight to the secret place; temporarily that is.

Upon leaving our apartment building a pigeon dove from a tree and landed directly in front of us. It's quite unusual to see a flying pigeon at night. So, we decided to investigate.

"Honey, why did you block our path? And why are you flying at night? Pigeons in these parts don't do that!"

Jody, I know. But I had to wish you girls the best of luck! Word is, neither of you can find a male to be with.

You two are the talk of the town. Countless animals are wishing you gals the best of luck. You're Jody, and you're poor Cynthia. Cheer up, you'll find Mr. Right.

Excuse me for crying. I can't help it!

You gals are almost always together? Don't you have friends? I mean, from your own kind?"

"I've been around humans far too long! I've already been 'imprinted' to be with humans. I don't like to live on the streets. Humans provide us with good homes."

We left the pigeon in awe and confusion. Although he seemed like a really nice birdie, we had important business at hand. Jeepers I just remembered something; if that pigeon had discovered what we were planning on doing, it would've been curtains for Cynthia. Thankfully, we were able to continue our walk without evoking any suspicion.

"Jody, let's go straight to the secret place. I'm feeling a bit tense."



"Cynthia, that's not all you're feeling. Remember, I'm a cat! I know when a young woman needs a man really badly. I can smell your 'need' from a mile away. Furthermore, there are visual cues that indicate to me how powerful your feelings are.

Cynthia, we better increase our pace a bit."

"Jody, sometimes you can really be a witch! I mean it! Please don't try to humiliate me! Remember, we're supposed to be best friends in the whole world. Even in death we shall not part.

After our brief skirmish ended, we continued our walk sad-faced and anxious.

As soon as we were within a block of the secret place, Cynthia and I sat down for a short while. Both of us were very nervous and anxious.

The fleshy android would keep Cynthia happy and pre-occupied. Maybe, that'll eradicate much of her pain and anxiety.

After ten short minutes of sitting we decided to continue our trek.

As soon as Cynthia and I were within inches of the front door, she knocked four times then took a giant step backwards. She asked me to do the same thing.

A handsome man in his late 30s answered the door. He looked like a professional; non-threatening, well-off, and highly decorated.

"Hello girls! I know who you are! You're Cynthia Corbett, and your best friend is Jody Wilson.

Please come in! Just wait for a few minutes while I change into something more comfortable. This doctor's gown can be uncomfortable.

I am Dr. Osman Hirsi. I was born in Mogadishu, Somalia in the year 1970. I am very thankful to be in Canada. It is a beautiful place to live in.

I've been in Canada for twenty five years. Most of the people are nice, but as with all other countries of the world, there are exceptions.

Cynthia, Jody, when you look at me what do you really see?"

"We see a handsome, highly educated man who's also very nice and sweet.

I trust that you'll give my best friend Cynthia the best options in choosing the best fleshy android husband."

"Occasionally, a patient will ask me where my spear is. Gosh if I had 'a spear' I'd impale every single squirt that asks me that stupid question!

I have a private practice near Greene Avenue. I can't tell you how many times I was having a beautiful day when all of a sudden, a patient asks me that question. To add insult to

injury, the patient is usually smiling when the question is asked. As if it's supposed to be funny!

Girls, I've had it with this spear thing! But that's not all! Whenever I enter a hospital, at least one person asks me if I'm the 'janitor' on duty.

In one hospital, it happened three consecutive times. That's not all! I was wearing a suit and nice slacks at the time. What the hell do I have to be wearing to look like a respectable member of our community?"

"Dr. Hirsi, please don't cry! It'll be all right! I promise you! Just be patient and faithful!" said Cynthia.

"I'm not crying! I have allergies! Don't you know that physicians are forbidden to cry? Have you ever seen an M.D. cry? Or even shed a tear for a poor soul who'd just died? Now way! It's impossible to ever see!"

After conversing with Dr. Hirsi for fifteen minutes, we were finally able to calm him down to the point of stopping his crying and hyperventilating.

"Please follow me into the secret chamber. Don't be afraid. We must do all of our work in a secret, undetectable hideout. Like the speakeasies of the 1920's when alcohol was prohibited."

We followed Dr. Hirsi to the secret chamber; going through one maze and secret entrance after another. Cynthia and I got the creeps. You would too, if you were there.

At last, Dr. Hirsi opened a combination-locked Fort Knox-style door. It was very large, silver in color, and was at least a foot thick; solid steel.

Upon entering the secret chamber, we saw dozens of incubated fleshy androids; males and females. In fact, there was a partially 'manufactured' feline fleshy android. I figured that this would be the next stage in the development of conveyer belt-style fleshy android production. However, the manufacturers would have to get approval from the Canadian Governmental organization responsible for this work.

"Girls, I have two models of fleshy androids at hand:

**The MODEL 555-A always says yes and agrees with his wife. He never says no to her, especially when they're doing that bedroom thing. This is a 'yes man' husband.**

**On the other hand, we have the MODEL 555-B that says yes most of the time, is a good all-round husband, but sometimes needs a bit of coaxing. Like the MODEL 555-A he'll never cheat on his wife. However, flirting is programmed into his psyche.**

Neither of the two models is fertile. Although the gooey white substance will be secreted during love-making, it is of no value on the streets. It resembles to old-time glues in primary school; the kind that's squirted out of a bottle and is white.

Finally, I recommend that you get the MODEL 555-B. It's the closest thing to a good marriage.

Girls, I'll give you an hour to think it over. If you need more time when I return, just tell me. I'll leave secret chamber for an additional hour. However, we do have a two hour limit. If you use it up, you cannot return to this place for three whole months. I'm sorry, but those are the rules.

Dr. Hirsi left the secret chamber and allowed us to make up our minds about which fleshy android to choose. It was odd because when I came here with Sandra, the place looked different. It may have been another secret chamber. This one looked more advanced and was much cleaner.

"Cynthia, my recommendation is identical to that of Dr. Hirsi's. I think that the latter model will be someone who you'd like to spend the rest of your life with. The former will be old news as soon as you've made love to him fifty or so times.

"Jody, I want the first model! I have feelings and desires to satisfy! I can't wait any longer! I don't want to play any teasing games when it comes to love making! I want him to be ready and to say yes immediately, and to start at it instantly!" shouted Cynthia.

"Okay, Cynthia I'm sorry that you feel that way. But don't you dare say that your friend Jody Wilson didn't warn you! I mean it!"

After we'd exhausted our vocal chords, we took notice of a large table with countless snacks and drinks varieties. After glancing at each other, we mobbed it like a pair of lionesses.

We had donuts, sweet rolls, cake, Fig Newton bars, milk, juices, pop, mini-sandwiches, chips, and crackers. Gosh we filled ourselves to the rim!

Afterwards, Cynthia and I sat down on a black sofa then closed our eyes.

A short while later we were awakened by the opening of the thick, steel door.

Dr. Hirsi returned with a clipboard in his hand. I figured that we had to fill out a questionnaire or a company form. No governmental forms were in sight, of course.

"Cynthia, I must ask you to fill out this form. You should not use your real name. We have given you the number 12345-A to use for identification purposes. This will be for our record. We try to keep track of how many fleshy androids we manufacture for each age, socioeconomic, racial, and gender cohort.

Hopefully, someday our services will be legal. Then we can spread our services to the rest of Canada and the United States. If all goes well, citizens from abroad will be able to order their own personalized fleshy androids.

As of this moment, we only have two standard fleshy androids for each gender.

"Cynthia, I'll give you fifteen minutes to fill out this short form. Meanwhile, Jody, I want you to come with me for a private chat."

I went along with Dr. Hirsi, but Cynthia didn't like it one bit. She eyed us until we left the secret chamber.

Dr. Hirsi and I walked down a long corridor until we reached his secret office.

After entering Dr. Hirsi's office, we sat down. Dr. Hirsi began to cry. I had to know why, so I asked him.

"Dr. Hirsi, why are you crying?"

"Jody, please leap into my arms and give me a big hug and a kiss. Also, I want you to rub your face against my cheek. I want you to mark me as all yours!

"Jody, I'm in so much pain! My wife left me because of my work. Now, I she's with another man. I know she's trying to rub it in. She's a little wench! I hate her!

Jody, please tell me the three golden words."

"Dr. Hirsi, I will on the condition that you come clean with me. It just doesn't seem right that your wife would leave you without any reason or provocation.

What are you hiding from me?"

At that point, Dr. Hirsi broke down. His eyes became bloodshot and his shirt was drenched with tears. He looked like a man who'd just lost his life's savings.

"Dr. Hirsi, I want to know what you did to your wife."

"Okay, Jody, I'll come clean! I was married for three months before our problems began.

I'd come home all exhausted and tensed up then I'd hear her bitching and more bitching. One day I got fed up with it. I told her to shut up or else I'd leave her. That's when she threatened to go to the Montreal Gazette and tell them about my underground activities.

Jody, she and I got into a horrendous argument. That's when it got physical. She came at me with a large kitchen knife. What was I supposed to do?

I picked up a chair then smashed her skull with it. Unfortunately, I didn't stop after one smashing. I kept on going and going until her brains were splattered on the kitchen floor.

My wife was a citizen of a foreign country. For my own safety, I won't tell you where she was from. In fact, we got married overseas. She and I came to Canada on separate flights. You see, she didn't report her marriage to Immigration Canada. I figured if she came here as a visitor, I could later help her get her immigration status.

In effect, nobody at work ever knew that I was married. Now, as for the cadaver, I put the cadaver into a black garbage bag then dragged it to the garage.

Once there, I struggled to hoist the cadaver up onto the trunk of my van. Afterwards, I closed the hatch then returned to the kitchen.

I sprayed the entire area with 'special solution' to remove any trace of blood. I watch CSI, so I know what to do. Also, I painstakingly wiped every square inch of my home and van and anywhere else on the premises to erase her fingerprints.

As for her family, they never knew that she'd gotten married. You see, they wanted her to marry from her own kind. I wasn't one of them. They would never have agreed to our marriage.

Anyway, I waited till late at night before driving to a special place. As soon as I arrived, I attached several bricks to the cadaver then tossed it into the St. Lawrence River.

Jody, I made sure that the cadaver would never surface, and would be eaten by water creatures. I cut up her body and poked some holes into the garbage bag.

Jody, do you love me?"

"Dr. Hirsi, I love you! Just don't tell anyone in the whole world what you've just told me. Also, don't do it again! You are a physician! The last thing you want to do is to get into trouble with the law!"

Dr. Hirsi was still crying. So I licked his chin and gave him a kiss on the cheek. That put a smile on his face.

We returned to the secret chamber to find Cynthia speaking to the fleshy android samples. Actually, they weren't even turned on. Cynthia's behavior had become a bit bizarre at times.

"Dr. Hirsi, here is your form and here is your ten thousand dollars in cash! Now, give me my husband!"

"Okay, Cynthia, just give me a few minutes to get everything straightened out. I'll be back with your husband in a few minutes. He won't be one of these fleshy androids.

Dr. Hirsi left the secret chamber then returned a few minutes later accompanied by a tall, handsome, athletic man. A really good-looking stud!

"Here is your husband! His name is Rock Brennan. He's a good man."

After carefully examining Rock, Cynthia smiled at Dr. Hirsi then thanked him.

We left the secret place with smiles on our faces. Actually, I had a forced smile on my face. I sensed that something wrong was going to happen. It was too good to be true. How could Cynthia be content with a husband who gave her everything that she wanted, without ever saying no, or even flinching?

Believe me, I wasn't envious or jealous. I had the best in mind for Cynthia and Rock. I wasn't pissed off at Cynthia because she had a man in her life and I didn't have a tom cat. And, I wasn't pissed off at Cynthia because she was married and I wasn't. Finally, I wasn't pissed off at Cynthia because I'd most certainly be left out of many of her escapades with Rock; really!

After walking for roughly fifteen minutes, we decided to go west on St. Catherine Street. As soon as we got there I noticed the women passer bys eyeing and winking at Rock. He was too handsome for Cynthia's own good. Believe me, females of the human species cheat on their spouses as often as the males; they just don't boast about it. Take it from a cat; it's the honest truth.

Every single one of those wenches would've slept with Rock in a blink of an eye. Although Cynthia casually took notice of a minority of the wenches' eyes, she was primarily fixated on Rock. I could tell, as soon as we got home, it would be lights out for all of us. I'd be sleeping in the living room, while the two love birds would be together naked wrestling.

When we got to Atwater, Cynthia told us that she wanted to go to McDonalds and eat a fish trio (fish sandwich, fries, and drink, special price).

I told her that it was a good idea. Although Rock was a newer model of fleshy android he didn't eat or drink. Neither did he sweat. Yes, you guessed it, he was infertile. He could only go through the motions and act it out but he could never impregnate Cynthia. Well, she could've gone to the animal shelter near Namur Metro Station and get herself a little kitty.

As soon as we entered McDonalds two teeny boppers winked at Rock. He didn't return the wink because he was programmed to be monogamous.

We stood in line for several minutes then gave our order when our turn came. We specifically asked for takeout. We wanted to eat at home in peace and quiet.

The cashier was a cute teenager with jet black hair, green eyes, and freckles on her face. She looked like she had a crush on Rock.

After we ordered our food, Cynthia made it clear to the cashier that Rock was hers and nobody else's.

"Honey, Rock is mine! I know you want to make love to him, but you can't. THIS IS MY HUSBAND! Got it?"

"Honey, maybe I won't make love to him, but someone else will! From now on you must hold onto him tightly. I'm certain that there are other girls who are more qualified than I am to snatch him away from you.

You're lucky that I'm on duty. Otherwise, I would've snatched him away from you. Got it, honey?"

After we got our order the cashier wiped a dribbling tear from her eye, she filled our takeout bag with packets of ketchup, pepper, and some napkins.

This little teeny bopper had a big crush on Rock. Meanwhile, he was frozen-faced, unable to utter a word. Lucky for Cynthia Rock was only programmed for her.

We left McDonalds Restaurant famished and obsessed with our food.

We walked on St. Catherine Street until we arrived at Greene Avenue. From there we walked due north to Sherbrooke Street. Afterwards, we continued our trek westwards.

Twenty minutes later, we were back home ready to eat. Cynthia and I got into a minor skirmish. You know how it is when you're tired, low on sugar, and tensed up.

"Jody, stop being a lioness! You took five packets of ketchup and five of pepper while I only have two packets of ketchup and one of pepper. I want what is mine!"

"Cynthia, stop being a little wench!"

Yikes, I accidentally called Cynthia the 'W' word. It came out of my mouth by force and without my consent. I was very hungry and pissed off at Cynthia's pestering me; any time except when I'm about to eat!

"Jody, you called me a wench! You hurt me just like Jeff and his buddies. Remember, when I was gang-raped. I'm certain that they called me a wench while they were violating my dignity and body.

Jody, you broke my heart! I need an apology, the three golden words, and your promise never to do it again!"

"Cynthia, I apologize for calling you a wench. As for not doing it again, I will not promise you anything. I will try my hardest not to do it again. However, you must look at your own sins before you judge mine.

Cynthia, you've called me a nasty name or two in the past. I never asked you to apologize to me or to promise me anything.

Cynthia, I'm very hungry! I'm stressed out! I'm tired! And I need a caffeine fix really badly! This is not the time to piss me off! I might bite your hand, or worse!"



DON'T STOP!

For the following three months it was the same old story; Cynthia and Rock were madly in love; going out to the movies, to eat, skating, and taking long walks. Not to mention, late night television viewing. They'd rent out love stories; yucky stuff for me! Well, not really.

The problem that I anticipated happened on a cold Saturday evening.

Cynthia and Rock began to make love at 1:00 P.M. and were still going at it at 10:00 P.M., in spite of my repeated warnings to both of them that something terrible was going to happen.

In all, I warned them seven times. Each time I warned them Cynthia went ballistic on me.

"Jody, leave me alone! What I do with my husband is my own business and nobody else's! Stop being a wicked witch!"

After the seventh time I called it quits. It was now only a matter of when the problem was going to occur.

At 10:25 P.M. I Cynthia began to shout at Rock. At first, I thought that he was assaulting her. I bared my teeth, extended my claws, and prepared myself for battle.

However, a few seconds of pondering answered my question. Rock wasn't trying to harm Cynthia. In fact, he was off, for good!

"Rock, don't stop! Keep on going! Honey, don't lay still! I need you! I want you! I love you! Damn it, I paid ten thousand dollars for you!"

After the shouting episode came the crying episode. Cynthia began to cry like a little girl. It was like someone stole her doll.

I knocked on the door then entered. I saw Cynthia hunched over on the carpet while Rock was frozen stiff like a cadaver. In fact, he was a cadaver.

All of the action had caused a serious internal circuit problem that couldn't be repaired by an amateur, let alone a young wife and her cat friend.

"Cynthia, did he stop suddenly, or did he slow down to a full stop?"

"Jody, I don't know what happened! We were making love like a normal married couple then all of a sudden he stiffened. Now I don't have a husband!

We need to go to the secret place as soon as possible!"

"Cynthia, we'll have to wait until at least Monday morning"

"Jody, I can't wait until Monday morning! This is my husband, not some stupid boyfriend! I want you to escort me to the secret place. When we get there we'll tell Dr, Hirsi what happened. But first, I need proof."

Cynthia and I removed a burned fuse from Rock's head. I didn't say anything about Cynthia's lioness-style endeavors with her husband. Cynthia would've gone ballistic. Our relationship would've been strained beyond repair.

Still, I've always found it impossible to believe that humans could ever have 'our level' of endurance. Cynthia was sick. I'd known her for far too long not to have known that.

The hours of lovemaking was a symptom of some other underlying problem. Well, as long as Rock was around, I could never find out what that problem was.

Anyway, Cynthia kept insisting that we go to the secret place there and then. After roughly twenty requests,

I finally caved in. Also, it appeared as though Cynthia was about to have a nervous breakdown.

"Cynthia, I capitulate! Let's go to the secret place and get your duplicate, or immediate and unconditional repair!"

"Jody, you are a wonderful cat! I don't know what I'd ever do without you."

Cynthia and I washed up then exited our apartment. We ran to the elevators then Cynthia pressed the down button.

After waiting for a minute, the elevator doors opened. We entered the elevator with full earnest.

Cynthia pressed the Lobby button, causing the elevator doors to immediately close and the elevator to descend to the ground level.

As soon as we the elevator doors opened, Cynthia and I bolted out of the elevator and then the apartment building. The security guard gave us a long stare. He knew that something was wrong.

Cynthia and I briskly walked to the secret place. We were in no mood to use public transportation or a cab. We just wanted to get there in one piece and before the place closed for the night; whenever that may be.

Cynthia and I continued our trek until we near the secret place.

The secret place had burned to a crisp! There were fire trucks, patrol cars, and many onlookers from the neighborhood and abroad.

As expected the area was engulfed in smoke. It was apparent that there would be no more fleshy androids to marry.

Hereafter, Cynthia and I would have to search for a real-life husband. I noticed that her face had become pale. She needed much more of what Rock had given her. Even to repair Rock was now impossible; at least for the time being.

I was ready to search and search for Mr. Right in order to alleviate Cynthia's frustrations and suffering.

Near us was the fire marshal, at tall, handsome, well-built man in his early forties. To me, he looked like he was taken. I couldn't imagine this man being single.

"Jody, I want the fire marshal to be my husband! I want him to make love to me right now! I love him! I know that he loves me too!

Jody, I'm going to propose to him right now!"

"Cynthia, you can't do that! He's on duty! He's definitely married! He'll think that you're crazy! Please don't ignore my warning!"

"Jody, stop being a witch! You don't love me!"

"Cynthia, I love you! Please don't do this. You're suffering from the rebound effect."

Thankfully, I finally convinced Cynthia to back down from what could've been a tragedy for her.

It was then that I notice the fire marshal was wearing a marriage ring. Yes, the stud of the fire department was married. I was right once again.

"Mr. Fireman, can you tell us what happened here?"

"Girls, we suspect arson in this matter. Also, there appears to have been some serious illegal activity in the building. As you can see, we've closed off the area to everyone except authorized personnel.

Also, we suspect that there are secret passageways deep underneath this burned-up building.

The police have informed us that a dark complexioned man was seen running from the building a few seconds before the fire was first noticed.

An elderly woman who was walking her cat saw this evasive man. Unfortunately, her testimony will not hold up in a court of law. She's not all there, if you get what I mean.

In this regard, the police can't be certain what race the suspect belonged to. A dark man on a dark night, witnessed by an eighty year-old woman won't carry any weight.

The elderly woman also stated that the man was roughly five feet five inches and was slim. We have many men in this city that fit that description.

Girls, if you have any information pertaining to this case please call your local police department or fire department and tell them what you know; but don't call 911. Tell the switchboard operator, in brief terms, what pertinent information you have to give. Afterwards he/she will redirect your call to the right person.

Now I must return to the business at hand. Have a nice evening and be careful.

Cynthia and I walked away from the scene. Cynthia appeared gaunt and in dire straits.

Our walk back home was bleak at best. Cynthia and I were quiet for the most part. What could we say? The fleshy android scenario was gone.

As soon as we entered our apartment Cynthia collapsed onto our bed. Shockingly she was out for ten hours. I slept four hours after she collapsed. Thankfully, we both awakened together.

At 10:00 A.M. Cynthia and I awakened to a cloudy day. Cynthia appeared very tired and in a weakened state. I figured it was depression and anxiety.

It didn't dawn on me that Cynthia should seek medical treatment until her condition hadn't subsided for a whole month. In fact, on the night that we went to the Royal Victoria Emergency Room Cynthia's case had deteriorated.

I instinctively knew that something was terribly wrong. Cynthia had a serious medical problem.

Normally, I would've picked it up with my incredible feline senses. However, I was so worried about Cynthia that it clogged up my thinking.

Judging from what I could tell, her problem was serious and internal. A part of her body was damaged beyond control. If it wasn't fixed soon, I worried that she'd end up in serious medical trauma.

"Jody, I'm not that sick, really! Maybe, it's a bug or something similar."

"Cynthia, you look very sick! Please, let me call an ambulance, immediately!"

I finally managed to convince Cynthia to go to the emergency room.

"Hello, operator, this is Jody Wilson! We need an ambulance, immediately!"

"Is it for you or for someone else?"

"No, it's for my friend Cynthia Corbett! Please, she's really sick!"

"Honey, are you sure she's really sick?"

"Send an ambulance, or else I'll chase you down like a gazelle and eat you for dinner!"

I finally convinced the operator that the situation was of urgent and Cynthia needed an ambulance, immediately.

A short while later I saw the ambulance technicians (Quebec paramedics) on the television monitor. So, I buzzed them in.

Before I knew it the ambulance technicians were pounding on the door.

I leaped up onto the doorknob then turned it, allowing the 'saviors' to come in.

As soon as the ambulance technicians entered our apartment they headed straight for Cynthia. She was now out cold. In fact, I wasn't sure if she was still alive. I had to wait until one or both of the ambulance technicians confirmed that she was still alive.

"Your friend is very sick! She's almost comatose. What hospital do you want her to go to?"

"Please send her to the Montreal General Hospital. I'll follow you later. I'm feeling a bit dizzy at the moment; nothing serious. As you can see my best friend in the whole world may die soon."

The ambulance technicians took Cynthia to the Montreal General Hospital Emergency Room. From there, she was taken to the physician on duty and several nurses.

I rested on the couch then closed my eyes. My intent was to take a short rest before going to the hospital. Unfortunately, in all the rush and anxiety I ended up sleeping for an unbelievable fourteen hours. I guess I was really bummed out.

Upon awakening I ate a quick breakfast then went straight to the hospital. I didn't want anyone to talk to me, or to delay me in any way, shape, or form.

As I was walking to the hospital I began to have flashbacks of my early friendship days with Cynthia. Also, I remembered what my mother (Mandy Wilson) had told me about Cynthia. Everything that my mother said about Cynthia was good.

As soon as I crossed Atwater Street I crossed Sherbrooke Street then hid behind an apartment building. Shortly afterwards, I puked my brains out.

The incredible pain, agony, and apprehension that I felt had been too much to handle.

"Hey, don't puke in my freaking building! I own this freaking place! Get off of my property right now, or I'll call the cops!"

I couldn't quite see anyone. Who the heck was really shouting at me? A human being would've been easy to spot. But no, this guy was almost invisible.

After careful observation of the area, I spotted a raccoon hiding behind a bushy area. He thought that I was trying to conquer his turf. Now way, I was only there to puke my brains out.

"Hey, guy, I'm not trying to move in on your turf! I only came here to puke my brains out! My friend is very sick! I'm going to visit her at the hospital!"

"Wait a minute! Are you Jody Wilson? And is your sick friend Cynthia Corbett?"

"Yes, that's absolutely right!"

"I apologize for my utterly rude behavior. I didn't know that you were Jody Wilson."

For a second I actually thought that I was a VIP. Well, not quite so.

"You two girls are the talk of the town. You girls aren't married and you seem to be engulfed into each other like you have no other friends.

Cynthia's sickness was expected. Until she finds Mr. Right, her health will continue to deteriorate. There's no mercy out there!

Did you try to find her a fleshy android? There's a rumor out there that these beings have extraordinary endurance, if you get what I mean.

Jody, please go to the hospital then afterwards try to find Cynthia a good husband. Please don't wait until she's mentally unstable."

I thanked the raccoon for the good chat then left the area as fast as I could.

I'M NOT SICK!

I ended up 'galloping' to the Montreal General Hospital. Although I still felt a little nauseous I had to get to Cynthia, fast!

A short while later I arrived at the hospital. After scanning the area for possible enemies or problems I determined that the coast was clear.

I entered the emergency room then headed straight to the nurse's counter.

"Hello little kitty, what can I do for you?"

"Gosh I don't know where to start. Well, let me start by giving you my friend's name.

Cynthia Corbett was brought in last night. Please tell me that she's still alive.

"I remember seeing Cynthia Corbett when my shift began. She was sent to the special floor.



Please be easy on her. I only know one thing; there's a rumor that your friend has at least one serious mental disorder. What kind of disorder/s I certainly don't know. I'm sorry honey.

I advise you to go up there immediately!"

"Thanks for the help. I understand that sometimes you must be blunt. It's part of your high-stress job."

I went up to the special floor then headed straight for the nurse's counter.

The nurse on duty was friendly and helpful. After telling me what Cynthia's room number was I ran there like there was no tomorrow.

Upon entering the hospital room I noticed that Cynthia appeared fearful of something. No doubt, her doctor had given her some bad news, or something close to it.

"Jody, do you love me?"

"Cynthia, I love you! You don't have to worry! I'll be here for you through thick and thin. I don't care how difficult things get. I will always be your best friend in the whole world!"

"Jody, leap onto my chest so I can give you a hug and a kiss."

I leaped onto Cynthia chest then we hugged and kissed. It was emotional but worth it.

Somehow, my feline senses alerted me to a physical abnormality in Cynthia's body. I couldn't quite pinpoint it.

Many species of animals have this incredible sensing ability. My ancestors had to know which animal should be tossed away or killed. Furthermore, during hunting the sick and weak prey is almost always the easiest catch.

"Jody, the medical personnel say that I'm under extreme stress and that I need to see a shrink! Jody, I'm not sick!

The hospital workers have a vendetta against me! Jody, I want out! They told me that a social worker wanted to see us today. Do you want to see her?"

"Cynthia, it's up to you. If you want to see her, so do I. If you don't then I don't.

Cynthia you know that I love you so much! Please don't take this the wrong way, but although you are the one who's making the call I think that you should listen to what the social worker has to say. You don't have to see a psychiatrist or a psychologist afterwards.

You're not sick just because you speak to a social worker. This is the honest truth!"

Cynthia and I chatted for roughly an hour before a hospital worker came in with a lunch tray. Thankfully, the hospital worker was a cat lover. She gave me a food tray.

At least on that count Cynthia and I enjoyed our lunch together. Remarkably, the food was good. The problems began after our meal.

At 1:45 P.M., a young, attractive, and well-dressed woman entered the hospital room.

This woman was approximately five feet and ten inches tall, slim, blue eyed, nice freckles, and straight black hair.

She was wearing a long, beautiful white dress, nice shirt, and expensive sneakers. She was almost beautiful enough to be a cat.

"Hi girls, how's everything going? My name is Heather White and I'm the social worker assigned to your case. Please call me Heather.

Miss Corbett, may I speak freely in front of your friend?"

"My friend Jody Wilson and I keep no secrets from each other. Please continue. And you can call me Cynthia.

"Okay, Cynthia. Your doctor has informed me that you have a problem in your throat and stomach. It seems that you've been inducing vomiting spells.

Cynthia, I'm here to help you, not to judge you in any way, shape, or form. I want you to make a full recovery so you can get on with your life."

"I don't need a recovery! I'm not sick!

Heather, you don't know what I feel like. Here you are all pretty and dressed up; you probably have a dozen boyfriends and a lonely husband. You probably have a nice house, three cars, and live in one of our beautiful suburbs. Maybe, you live in a mansion.

I haven't been sticking my finger into my throat. You can ask Jody. She'll tell you the truth. Won't you, Jody.

At that point, I turned away then walked out of the hospital room.

"Jody, you come back her this moment! Right now! Tell Heather that I'm not sick!

Jody, you told me that you love me! Please come back here. I can't live without you!"

I re-entered the hospital room then leaped onto Cynthia chest. Afterwards, I gently pawed her face several times, kissed her on the cheek then rubbed the side of my face against hers.

"Cynthia, don't make me answer that question. Because I love you I care so dearly about you. Please listen to

Heather. Just listen to Heather. I'm not asking you for much."

Cynthia broke down in tears. I hugged her face tightly then turned to look at Heather. She signaled me to leap off of Cynthia. I did just that.

Heather cupped Cynthia's face with the palms of her hands then she gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Now, both of them were crying.

I thought that social workers were supposed to be tougher than that. Like, they're so used to seeing pain in others. It's part of their job. Maybe, they never get used to it.

"Cynthia, please don't think that I have a husband and many boyfriends. Just because I'm gorgeous it doesn't mean that I have no problems.

I got into social work because of my painful childhood. I was tossed around from one foster home to another. Unfortunately, I was abused in more than one foster home. Although some of the foster parents were really good, they used me for as long as their hearts desired, then they tossed me away. I felt like a companion animal that'd just been dumped into shelter because her owners got sick of her.

Yes, I have problems too! I'm in recovery myself. You see, I used to binge eat, induce vomiting, then go into a deep depression.

It took much love and care from my college friends to get me back to normal. I know what it feels like to suffer immensely and to believe that nobody else knows what you feel like. That nobody else has your problem. And that you're not sick.

Cynthia, here's my card. We have voluntary weekly meetings at 7:00 P.M. at this address. Jody's welcome to come along. We serve free refreshments to all.

Our group consists of women only. Some of our women have been too traumatized to open up to someone from the opposite gender. They want to be able to cry and express themselves to someone who'll do the same.

Cynthia, we can only keep you here by force if you pose a threat to yourself. Consider this your final warning. The physician on duty almost had you transferred to a lock-up clinic.

Please take care of yourself. I do care about you. Now I must go. You have my number."

As soon as Heather left the room Cynthia changed the subject. It was like Heather had never existed.

"Jody, I need to take a shower. Please wait for me down in the lobby. I want to go back home and crash out for several hours.

Afterwards, we can eat, watch television then take a long walk. Maybe we can go to the movies or something.

I left the hospital room then headed straight for the lobby. Meanwhile, I was thinking about Cynthia. It was no imperative that I try to find her another husband or try to fix Rock.

For the duration of my wait for Cynthia I was trying to form a game plan.

As soon as Cynthia showed up we left the Montreal General Hospital and headed home. Thankfully, we did so without incident.

However, I told Cynthia that I'd had it with her eating disorder. Although I love her dearly, the disorder was stressing me out too.

Cynthia appeared to be serious about cleaning up her act. I didn't bring up the topic of leaving her is she repeated her actions. In reality, I'd never leave her for that.

As time passed I began to notice a decline in Cynthia's health. It was subtle at first, but became more apparent later.

Thankfully, Cynthia's eating disorder had been dormant the whole time. This problem had to be treated daily. For a full cure, I'd have to erase the memory of Cynthia's gang-rape and whatever else was bottled up inside her head. No doubt, she had more problems that had to be resolved.

I'm not trying to be a nosy cat, but I wanted Cynthia to open up to me completely. I wanted to know everything about her. Cats can be good for humans' health.

Cynthia and I went out on a daily basis. We walked, went to the library, ate out at least twice a week, and hit the movies every so often. However, most of our viewing was at home. We had a giant screen television. Also, it was good for our friendship.

But even that couldn't protect the next onslaught to come. This one was like a giant tidal wave; unstoppable!

This was by far the biggest test that Cynthia and I had to endure. Even bigger than the gang-rape and eating disorder combined; I think.

## BILATERAL RADICAL MASTECTOMY

Cynthia and I went home in a somber mood. I instinctively knew that she had a medical problem. I understood that it was very serious in nature, but didn't say anything to Cynthia until it became more apparent through symptoms.

Cynthia slowly recovered from her mental breakdown. I was there to help her through it. It took two whole months of massive cat love and cat therapy to do the job. Mind you, the job wasn't completely finished. Cynthia had made a drastic improvement but certainly wasn't cured.

The big day came on a Monday at 3:00 P.M. in our bedroom. Cynthia asked me to do something that was quite unusual.

She had asked me to enter our bedroom. Afterwards, she closed the door and disrobed. That was extremely unusual given that she'd never disrobed in front of me at any time during our

friendship. I knew that something was up. I waited patiently to find out.

"Jody, I want you to give me a breast exam. Please leap up onto my chest and give me the exam right now! As you are aware, a grown woman must give herself a breast exam on a regular basis."

"Cynthia, you must give yourself a breast exam. I can't examine you. You must be your own 'amateur doctor'."

"Jody, YOU DON'T LOVE ME! JODY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT I WAS GANG-RAPED! I CAN'T 'TOUCH' MYSELF! IF I DO, I FEEL LIKE I'M VIOLATING MYSELF. IT'S EXTREMELY DIFFICULT FOR ME TO LOOK AT MY OWN NUDE BODY. I WON'T ALLOW ANYONE TO EXAMINE MY BREASTS, EXCEPT A CAT LIKE YOU!"

"Cynthia, I'll do it. But don't consider me a full-fledged M.D. Brace yourself, I'll leap onto your chest then examine you right away. Don't worry I'll retract my incredible claws."

I leaped onto Cynthia's chest then performed my examination. SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE!

"Oh gosh, I must stop!"

"Jody, what happened? Is there anything wrong? Why did you leap onto the carpet like that? Why are you shivering? You look like you're going to have a major seizure!"

"Cynthia, you should see a physician, immediately. I didn't feel two giant lumps on your chest, really!"

"Jody your right, I need to see a physician. Then, I'll be certain that I'm in good health.

I couldn't tell Cynthia the truth. She had two giant 'cancerous lumps' on each of her breasts. It would've been horrible enough to have just one lump on one chest.

My feline diagnosis: BILATERAL MASTECTOMY. The surgeon would have to remove everything!

Cynthia called the nearest clinic then made an appointment. She emphasized that it was for a breast exam.

Because the clinic workers didn't know that it was an emergency we had to wait for several weeks to see a general physician.

On a cloudy and windy Wednesday afternoon Cynthia and I prepared to go to the 'dreaded clinic'.

Cynthia ate a big breakfast; not knowing what I knew. I, on the other hand, only had juice and toast. I didn't have milk because I was afraid of puking my brains out as a result of all of the stress.

"Jody, after we get the good news let's go to a movie and then hit a good restaurant."

"Cynthia, let's make up our minds about what to do after the appointment."

"Jody, you sound like you're hiding something from me. Are you?"

"Cynthia, I'm always this jumpy before important appointment."

Cynthia and I left our apartment, she in good spirits, I in dire straits. To me, it was countdown. The closer we got to the clinic the more terrified I got. My pulse and blood pressure probably doubled; maybe even tripled.

When we were within a block of the clinic I flipped over onto my side. My legs gave in. I was that terrified and anxious.

"Jody, what's the matter? I'm the one who's got the appointment not you!"

After talking myself out of this mini-predicament I convinced Cynthia to continue our trek towards the clinic.

As we entered the clinic I took notice of the obese woman working the counter. Although she was very jolly, I knew that deep down she was depressed. I could tell by her fake smile. I figured the poor woman was teased as a child and as an adult.

To tell you the truth, I don't think that it's anyone's business how fat a person is. Much less, make fun of the person.

"Hi girls, how are you doing? How can I help you?"

"Umm, Cynthia Corbett has an appointment with Dr. Claire Donnelly at 2:30 P.M."

"Just a minute, please. Let me see our records."

Yes, you are scheduled for an appointment. Please give me your Medicare Card so I can swipe it. Afterwards, you can take a seat. Your name will be called out. So, Cynthia, if you are in the restroom your friend should inform the 'announcer' that you are in the restroom. That way, we'll know that you are still here.

We have many phantom patients. They either don't have patients, or they're chickens."

Cynthia and I waited patiently for the announcer to call out the right name.

We waited for roughly thirty minutes before hearing Cynthia's name.

After following the announcer to a selected room, she walked away only to be replaced by a nurse.

The nurse, a skinny woman with freckles on her face, looked like she hadn't gotten any sleep the night before. Furthermore, she smelled like tobacco.

"Cynthia, please sit down while I check your pulse and blood pressure"

Cynthia did as told. I stood clear, not wanting to disrupt the important activity.

After the nurse was finished she smiled, said goodbye then reassured us that Dr. Donnelly was on her way.

Meanwhile, I began to pace the room without any let-up. This is when Cynthia became suspicious. But, she was still in good spirits; too good for her own sake. When you're that uppity, falling into a depression is like taking a nose dive from an airplane. Descending to the bottom of the depression is like the collision of the airplane with the ground.

A short while later Dr. Donnelly entered the room. She was a very attractive, highly intelligent, well-dressed, nice smelling, and ambitious woman; the kind of woman that 'others' envy and backbite behind her back. But they speak kindly about her to her face.

"Girls, how are you? I hope that you are ready for the physical examination?"

"Thank you, Dr. Donnelly, we're doing just fine! I'm ready to be examined by you. I hope that my friend Jody can stay in the room with us. I feel more secure with her near me."

"Most certainly, I think that it's a tremendously good idea to have a companion animal with you at the doctor's office.

Jody, please sit on that seat. And Cynthia, please disrobe."

I could tell that Cynthia had a giant tire lodged in her throat. She never got used to the 'disrobe' word; even if it was uttered by another woman. Even if that woman was her own doctor!

"Gosh, Cynthia, I take it that you don't feel too comfortable with the 'disrobe' word. Don't worry, I have another word.

Please be a naturist for the physical examination. I think that it will help me dearly."

Cynthia's expression and demeanor changed drastically. She now felt more comfortable disrobing. I guess it's a word game.

Anyway, Dr. Donnelly gave Cynthia a full physical examination. Unfortunately, when she examined Cynthia's breasts Dr. Donnelly's face turned pale, then she glanced over at me. Judging from the expression on her face, something was terribly wrong. It now appeared that Cynthia had breast cancer of a sort.

After Dr. Donnelly finished her physical examination she asked Cynthia to put on her close and have a seat.

After Dr. Donnelly she smiled at us then left the examination room.

A short while later Dr. Donnelly returned to the examination room with a stack of requisition forms. Instantly, I knew that things were really bad. It was now only a matter of finding out how devastating Cynthia's condition was.

I was already familiar with the different kinds of problems relating to female breast cancer.

"Cynthia, please go to the Montreal General Hospital for each one of these tests. For the blood test, you must fast for



twelve to fourteen hours; only clear water is permitted. While you're at it, you'll be given a special urine sample cup to use.

We left Dr. Donnelly's examination room in dire straits. No doubt, Cynthia understood the possible ramifications of having breast cancer. Even that wasn't the worst case scenario.

I accompanied Cynthia to each and every one of her requisition form tests. If I hadn't been with her, I think that she would've had a major nervous breakdown.

The big day came ten days later. Dr. Donnelly entered the examination room with a somber expression on her face. After organizing Cynthia's file she asked us to brace ourselves for the onslaught.

"Cynthia, are you married? I mean, you left that question blank"

"No, I'm certainly not married?"

"So, do you have any relatives that we can notify in case of emergency?"

Cynthia broke down in tears. She fell onto the carpet and cried her brains out. I understood that she could never see her blood kin; we were in a different dimension; but what about me? I wondered. Wasn't I like a younger sister to Cynthia? I'm family damn it!

Cynthia managed to get back up and sit in her seat. She wanted to hear what Dr. Donnelly had to say about her breasts problem.

"Well, Yes, Jody's like my younger sister. I love her dearly. If something terrible were to happen to me please contact her."

Now that statement put a big smile on my face.

After answering several more questions, Dr. Donnelly prepared us for the 'horrible news'.

"Girls, there is absolutely no easy or comfortable way to say this, so I'll be blunt: Cynthia, you have a very serious, possibly life-threatening case of breast cancer. You have multiple lumps on each of your breasts; one prominent lump on each breast, the size of a golf ball."

Dr. Donnelly stood up, approached Cynthia, then held her hands and kissed her on the forehead. Afterwards, she cupped her hands and placed them on Cynthia's cheeks.

I was dazzled by her behavior. It seemed quite odd for a physician to do that.

Cynthia, you're a very brave woman! I want you to take this card and participate in a cancer survivor session this coming Friday at 6:30 P.M."

"It's all right! I can handle having a 'breast trim'. A little fat, skin, and/or excess tissue removal won't kill me."

"Cynthia, you don't understand! You must have a radical mastectomy; bilateral not 'unilateral'!"

"I can handle a more 'rigorous' breast removal. I'm a very strong woman! Being small breasted won't kill me either. I can handle that!"

"Jody, can you please explain to 'your sister' what a bilateral radical mastectomy is?"

"Cynthia, get ready for some horrible news. The surgeon must remove everything on both your breasts. This includes fat, much skin, both of your nipples, muscle tissue, the nodes underneath your arms. In other words, you'll be left with a 'slicing scar' on each side of your former breasts.

Cynthia, you can have reconstructive surgery as soon as you've healed from the surgery."

I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE THIS! I'M NOT AWAKE! I'M IN A NIGHT TERROR! I'M A WOMAN! I NEED BOTH OF MY BREASTS! THIS IS NOT FAIR! I CAN'T ACCEPT THIS! I'M TERRIFIED! I'M CONFUSED! I'M HORRIFIED! I'M FRUSTRATED! I'VE BEEN CHEATED! I'M NOT A SACRIFICIAL ANIMAL! MY BREASTS ARE MINE! NOBODY KNOWS HOW I FEEL! I'LL LOSE MY WOMANHOOD! I'M BEING VIOLATED, ONCE AGAIN! NO, I'M BEING SURGICALLY RAPED! THIS PROBLEM IS WORSE THAN MY GANG-RAPE EXPERIENCE! I HATE CANCER! I HATE DOCTORS, ESPECIALLY THE SADIST WHO'LL CHOP OFF BOTH OF MY BREASTS! WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH MY BREASTS AFTER THEY'VE CHOPPED THEM OFF AND STUDIED THE FLESH UNDERNEATH A MICROSCOPE?! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HATE THIS STINKING WORLD! I DECLARE A STATE OF EMERGENCY BECAUSE TOO MANY WOMEN HAVE HAD THEIR BREASTS MUTILATED WITH A SCALPEL! WHY ISN'T THERE A CURE FOR BREAST CANCER?! I WANT TO CRY! NOBODY LOVES ME! JODY, YOU DON'T LOVE ME! WILL I BE CONSIDERED MAIMED?! WILL PEOPLE STARE AT ME?! WILL I STILL HAVE TO WEAR A BRA?! WILL ANY MAN WANT TO MARRY ME NOW THAT I'LL BE A 'BREASTLESS CHICKEN'?! I NEED A SECOND OPINION! NOW I KNOW HOW CHRISTINE APPELGATE FEELS LIKE! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I OPT NOT TO HAVE THE SURGERY?! WHERE IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA?!"

"Cynthia, I went into medicine because I want to help people. I want them to be healthier and happier. I could've made two or three times my present salary, but I opted to stay here. Cynthia, you have a very loveable friend sitting beside you. I can tell by the expression on her face that she loves you dearly. Please remember that you must have the surgery soon! Your breast cancer is spreading.

Please take a few days off and think about your problem. Call me up so I can schedule you an appointment with the surgeon. She's very kind and caring."

We left Dr. Donnelly's office in mental shambles. Cynthia was terrified. Her legs were wobbly; so were mine.

As soon as we left the area I convinced Cynthia that we should take a long walk together and try to figure out a solution to the horrible problem at hand.

I certainly couldn't imagine what it would be like for any of our sisters to lose either of her breasts, let-alone both of them.

I inherently know that there had to be a way out of the breast cancer ordeal. Unfortunately, I had to think real hard and be alert.

In the back of my head was a ringing thought; what if Cynthia and I were to leave this dimension. We were once inter-dimensional travelers. All we'd have to do is find another portal.

As you probably remember from my previous book the whirling tunnel was eradicated once and for all.

There had to be another portal to leave this dimension! I was going nuts over my friend Cynthia.

We decided to walk in Westmount, but not on Sherbrooke Street. We decided on a quieter and open area. We ended up walking on the hilly part of Westmount.

This is a good place to walk. It's quiet, upper class, relatively safe, friendly people, clean and polished, less densely populated, long and short streets, and much green. This is exactly what we needed to calm our nerves. Breast cancer is never a trivial matter.

"Jody, I'm so scared! I don't know what to do! This bilateral radical mastectomy thing is worse than the gang-rape that I endured by Jeff and his buddies. At least then, my body was still whole and intact. I was lucky not to have ended up pregnant or with a serious STD.

Jody, I've been having very horrible nightmares! I'm seeing monsters and villains, some of them are trying to hurt me while others are mocking me because I'm about to lose my breasts. Also, I'm seeing gigantic cancer cells in my dreams. They're always trying to catch me. Naturally, I always run away. The thing is that I awaken panting and sweaty. It's like I really did run away from them."

"Cynthia, I know that you've been having nightmares. You're right. For you, the problem at hand is an even bigger challenge than the gang-rape.

Cynthia, I'll start asking around the animal kingdom for information about another portal. Remember, it's only a select few who can enter anyway. So, the animals have nothing to lose by telling where the portal is.

Cynthia, I love you! Don't ever think that I'd ever be callous and not feel for you. Hopefully, I shall find this portal and we will enter it in one piece. When we exit this

dimension and enter another dimension your cancer cells will cease to exist."

Cynthia and I had a very long walk together. There was possible good news on the horizon.

Jody took notice of a raccoon that was stuck on the fork of a tall tree. It looked like there was no way out for him, unless he received help.

Cynthia and I approached the raccoon then offered our aid. He accepted.

"Hey guy, do you need some help?"

"Please help me! If I don't descend this tree soon, they'll kill me! Many humans hate raccoons. We're only one step above rats and mice."

"Here, just stay put! Jody will scale the tree and keep hold of you while I stretch my arms up in order to cushion any fall that you may have; sorry I wasn't trying to be a pessimist. But I am a realist."

I scaled the tree then Cynthia extended her arms as she said.

Thankfully, a short while later the raccoon was on the grass smiling up a storm. Boy was he happy!

"Girls, my name is Casey. I'm a young, highly intelligent raccoon. Like my mother told me, I need to be patient and clever in this world. Otherwise, the 'animals' will eat me up. It's true, dumb people are almost always taken advantage of by one person or another.

Now, you helped me! I feel obligated to help you. But first, we must enter the park and sit in a neutral corner.

Cynthia and I followed Casey into the park to a nice secluded corner. We were sitting near some bushes, behind the children's monkey bars. From our vantage point we could see others but they'd have a very difficult time seeing us.

"My name is Jody Wilson and this is my best friend in the whole world Cynthia Corbett.

We need your help. We don't want you to do any manual labor for us. We just need some information regarding inter-dimensional travel.

Cynthia and I have kept this little secret from the public in this dimension. However, we have now hit a rock and a hard place, both at the same time."

"Cynthia, I noticed that you and Jody have bloodshot eyes, not from allergies or a lack of sleep, but from crying. I sense that you are very ill; most likely cancer."

Raccoons, like many other animal species have a remarkable ability to sense illness. I'm glad that I'm a cat. Anyhow, we continued our chat with Casey.

"Casey, I'm at the end of my rope! I have a very serious case of breast cancer. I must have surgery soon or else it'll spread throughout my body. Once that happens, my doctor told me that there's no cure or an effective treatment. My cancer is something out of a horror movie! If you know anything about a portal or whirling tunnel please tell us now!"

By now, Cynthia was crying her brains out. She was also hyperventilating.

"Look, girls, there's a secret rumor in the animal kingdom of Montreal that there is a passage to other dimensions. I know that it's somewhere near southwest Montreal. You have to walk to an abandoned area.

You'll be transported to a path that'll lead you to a giant castle. Mind you, when you are able to see the path, you are in another dimension.

I'll ask around. But you must do your part too."

"Thanks a lot! Cynthia and I will always remember you! Long live raccoons!"

Cynthia and I waved goodbye to Casey then left the park. Although we were happy to have heard the good news, we were still realists. Good news without any backing is of no use to us. For all we knew it could have been a baseless rumor. On the contrary, it could have been a legitimate story.

## INVISIBLE BREASTS

Several days passed without any luck whatsoever. We kept what Casey told us on temporary hold.

Cynthia and I decided to go to a clinic in the downtown area to see a surgeon. Maybe, there was a last minute improvement in the surgical procedure; or anything miraculous for that matter.

We entered the clinic at 2:45 P.M. in dire straits. This was it! If there was nothing good on the horizon we'd try to leave this dimension. Neither of us accepted Cynthia's living her life as a breast-less woman. If so, I would be forced to see her go mad. I would follow in her footsteps.

Cynthia asked me to take a seat while she tried to squeeze and appointment with a surgeon.

"Hello, I want to see a surgeon, please."

"Madam, do you have an appointment?"

"No, but it's an emergency."

"Madam, I'm sorry but you can't see Dr. Carmella Andrews. She only accepts patients by referral and with an appointment."

"DAMN YOU! I'M DYING OF BREAST CANCER! I DEMAND TO SEE DR. ANDREWS OR ELSE I'M GOING TO SCREAM MY HEAD OFF! THEY WANT TO CHOP OFF MY BREASTS! I'M TRYING TO FIND SOME KIND OF ALTERNATIVE! CALL THE POLICE IF YOU MUST! JODY AND I ARE STAYING HERE UNTIL I GET MY APPOINTMENT! WHAT KIND OF CLINIC IS THIS?"

A curly blonde haired woman in her early thirties approached Cynthia then whispered something into her ear. Whatever it was, it did the job.

By now, the people in the waiting area were all attentive to what was happening with Cynthia. Most of them appeared sympathetic to Cynthia's cause.

"Jody, I'm getting my appointment! Please follow us into Dr. Andrew's office."

I followed them into the office then leaped onto a nearby chair. I wanted a ringside seat to what was about to ensue.

Who's your family physician?"

Dr. Wilmington is my family physician.

My name is Cynthia Corbett, and this is my beloved friend Jody Wilson."

Dr. Andrews left her office to get Cynthia's file.

"Jody, Dr. Andrews is a wench. Look at her. She doesn't know how I feel. She's all perky-breasted, beautiful, and well-to-do. She probably has ten boyfriends.

Jody, I'll go further! She probably slept her way through school. I don't believe that this wench has any problems. She probably sleeps ten hours a day and eats whatever she wants. Her mommy and daddy probably silver spooned her from infancy."

Dr. Andrews abruptly entered her office then slowly closed the door.

"Please give me a couple of minutes to look at your file notes. This way I can give you an honest and objective medical opinion of your case."

Cynthia and I waited for what appeared to be a hundred years. I could tell by the expression on Dr. Andrew's face, she was worried and anxious. Indeed, there was only bad news on the horizon. Cynthia was sweating bricks. I understood.

"Cynthia, I'm very sorry, but you'll have to have a bilateral radical mastectomy very soon! Your cancer is the kind that spreads rapidly. In fact, it's indicated in your file that you were told to have the surgery soon.

Now, I will make my recommendation: Please have the surgery within a few days. I'm very sorry about this. I can give you pamphlets about what you should do before and after surgery; also, follow-up medical and mental support. There are other women out there who have your problem."

"Dr. Andrews, you tell me to have the surgery within a few days! You don't know what I feel like! You don't understand! You don't care about me! You're a surgeon; naturally you've been calloused and toughened-up!"

Sometimes humans bedazzle me. What followed was extremely unusual, even for Cynthia and me.

Dr. Andrews stood up, walked over to Cynthia, cuffed her cheeks with the palms of her hands and then kissed her on the forehead.

After a ten second delay, Dr. Andrews stood up, walked to a far corner, and then removed her shirt and bra.

At the time, Dr. Andrews had her back turned to us. So we couldn't quite understand what was going on.

Then Cynthia motioned me to get up and leave with her. We thought that Dr. Andrews had lost it. However, when she turned around it became apparent that she was a loving woman who cared very much about Cynthia.

"Girls, can you see my invisible breasts? Well, can you?"

I had a bilateral radical mastectomy four years ago. As you can see, all I have are giant slash-like scars where my breast used to be.

I stuff my bra before I leave home. Each time I hope that nobody will notice that it's all stuffing and nothing else. Sometimes, humans can be extremely cruel.

Yes, Cynthia, I do know what it feels like to live without breasts. And no, I didn't sleep my way through school. I studied my brains out."

Dr. Andrews began to cry. So did Cynthia. It was a very sad moment, indeed.

After the smoke cleared a bit, I recommended a group hug. Thankfully, my request was answered.

Cynthia and Dr. Andrews embraced, and I leaped up onto their right side just above their shoulders. At least for the time being, we were one.

Sadly, I got a first-hand look at Dr. Andrew's scars. I wondered what she looked like before the operation. The thing is her breasts were obliterated. There was no way of knowing what her breasts looked like pre-op.

When our group hug ended, Cynthia began to hyper-ventilate and cry profusely. When she hugged Dr. Andrews she got a very close look at the scars and what they felt like. Cynthia was terrified beyond belief. So was I!

"Dr. Andrews, thank you for being supportive and honest with us. Not to mention, showing us your big secret. You are a wonderful physician!"



Dr. Andrews, if they ever come up with a method to re-grow breasts I hope that you are the first one to get a pair; really! Jody and I will never forget you!"

We left the clinic snuffle-nosed and red-eyed, but with a stronger will to find a solution to our problem.

Cynthia and I went back home and watched television for a few hours. Afterwards, we ate then went to bed early. We were exhausted from a day full of high emotions.

## SPOCK

The next day, Cynthia and I took a very long walk through the hilly part of Westmount. Three hours later, we found ourselves in a state of utter exhaustion. As such, we walked back home.

By the time we returned home hunger and thirst had set in.

"Cynthia, what do you want to eat for supper?"

"Jody, I'm famished! Let's have burgers, fries, pop, and apple pie for dessert; a good Canadian meal."

Cynthia placed four lean hamburger patties on the skilled. The level was set on medium in order to give her time to chop up some pickles, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and get out the ketchup, mustard, and 'light mayonnaise'.

While Cynthia was frying the burger patties on the skillet my salivary glands went into explosive bursts! I've always been a lioness for burgers. What cat wouldn't be?

A short while later we sat down to eat at the kitchen table. I sat on my special kitty chair. Either way, our meal was very enjoyable. Cynthia and I chatted while eating, and afterwards.

After our meal we felt a little queasy. So, we drank some high caffeine pop. Thankfully, it gave us much needed perking.

At 9:30 P.M. we washed up then sat in front of the television set. Cynthia inserted a DVD containing a horror film in it.

The horror film was about human and animal zombies; even cat zombies. I loved the movie! Why can't Hollywood producers make more animal monster movies?

For two whole hours, our eyes were fixated on the television screen. If we hadn't eaten earlier, I would've opted for pizza.

After finishing the movie we dozed off for a couple of hours. We were so tired getting up was a terrible chore. But after our rest we went to bed.

We awakened at 8:00 A.M. the next morning. Unfortunately, I was awakened by Cynthia's crying. Our happiness escapade the night before was over. Now, we were back in the real world.

"Cynthia, don't worry! I promise you that I will do whatever is possible to find a way out of this predicament!"

After an hour of calming Cynthia down, I told her that it would be better for us to try to find another portal separately. In essence, we could do twice the work as we did together. Shockingly, Cynthia took my request the wrong way!

"Jody, you don't love me! You want to stay away from my crying fits! You don't care about me! You're cheating on me! You have another secret friend; maybe a wench or a cat!"

Jody, how could you tell me that you want to spend your days and nights without me?!"

"Cynthia, I love you! Please don't think that I'm trying to evade you! I want each of us to work separately in order to touch bases with all options.

Please listen to my advice! I'm a cat! I know better!"

"You know better than a breast-less chicken?!"

"We each have our own knowledge bank in our heads."

Thankfully, that was enough to convince Cynthia of my benevolent intentions.

Cynthia left our apartment while I was thinking of a game plan. It was good because I had to be alone to think well.

After twenty five minutes of pondering I decided to leave our apartment.

For the first thirty minutes of my walk I made no eye contact with anyone. But then, while I was walking on Maisonneuve Street west, I came across an unusual-looking cat. Somehow, he smelled different than the typical cat. Kind of like

a cat who was from a lost continent; really. Also, he was a bit larger than the average cat, and had unusual gray eyes.

As soon as he noticed that I was eyeing him he grinned at me. I returned the grin. However, his grin was more like that of a chimpanzee's; anxiety and fear.

Why would that chimp fear me? I asked myself. Well, I had to investigate. The cat in me wanted to know.

"Hey, wait a minute. I'm going to cross the street then have a word with you, if you don't mind."

"Actually, I'd be honored to speak to you. But please, understand that I'm a bit apprehensive."

Upon crossing the street, I took notice of the cat's ears. They were pointy. This cat wasn't built like a lynx, except for his ears. They were too spiked to be from any species of cat that I ever knew about.

"Where are you from?"

"Kitty, I've been in this world for three days now. I'm afraid that the police will discover my presence then arrest me. Kitty, you must believe me! I'm from another planet. How the heck I got here is a mystery to me. I'm not even an earthly feline. Actually, I'm from the planet Vulkan. That's why my ears are pointed."

"Golly I knew it! But don't tell anyone else! There are many people on this planet that'll try to make money by turning you in. I figure the reward for someone like you couldn't be less than a million dollars."

"Gosh I don't have a home to stay in! Do you know anyone in this city who wouldn't mind having a pointy-eared cat in their household?"

"Yes, I think that my best friend Cynthia would love to have another cat in the house. I think she'd love you!"

"What is your name my friend?"

"My name is Jody Wilson and my roommate is Cynthia Corbett."

"My name is very difficult to pronounce. So you can call me Spock. That's what some teenagers were calling me yesterday afternoon."

"So be it! I'll tell Cynthia that your name is Spock. Oh, do you have a family name?"

"No, I only have a first name."

Spock and I walked back home. The trip took us roughly half an hour.

As soon as we were within a block of the apartment building it began to pour. Instantly, we sprinted to the lobby door then entered the apartment building.

Spock followed me to the elevator. Afterwards, we waited patiently for one of the four elevators to take us to the apartment.

Thankfully, the elevator doors opened soon afterwards. We leaped into the elevator then pressed the appropriate button.

As soon as we arrived on our floor, I asked Spock to follow me inside the apartment.

After we entered the apartment I called out to Cynthia. She responded instantly.

Shockingly, Cynthia was in the nude when she entered the living room. It looked like she was going to lose it soon. I'm talking about mental illness.

"Jody, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?"

"Cynthia, why don't you go back into our bedroom and put something on."

"Jody, I can dress whatever way I choose! These are my final days of being 'breasted'. Hereafter, I'm walking around in the nude! And nobody can stop me!"

Spock grinned at Cynthia then asked me to follow him into the kitchen.

As soon as we entered the kitchen he requested a complete fill-in on what was going on. He knew that there was something terribly wrong in the air. Any animal, whether from this planet or another, knows that humans dress up. They don't walk around in the nude; even primitive peoples in the forests wear the minimum.

"Jody, what the heck is going on with your friend? I can sense that she's in incredible pain, agony, torment, fear, anxiety, depression, apprehension, anger, shock, frustration, bewilderment, baffled, vengeful, and confused. What is going on here? May I attempt to help?"

I filled Spock in on the details. He recommended two possible solutions. The first proposed solution was a Vulkan mind meld. The second was finding a door to another dimension. I opted for the first one, and if it failed we'd go for the second.

I didn't have many options or much time. Cynthia either needed a solution, fast or she had to have the horrible surgery. Beside, Spock re-assured that he knew what he was doing.

"Jody, I've performed countless Vulkan mind melds on our planet. Please be confident in me. Rest assured I will do my best.

I'll attempt to hypnotize Cynthia, then brainwash her to fight her own cancer cells with her own cells. I know it kind of sounds complicated, but let's give it a try."

"Both of you are conspiring against me! You're ignoring me?!"

We returned to Cynthia faster than the speed of light. Now, we had a game plan. As cats, we instinctively knew what actions to take. We'd have to knock Cynthia onto her bed, then pin her

against the mattress with incredible might and tenacity. Sure, she'd probably struggle a bit, but this is when Spock performs his Vulkan mind meld.

We convinced Cynthia to take us back to the bedroom. As soon as we entered, I leaped onto her, causing her to fall onto her bed backwards.

Without waiting a second, I leaped up onto her bed, then pinned her arms so she couldn't fight back or have a seizure.

Spock leaped up onto the bed then began his mind meld.

I underestimated Cynthia's resolve, bravery, and tenacity. She struggled for fifteen minutes until relenting from exhaustion.

Spock was now able to 'join minds' with Cynthia. After he had her open up completely and calmed down, he told her to be stronger in her resolve to fight the cancer, and to order her white blood cells to attack and kill every single cancer cell without any mercy whatsoever.

Spock ordered Cynthia to forget everything that happened except the command to fight the cancer cells. She wouldn't remember being 'mind melded'. In essence, Cynthia would assume that it was her own white blood cells that did the job.

As soon as Cynthia came to she opened her eyes. They were bloodshot. Spock and I waited attentively to see what was going to happen.

"Look, I'm going to the disco! I want to pick up a dozen men and have my way with them. How does that sound Mr. Vulkan mind meld?!"

I want you out of my house, immediately! You're a lynx! I could have you trapped and killed! I'll call the police if you don't leave immediately!"

"Wait a minute! I've performed this mind meld routine dozens of times. This was never the outcome. Why are you behaving like this? Maybe, you're on drugs."

No, I'm not on drugs! You claim to have performed the mind meld dozens of times. With who have you performed this procedure on?"

"Actually, I performed the procedure on Vulkan cats. I figured that it wouldn't make much of a difference."

"You are a little sewer rat! You pinned me against the bed, by force and without my consent, then you tried to brainwash me! I struggled, but that didn't stop you! Maybe I should have the police come over and arrest the both of you for physically assaulting me!"

Jody, as for you, how could you hurt me in that manner?!"

Cynthia fell onto the carpet then cried her brains out. This time it was much worse. She started to shiver and hyperventilate.

"Cynthia, please believe us! Our actions were done out of love and friendship! We love you dearly! Spock volunteered his services because he wanted to help you! He wanted you to be able to destroy all of the cancer cells in your breasts! Every single one of them, without any exception whatsoever!

Cynthia, please stop crying! Let's search for a portal into another dimension. Spock's kind of like us. He was catapulted into our dimension while eating his lunch."

"Cynthia, Jody's telling the truth! I love you too! Please accept our apologies and help us with our next option! I'd really like to get to know you! In fact, I'd like to live with you two wonderfully beautiful girls!"

Cynthia stopped crying and hyperventilating. She eyed us with her now bloodshot eyes. She shifted her eyes from me to Spock, back and forth, over and over again. I didn't know what to think of it.

"Look, I want you to understand something! Although your intent was good, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, pin down a woman to a bed against her will, and especially if she's struggling like crazy to get free! You guys are lucky I'm not a wench. If I was a wench, the police would've been called."

We apologized to Cynthia several more times then we waited patiently for her to completely recover from the Vulkan mind meld.

After fifteen minutes of dead-calm Cynthia stood up, took several steps, then fell onto the carpet.

Shockingly, she had some sort of seizure. We waited for fifteen seconds before deciding to call 911. Luckily, her seizure began to subside by then. It was an unusually short seizure.

Spock and I comforted Cynthia as best we could. When she came to it was clear what had happened.

"Guys, I've been under immense pressure from my breast cancer ordeal. Furthermore, your mind meld escapade brought back very painful memories. Yes, Jody, the memory of my gang-rape by the fraternity brothers, led by Jeff.

What did you think? I could be pinned to a bed, and that's it. No problems whatsoever. Also, Dr. Donnelly prescribed some special medications for me; for my cancer condition and for my extreme stress.

If we don't find a way out of this predicament I will certainly go insane. Or, I may end up hurting myself. I won't tolerate living as a breast-less chicken. Furthermore, I want to get married someday. Who the heck out there will marry a woman with half of her womanhood chopped off?

Guys, no man would ever marry me under those circumstances. In all fairness, I would never marry a man who had no genitals. It's cold, but true.

Tomorrow morning we must begin our search for the hidden portal. I think that every city has at least one of them.

Spock, don't tell anyone that you are a Vulkan! You'll either end up in a shelter, psychiatric veterinary hospital, or in a 'special laboratory'. The latter will happen if you are ever discovered to be a real-life Vulcan. They won't treat you with dignity and respect like Mr. Spock on Star Trek.

Now, I must hit the sack. I advise you guys to do the same. We have a long day ahead of us."

We hit the sack for twelve hours straight. Spock awakened first. He fixed himself a sandwich, chips, milk, and pop. By the time I entered the kitchen he'd had his last morsel and gulp.



## THE GIANT CASTLE

Spock made himself home from the very first morning in our apartment.

The days passed by with no improvement in our predicament. We were contemplating Cynthia having the surgery. After all, she had two good friends who would never judge her on the basis of her post-op appearance.

Then a break came! We were walking in Old Montreal on a Sunday evening when we heard a whisper coming from the shadows of an abandoned building.

There aren't too many of those in Old Montreal, as it is a high tourism area.

"Guys, I heard that you were looking for a portal. I know where you can find that portal. But I want you to approach me very slowly and in your case young woman, hands to the side where I can see them.

Also, I want payment for my services. I want 96 slices of cheese, Kraft Light. I will not accept any other brand. Also, I want some while Arab cheese; the kind of cheese that they make in the Fertile Crescent area. I want one large block weighing no less than five pounds. Finally, I want two loaves of sliced bread and twelve pita breads, white or wheat I don't have a preference.

If you can give me the aforementioned, I'll give you accurate directions to the portal. Please, no tricks! I'm an honest rat!"

We slowly approached the rat then stopped within two feet of him. We waited for him to say more to us.

After a short pause the rat formally introduced himself.

"Guys, my name is Rocky 'the enforcer' Caligula. My family line goes back to the Roman Empire. We're proud of our heritage. That's why I don't do any free favors for anyone; even my mother.

Now, you must understand that the portal cannot be entered by anyone; only special individuals who know for certain that they can enter it. If you've entered it before it'll be safe to re-enter it. However, once when you enter the portal there's no way of knowing what dimension or time you'll be entering.

The portal I'm referring to is led into by a carved out trail. You walk the trail up a curvy hill to the giant castle. Entering the giant castle may be tricky. But as soon as you enter the giant castle you must then find the doorways. Each doorway will lead you into a specific dimension. How many doorways are there? Almost infinite! Further than the naked eye can see.

You three smell different. I sense that you're dimensional travelers or something of the sort.

Now, do you want to have this business transaction? Or shall I go away and absolutely never speak to you again, ever!"

"Rocky, we can get you whatever you want! I need to leave this dimension very soon! I have a horrible case of breast cancer! Both of my breasts will be 'chopped off' by the surgeon if I don't leave this dimension!

Furthermore, this whole predicament is aggravating my memories of the gang-rape that I was forced to endure in college. I can't endure a bilateral radical mastectomy! I'll either go nuts or I'll start cutting myself again."

"Wait, there's more! I know that there's something else that you're hiding."

"Okay, I'll start sticking my finger down my throat again. I'll become double sickly!"

"I tried the Vulkan mind meld on Cynthia. Unfortunately, she didn't improve any."

"Rocky, Cynthia's telling you the truth about her cancer, gang-rape, and finger-in-throat problem. I've known her for quite some time now. Also, my mother first met Cynthia during those troubled days."

Surprisingly, Rocky began to weep. His eyes became bloodshot then his tears began to drop to onto the ground like 'mini-bombs'.

Rocky then began to hyperventilate. We were afraid that the situation would turn into an emergency.

Fortunately, Rocky managed to pull himself together a short while later.

"Guys, forgive me for being such a tough rat. I don't want anything from you.

Cynthia, you've been through so much. You shouldn't have to buy your way to another dimension. You can have a freebie.

You must wait until late at night, preferably after you've been all rested up and have eaten, drank, and gone to the restroom. Your mind must be on the problem at hand. There can be no diversion whatsoever!

Walk east from here until you're in a factory-warehouse area. From there, keep your eyes wide open. Since you guys are inter-dimensional travelers the mist will appear.

Follow the mist until it gets to the worn path. Then look very carefully. There should be a giant castle on a hill. Mind you, once when you enter the pathway there's probably no way back. If by some chance one or more of you can't enter the path it means that you must enter another portal or the path can't take in three persons at once.

If you're the person who's left out, keep coming back or find another portal."

"Rocky, do you recommend that we continue our search tonight?" asked Cynthia.

"No. Go to the portal tomorrow. You must be alert and ready. A good night's sleep should do it."

Before we left the area Rocky walked away briskly because he didn't want us to see his 'emotional side'. I guess even rats can feel sympathy for a woman who may lose her breasts. That's more than I can say for many within the human species.

Anyhow, we walked back home without stopping anywhere. We were getting sleepy and a hungry; a bad combination at that. Which of the two do you satisfy? If you do one, the other is partially sacrificed; at least for the time being.

As soon as we entered our apartment Cynthia disrobed then sat on her Lazy Boy chair.

Spock and I had to correct Cynthia's behavior, there and then. Otherwise, she may have done the routine in a mall or a public street.

"Cynthia, please go to the bedroom and put something on! It's not right or moral for a young woman to sit in the living while nude. It just isn't!

Furthermore, you must take into consideration the feelings of your two roommates."

"Jody, you don't love me! I just want to know what it feels like to be a complete woman! Soon, I will only be a partial woman!"

"Cynthia, of course I love you! I love you so much, it's unimaginable! I just want you to be happy and to behave normally! Please put something on!"

"Jody's right! Cynthia, please put something on! It's inconsiderate to be in the nude like that. You're not an animal! You are a human being! Humans must wear clothing!"

Cynthia broke down in tears. She understood that her behavior was abnormal. Even under the circumstances.

A short while later Cynthia went to bed. Cynthia and I decided to chat for a little while before hitting the sack.

"Spock, what do you think will happen to Cynthia if we don't find a way out of this problem?"

"Jody, I think that she'll go nuts. I don't think that she can survive without her breasts. I don't blame her. After all she's been through, any more pain and something will have to give. Something very serious, that is.

Starting from tomorrow, we must go into overdrive. We must find the path and the castle. It's of the utmost importance, not just for Cynthia but also for us. Remember, we must also think about ourselves. Technically, this isn't our true home. What I mean is this planet and dimension.

Jody, let's get a good night's sleep. We have a very difficult and demanding chore tomorrow.

Spock and I slept for twelve hour. We were sharply awakened by the screaming and falling down of Cynthia. Apparently, she'd had a night terror.

"Please don't send me to the butcher! Please don't mutilate me!" shouted Cynthia.

Spock and I comforted Cynthia as best we could. We asked her to lie down on our bed and to close her eyes. Meanwhile, Spock and I leaped up onto our bed then placed our paws on Cynthia's stomach. I was on her right while Spock was on her left.

We had to perform emergency talk therapy. Also, we massaged Cynthia's abdomen in the process.

"Cynthia, please close your eyes and try to relax. Everything will be all right.

Now, believe us when we tell you that a solution to your breast cancer problem will be found today. We shall defeat this nemesis one way or another.

Cynthia, please open your eyes and come to the kitchen with us so we can enjoy a nice brunch.

Cynthia I love you dearly, as my mother did likewise. Now, you have a third friend who loves you; his name is Spock."

Cynthia followed us to the kitchen then sat down without incident. Luckily, the fridge was full of good food.

Spock and I prepared scrambled eggs, waffles, juice, milk, toast, and coffee. Mind you, there was much syrup, margarine, and jam on the kitchen table.

Upon finishing breakfast we were satiated to the rim. The three of us burped. We couldn't help it.

We cleaned up the kitchen table then asked Cynthia to do the dishes. For a brief period of time she appeared to be improving. Spock and I appreciated that.

After finishing our chores we left our apartment with one mission in mind: FIND THE PORTAL TODAY!

Upon exiting the apartment building the door man gently intercepted us.

"Hi guys! Cynthia, are you all right? You appear gaunt and very depressed. Did anyone try to harm you?"

"Nobody harmed me except the cancer cells in my breasts. I wish I could scoop them out of my breasts and throw them into a fire!

Please tell your female relatives that it is imperative to have an annual breast exam. Also, regular self examinations are essential.

Apparently, my case is very serious. I hope that they come up with a cure very soon!"

"Gosh, I hope that you're cured soon! I don't want anyone to go through that hell."

We said our goodbyes then proceeded to walk to the apparent 'portal area'.

Our walk to the portal area was stressful, indeed. Cynthia fell onto the ground six times. Spock was crying. I was burning like fire from inside out.

Upon spotting the first warehouse we placed ourselves on red alert. Now, spotting the mist was our primary objective. The mist would lead us to the path, which would lead us to the giant castle, which would lead us to the portal; hopefully.

We walked through the area for roughly thirty minutes before spotting what appeared to be a mist.

Instantly, we froze in amazement! Afterwards, we carefully approached the mist only to find that it was a steam outlet.

After recovering from our shock, we decided to waste no time and resume our search.

A full hour later, we saw what appeared to be a large mist roughly a block and a half west of us. This time, the mist

wasn't coming from the ground. It was floating in the air. Furthermore, it moved in a slow but calculated manner.

Naturally, we picked up our pace and followed the mist, making sure to close the distance between us.

We decided to keep twenty feet between us and the mist. It was large, massive, and intimidating. I'd never seen anything like it before.

We ended up following the mist for ten blocks before the mist entered a foggy area. I instinctively knew that we were fast approaching the giant castle. If we entered the area, there'd be no turning back. Spock and I loved Cynthia too much to accept her breast cancer. She'd never accept it either.

We carefully followed the mist as it continued to enter deeper and deeper into the foggy area.

Eureka! Now the giant castle was slightly visible. Although we couldn't see the entire outline it was there!

I took several more steps in the direction of the giant castle when I suddenly hit what appeared to be a giant, invisible wall.

I fell onto my side and was out cold for roughly a minute. When I came to I noticed that Cynthia and Spock were behind the invisible wall; a barrier. Apparently, I couldn't enter the area. Something in my biochemistry forbade it.

"Jody, please come here! I can't live without you!"

"Jody, listen to Cynthia! You guys are closer to each other than to me. I'm a newcomer!"

I tried to enter the invisible wall a dozen more times, all to no avail.

"We're leaving the area. We can't leave without you! I don't care about my breast cancer! I must be with you, Jody!"

"Please don't leave the area! You must go! This is the way things must be! If you leave the area I'll run away and never speak to either of you again for the rest of my life! Please Cynthia, you and Rocky must follow the path and enter the giant castle! Please don't kill me by having your breasts chopped off by the surgeon!"

Cynthia fell onto the ground then started to cry. Spock was in utter shock. However, he gave me a cat signal indicating signifying that I was correct; Cynthia could never return to this dimension.

A few minutes later, Cynthia stood up, all teary and red-eyed, and spoke her final words to me.

"Jody, do you love me?!"

"Yes, Cynthia, I love you! And I also love my deceased mother and Spock. You three individuals will always be in my heart! Please follow the path that is directly behind you all

the way to the giant castle. Then, enter it and find the portals!"

Cynthia and Spock turned towards the path then walked away, slowly and calculatingly. They were like Galapagos turtles.

I eyed them until they slowly disappeared into the mist. No doubt, they were following the path to the giant castle. Hopefully, I would follow them. But not then!

It was a dichotomous day. On the one hand I was terribly saddened to know that my best friend in the whole world and a new friend were gone, perhaps forever. On the other hand, I was happy for Cynthia. Her breast cancer would no doubt be completely eradicated as soon as she found the giant castle and entered whatever portal was there.

## DO YOU LOVE ME?

It was very long walk back home. All I could think of was Cynthia, Spock, and finding a new friend. I've never been good at living a loner's life. I need at least one close friend in my life at all times. Otherwise, I'll fall into a major depression.

As soon as I entered Sherbrooke Street West, I entered an ice cream parlor. Luckily, I always carry much money in my pouch. Otherwise, I'd go nuts!

I entered the ice cream parlor with my head lowered to the ground. Somehow, it didn't seem normal for me to be in there all alone.

I ordered a large ice cream Sundae with all the toppings except for chocolate, of course. After paying for my order I went to a table in near the window and sat down in an elevated seat.



A counter worker was kind enough to bring me my order. I wasn't in a fancy restaurant. People take their order directly from the counter worker then either leave or take a seat. Judging from the way the counter worker behaved, I think that he suspected that something was wrong. I couldn't sustain a long smile. Every time I tried to my saddened facial muscles would automatically give in. I was too bummed out to fake it.

As I was eating my ice cream sundae I was suddenly interrupted by a woman's voice.

"Hi Jody, what's going on? I heard that you're all alone now. Can I join you?"

"Sharon, how are you? Yes, you can join me! I'm in the mood for a long chat with a friend."

"Just wait a minute! I'll get an ice cream sundae for myself. Do you want anything?"

"No, I'm content with what I have."

I waited for Sharon to get her order. Actually, I wasn't going anywhere. My order was an extra-large with everything extra, except for no chocolate.

However, there was something unusual. How did Sharon know that I was all alone? Was it because of my gaunt expression? Or maybe it was something else?

I let it go for the time being. It wasn't a serious matter to ponder about. I needed a good friend to lean on. I was in dire straits; two of my beloved friends have left me. Sharon was a decent person.

"Jody, look at my ice cream sundae! It looks exactly like what yours did before you ate half of it. Jody, do you want to come over to my place after we're done? And tomorrow we can go to the park then the library. After tomorrow we can go to the Eaton Center to have a nice meal. The following day we can go to the movie. It'll all be on me! You don't have to carry any extra money in your pouch; how about that?"

"Gosh that sounds very nice. However, I'm kind of tired. I'd love to do all of the aforementioned activities that you talked about. I need several days of rest.

Cynthia and another friend named Spock left for good. I need time to recover from this tragedy."

Sharon and I chatted for roughly an hour before parting. However, we gave each other our phone numbers, emails, and home addresses.

I went home in a slightly improved mood. Although I had a good friend in Sharon somehow she seemed a bit too loving and possessive. I wasn't sure, time would tell.

As soon as I was within a few feet of our apartment building I remembered something very important. Cynthia had pre-paid

three months of rent for our apartment. Afterwards, I'd be on the streets. I came to rely on her to carry me through life.

As an intelligent cat, I should've known better. Well, I entered the apartment building carrying one more problem on my already strained shoulders.

As soon as I entered 'my apartment' I crashed out. There was nothing to stay awake for, at least for the time being. Thankfully, Sharon was interested in me. Maybe, I could live with her after the three months expired? I wondered.

I slept for many hours, without any let-up. I went in and out of the dream state, constantly remembering Cynthia and Spock.

I awakened the next morning at 10:00 A.M. to the sound of the telephone ringing.

I let the phone ring six times before answering it. I had to leap onto the kitchen table to reach the phone.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"This is Sharon, your second best friend in the whole world. I hope to become your best friend soon.

Jody, I've been thinking about you non-stop from the moment I met you and Cynthia. You are an incredible cat; cute, good-looking, intelligent, sharp-witted, confident, loveable, adorable, energetic, active, productive, trustworthy, believable, successful, accurate, amazing, and just right for me.

Jody, do you want to come over today? I've have a couple of giant slabs of steak in the fridge. Also, I have French fries, salad, milk shakes, pop, and French apple pie.

Jody, please come over immediately, if you can!"

"Yes, Sharon, I'll come over, but not immediately. I have an errand to perform. Afterwards, I'll be on my way to your place. Please give me your new address. You did move didn't you?"

"Yes, baby, I still I moved! Please come over! I need someone special to talk to. I've had a few terrible nights in a row. I'll tell you about it when you get here."

Sharon gave me her new home address then we said our goodbyes. Although I was happy to hear Sharon's voice, she appeared to be a bit possessive. Not like a possessive spouse, a lot nicer. But still, I had to be cautious for the time being.

In reality I didn't have an errand to perform. I wanted to ponder about my new relationship with Sharon. I barely had enough time to truly understand what'd happened to Cynthia and Spock, let alone have a new best friend in the whole world.

I waited for fifteen minutes before washing up and then taking off.

As I walked through our apartment building lobby I noticed several onlookers who were also tenants of the building eye me

with bedazzlement. I guess they were wondering where my second half was. You know, Cynthia Corbett.

Suddenly, one of them, a chubby woman in her fifties who was uglier than sin popped the question that was on her mind.

"Honey, how are you doing? Is everything all right? Please answer me! We're not trying to hurt you."

"Cynthia moved to Toronto. She doesn't want to come back here again. She's happy with her friend. If I hear from her I'll tell you."

"Honey, my name is Agatha Lawson. Please take care of yourself. I live in apartment number 1205. If you want to come over for a chat do so. I'm dead serious!"

I thanked Agatha then continued my trek to Sharon's place. Every step that I took increased my guilt; I felt like I was somehow cheating on Cynthia. I mean like, we were supposed to be best friends in the whole world. I was a bit confused about the matter at hand.

I decided to ponder about it at a later time. I was famished and very thirsty. I needed a steak and all the other foods that Sharon had promised to serve me.

Six blocks later, I was within forty yards of Sharon's apartment building.

I walked towards the main entrance then paused for a few seconds. It was remarkable! What I saw before my eyes was a first class apartment complex. I had my eyes on it.

Maybe living with Sharon would be the right thing to do. I'd have to wait and see how our friendship worked out.

I pressed the buzzer then waited patiently for Cynthia to answer.

I heard nothing but a buzzing sound coming from the door. I knew that that was my cue to enter. So I did.

A short while later I was on the eighth floor. As soon as I leaped out of the elevator I took notice of Sharon eyeing me from the opposite end of the corridor.

She motioned me to come so I ran to Sharon. She extended her arms towards me in a loving manner. So I leaped onto her chest then gave her several kisses on the cheek. She in turn kissed me between the ears then petted my sides. I liked that!

Sharon carried me into her posh apartment then gently placed me on her blue living room carpet.

I rolled over onto my back to allow Sharon to pet my stomach. Thankfully, she got the message.

"Jody, please sit in the kitty chair at the kitchen table. I'll fix us a couple of steaks and I'll prepare the rest of our lunch. All you have to do is be here with me. Jody, I love you!"

"Sharon, I love you too!"

I waited patiently for Sharon to set my lunch on the kitchen table. By now I was drooling like a starving Bengal tiger. If I had to wait much longer maybe I would've bitten Sharon's legs.

Finally, my food arrived! I was famished, but also excited. Nothing in the world could've distracted me from my delicious, incredible-smelling, and beautiful food!

Sharon and I put ketchup on our steaks and French fries. Also we put pepper on our French fries.

I've never been a cat who adored steak sauce. Mind you, many people love steak sauce.

"Jody, how's my cooking?"

"Sharon, your cooking is absolutely wonderful?!"

"Jody, do you miss being without Cynthia and Spock?"

"Yes, I'm burning up inside. It's so bad I can almost call 911!"

But at the same time I'm very happy and thankful to be with you. Thank you for being there for me! I mean it!"

"Jody, you can live here with me. If you ever have problems paying your rent or if you want to move, yours truly will come to the rescue."

"Thanks a lot, Sharon!"

"Jody, do you love me?"

"Of course I love you?"

"Do you love me more than you love Cynthia?"

"That's not a fair question. I haven't gotten over her departure yet."

"Sorry, then who's prettier me or her? Jody, I want you to be totally honest with me!"

"Don't tell anyone. I think that you're a bit prettier than she is."

"Jody, I love you more than anyone else on this entire planet!"

Sharon and I finished our incredible lunch then we cleaned up. Something didn't seem right. My feline senses were alerting me to something possibly dangerous.

Sharon's demeanor and voice changed. Although it was a subtle change, I detected it.

Sharon opened up the fridge then removed a large carton of milk. After pouring a large quantity of milk in a glass and a bowl she told me that she had to get something from her bedroom.

Unusually, she left the kitchen carrying my bowl of milk. I wasn't sure at first, but maybe she didn't want me to drink my milk before she did.

I cropped up my ears then listened attentively to Sharon's footsteps. She entered the restroom. Why, I didn't know.

A short while later Sharon returned to the kitchen with a big smile on her face. Somehow, it seemed like an artificial

façade. Something was going on here, but what. I'd have to stay alert.

## POTION X

"Jody, have a vanilla milk shake! I think that you'll really love it! Please don't refuse offer!"

"Sharon, I'm full to the rim! I can't eat or drink anything at the moment. Besides, I'm feeling kind of sleepy."

"Jody, look, please drink the shake then you and I can sleep. I have a king size bed fit for four humans."

I capitulated. After pouring the milk shake into a large mug, Cynthia opened up a cupboard then removed a straw. Before I knew it, the straw was in my mug.

After seeing my shake and smelling it, hunger re-hit me like a ton of bricks.

I sucked on the straw with full force. The milk shake was incredible tasting. Oh my, if humans could only know how tasty milk is to cats like me.

After finishing my milk shake I burped very loudly. Immediately, I apologized to Sharon.

"Honey, you don't have to apologize. I love you more than anyone in the whole world."

Sharon had a predator expression on her face. More specifically, a cat's expression when she's eyeing a small prey animal.

Sharon and I went to the bedroom then hopped into bed. That's when grogginess hit me really hard. I'd never felt that sedated and tranquil in my whole life. A short while later, things got blurry.

That's when Sharon made her move. She hoisted me onto her chest then she cupped my face with the palms of her hands.

In order to relax me she kissed me between my ears and spoke to me softly. That's when I discovered what she was up to.

"Jody, I'm sorry but I had to do it! I dropped 5mg of POTION X into your milk shake. POTION X is a truth serum. It'll sedate and tranquilize you. Also, the chemical contents of this very powerful potion will lower your defenses. That means it'll work on your neurochemistry.

Jody, I'm going to ask you a series of questions. Please answer them honestly without taking any consideration of how I'll feel about your response.

Jody, do you love me?"

"Sharon, I love you, but not one hundred percent yet. You're getting there, but you need to be my friend for a longer period of time and you must open up to me, completely."

"Jody, do you think I'm drop dead gorgeous?"

"Sharon, you're a very beautiful, young woman.

"Jody, do you think that I'm a very intelligent person?"

"Sharon, yes overall, but sometimes you behave like an airhead."

"Jody, who do you love more, me or Cynthia?"

"I love Cynthia more, but you're catching up."

"Jody, am I prettier than Paris Hilton?"

"You're as pretty as she is."

"What about Evangeline Lilly?"

"You're as pretty as she is."

"What about Kristin Kreuk, the pretty 'cat face' woman?"

"You're as pretty as she is."

"Jody, am I as pretty as Angelina Jolie?"

"You're as pretty as she is."

"Jody, am I as pretty as Erica Durance?"

"You're as pretty as she is."

"Jody, am I as pretty as that wench who works at the Westmount Public Library named Sandra Spalding? You know exactly who I'm talking about."

"You're as pretty as she is."

"Jody, do I have a cat face?"

"Sharon, you're batting a thousand. Please don't destroy your perfect score!"

"Jody, I hope that Cynthia never comes back. I want to be your undisputed best friend in the whole world. I want us to be a happy Canadian family.

One more thing Jody, I want you to forget everything that I've said to you."

Everything that Sharon had worked except the 'forgetting part'. Although I was helpless to lie, I was fully aware of what was going on.

I slept like a baby. Sound asleep with one dream after another. Gosh I was losing my cat sleeping ways.

I awakened the next morning dry-throated and famished. It may have been the POTION X and my long sleep.

I noticed that Sharon wasn't at home. Maybe she left to get some groceries or something. I had to investigate.

After getting out of bed I went to the kitchen then checked the fridge door to see if there were any written messages from Sharon. Thankfully, there was a message on the board. Apparently, Sharon had gone to the supermarket to get some groceries. She'd left at 9:00 A.M. It was 9:45 A.M., meaning that she'd return soon.

Until then, I had to calm myself down. I was ticked off at Sharon for drugging me. The only way to fully recover from my ordeal was to perform a sweet act of cat vengeance.

For the following fifteen minutes I pondered about my act of revenge. Eureka, I figured it out!

The act would be committed as soon as possible in order to feel good. Furthermore, the act in itself was important. I needed some valuable information from Sharon anyway.

Sharon returned a short while later with five bags of groceries in her cart. I helped her remove many of the groceries then placed them either in the fridge or in the kitchen closet.

"Jody, did you have a good night's sleep?"

"I certainly did! I slept like a baby. I must've been exhausted or something. How about you? Did you get a good night's sleep?"

"Jody, I also slept like a baby. I got up once to use the restroom. That's when I decided to stay up, shower, and get some groceries. You and I are big eaters.

Jody, I bought much vanilla ice cream, vanilla filled cookies, and vanilla cake with icing. I hope that you like these tasty foods. Do you know that there are people and animals out there that would give an arm and a leg to eat like we do?"



"Yes, I certainly know that. But there's also something else that many people would give an arm and a leg for. It's for honesty between loved ones; between friends and people who are living with each other."

I noticed that Sharon's face reddened and then paled. I changed the subject immediately. I didn't want her to suspect that I'd remembered what she did to me. Otherwise, my advantage would dissipate. Cat's vengeance is sweet, but only if it's successful and doesn't lead to retaliation by the other party.

I told Sharon that I was very hungry and thirsty. In response, she fixed me a nice breakfast consisting of two fried eggs, sunny side up, toast, jam, milk, juice, water (of course), and coffee.

A short while later we decided to go to the Pepsi Forum and hit a couple of movies.

We left Sharon's apartment and headed straight for the Pepsi Forum. However, we were briefly delayed by the manager of the apartment complex. We were in the lobby getting ready to leave the building.

"Sharon, can I have a word with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bannister, you can speak to me."

"It seems that you paid me an extra twenty dollars on your rent. I wasn't sure if it was a mistake or there was a reason for doing that."

"No, when I wrote out the check I was in a big hurry. I was going to a movie near the McGill area. I don't like to miss any part of a movie, especially the beginning or the end."

"Thanks for clearing that up for me. I'll deduct twenty dollars from your next month's apartment bill."

Sharon and I cut through Sherbrooke Street then entered Westmount Park. As soon as we got to the east end of the park we walked on Maisonneuve Street heading due east.

While walking on Maisonneuve Street we passed many individuals walking their dogs. All of the dogs were relatively well-behaved except a German shepherd bitch.

Thankfully, she and her master were on the other side of the street walking in the opposite direction.

The bitch lunged in my direction then began to bark, growl, and snarl. She looked like she was out for blood!

Sharon and I continued walking trying to look like we were ignoring the bitch. No doubt, she knew that we were afraid of her.

As for the owner, she didn't seem to care. She was morbidly obese, uglier than sin, stunk, and walked like a bear. I don't think that she lived in the neighborhood.

It was only when Sharon and I were near Greene Avenue that we felt safe and secure. Although I must admit, the bitch was still trying to attack us. I could hear her maniacal voice.

Dogs that are extremely aggressive pose a potential threat to humans and animals, especially children.

As soon as we entered Westmount Square we decided to sit down and relax. We were no longer in the mood to hit the movies. The bitch had elevated our pulse and blood pressure.

After sitting on a brick bench for a short while, we were approached by a custodian. He was Hispanic-looking, over sixty, and chubby.

"Girls, how are you doing? I'm very happy! This is my last day of work! Tomorrow, I will be officially retired. No more waking up early, cleaning poop and urine in bathrooms. Mopping and sweeping floors. And worst of all, getting bad looks from people.

I'm a very hard worker! Damn it, I don't like it when people think that custodians are lazy!

Girls, we do hard work. Last week I had to mop and remove dog poop from the floor; over there in the far corner. Somebody walked his/her dog in this clean mall then allowed his dog to poop here. This is bad for our image. Not to mention the smell and complaints from unsympathetic patrons. Sometimes I'll come across a man or a woman who thinks that I'm here to serve their every whim! I'm sorry for dropping all of my problems on your heads. It's just that I'm retiring."

The custodian broke down in tears. He fell on his knees then began to slobber like a hungry St. Bernard. Although it was a comical sight, Sharon and I did feel sympathy for the man.

"I forgot to introduce myself! I'm Roberto Martinez. I wish you two a very pleasant day! I have two and a half hours until my shift ends."

Roberto walked away and that was the last time that we ever saw him.

On another matter, I was still brewing for vengeance. I didn't forget what Sharon had done to me.

We decided to stay in Westmount Square for another hour. Then we'd go back home.

During the whole hour of our chatting and sitting in Westmount Square I was planning my revenge upon Sharon; smiling at her as though everything was all right. I really had her fooled.

"Sharon, let's go home! I feel like watching a little T.V. and then having a snack before we hit the sack; how about it?"

"Jody, let's do it!"

Sharon and I got up then headed home. Our walk was very enjoyable. There were people scattered on both sides of the

street, smiling, some of them walking their dogs. Unfortunately, I didn't see anyone walking a cat. Otherwise, there was no incident.

As soon as we entered Westmount Park Sharon asked me if I wanted to go to the Westmount Public Library. I answered in the affirmative.

Cats know the importance of hitting the books. Smart cats survive longer than dumb cats; that's the honest truth.

We entered the library then headed for the elevators. Thankfully, it was relatively quiet. Normally, in many libraries the librarians have the loudest voices; really!

As soon as the elevator doors opened, an elderly woman exited the elevator. She paused for a few seconds, smiled at me then continued her trudging.

As soon as Sharon and I were on the upper floor, we walked over to the nearest computer.

"Jody, I want to look up something about relationships. It's not because I'm without a husband, and have a cat as a best friend. It's also not because I can't have a normal relationship with any man. REALLY, JODY, I'M NOT CRAZY!"

Jody, I want to acquire more knowledge about relationships. I think it'll be good for both of us. After all, one day you may find the right tom cat. Until then, I demand to be number one for you!"

At that point I briefly pondered about human behavior. It seemed like many of them weren't all there. I mean, they had issues, or were plain ole sick.

I wanted to know exactly what was bothering Sharon. This was another reason for me to use a large dosage of POTION X on her. I had to wait it out for an hour or two.

Sharon found a good book about relationships. We ended up sitting in the corner away from everyone else. I got up several times to browse through the book shelves.

Sharon's behavior was making me quite uncomfortable. Every time she read something that she agreed with, she laughed. When she disliked something that she read she burst into tears.

Apparently, someone complained to the library workers about Sharon's unusual behavior.

A library worker exited the elevator then approached us directly. Instantly, I recognized her! It was Sandra Spalding!

"Jody, how the heck are you? I haven't seen you in quite some time now!"

"Yes, it's been some time now. I'm all right. This is my beloved friend Sharon Peabody."

"Hi Sharon, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you! And don't forget that Jody's mine and nobody else's!"

"Sharon, don't worry about anything. I'm not trying to invade your turf. Jody's an incredible cat, and we're best friends in the whole world!

You see, I don't have to invade your territory because Jody's not there. She's in my territory now! Got it?"

Unbelievably, an argument ensued. Although it was short, what came next was worse.

Sharon and Sandra began fighting. It began with a push then escalated into punches and wrestling.

When the two combatants were on the carpet I decided to end it quickly.

I leaped in between the two combatants then pried them apart. I made it clear that they had to stop fighting immediately, or else we'd get into big trouble with the library administration.

"Jody, I love you! Remember the secret that I told you? Remember what I did for you and Cynthia? Remember the fleshy android?"

Sandra walked away proud as a peacock. She knew that she'd hit a nerve with Sharon.

Sharon started crying again. She couldn't believe her ears. I kept a very big secret from her. Worse yet, it was conveyed to me by another woman.

"Jody, you were right! Let's go home! However, you were also wrong! You kept a secret from me! You kept it with that little wench!"

"Don't worry! I'll tell you what the secret is. But don't freak out on me! Please don't do that!"

After I told Sharon the secret about the fleshy android her eyes lit up like light bulbs. Then she explained to me why.

"Jody, I know that the secret place burned down, but can you help me find a fleshy android? Look, I don't need him for anything physical. I'll only need him for love, comfort, and praise."

"Sharon, I just remembered something very important. Dr. Hirsi was very money hungry. When he told Cynthia and me that we'd have to pay ten thousand Canadian dollars his eyes became blood-red.

I think this man will do anything for money. Sharon, I know that you're very rich. So, if you want a fleshy android for yourself you have to come up with the whole amount in cash. There should be no trail of our purchase, whatsoever. Otherwise, the Montreal Police will come by our apartment with a warrant to search your apartment. In addition, if they find what appears to them as a fleshy android we'll both end up behind bars. You'll end up in jail, while I end up in a stinking animal shelter."

Sharon wiped the tears from her cheeks and face then went to the restroom. As soon as she exited the restroom we proceeded to go to her apartment.

A short while later we entered Sharon's apartment. I still hadn't forgotten about my vengeance. It was coming up soon!

"Sharon, before we hit the sack I would like to get you some chocolate milk to drink. It should help you relax before sleeping. Also, I think that considering our strenuous day, you should drink a whole liter's worth."

"Jody, I love you! You're so right! Please bring it to me! I'm going to slip into my night gown then head for the bedroom."

As Sharon went to her bedroom I ran to the kitchen, poured one liter of chocolate milk into a mug then gently placed it on the kitchen floor. Afterwards, I ran to the restroom, leaped up onto the sink and then opened the cabinet.

I carefully grabbed the POTION X container then leaped onto the floor. I ran to the kitchen then poured 1000 mg of POTION X into the chocolate milk. I understood that it was a major overdose but I needed my full revenge and I wanted to dig in deep into Sharon's psyche. Mind you, I wasn't trying to be snoop. I had Sharon's best interests in mind; really!

A blink of an eye later, I returned with Sharon's chocolate milk and POTION X. Of course, I didn't dare tell Sharon about the POTION X.

Thankfully, POTION X is tasteless and scentless. Thankfully, for me, that is. Unfortunately, this powerful drug can be used for terrible purposes also. Mixed with a bit more tranquilizers and/or sedative and you end up with a gang-rape.

Not me, I wasn't using POTION X for evil purposes. I was only getting my cat's revenge.

I entered Sharon's bedroom carrying the mug with my forepaws and hopping like a kangaroo in order to move about.

"Sharon, please reach over and get your tasty chocolate milk. I don't think that I can hold it any longer."

"Jody, you're a swell cat! I think that you and I can be friends forever. In fact, if you ever need a new home, move in with me.

Sharon took her chocolate milk then began to drink it. I made sure to put some malt into it to make it taste better.

I leaped onto Sharon's bed then watched attentively as she drank her chocolate milk. Believe me I didn't take my eyes off of that chocolate milk.

As soon as Sharon finished her drink I climbed onto her chest and waited. Although Sharon appeared to be confused by my actions, I stayed put. Nothing was going to get in my way!

Within a minute the effects of POTION X were beginning to be manifested. Naturally, that was good news for me.

I began my questioning in earnest. There was no time to waste.

"Sharon, do you why did you put POTION X in my drink the other day?"

"Jody, I love you so much! I had to know more about you. I needed to be re-assured that you also loved me. I'm normally not a snoop but I had to know if you cared about me more than Cynthia. I hate competing with another woman; especially if she's beautiful."

"I want to know why you aren't married. What happened to you when you were a child? Did someone hurt you?"

"No, it's not that ... I'm feeling very groggy."

"Sharon, I know that you're groggy. But I must have my answer!"

When I was back at home in Vancouver my kid sister and Anna, our gerbil conspired against me! While I was studying my buns off in high school, my kid sister was partying up a storm. Naturally, I was receiving all of the A's in school.

Because of my study habits I had no time to play with either my sister or our gerbil.

One evening I was studying like crazy for a biology exam when my gerbil asked me why I never played with her. I told her that I wanted to go on to get a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology.

I also told Anna that I didn't like her. I knew that she and my sister were laughing at me behind my back. The worst thing that those two wenches did was accuse me of having 'LOCKED THIGH SYNDROME'. They told me that I was going to die a virgin, never getting married or falling in love with a man.

Jody, they broke my heart a hundred times over!"

"Now, tell me what you think of me and how I can hurt your feelings. Please understand that I must have the upper hand at all times in our relationship."

"If you stop loving me I'll die!"

"Okay, Sharon, I love you!"

Now I don't want you to ever be mean to me. I want you to treat me as nothing short of being your equal.

Furthermore, I reserve the right to ask you to move to Vancouver; with me by your side."

"Jody, I'll do anything that you want! Please don't make it a habit to mention Cynthia's name in front of me. Except if it's an emergency. I don't like to compete with other women."

Somehow, I suspected that Sharon had a big secret stashed in her head. I had to find out what it was!

"Sharon, what's the other secret?"

"Jody, I've been keeping an eye on you. Also, I followed you, Cynthia, and Spock when you were following the mist.

I saw and heard everything! I saw the mist, path, and traces of the giant castle.

Jody, I was hoping that you would split up from Cynthia. I didn't want that little wench to move in on my territory. I hope that you never see her or Spock ever again. That way, we can be best friends forever. Also, I know about the fleshy android catastrophe.

Jody, please find me a good fleshy android, if you can. Or find me a human who'll give me what I truly need and want."

"And what is it that you want from your man?"

"Jody, I don't want anything physical. I just want him to love me, treat me kindly, respect me, be trustworthy, never cheat on me, never raise his voice to me, never beat me, provide for me, help me in my chores, to always smile at me, and to not expect me to make love to him. I just want someone to tell me that he loves me, often! I want him to hold my hand in public. And I want him to come back to Vancouver with me for a week or two so I can flash him in front of my sister and Anna the wicked gerbil!"

"Sharon, there's only one kind of man in this whole world who fits that description; a fleshy android. I'll try to get you one. But remember, the secret place burned down recently. I don't know if Dr. Hirsi can ever duplicate Rocky."

I realized that the dosage I used was way too high. I was getting a weird feeling about Sharon.

"Jody, why do you break my heart so often?"

"Me, I never broke your heart! I always treat you with the utmost respect!"

"Jody, sometimes you ignore me for someone else. I don't care who it is, as long as it's not another woman."

"Sharon, don't worry. I won't stop loving you as long as you love me more than anyone else in the whole world."

"Jody, I can't keep my eyes open."

"Sharon, you can go to sleep. And one more thing, I want you to remember everything that we did. And I want you to be very frustrated about the whole affair."

Sharon and I closed our eyes and fell asleep like babies. It was nice knowing that I got my revenge.

I awakened to the sound of the apartment door opening then closing. It wasn't like Sharon to slam the door like that. Maybe she was pissed off at me. I had to investigate the matter at hand.

I leaped out of bed then ran to the apartment door. After opening it I ran to the other end of the corridor. Cynthia was zombie-faced and knocking on peoples' apartment doors.

Upon reaching Sharon I noticed that she was still in a drugged-limbo-state.

## THE ANIMAL UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

After knocking on an apartment door a middle-aged, chubby man in overalls opened the door. He eyed Sharon intently. I knew exactly what he wanted. Too bad, I wasn't going to let him have it.

"Hi, can you please love me! Sir, I'll do anything that you want, just love me!"

"Sure thing honey, I love you dearly! Now come inside quickly, so that cat standing beside you won't get any ideas about getting a free meal from me.

"Kitty, I want you to walk away and forget everything that you saw and heard. Got it?"



"I can't do that! My beloved friend needs me! I'm not going anywhere until you let her go! Also, I'll call the police on you! I know what you have on your mind! You're a dirty, rotten, naughty, person!"

"Kitty, I'm crying my brains out. Now go away or else."

I had use physical force to prevent Sharon from being taken advantage of.

I leaped onto the chubby man's chest, which by the way was dangly and blubbery, then smacked him across the face four times. Thankfully, he went down for the long count.

Afterwards, a Siamese cat who was cowering in the corner presented himself. He appeared frightened and had a black eye. Now, I was furious! Someone had punched a cat the eye!

Animal abuse, in this particular case, cat abuse, is always wrong.

"What happened to you?"

"John is really a good guy. See, sometimes I play around too much and end up bothering him.

Being a Siamese cat I'm too energetic for most adult humans. I'm good for kids, not chubby, middle-aged persons.

A short while ago I spilled a mug of water onto John's trousers. That's why he punched me in the face. Otherwise, he's a decent person."

"Is this the only time that he's ever struck you? What about verbal abuse or neglect? Does anyone else live in this apartment?"

"Yes, John has struck me in the past. But you must understand that I was misbehaving. Also, he has called me some nasty names. But he can control his temper better than Agatha."

"Who the heck is Agatha?"

"Agatha is John's wife."

"What has she done to you?"

The Siamese cat began to cry. Then he froze in fear as soon as he heard the elevator door open. I guess he thought Agatha was returning.

Luckily, it was a pizza delivery man.

As soon as John came to I threatened to call the police if he ever spoke to Sharon again. Also, I told him that the police will be called if he ever harmed the Siamese cat again. And that I would personally break his neck if he did so.

As of that moment, the Siamese cat was part of our new family; three loving members, a human and her two cat friends. This is what the typical North American family should be like.

"Let's go to Sharon's apartment. Sharon, are you all right?"

"Yes, but I feel a bit groggy."

I convinced Sharon to wobble back to her apartment with us. In reality all that she needed was a few hours of sleep for the POTION X to wear off.

We entered Sharon's apartment then escorted her back to her bedroom. As soon as the Siamese cat and I were certain that Sharon was safely tucked into bed we slowly exited the bedroom, making sure that the door was closed behind us.

"Please follow me to the living room. I want to get to know you."

"Certainly, but are you certain that John and Agatha won't try to harm or kill me? In the past they threatened me with bodily harm if I ever tried to run away or tell anyone about their horrible abuse."

"Don't worry. But first I must formally introduce myself; my name is Jody Wilson. My friend is Sharon Peabody. She's from Vancouver.

Nobody will harm you! I promise! Sharon and I are against human or animal abuse. What those monsters did to you was wrong and against the law."

"My name is Toby Barton. I'm from Thunder Bay, Ontario. I was snatched away from my owners during kitten-hood. I was sold for twenty dollars to John and Agatha Smith. They were the ones who forcefully took me away from my home province.

I've endured a lot of pain and punishment. To be honest with you I was contemplating using extreme physical force in self-defense, then running away. Sometimes, a cat must fend for him/herself.

Anyway, I'm thankful to be part of your family!"

Toby and I ate a large meal together then watched television for three hours.

After watching our third series, Bones, we heard mumbling coming from Sharon's bedroom. Naturally, we went to see what was going on.

As soon as I opened the bedroom door we got the shock of our lives. Sharon was dancing with her shadow, in the nude. Apparently, I had to wait at least several more hours before Sharon went back to mental homeostasis.

"Jody, what happened to your friend Sharon?"

"Oh, she's really tensed up these days. She's trying to find a good school to attend. She's planning on going to graduate school of biology. She loves animals, especially cats.

Toby, please go to the living room and watch some television. I'll take care of Sharon."

Toby went to the living room then sat down and turned on the television.

Meanwhile, I was next to Sharon, trying to get her back as she was before. In the back of my head was the thought that Sharon may not recover. That would be a horrible nightmare!

"Sharon, please stop dancing with your shadow and put something on! Please do as I say, now!"

"Honey, can't you see that I'm busy dancing with my husband? You're being a party pooper.

Do you want to join us? C'mon, don't be shy now!"

After fifteen minutes of pleading I finally convinced Sharon to stop dancing with her shadow and to put something on.

Afterwards, I told her to get back to bed. I figured a few hours would do the job.

I left Sharon's bedroom then went straight to the living room where Toby was. I sat on the Lazy Boy chair next to Toby. We had some deep conversing to do.

"Toby, I want to be honest with you. I don't know how long we can keep here with us. You are probably micro-chipped; meaning that a scan will prove that you 'belong' to John and Agatha Smith.

If they call the cops we'll have to return you to them and Sharon and I may pay stiff fines.

Going back to your previous filthy owners is totally out of the question. What we can do for you is the million dollar question."

"I know what you can do for me. And I know exactly how you can help me.

This is a big secret! Please do not spread the word. However, if you 'must' tell a human or an animal you can.

Jody, I've done much research on this topic. Plus, I have friends who can attest to a real Animal Underground Railroad. The animal underground consists of humans and animals who volunteer their free time to 'save' animals from abusive homes.

Their job is to find the particular animal a loving home before removing him/her.

Members of the Animal Underground Railroad have already found me a good home in Windsor. A middle-aged, wealthy couple, want to take me in.

All I need is a ride to the Bus Station near Berri Metro Station. They'll pick me up and drive me to Windsor.

Unfortunately, I need to make a quick getaway from the Smiths. I was forewarned by both John and Agatha that any attempt at escape will result in a horrible punishment. I believe that they are more than capable of committing this kind of heinous act.

Jody, you saw how ugly John was. Believe me, Agatha is much uglier.

They made most of their money by organizing dog fights in Canada and the United States.

They wear their good clothing and are all showered up whenever they leave their apartment. Otherwise, they'll be evicted. As you've noticed, this is a first class, posh apartment complex.

Jody, please help me get my ride! I want to move to Windsor! Besides, I'm an Anglophone! I want to see 'STOP', 'GO', 'EXIT', and so on. I can't change my spots! This is the way I am!"

"Toby, I'll speak to Sharon as soon as she gets back to normal. Until then, you must stay in this apartment unless we're able to sneak you out without detection.

I don't trust that John Smith fellow! He looks like a hard-core criminal."

Toby and I entered Sharon's bedroom then crept to her bed. Luckily, she was sound asleep.

We slept for several hours before we were awakened by Sharon. I was relieved to see her in good spirits. I learned my lesson the hard way; use the correct dosage.

Toby was still a bit groggy so I advised him to close his eyes and sleep a few more hours.

Sharon and I left her bedroom then headed straight to the living room. We then sat down and I explained to Sharon Toby's predicament. Expectedly, she agreed to help Toby as soon as he awakened. Wow! That was a shocker! I figured she'd wait a few days to help.

"Jody, I feel a bit odd, like I've been 'tranquilized' or something. Did I eat anything unusual yesterday?"

"No Sharon, you certainly didn't. I think that you have a minor case of the flu. I think it'll go away in a few hours.

Trust me! I'm your best friend in the whole world. I'd never take advantage of you."

"Jody, you're the most incredible cat in the whole world! One more thing; Jody, do you love me?"

"Yes, Sharon, I love you!"

On that point Sharon closed her eyes and slept for a couple of hours.

Meanwhile, Toby had awakened. I waved him over to the living room. At first, he thought that I wanted him take a nap on the living room sofa.

After conveying the good news to Toby he leaped up into the air then did a double flip. It was the most incredible act of athleticism I'd ever seen.

Anyhow, as soon as Sharon awakened, Toby and I began to converse with her about the Animal Underground Railroad and what kind of strategy we should use.

"I have three contacts in this city. But first, Sharon, I want you to call my future guardians in Windsor.

After you've spoken to them you can call our special contact. He, along with two canines will meet us the night of my departure.

We always depart at night. Daytime departures are too risky. Even a small cat like me can't hide in the night. For one thing, if I open my eyes even once, the reflector in my eyes will shine like a star."

Sharon didn't waste any time whatsoever. She wrote down the telephone number of Toby's future guardians. And then she called them up.

Thankfully, they were delighted to hear from Sharon. It was too good to be true! However, it was true!

"Guys, Tom and Linda Marshall were thrilled to know that Toby was going to be leaving Montreal for Windsor tomorrow evening.

Guys, it was either tomorrow evening or in two weeks time. We have no choice in the matter. Another thing, we must act soon because our worst nemesis will no doubt call the police about his missing cat. And guess who they'll question first?"

Toby gave Sharon the phone number of a 'secret member' in Montreal. The password was LION-ABC. She'd have to recite each of the letters and the dash in perfect order. No second chances! The Animal Underground Railroad members were cautious and careful. I couldn't blame them.

After Sharon called the 'secret member' she wrote down some important details pertaining to the next evening's rendezvous.

The 'secret member' was to meet us the next day at 10:00P.M in Old Montreal in an isolated and dark place. This place was so secretive we were forbidden to utter the location even to ourselves. Actually, each of us was sworn to keep the secret.

The three of us took a long walk through Westmount. Our exit of the apartment building involved Sharon hiding Toby inside her shoulder bag. He was to stay quiet until we left the area and Sharon gave him the okay.

We couldn't take any chances with the Smiths. Toby's black eye was a blunt reminder.

The three of us decided to watch cartoons for a few hours. Things were very tense, indeed. Toby's eye was hurting him. In fact, he had three separate crying fits. Sharon and I had to comfort him.

"Toby, don't worry, everything will be all right. I know that your eye is hurting but I promise you this will never happen to you again!

Sharon and I have taken an oath to help you with every means at our disposal; even if we have to break the law!"

"Toby, Jody's telling the truth. Now, I want you to leap up unto your auntie's lap so she can cuddle you in her arms."

Toby leaped up onto Sharon's lap. She in turn, held him tightly.

A few minutes later, Toby began to cry again. Sharon slowly stood up then carefully placed Toby on the living room carpet.

I couldn't quite understand what she had in mind so I waited patiently to see.

Sharon left the living room then headed straight to the kitchen. Once there, she pulled out an old baby bottle and washed it thoroughly.

After washing the baby bottle Sharon filled it with warm milk. It took about ten minutes for the whole process. Meanwhile, Corey was still crying his brains out. It seemed like Corey was going to have lifelong emotional problems. How many other companion animals have endured this same fate?

Sharon returned with a baby bottle in her hand. It was full of warm milk. Although my mouth was drooling like a hungry saber toothed cat's I knew that the milk wasn't for me. It was for Toby.

Toby grinned as soon as he took notice of the baby bottle. He instinctively knew that it was for him.

Sharon sat down on her lazy boy chair then she waved Toby over. Instantly, he leaped up onto her chest then waited for Sharon to make her move.

Sharon slowly inserted the sucker into Toby's mouth. Thereafter it was all smiles. Toby was a temporary baby for Sharon.

After thirty minute of sucking, Sharon noticed that the baby bottle had emptied.

We decided to eat a fish, fries, salad, apple pie, and pop dinner.

It took Sharon thirty five minutes to fix us our dinner. It was perfectly done. Like a professional chef.

"Guys, just give me a minute to place your bowls and plates on the kitchen table. Thankfully, we have much more food in the fridge. In that regard, help yourselves until you are completely satiated. Tomorrow will be a big day, indeed.

After eating dinner we decided to take a short walk; lucky for us.

As soon as we left the apartment complex parameters we noticed the presence of many Montreal Police patrol cars. Something was wrong.

We continued to walk for several more blocks until we came upon an elderly man walking his Golden Retriever. His dog appeared very happy and healthy. He had a shiny coat, polished teeth, trimmed claws, an expression of content, and was the

proper size and weight for a specimen of his breed. No doubt, he had a good pedigree.

As for the old man, he was his right hand was used for his cane, while his left held his dog's leash.

We crossed the street, approaching the elderly man and his dog directly but cautiously. We didn't want him or his dog to think that our intent was wicked.

"Sir, what is the problem around here? We noticed that there are many patrol cars on the streets. Has something terrible happened?"

"Madam, there was a brutal murder in an apartment complex nearby. A middle-aged, fat man was killed by his cat. I think his name is Toby. As for the last name I can't remember.

At least one of the victim's neighbors has stated that there have been problems emanating from his apartment in the recent past.

I think that the victim's cat should be apprehended immediately.

The greater Montreal metropolitan area is a nice place to live in. Our crime rate is considerably lower than its counterpart in the United States.

Here in Westmount we should be able to walk at night without worrying about being attacked by a vicious, killer animal.

Worse yet, there's a rumor going around that there's some kind of underground activity for criminal cats and dogs. They're given transport to other cities. This is unacceptable! My dog Andy and I are on full alert. If we see the murderer I'll pull out my cell phone and call the police, without any delay whatsoever.

That killer cat should've been thankful for having free room and board. Not to mention the tender, loving care that he received.

Some people and animals are thankless. Now, what is the victim's wife going to tell her in-laws? That her beloved cat turned into a Frankenstein-Dracula monster?

Now, people in our beloved country will be afraid to bring in any more cats into their homes. Why couldn't that little monster have just run away or something?"

"Mr. Dollard and I have been walking through these beautiful and quiet streets for three years now. This is the first time ever that I've placed myself on red alert.

Have you seen guys seen this killer cat?"

"No, actually my human and cat friend decided to take a walk together for protection. With three of us, I don't think that this 'killer cat' will try to harm me or Sharon. As for

'Ricky' he's already got a black eye caused by a vicious feral cat.

Thanks a lot for the enjoyable conversation! We wish you guys the best of luck in your lifelong endeavors!"

We walked away from the elderly man and his dog terrified of being exposed at a later time. They could easily put one and one together to realize that Toby was the real McCoy.

We walked back home as quickly as we could. We didn't want to be seen by anyone until Toby was long gone.

Shockingly, on our way home we saw a total of seven patrol cars in the vicinity. We're talking about a few blocks of walking.

As soon as we entered Sharon's apartment room we fell onto the living room carpet. The stress of it all exhausted us.

Unfortunately, a few minutes later, we got the shock of our lives.

The police began to pound on the door! It was a terrifying experience.

"This is the Montreal police! Open your door immediately! We mean it! Any delay in your response will give us the right to break down your door! This is an emergency!"

"Guys, hide! Go to my bedroom and enter my closet. Inside, you'll see a vague square shaped outline. This is a secret doorway. After you open it do not forget to close it. Otherwise, the police will discover your whereabouts and we will be in big trouble! Do not show yourselves until I personally give the okay!"

We did exactly as Sharon told us to do. Within a jiffy we were tucked away in a nice, cozy hideout.

Sharon opened the door for the police officers.

"Are you Sharon Spalding?"

"Yes officer, I'm Sharon Spalding."

"You need to have a seat and let us search the premises. Here is our warrant.

It is believed that you are harboring a dangerous killer cat name Toby Barton. We have his picture, profile, and a good description given to us by Mrs. Agatha Smith.

Mrs. Smith has told us that Toby murdered her husband in front of her.

You have one last chance! Is Toby Barton in your apartment?!"

"No officer, Toby Barton's not in my apartment! I'd never lie to the Montreal Police!"

The police searched Sandra's apartment for roughly thirty minutes before leaving.

As soon as the police left Sharon's apartment she notified us. Thankfully, she didn't break her silence. If she had, I too



would've been arrested. I would've been charged with aiding a fugitive, and/or aiding in the murder of John Smith.

The rest of the night through the following evening was extremely stressful.

At 7:30 P.M. we ate a light dinner, washed up and then called our secret member to verify our rendezvous.

Thankfully, everything was fine! However, there was an addendum to our schedule.

Two canines who were secret members would accompany us to a meeting place near the bus depot. Everything had to operate according to the secret member's orders. After all, we were amateurs.

A short while later we heard a scratching sound on the apartment door. I scented two dogs. They were tough, well-conditioned, and confident; exactly who we needed as escorts.

Sharon peeked through the peep hole then slowly opened the door. In came two dogs, a German shepherd and a Doberman pinscher. The German shepherd was a neutered male and the Doberman pinscher was a spayed female. This is good. If they'd been fertile, things could go crazy at any moment.

"Guys, we need to leave immediately! I'm Karl Bruner and this is my friend Gretchen von Hofmann. We were born in Hamburg, Germany.

We have an 'underground' there also; humans and animals working together to help poor, abused animals. You wouldn't believe how many animals are probably being abused at the moment; way too many!"

I forgot something. Could you please give us something to eat and drink? We're starving!"

Sharon fixed Karl and Gretchen a nice dinner. Thankfully, they ate and drank well. Unfortunately, we were now running short on time.

With no time to wash the dishes, we exited Sharon's apartment and began our trek to the secret location near the bus depot.

Toby was placed in a knapsack fastened on Karl's back. He had to be hidden from the public's eyes. Not to mention, the Montreal Police.

We briskly walked due east on Sherbrooke Street. Although the street is generally busy or semi-busy nobody would ever suspect us of being that manifest in our actions.

We crossed Atwater, then Guy, then McGill without any problems. It wasn't until we were within one metro stop that a patrol car pulled over in front of us.

Thankfully, the officer ordered us to walk into a side street. Apparently, she wanted to do her job efficiently without the gazing eyes of passer-bys. I understood that.

"Guys, go over there and don't you dare try to run away! When you are parallel to that pole, stop walking, and don't try anything funny, or else!"

We did as we were told. A short while later an obese woman 'strenuously' got out of the patrol car.

Judging from the expression on her face, she was looking for trouble. I figured she didn't have her donut and coffee fix for the day.

"Madam, I want to see some identification!"

"Here you go."

"Miss Peabody, what are you doing with these two dogs and this cat? Furthermore, I got a tip that you're aiding and abetting a wanted fugitive."

"I'm taking a walk with my two dogs and my cat."

"What's in the knapsack?"

"Nothing's in the knapsack, officer."

"I reach into it here, or we all go to the station and I do it there. Mind you, if you make me miss my evening donut and coffee snack, I'll get really personal with each and every one of you. Believe me, you won't like it!"

At that moment, we thought that it was all over. Thankfully, Toby's a very feisty and intelligent cat.

As soon as the officer pulled him out of the knapsack, he froze.

"Gosh where did you buy this stuffed cat from?"

"Oh ... my dear ... like ... umm ... we bought him from Zellers. They were having a sale on stuffed animals last week. I love cats and dogs. Too bad, they didn't have any stuffed dogs available. Apparently, they were sold out."

"Okay guys, listen, there's a killer cat on the loose! He's extremely dangerous! His name is Toby Barton and he won't hesitate to kill you! Like the way he killed his loving guardian John Smith."

The officer left us bedazzled and confused. We couldn't believe that she didn't know that Toby was a real fleshy being. Anyway, we didn't have any time to ponder about the situation.

We continued our walk to the secret location near the bus depot.

A short while later we found ourselves standing in the secret location. It was a dark side street with nothing around but dilapidated and abandoned buildings. We got the creeps just being there. In fact, one of the places looked like the Munster's home.

Ten minutes later, we took notice of a young woman wearing conservative dress approach us. She approached us from a dark corner. It's like she was eyeing us or something.

We weren't sure what to make of her, so we stayed put and let her make the first move.

"Guys, I received an encrypted code from the soon to be owners of Toby Barton requesting that I meet you first. Then, if I'm satisfied that you're legitimate, I'll clear you."

"I vouch for them. Toby's right here! You see his black eye? He's the real McCoy. And she's his best friend and guardian. Sorry, I forgot your name."

"I'm Sharon Peabody. I'm from Vancouver. I'm only here in Montreal for a short period of time."

"Karl, I trust your judgment. You are well-respected in the Animal Underground Railroad. That's why I came so quickly. As soon as I was informed that you and Gretchen were escorting Toby I knew it was legitimate. However, protocol requires that I always take precautions, no exceptions."

"Toby, is there anything you want to say before you leave your friends?"

"Yes, Jody, do you love me?!"

"Yes, Toby, I love you!"

"What about me!"

"Oh, yes, I love you too, Sharon!"

Although it was a sad parting of ways, it had to be that way. Toby had to move to Ontario and the rest of us had to scam.

Sharon and I assumed that the police were still on Toby's trail; if we only knew what was in store for us.

Sharon and I decided to take a side street back home. We were tired and hungry.

Thankfully, Montreal has many good side streets for people who don't want to be seen. However, you must walk these streets at night, when it's dark.

Montreal is a big city with a big and active population. People in this city like to walk and enjoy life, even during the winter months.

As soon as we got to the McGill Metro Station area Sharon and I decided to grab something to eat at Burger King.

As soon as we entered the restaurant I glanced over at Sharon. She had the look of hunger drawn on her face. So I didn't waste any time.

We stood in line for several minutes before we got to order. We ended up ordering two veggie burger trios, super sized fries and super sized diet coke with no ice; also everything extra on the burgers.

Sharon grabbed a handful of ketchup packets then several pepper packets.

We like our fries ketchup-filled with enough black pepper. It tastes better that way.

A short while later, Sharon and I sat in the corner next to a window. It's nice having a view.

While we were enjoying our meal we chatted about several different topics and issues. One of them caused us to briefly skirmish.

"Jody, why can't 'they' learn our language? Why can't they be like us? I began to learn English as a toddler. I can't believe that the world can't learn our easy language."

"Sharon, I think that 'they' are saying the same thing about us."

"Jody, stop being a negative ion! I'm a positive ion, and when you contradict me you become a negative ion! I know a thing or two about physics. I read 'Physics for Dummies'."

After that brief skirmish we apologized to each other then continued eating.

After we finished our delicious meal Sharon threw away the trash that was on our tray then we descended to the lower level. We went to the restrooms. Inside, we cleaned up.

After leaving Burger King Sharon and I decided to go straight home. No side streets, just straight home on Sherbrooke Street.

I took us thirty minutes to get within a block of the apartment complex.

Shockingly, there were Montreal Police officers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers, and CSIS (Canadian Security Intelligence Agency) officers, with many patrol cars in front of the apartment complex. Thankfully, there were many onlookers. We slithered in between them like regular fixtures.

After scanning the area, Sharon and I approached a boy wearing a blue cap.

"Excuse me, what happened here? Did someone die?"

"No, all I know is that there's an APB (all points bulletin) out for Toby Barton and an accomplice. I think they killed someone."

"Thanks for the update. Your parents did a good job in raising you."

The boy grinned at us before we walked away.

Sharon and I knew that we had to either leave the country immediately, or leave the dimension.

"Jody, we must disappear! I can't leave Canada! I don't have a valid passport and I certainly don't have a final destination in this dimension! We must go back and find the mist. Thereafter, we must follow the path and enter the giant castle. From there, we can worry about where to go.

The Canadian criminal justice system is taking a verbal pounding from the citizenry. Too many criminals aren't facing

justice. And too many victims aren't seeing justice. I think that they'll set an example with us.

Who are we? We are a single white female with her beloved cat. We're just right for an example."

"Sharon, let's go there immediately! However, I highly recommend that we use dark side streets. As of now, we must assume that the entire city of Montreal is swarming with police, RCMP, and CSIS!"

It was apparent that there would be no mercy upon us. Perhaps they 'officers' had a shoot on sight order.

Sharon and I slithered away from the large crowd then descended one of Westmount's large, hilly streets.

As soon as we were on the peripheral of Sherbrooke Street, we looked both ways then ran across it as fast as we could.

We decided to walk on Maisonneuve Boulevard heading east through Westmount Park. Thankfully, there were hardly any people around and it was relatively dark.

A short while later we had a close call with a Westmount Security van. Sharon and I were near the baseball field when we spotted a security van with high-beamers on. Also, the passenger was high-beaming the area with a powerful hand-held light.

They were driving slowly through the area, like they were searching for a fugitive.

Sharon and I hit the deck immediately. We didn't dare utter a sound or move. Thankfully, the security van was gone in a jiffy. I don't think that the two security officers suspected that we were in the park. They were only following orders and touching all bases.

Sharon and I got up then continued our walk to the 'mist area'.

We reached the general area a short while later. That's when we were forced to turn into bloodhounds and sight hounds. We kept at it for several hours. Then we noticed that dawn was fast approaching. We couldn't be seen in daylight. We'd be dead ducks. Furthermore, the mist would become almost invisible by then.

As we were walking through the area, Sharon took notice of a squirrel perched on a tree who was eyeing us. We decided to approach her and try to receive some help. Being that she lived in the area it was logical to assume that she'd seen the mist before.

As soon as we got to within ten feet of the squirrel she gazed due south and pointed in that direction with her foreleg.

Eureka! We saw the mist. We quickly thanked the squirrel then ran to the mist.

Luckily, we only had to follow the mist for a few minutes before we saw the path and the vague outline of the giant castle.

We each took a deep breath before entering the path. As soon as I was going to take my first step, Sharon blocked my path with her extended arm. Initially, I thought that she had second thoughts. However, I soon realized that she had something else on her mind.

"Jody, do you love me?!"

"Yes, Sharon, of course I love you!"