

JODY 'PLUS' TOBY

STEPHANIE ANDERSON

Sharon and I reached the path leading to the castle. We stared at the castle as we slowly approached it. Something didn't seem quite right. Well, we realized that we weren't quite ready to enter the castle and take our chances in a totally different dimension.

Sharon and I looked at each other, slowed down then spoke 'our minds'.

"Jody, do you want to go back to Montreal? I mean, look, by reaching the pathway we've probably altered our lives. I think if we go back things will be a bit different and perhaps better."

"Sharon, I want to go back too!"

Sharon and I turned around then headed back to Montreal. We were hoping that things would be better this time around. In addition, I was more intent on finding Sharon a good fleshy

android for her to fall in love with and marry. However, I didn't forget what she told me about the no sex part. I had to have a long, serious talk with her about the birds and the bees. It wasn't normal for a young, attractive woman to want to find 'Mr. Right' and only hold his hand and tell him 'I love you'. I had to dig further into Sharon's mind.

Mind you, I'm not an overly suspicious cat. I just wanted to know what her underlying problem was. It's part of my nature as a feline to want to know. Cats are very intelligent and inquisitive. Never mind our facade. We've gotten away with it for eons. Dogs haven't. That's why many of them have served humans for life; sometimes risking their lives, too.

"Jody, do you love me from the bottom of your heart?"

"Yes, Sharon, I love you!"

Sharon and I slowly backtracked our way home. As we walked away from the tunnel, goose bumps engulfed my entire body. Although I knew that the tunnel was a safety net for us, it was also a creepy site. It would lead us to other dimensions. What kind of dimensions, I certainly didn't know.

As soon as Sharon and I were near Lionel Groulx Metro Station hunger hit us like a ton of bricks.

It was then that we noticed that it was mid-afternoon and sunny.

"Sharon, check your purse to see how much money and funds we have. If we're not rich, we should return to the path or even go all the way to the palace. I'm not being a money-hungry cat! I just want to be filthy rich!"

"Jody thanks for reminding me about that. We must find out where we stand."

Sharon rummaged through her shoulder bag, opened up her purse, then found a load of cash, check-book, jewellery, and a Westmount, Quebec home address. Well, it looked like we were rich!

"Jody, we're rich! Look inside my check book! We have three million Canadian dollars in our checking account! Jody, I love you!"

"Sharon, it really feels nice being rich again. Let's go out to eat. Look, let's go to the Eaton Centre. I've always been a big mall eater. Then, we can browse around and see if we can buy something."

Sharon and I grinned at each other then began our walk towards the Eaton Centre.

We had to walk uphill on Atwater Street. It was easier for me because I'm a cat. Humans, being bi-pedals, must strain more

than quadrupeds when walking uphill. I've always been thankful for being a cat.

As soon as Sharon and I reached St. Catherine Street we decided to veer left instead, entering Alexis Nihon Plaza first. It was a long day and what better way to spend it than to walk around and think about our money?

Alexis Nihon Plaza is actually a small-sized mall. It's good for shopping and like most other Montreal Malls walking is fun in it.

"Jody, let's cross the street. We can enter the mall from there."

"Sharon, do you want to get some ice cream from McDonalds? I certainly do!"

"Jody yes! Let's get two super-sized vanilla ice cream cones."

"Sharon, they don't have super-sized cones. I think they only have extra large."

"Jody, please don't piss me off when my blood sugar level is low! Besides, I'm in desperate need of a caffeine fix!"

"Sharon, you're not the only one who's hungry and is in desperate need of a caffeine fix!"

Sharon and I crossed St. Catherine Street then entered McDonalds.

For some strange reason McDonalds was closed. It looked like the bummer of the year for the two of us. No ice cream!

Thankfully, a female worker took notice of us. She gave me a big smile and a wink. I felt obliged to, so I returned the wink.

This girl had jet black hair, green cat eyes, freckles, and pale skin. She was five feet nine inches tall and probably had a boyfriend.

"Girls, I'll let you in real quick. You see, we're renovating in here. But, I think that I can get you something to eat. But we have to make it very fast. The manager will kill me ... then fire me if he finds out that I've let someone in.

Yes, he'll kill me first then he'll fire me!"

"Honey thanks a lot for letting us in. However, I take personal offense to you winking at my baby ... I mean at my best friend in the whole world."

"Gosh, I'm terribly sorry! Your cat friend is so cute. I had to let her in."

"What about me? You little witch!"

"Sharon, please don't make a scene. She wasn't trying to be disrespectful. She was only trying to be nice. I mean she did let us in, didn't she?"

We ordered our two vanilla ice cream cones. As soon as we got our order we left McDonalds.

Cynthia and I walked up to the 3rd floor of Alexis Nihon Plaza to find a nice place to sit and enjoy our cones.

As soon as we sat down, Sharon stood up then rummaged through her shoulder bag. Something appeared terribly wrong.

"Jody, I forgot my wallet at McDonalds. I'm running back!"

"Sharon, don't do that! Just hold my cone. I'll run back really fast then retrieve your wallet. Don't worry I'll be back in a jiffy.

As soon as Sharon took hold of my cone I ran back to McDonalds. It was a lightning-fast run.

As soon as I was in front of the glass door, the teeny bopper took notice of me. She blew me a kiss then approached the glass door.

"Honey, wasn't your vanilla ice cream cone good? Please tell me the truth!"

"Yes, the two licks that I managed to get were very tasty! Sharon forgot her wallet on the counter."

The teeny bopper opened the glass door, grinned and then motioned me to enter.

"Honey, here's Sharon's wallet!

Sorry, what's your name again?"

"My name is Jody Wilson. And I'm very pleased to meet you. You seem like a very nice young girl.

You're too young to be married. So, I'll ask you about a boyfriend."

The teeny bopper began to cry. I'd hit a large nerve. Instantly, I regretted asking my question.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend! I'm having a hard time finding a good guy.

I'm so pretty, guys are intimidated by me. Even the jocks are too scared to ask me out. I don't know what to do?"

"Honey, be patient. I'm sure Mr. Right will come along very soon. But for now, I want you to study hard and get ahead in life."

"Jody, I apologize for not telling you my name. It slipped my mind.

My name is Stephanie Anderson. I'm 17 years-old and I'm planning on going to a nice university to study sociology or psychology. Eventually, I want a doctorate! I want to be a professor."

"Stephanie, I think you can do it!"

"Jody, I love you!

Jody, is there any way that I can become your friend? I mean, I know that I can't become your best friend in the whole world. Sharon's got that spot.

I live alone. Would you like to move in with me? I promise to treat you like a princess and to behave myself with the utmost sincerity.

But please, don't tell Sharon! I think she's a witch in disguise. She doesn't want anyone else to love you."

"Stephanie, what's your home phone number?"

"My number is five-five-five-eight-four-seven-seven. And please don't forget it!"

Stephanie walked me to the glass door then she slid it wide open.

As soon as I thanked Stephanie she asked me to come back.

"Jody, please come back! I'm not sick! I just need someone really cute, cool, and friendly, someone like you to be with me for a short while.

As you can see, the workers have left McDonalds. I was assigned to close the restaurant for the day. Starting from tomorrow, it'll be business as usual.

For now, I'd like to enjoy a nice meal with you.

Jody, I'm having a quarter pounder trio, super-sized fries, and a super-sized pop. I'll have an apple fritter for dessert.

What about you? Would you like to eat with me?"

Stephanie, you're a very generous person! Yes, I want the same thing that you're having, except I also want a regular hamburger with extra pickles added to my order."

"Jody, please have a seat! I'll fix our food in a jiffy. Just think about food while you're waiting. It'll make your meal all the better. That's what I do at home."

I waited patiently for several minutes before Stephanie brought over our meal.

As soon as Stephanie sat down we began to eat. Honestly, we looked like a couple of hungry lionesses wolfing down a zebra carcass.

"Jody, I hope that you're enjoying your meal?"

"Yes, Stephanie, I'm enjoying my meal. But there's something that's bothering me a bit. Please be honest with me, okay?"

"I sense that you're hiding something from me. You're in immense pain. Please tell me what the problem is. I'm not trying to be a suspicious cat. It's just part of my nature. Also, I really do care about you."

"Jody, I may be beautiful on the outside, but I feel like an ugly duckling on the inside.

I was forced to take care of myself after my parents died in a car wreck a couple of years ago. I lived with my grandparents until I turned seventeen. I had to move out! There was a major generational gap.

Jody, those two nitwits wanted to set me up for marriage! Like ... they knew exactly what I wanted!

My grandparents thought that I was using drugs, sleeping around, and living a life of a criminal. In their old age, senility and ignorance hit them like a ton of bricks.

I saved up enough money then took off like a rocket. They tried to give chase but I warned them. Any attempt at a chase would result in a criminal complaint to the police. I was dead serious!

Jody, please ... I'm not sick!"

"Stephanie, I don't think that you're sick. Please, it's not good for you to tell me that. Otherwise, if you keep doing this to me, and whomever else, you may end up believing that you're really sick."

"Jody, I'm sorry!"

Jody, you look like you're enjoying your food. Do you have enough ketchup packets and peppers?"

"Yes, thanks, Stephanie."

"Jody, I have a painful secret to tell you. Do you promise, cat's honour and all, that you'll never tell anyone in the whole world! Especially another girl! Especially that little witch, Sharon?"

"I promise I won't tell anyone; cat's honour on that!"

"Jody, you're drooling like a hungry leopardess. Please, I want to wait until you finish eating before telling you my secret."

I really was drooling like a hungry leopardess, so I waited until I finished my meal. Actually, it's better that way. Can you imagine a therapist, counsellor, clinical psychologist, or a psychiatrist trying to perform a counselling session while eating a full-course, tasty meal? I thought so.

As soon as I had my last morsel, I told Stephanie that I wanted to go to the restroom and clean up. Even cats must clean up their faces and teeth after eating.

Because I was in a hurry it only took me a few minutes to wash up.

As soon as I finished with my business I returned to our table to hear about Stephanie's secret.

Upon returning, I couldn't help but notice that Stephanie was crying her brains out. In fact, she was shivering; almost to the point of hyperventilating. I understood that she had a horrible problem to deal with.

I leaped up onto Stephanie's chest then gave her a big kiss on the lips. Afterwards, I pawed at her face several times. To make sure that she didn't have any doubts about my sincerity, I then placed both of my paws on her cheeks keeping continuous eye contact.

That's when I heard a horrible banging against the glass door. It was so intense we both turned to face it at the same time.

It was Sharon. She was pounding on the glass door. She looked like she was pissed off!

Gosh, I'd forgotten about Sharon and my melting ice cream cone.

"Jody, please go back to Sharon. We can continue our conversation at a later time. Please, remember your promise. Nobody in the whole world can even know that I have a secret."

"Jody, baby! You have to return to me! I'm your best friend in the whole world, remember?"

I said goodbye to Stephanie then left McDonalds. Sharon and I went back upstairs.

Meanwhile, I was anxious about returning to Stephanie. I was very worried about her.

"Jody, you left me upstairs all by myself! The people sitting nearby were laughing and mocking me. They saw what you did to me. You left and didn't want to come back!

Jody, what went on with you two? Were you girls talking about me? Or did you talk about a secret?"

"Sharon, I'm very sorry for taking so long. Stephanie wasn't feeling too well. I think she was coming down with the flu or something. That's why I took so long.

Anyway, she invited me to eat with her. So I accepted."

"What about me? Didn't it occur to you that I was upstairs holding two ice cream cones, waiting for my best friend in the whole world?"

Jody, I forbid you to speak to that little witch again! I don't want you to think about her either.

Another thing, Jody I'm not sick! I just want to have you to myself. I want to love you forever. And I want you to love me forever."

As soon as we sat down I leaped up onto Sharon's chest then kissed her on the cheek. Afterwards, I embraced her.

She got the message. I wasn't going to speak to Stephanie again. Or was I?

"Jody, we have a special bond between us. Please don't break it. We must always stick together. Who knows, we may have to leave this dimension forever. Would you like to leave it alone, without me?"

I certainly won't want to leave this dimension without you. Please don't break my heart again."

Sharon and I chatted for thirty minutes before deciding to leave. In case you're wondering, Sharon ate both ice cream cones. It was her way of punishing me.

WHAT A LIFE!

Sharon and I decided to walk home. We knew exactly where to go because our home address was indicated in her driver's license. We couldn't wait to get home.

Sharon and I descended to the second floor then walked towards Canadian Tire then turned right.

As soon as we exited Alexis Nihon Plaza we began our serious trek back home. It was still sunny and warm outside. In fact, we had several more hours of daylight left.

As we walked home I noticed that people were staring at us. Something didn't seem quite right. However, I kept quiet for the time being. I didn't want to alarm Sharon.

We got onto Sherbrooke Street then headed west for several blocks before walking up a steep hill. With each step we took our hearts raced even faster. We wanted to see our new home!

Roughly fifteen minutes later we arrived at our apartment complex. The facade was absolutely stunning! Furthermore, a

professional looking doorman was standing in front of the building ready to open the door for anyone who wanted to enter the building.

"Jody, no matter what happens, whenever we enter a dimension, we must be filthy rich.

Jody, I'm not a money sucking vampire! I just want to enjoy life as a wealthy woman."

"I know, Sharon! I feel the same way. I can't be poor. I want to be filthy rich. I want to eat the best foods the world can offer me. I want to live in a large, comfortable, clean, first class home in a decent neighbourhood."

We approached the building wearing enthusiastic grins on our faces. We couldn't wait to see our first class apartments.

"Good afternoon girls! It's been three whole days since I've seen either of you. Where have you girls been?"

Instantly, Sharon and I realized that we'd had a history in this particular dimension. Actually, it worked for the better.

"Jody and I have been a bit busy. You know the story; shopping, eating, walking, thinking about our money."

The doorman opened the door for us then motioned us to enter.

As soon as we entered our apartment complex I took notice of the utter beauty and lavishness of the interior. There were expensive-looking portraits, chandeliers, wall-to-wall carpeting, beautiful pain, expensive furniture, and a beautiful spring near the manager's office.

Sharon and I walked to the elevator, pressed the 'UP' button then waited patiently.

A short while later we entered the elevator. Sharon pressed the number eight button then grinned at me. I grinned back at her.

We were at our door in a jiffy! Our apartment was #805. The door handle looked like it was worth a hundred dollars. The door was made of expensive wood; the kind that's illegally exported from a third world country. Anyhow, I had no time to ponder about that subject. With more important things at hand, I leaped back to reality.

As soon as Sharon and I entered our apartment we almost passed out!

Gosh our apartment looked like it was suitable for a prince or even a king! Mind you, we weren't complaining.

"Jody, let's take a tour of our beautiful apartment!"

"This is the most awesome apartment in the whole world! Sharon, I love living in Canada! I don't want to ever leave!"

"Jody, before you get carried away with living in Canada, remember we're not 'normal-living-people'! We're inter-dimensional travellers."

"Oh, Sharon thanks for being a party pooper!"

"Jody, you're acting like a miniature witch! Please don't irritate me! Whenever you do that you break my heart!"

"Okay, Sharon, but you have to stop behaving like a snotty little bitch!"

Sharon and I sat down on our couch, all teary-eyed and mouths closed.

We were so bummed out by our mini-skirmish exhaustion hit us really hard.

A short while later we made eye contact. Thankfully, both of us were smiling. I decided to take advantage of the moment by leaping unto Sharon's chest and giving her a big kiss on the lips. Afterwards, I rubbed the side of my face against hers.

Eureka! It worked! Sharon and I got up then continued 'touring' our apartment.

An hour later, Sharon and I decided to take a nap. The shock of realizing that we were filthy rich took much energy out of us. Not that we were complaining.

Our bedroom was large, beautiful, and contained a king size bed. In addition, therein were a giant screen television, stereo system, two cell phones, a regular-sized phone, and a large wardrobe collection for Sharon.

We ended up sleeping for several hours. By the time we'd fully awakened it was already sunset.

"Sharon, let's go to the kitchen! I want to see what's in the fridge!"

"Jody, that sounds like a very good idea! I don't know about you, but I'm starving!"

We strolled to the kitchen, opened the fridge door then got the shock of our lives! It was full of the best foods available on the market. Naturally, Sharon removed a couple of steaks, a bag of frozen French fries then prepared our meal.

To tell you the truth I was slobbering like a hungry lioness. The scent of the meat and fries was killing me! In addition, I was pondering about my dessert and pop. Naturally, dessert would consist of vanilla ice cream and to help bring it down a high caffeine drink.

Twenty five minutes later, Sharon and I began our tasty meal.

"Jody, do you want more ketchup on your steak and fries?"

"Yes, I want a bit more, especially on my fries?"

"Fine, what about some pepper on your fries?"

"Yes, I knew that I'd forgotten something!"

Sharon and I ate our meal with complete thankfulness and in an elevated mood state.

After eating, Sharon and I washed up then returned to the kitchen.

It took Sharon roughly a half an hour to wash the dishes, take out the garbage and clean the counter and kitchen table.

Sharon and I decided to take a long walk starting on the 'mountain' then descending to Sherbrooke Street. We had to digest our food properly. Non-brisk walking can do just that after a meal.

I'd become too humanized. The animal in me had weakened somewhat. My big cat cousins can sleep after consuming enormous amounts of food. Humans and their 'humanized companion animals' must be careful.

As soon as we left our apartment building I looked up at the sky only to see a beautiful array of stars and a shining moon. What a beautiful night for a walk it was!

"Jody, after we walk the mountain area let's descend to Sherbrooke Street. Remember, we must stay on the deep west side of town!"

"Why can't we also walk near the downtown area; like around the McGill Metro and McGill University area. It's really lively and nice around there at this time of the night."

"Jody, you don't love me!"

"Yes, Sharon, I do love you a lot! Okay, you convinced me ... for tonight we'll stay on the deep west side of Sherbrooke Street."

"Jody, I can't tolerate it when people speak a foreign tongue that I can't understand!"

"But, Sharon, this is a multi-lingual city! I mean, like, umm, French is the 'majority language' in this province. Isn't it?"

Jody, I'm a lioness and you're acting like a pestering hyena! Why can't you agree with me on anything?"

"Okay, Sharon, I agree with you.

Look, we shouldn't argue with each other. Remember, we just ate. Arguing may significantly increase the acid flow to our stomachs. It's not good.

Besides you and I are a pair of 'love birds'. We're going to be together, forever."

"Jody, I love you!"

"Sharon, I love you, too!"

We walked through the mountain area for roughly forty five minutes before descending to Sherbrooke Street. Thankfully, our pulse and blood pressure had dropped to a normal level since our brief skirmish.

As soon as we entered Sherbrooke Street Sharon and I decided to go to METRO supermarket to get a high-caffeine drink.

We entered METRO then headed straight to the beverages section. Our mouths began to water in anticipating our drinks. Not to mention, our craving for caffeine.

We desperately searched the beverages section for a high-caffeine drink or an equivalent.

After spotting a worker Sharon inquired about where the high-caffeine drinks were.

The METRO supermarket worker was a beautiful young woman, perhaps in her early twenties, medium height, auburn hair, hazel cat-eyes, freckles, and a terrific smile.

"Honey, where are your high-caffeine pops? Please, Jody and I are used to having our caffeine drinks at least twice daily!"

"Girls, I'm so sorry about that! You see, both delivery trucks got into wrecks on their way here this morning. Ironically, both wrecks occurred on Sherbrooke Street, but not west, east.

Girls, we have a good collection of regular pop, coffee, and tea right over there.

If there's anything else you need, just ask for Cindy."

"Wait, when will the pops arrive?"

"Oh, I apologize. I should've told you at the beginning of our conversation.

The pops will be delivered to us early tomorrow morning. Hopefully, next time we'll have a backup plan. The manager was up in arms! He's like you girls. He needs his 'fix' too.

The thing is he had to walk to another store to get his fix. Thankfully, he got it. Otherwise, it would've been a long day and night at work.

I thanked Cindy before she turned and walked away. Somehow, Sharon didn't seem like she was satisfied.

"Jody, how many litres of regular pop do we have to drink in order to get our caffeine buzz?"

"Sharon, let's just have an extra large coffee and an extra large tea for each of us. That'll make a total of four extra large, hot, caffeinated drinks.

You see, we're not at a loss. Look, over there!

Sharon, they've even got the caffeine labels above the fountains. We'll drink the dark coffee, with cream and sugar. Also, we can drink tea with cream and sugar. Maybe, we can have a donut or something with our drinks? How about it honey?"

"That sounds really swell! Jody, I love you so dearly!"

"Thanks, Sharon.

Now, let's get our caffeine!"

Sharon and I got our hot drinks and a giant blueberry muffin for each of us.

The cashier was very friendly and helpful to us. She allowed us to place our food in a special carton designed for large takeout orders.

Sharon and I walked for a few minutes before finding a nice bench to sit on. Well, we were salivating like hungry cheetahs!

"Jody, I know what that little witch Cindy did! Don't think for a moment that she or any other witch could ever fool me.

You see, ever since '911' cameras have been going up everywhere, especially in the U.S.

I know for a fact that METRO supermarket has cameras strategically placed inside and outside of their establishment.

Jody, that 'Cindy witch' saw the two of us descending towards Sherbrooke Street with big smiles on our faces. She couldn't handle our camaraderie, love, and happiness. Furthermore, I think she wants to 'snatch' you away from me!

Jody I saw the way that little witch was smiling at you. I also saw the quick wink that she gave you.

Jody, there may have been a hidden message in her wink. Like, let's knock off your dumb friend, or something of the sort."

I was utterly shocked! I'd had some doubts regarding Sharon's sanity, but at that moment, I was trembling on the inside. I didn't want to believe it, but it was a fact; Sharon wasn't 'quite normal'.

"Sharon, I don't think that Cindy meant us any harm. Besides, how was she able to quickly remove all of the pops and store them elsewhere?

Furthermore, how did she know that we were intending to purchase high caffeine drinks?"

"Jody, you don't love me! I know that I'm right! If you don't agree with me on this issue, I promise, something really terrible will happen soon!"

"Okay, honey, you're right! Cindy was 'envious' of our special relationship and don't you worry about my feelings towards you. I love you!"

"Jody, I don't want you to say that just because! I want you to mean it! Please, every so often say it when your back isn't pinned up against the wall!"

I realized what was making our conversation more troublesome. We needed to eat and drink in earnest. We were talking too much.

I pointed my right paw in the direction of Sharon's hot drinks and then at her blueberry muffin. Luckily, she got the message.

As soon as we began to consume our food and hot drinks with earnest we got our buzz and sugar high. In essence, our moods were elevated.

After we finished our large snack, I leaped up onto Sharon's chest then gave her three licks on the chin. She like it!

In return, Sharon held me in her arms; I felt like a little baby girl.

I closed my eyes then dozed off for a short while. I couldn't help it.

"Jody, do you love me?"

"I guess so ... I'm just kidding! Of course I love you!"

"Jody, from now on we should be very careful. There are people out there who want to destroy our relationship. They're envious of our love.

Jody, these people come in all shapes, sizes, races, and in both genders; especially women!

It's worse when a woman does it; especially if 'that' little witch is young and beautiful. This kind of witch is very vindictive, envious, jealous, mean, and nasty!"

"Sharon, I don't think that we have to worry that much about it. Sure, there'll be a guy or a gal who'll envy us for what we have ... but that kind of thing happens sparingly to most people. I mean, nobody has everything, right?"

"Jody, this beautiful tree is a GOD-send. I love nature and the beauty of living in a decent neighbourhood and lots of money.

Jody, I'm not a hungry money-sucking vampire! I see the look on your face!"

"Sharon, I don't think that you're a hungry money-sucking vampire."

"Okay, Jody. I was just making sure. You know, when I was a student at UBC (University of British Columbia), several witches down the hall in our dormitory spread horrible rumours about me. Worst was, that I was sick.

Jody, I'm not sick! I'm not paranoid! I don't think that everyone's out to get me!"

Upon hearing that statement I got instant goose bumps. Usually when a person is that defensive about his/her sanity then something is probably wrong. The person is most likely harbouring some deep-seated doubts about his/her own sanity and mental health.

However, I couldn't be quite sure yet. But, I was certain that Sharon had some mental abnormalities. She was a bit touchy and paranoid. Furthermore, she had some kind of envy towards some women. Finally, the man issue was a very serious matter. I had to find Sharon a good man.

Soon, I'd have to search for a fleshy android. I mean, no other kind of man could tolerate Sharon; really!

As Sharon and I were conversing under a beautiful tree we took notice of an elderly woman staring at us. She was standing at the bus stop.

I grinned at her. Being in her late seventies I figured she'd lost many family members, including her husband, and many friends and acquaintances.

The elderly woman blew me a kiss then told me that she loved me. Wow that felt good!

Unfortunately, Sharon didn't like what transpired.

"Excuse me honey. Shouldn't you be back in your senior's home? This area is off limits to dinosaurs. You're too old to be here.

Furthermore, honey, don't you dare try to take away my best friend in the whole world from me!"

"Honey, I'm almost eighty years-old! How the hell am I going to take your friend away from you? Where will I take her? How will I take care of her? I'm on multiple medications and I don't have long to live."

Sharon stood up, clenched her fists, then after taking one step towards the elderly woman the number twenty four bus arrived. Thankfully, just in time.

The elderly woman slowly embarked unto the bus then took a seat.

Shockingly, as soon as the bus began to move again the elderly woman gave Sharon the finger.

"Jody, I want to drop my pants and panties then flash my gorgeous behind in that old hen's face. What about it?"

"Please, don't do that! Look over there! No, not there! Look over there near Westmount Park!"

"Gosh it's a patrol car! There's probably a policewoman inside just waiting for a young, attractive woman like myself to break the law. She'll probably enjoy putting the cuffs on me.

Jody, you know what I'm talking about. She's probably a fat and ugly policewoman who can't find a man. She's pissed off at life in general, and women in particular. She just wants to abuse, punish, torment, and humiliate another woman.

Jody, this is the worst kind of policewoman in the whole world. She probably has low self-esteem, can't make friends, has body issues, may be a self-cutter, and probably enjoys porn and auto-erotic asphyxia. Furthermore, she probably has deep-seated fantasies about sleeping with many men; each and every one having his way with her. Oh, she'd like that!

Jody thanks for the warning! I'm glad that you're my best friend in the whole world!"

THE EARNEST SEARCH!

Sharon and I conversed for a short while longer before we headed back home.

I was now certain that Sharon was off-beat when it came to her mental state. However, she was my best friend in the whole world. In addition, I did want to help her.

While we were walking back home half of my mind was tuned into what Sharon was saying while the other half was trying to formulate a game plan for finding a 'fleshy android' for Sharon.

Unfortunately, we were now in a different dimension. I didn't even know if Dr. Hirsi even existed in our present dimension.

Either way, I planned to begin my 'earnest search' soon. I just needed to ponder and rest a bit. That way I'd be 'fresh' when I began.

Sharon and I spent the following 6 weeks doing many interesting things; taking long walks, going out to eat,

shopping, going to the malls, strolling and sitting down in parks, watching television, going to the libraries, and forming a game plan for a better and richer future.

On a warm Sunday morning I decided to begin my search for a fleshy android the following day. I figured it would be the right move to begin on the first day of the work week.

Sharon was still asleep while I was sitting in the living room forming a game plan. I wasn't sure if there were any fleshy androids in our present dimension. If not, we'd eventually have to leave or Sharon would go nuts.

Sharon's behaviour had been somewhat awkward. I wasn't sure if she'd always been that way or if it was a result of our inter-dimensional travelling. Anyway, I had to begin my search!

The following day I informed Sharon of my mission. As expected, she was delighted.

"Sharon, look, I think that it's time for us to begin our search for a fleshy android. I think you need a good husband."

"You're absolutely right, Jody! But remember what I told you earlier, I need a man to tell me that he loves me; an honest man who won't cheat on me; a man who won't abuse, neglect, or berate me; a tall and handsome man; a man who is intelligent and rich; a man who'll be satisfied with hand-holding and sweet talk without any physical stuff; a man who won't ask me to disrobe.

Jody, I need a fleshy android, immediately!"

"Sharon, I promise to help you! But you must do your part too! We must work together as a team, not against each other."

Sharon and I spent the next hour in the living room trying to form a game plan.

We decided to visit speak to hospital workers; that's where it all is. Fleshy androids are sold by money-hungry physicians. We just had to find one.

Sharon and I waited until 6 P.M. before heading to the Montreal General Hospital (MGH). By 6 P.M. things should calm down a bit except the Emergency Room.

As Sharon and I were scaling Cote des Neiges Road passersby in vehicles gawked up. They must've felt a strong bond between Sharon and me. Maybe, it looked like a giant beam to them.

Anyhow, one particular driver irritated both of us. This guy was the worst jerk in the whole world! He let us know what was on his mind.

As Sharon and I were about to cross the street to the entrance of the hospital a driver in an ugly, dark van pulled over beside us.

I knew it was bad news! This guy was obese, bald, hairy and tattoo-armed, stinky-sweaty, matted haired, obviously single and unemployed, and a criminal type.

"Hey girls, would you like a ride somewhere? I mean, I'll take you anywhere you want.

Don't worry I'm not a weirdo or anything. I just feel a bit sorry for you.

You girls are the talk of the entire city. You're always together, can't get it on with your own kind, and for some reason you totally suck with the other gender.

Now, princess, if you want me I'll give you my van and everything else that I own."

"No thanks fatso! If you don't leave us alone I'll call the Prime Minister of Canada! I'll have him send you to Baffin Island!"

"Honey, please don't do that! I'm very sensitive to the cold! Besides, I'm of Mediterranean stock. 'My people' don't like cold weather. We love fish, especially sardines, olives and olive oil, and all the other good things in life!

I promise to be a good man! Please don't tell my wife that I tried to pick you up.

One more thing, honey ... I'm not sick!"

As soon as the driver peeled out Sharon ran over to a rock, picked it up and cocked her arm back. Luckily, I was there. I convinced her that 'the jerk' simply wasn't worth it. We had more pressing business to attend to.

"Jody, I'm going to break his window! Then he'll know what it feels like to be disrespected!"

"Please, Sharon, don't do that! We've got more pressing business to attend to. Besides, do you want the cops here?! We'll have to flee the area fast."

As soon as Sharon dropped the rock onto the grass she and I continued our walk to the MGH.

A short while later we entered the parting doors then proceeded to walk to the elevators.

Luckily, the area was relatively empty. Otherwise, we'd have to have returned at a later time. That wouldn't have been good.

As soon as the elevator door opened Sharon and I entered quickly. Sharon immediately pressed the close button. We didn't want anyone else with us in the elevator.

After Sharon pressed the number six button we waited patiently.

We were walking on the sixth floor a short while later. It was nice. But we were there for business not for pleasure.

"Sharon, why don't we split up for a short while? We can work faster that way. I'll take this wing, you can take that one.

Would you like to do things that way? Or should we stay together?"

"Jody, I think that we should stay together. Two brains are better than one. If we spot a friendly-looking worker we can ask him/her about fleshy androids.

Sharon and I walked 'the beat' for thirty minutes before we got the courage to ask someone the big question.

After searching the interior of the MGH for another thirty minutes we came across a physician.

She was attractive, in her late twenties, dark haired, cat-eyed, had tons of freckles throughout her body, pale-skinned, and was roughly 5 feet 9 inches tall.

"Dr. Could we please have a word or two with you. We're having a hard time locating something very important. We decided to speak to a physician.

I'm Sharon and this is my best friend in the whole world, Jody. We're glad to meet you.

Please, we're looking for a fleshy android. Could you please direct us to a hospital employee who can help us?"

"Girls, let's go over there. I want to make sure that we have our conversation in private."

We walked over to a secluded corner. Sharon and I sat down while the physician insisted on standing up.

"Girls, tell me what you want."

"I'm in dire straits! I need a fleshy android husband. I'll pay big bucks to find him. I don't care who's selling him. Please, I'm desperate!"

"Honey, there's no such thing as a fleshy android husband. It's Star Trek technology thing. We're a far cry from all of that. Believe me, honey, if I could find one of those husbands, I'd get one right now!

Besides, if there was such a thing as a fleshy android husband we would've heard about it on the Oprah Winfrey Show; really!

But, I wouldn't recommend that path even if it were possible. Honey, you should be patient and persistent. Keep on searching until you've found Mr. Right!

Gosh I forgot to introduce myself! I apologize for that! I'm Doctor Laura Haller. I'm a visiting psychiatrist from Alberta. I'm only going to be in Montreal for another day or two."

"I'm not sick! You can't commit me! I haven't done anything wrong! I don't need your help!

Go away or I'll call the RCMP and the Montreal Police Department (MPD).

I know what kind of person you are! You came all the way from Alberta to break Jody and me up. I know for a fact that our 'relationship' is the talk of the town.

You're an envious little witch. You probably saw us walking uphill on Cote des Neiges Road. Then you decided to ruin our lives!"

"Sharon, honey, I don't want to commit you. I don't even know either of you. Please, trust me. I'm a psychiatrist. I got in to this field in order to help people, not harm them!

Sharon, I notice that you're crying."

"Sharon's not crying. She has allergies like me."

"Girls, I think we need a group hug. I hope you agree with me."

I leaped up unto Dr. Haller's Chest then awaited Sharon's joining us.

Thankfully, we hugged each other for over a minute. Many tears were shed. Mine were allergy-induced.

After we finished our group hug Dr. Haller gave Sharon a dyad hug (two person hug), then she palmed Sharon's face with her hands.

After a brief pause, Dr. Haller gave Sharon a kiss on each cheek.

For some reason, Dr. Haller didn't think that that was enough. She bent over then gave Sharon a long, powerful embrace. Then she kissed her on the forehead.

"Sharon, I want to give you the three golden words: I love you! Now, I hope I've made you feel better."

Afterwards, I told Sharon that I loved her. Thankfully, Sharon's mental state improved considerably. Mind you, I understood that this was only a temporary high.

Dr. Haller knew what it felt like to be a young, attractive woman who couldn't find Mr. Right.

One thing was certain, however, Sharon was on the verge of losing it. If she didn't find a good man soon a psychotic episode or nervous breakdown would follow. It was that pure and simple.

It was imperative that I go into full gear to try to find Sharon a good husband; even a full-fledged human being.

After Dr. Haller said her goodbyes Sharon and I froze in place for fifteen minutes.

"Jody, we're alone. Now we can open up to each other. I want to tell you about one of my big fantasies.

But first I want you to swear that you'll never tell a living or a dead person about my secret fantasy. Furthermore, I want you to give me your 'cat's honour' that you'll never tell a soul the secret fantasy that I'm about to tell you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, honey, I understand you!"

I swear that I'll never tell a living or dead person your secret fantasy. Furthermore, cat's honour I won't tell anyone about your secret fantasy."

"Jody, you know exactly what kind of husband I want; no physical contact whatsoever. Except handshakes and a hug here and there; like ball players do.

But I have a deep, hidden fantasy. I want to tell you about it because you are my best friend in the whole world. And I also understand that I have become your best friend in the whole world.

Jody, I often fantasize that I'm wasted on a men's dormitory bed, with twenty men hovering over me.

Jody, I fantasize about them having their way with me.

Jody, I'm not sick! And I'm not a little wench!

Please don't forget it! It's only a fantasy, it's not real life!"

I couldn't help myself. I laughed my brains out. The only kind of woman who'd want that is a wench; nothing short of that.

"Jody, why are you laughing at me?

Jody, you don't love me!

Oops, that was my cue to stop my laughing immediately.

"Sharon, I was laughing at something else.

"Jody, don't do that again; ever!

After I apologized to Sharon we continued our conversation regarding fantasies.

"Jody, now I want to know what your fantasy is.

Okay, but the rules regarding sworn secrecy apply here too. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Jody, I understand you perfectly well.

I've got a big crush on those two studs in SUPERNATURAL. Every time I watch that show my eyes are glued to them. I hate it when a 'female' pops up. I don't want any competition from a female; anyone but a female!"

"Jody, now we have each other's fantasy. If you dare ever tell anyone about my fantasy, I'll certainly tell about yours."

A short while later, Sharon and I began to yawn. We'd had it with the MGH, at least for the time being.

We slowly headed back home walking back all the way. It was a nice evening with many glittering stars in the sky.

As soon as we exited the MGH perimeter we walked north on Cote des Neiges Road for a short while before turning towards Westmount.

As soon as we entered our posh apartment we headed straight for the bedroom and crashed out. Aside from the mini-counselling session from Dr. Haller, we saw nothing but rejection for that gloomy day.

We continued our fleshy android search for the following six weeks before I got the shock of my life! It was then and there that I realized how sick Sharon was becoming.

The incident occurred at 2:30 A.M. on a Wednesday. I was dead asleep, naturally in our bed when something rudely awoke me. I don't know till this day if it was a sudden sound or my inherent instinct to survive.

Anyhow, as soon as I opened up my teary, red eyes, I saw Sharon in the nude, holding a steak knife, glaring at me, and regarding her body position she was hovering right over me. Naturally, I was shocked!

"Sharon, what are you doing in the nude, with that knife in your hand? Furthermore, why are you glaring at me? You look like you want to bludgeon me to death with that awful steak knife in your hand!"

"Jody Wilson ... you don't love me! I'm not a self-cutter! I didn't cut 'my bun'!"

If you love me you'll find me a husband! I know you're enjoying this ... your watching me die a painful lonely death! You want me to die so you can have all of this wealth at your disposal!

Jody, if you love me you'll prove it to me! I want a husband within a week or else I'll never speak to you again, ever!"

"Sharon, honey, I do love you! But I think that the fleshy android search is over. We must search for a good 'human husband'.

And, no, I'm not trying to harm or kill you! I want you to get better. I promise after breakfast we'll work together on our search.

Now, Sharon, please put the steak knife on the table then come back here. Afterwards, I want you to slowly turn around and get close to me.

I want to see your cuts! Damn it, Sharon! Don't ever cut yourself! Even if you're feeling down and out! You may graduate to a higher level of self abuse, like suicide!"

"Jody, I did not cut myself! I'll get rid of this steak knife but I won't allow you to see my buns. Besides, I'm not a little girl. I'm a woman! I can't allow any person to see my nude body at will."

"I'm not anybody! I'm your best friend in the whole world! Besides, I'm a cat! You better turn around or else I'll be ashamed of you forever!"

Sharon's inner pain was catapulted out in the open. It was a sad scene but nevertheless it was a lot better than self-cutting. I had to play the part of an 'emergency cat therapist'.

"No, you're a very beautiful girl!"

"Jody, why are you not looking at my body directly?"

"Sharon, I don't exactly make it a habit of staring at nude humans."

"You think that I'm fat and ugly! I have a blubbery body. Look I have fat underneath my chest."

"Sharon, you're very skinny! Regarding your 'chest' of course you have some fat underneath it, you're a woman!"

"Jody, I want to look like a little scrawny girl; a preteen; no breasts, no stomach, cute-faced, innocent looking, and no buns!"

Jody, why can't I be like you?! Ever since I met you you're still the same. You're still built like a kitten. Also, your voice hasn't changed at all!

Jody? Why are you that way?"

"Sharon, are you absolutely certain that I still look like a kitten? Maybe, you're imagining this?"

"Jody Wilson, I'm not sick! Please don't insinuate or imply that I'm sick! I'm not sick!"

"I'm sorry, Sharon. Just show me the proof before my very own eyes."

Sharon turned on the lamp light then waved me over to the mirror behind the chest cabinet.

My dear gosh! I got the shock of my life! I was built like a kitten!

Afterwards, Sharon taped my voice then played it back just in case I didn't believe her about the kitten voice part.

"Jody, you want to be a kitten so badly, not growing up and all, that your anatomy, physiology, and psyche are still at the kitten stage. I wish Jean Piaget the famous developmental psychologist was here to see this.

Jody, you are an incredible anomaly. That's one of the reasons that I love you so much!

Please don't tell anyone about my little secret. Look, I'm going to turn around and let you see my buns."

Sharon turned around so I could see her buns. Wouldn't you know it she had several cuts on them. Yes, indeed, she was a self-cutter.

"Sharon, please let's seek help in this matter. I promise to accompany you on every single therapy session. Also, I'll hold your hand during the sessions. If you need a shoulder to cry on, I'll be there in full gear.

Don't worry about my level of experience in this matter. I certainly am experienced. I've seen the worst of female mental disease (FMD).

Sharon, FMD is a very serious matter, indeed. There's no telling how many women are self-abusers (physical and/mental). I've seen and heard about many cases.

Sharon, you seem to have a problem with the way you look. Also, you may have problems with your stages of development. Please, tomorrow morning we can call a hospital or clinic in the area."

"Jody, I'm not sick!"

"Honey, I never said that you were sick. I was referring to FMD. Illness or 'sickness' in this context is nothing to be ashamed of.

Sharon, I have nothing but the best intent for you. If you don't want to go to therapy for now at least let us search for a man for three consecutive days. We can work at it from dawn to dusk.

If we come up empty handed, then we can consider some kind of therapy or at the extreme end we can return to the path. How far afterwards we go will depend on our mood and what happens beforehand."

"Jody, I want you to ask over a hundred men a day if they'll marry me. I shall do the same. That means six hundred attempts in three days. If nothing happens I'll seriously consider a viable option."

Sharon and I returned to bed. Thankfully we were able to sleep six more hours; thereby allowing us to awaken fully refreshed.

At noon Sharon fixed us a very tasty breakfast. Mind you it was very high in calories, but worth every bit.

"Jody, eat up! I'll do the same!"

Before our eyes were six scrambled eggs, four waffles, two muffins, milk, juice, toast, jelly, margarine, syrup, tea, coffee, and water. What a life!

After breakfast Sharon cleaned up the kitchen area. All that moving helped her digest her meal.

A short while later Sharon and I were ready to begin our work. Thankfully, Sharon realized that it was well passed dawn. We'd lost a big part of the day. I managed to convince Sharon to give us an extra day.

We left our apartment building with renewed vigour. We had much treading, talking, and hoping to do.

I inherently knew that Sharon had to get a husband before the deadline or else something terrible would happen.

As we were descending the mountain we took notice of a handsome man, perhaps in his mid-thirties dressed in an expensive suit and tie. His slacks were dark and specially tailored. His shoes were shiny and expensive-looking.

I was hoping that he was the one and only Mr. Right. In that regard I convinced Sharon to let me start up a conversation with him.

I cautiously approached the man keeping one eye on his hands and the other on his legs. It's part of being a cat.

Humans can be the sweetest persons in the whole world. Unfortunately, other humans can be explosively cruel; lightning fast, deceiving, sadistic, abusive, neglectful, arrogant, proud, annoying, and other personality traits that cannot be stated in this story. They're simply too horrible.

As I got closer to the man he eventually took notice of me. Then I took notice of his ring. I wasn't sure at first so I asked him.

"Excuse me sir. Are you married? You see that beautiful woman over there? She's looking for a husband. She wants to spend the rest of her life with Mr. Right."

"Kitty, things don't work that way. Only in the movies can you meet someone and end up marrying them without even knowing them.

People can't just marry each other after a brief meeting. Kitty, your friend over there is very beautiful, indeed. But I cannot accept her as a wife!

Between you and me I think she's sick. I'm not trying to be mean or anything, but if she thinks that Mr. Right will fall off a tree, like an apple, she's in for a rude awakening.

I recommend that you keep at it, without any let-up. Go to good places, not crappy ones like bars and discos. These places are good for meeting 'one nigh stands'.

I do, however, commend you for trying to help your dear friend.

Another thing, kitty, do you see that attractive woman spying on us from behind the kitchen window?"

"Yes, I certainly do see her!"

"Kitty, I'm a newlywed. That's my horrific wife! Just please don't tell anyone that I said that. Kitty, she's driving me up the wall!"

"Gosh you must be suffering immensely! Look, let me leap unto your chest and give you a kitty kiss and a few paws on the face. I'm sure it'll make you feel much better."

I leaped up unto the man's chest then readied myself for a big kiss. Unfortunately, there's a party pooper around every corner.

'Hey, you little witch! Don't you dare kiss my husband! He's mine, and nobody else has the right to kiss him! One more thing; I'm not sick! I'm only trying to protect my husband from a little witch!"

"Don't worry, toots! I promise I won't kiss your husband! I'll just give him a good pawing or two!"

"Honey, I've got a steak knife in my hand! Don't make me use it!"

Listen to me: get off my husband ... now!"

I leaped onto the ground then turned to face the man. I didn't walk away from him because he looked like he had something important to say to me.

Meanwhile, Sharon was frozen like a pop sickle. Maybe she was shocked at the woman's behaviour.

Kitty, I want to tell you something very important. Please don't spread this around; it's top secret. Cat's honour you won't tell anyone?"

"Cat's honour I won't tell anyone."

Kitty, I plan on knocking off my wife within the next few months. You see, my current employment is at the Royal Victoria Hospital (RVH).

My contract ends in two months! Wow!

Kitty, I've already convinced my wife that we should move to Vancouver after my contract ends. However, we will be going by car; our car that is.

As soon as we reach central Ontario I'll go due north for a few hours.

As soon as we arrive at the designated site I'll convince my wife to get out of the car. Afterwards, I'll execute her.

Kitty, please don't think so ... I'm not sick! My wife's a total bitch and she's very cruel to me. I've tried to be nice to her but she keeps bitching at me!

I can't even talk to a female animal ... my goodness! Furthermore, my wife told me that if I ever tried to get a divorce her she'll call the police and tell them that I assaulted her.

Kitty, my freaking wife gave me a sample viewing of her crying abilities. Furthermore, that psycho-case terrified me a few weeks ago. I was in bed sleeping away then I suddenly awakened by a sound, only to see 'her' naked, rings underneath her eyes, and clutching a steak knife.

Kitty, I don't know anyone who knows how I feel! I mean, my wife was glaring at me, hovering over my bed, in the middle of the freaking night!

If I don't kill that little bitch I think that she'll chop off my privates; really kitty!"

"Doctor, I know someone who knows how you feel. You wouldn't believe the story if I told you; really.

Anyhow, sir, I'll tell you what to do: take notes of every abnormal action she took in the past, today, and in the future then have her committed.

A handsome man like you, who is also a specialist and good looking shouldn't have to live with a psycho like your wife. Oh, one last thing; under no circumstances should she be allowed to

carry your child/children. If so it'll cause you more headaches."

"Kitty, I love you!"

"Sir, I love you too!"

"Damn you, you little witch! You can't say that to my husband! Now it's too late! I'm coming after you with my steak knife!"

"Kitty, you and your beloved friend better haul ass! I mean it! I'll take care of my creepy wife!"

Another thing, I wish your beloved friend the best of luck. I'm sorry, but I know a mentally unstable woman when I see one. Golly, I sleep, eat, and converse with one."

As soon as I ran towards Sharon the man's wife exited her house brandishing a large steak knife. Gosh we were terrified!

Sharon and I kept on running and running, not caring about our anything in the world but getting away from that psycho.

As soon as Sharon and I stopped running it became apparent to us that there was no way that we could ever find a Mr. Right; I mean we were going about it the wrong way.

"Jody, just call it quits! Please, I'm all stressed out from our search. No more!"

"I'll make friends with members of the animal kingdom, plants, and a select few women. In addition, I'll do a lot of reading, walking, mall eating, and whatever else it takes to get my mind off of Mr. Right."

BE LIKE US!

Although I suspected that something terribly wrong was going to happen I kept my mouth shut.

Sharon and I found ourselves just a block away from our apartment building. In all our running we subconsciously retraced our steps back home. Sharon was exhausted, overstressed, depressed, and anxious.

Although I was very worried about her I dared not speak, at least for a few more days until she recovered a bit. Otherwise, she may have had a nervous breakdown, or worse.

As soon as we entered our apartment we walked over to the bedroom then crashed out. I don't know how many hours we slept for but upon awakening it seemed like we'd come out of a coma.

I kept the man's secret about knocking off his wife. I had enough problems on my mind. The last thing I wanted was to end up at the police station, repeating my story over and over again

then going up against a wealthy man who probably had a good attorney at hand.

Besides, any court proceedings, if it came down to it, would take too much time, energy, and emotion out of me. Worse yet, there were no witnesses to the so-called 'advanced confession'.

Sharon and I followed the same routine for the next several months. Although things weren't exactly the best, I just wanted us to live a normal life in a good neighbourhood, in a nice mansion (or palace), and as filthy rich folks who other people envy. That's not asking for much. Is it?

Sharon's behaviour became more and more bazaar. Furthermore, her temper tantrums, especially those in public, were causing me much anxiety.

In fact, I'd really just about had enough of it! I was seriously contemplating an ultimatum: GO TO THERAPY OR ELSE I WILL NO LONGER CONSIDER YOU MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

The last straw occurred on a Friday. Sharon and I awakened at the same time, as usual.

At first, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. If I only knew!

"Jody, what do you want to have for breakfast?"

"Sharon, let's go easy this morning. A very large bowl of cereal and milk ought to do the job."

Sharon agreed with me. Breakfast consisted of Corn Flakes and much milk in each of two bowls.

After breakfast Sharon and I did the usual things; clean up, wash up, dry up, get ready to take a good long walk.

As soon as we left our apartment building I notice something peculiar about Sharon. She seemed to be pre-occupied with something; like an addiction. I wasn't quite sure, but I persisted in keeping my eyes and ears on the alert. I surely didn't want anything bad to happen to my beloved friend Sharon.

We walked for roughly an hour before returning home. The workout was good. Good enough to cause us some major hunger pangs.

"Jody, let's hold back on our meal for a short while. We can go out and have a tasty and enjoyable meal at the Eaton Centre. Fridays and Mondays are good days to go out and eat. Friday is the end of the work week while Monday is a relatively empty day. We can get the best of both worlds.

Let's watch some television and have a popcorn, crackers, and fruit cocktails snack. How does that sound to you?

"That sounds very nice! Let's go for it! A big snack will hold us over for a while; before we can hit the Eaton Centre.

After watching television for roughly thirty minutes Sharon started with her questions again.

"Jody, am I the most beautiful girl in the whole world?"

"Yes, honey, you are the most beautiful girl in the whole world."

"Do I deserve to be in the spotlight, more so than Paris Hilton and those other celebrity actresses?"

"Yes, honey, you certainly do! If they ever saw you envy would engulf their minds!"

"Jody, cat's honour you're telling the truth?"

"Yes, honey, I swear it ... cat's honour."

"Jody, aren't I prettier than Giselle Bundchen, Paris Hilton, Sarah Michele Gellar, Megan Fox, Scarlett Johansen, Kristin Kreuk, and all the other celebrity beauties out there?"

"Yes honey, you are as you wish to be."

Sharon went on and on with unusual questions. I was really worried about her. But, I held myself back. I was waiting for one more 'episode' before I'd call it quits. After that, there would be no more waiting.

Sharon and I were delayed because she inadvertently broke her key in the door as she was locking it.

We had to go downstairs and tell the manager what happened. Luckily, Mr. Adams was a kind and understanding man. He'd been a locksmith in his youth.

After fixing the lock he told us that our key was defective; thereby not charging us for the repairs or the new key.

Too bad Mr. Adams was a short, fat, sweaty, middle-aged man. If he's been half way decent looking I would've tried to set him up with Sharon. Well, that's life.

Sharon and I left our apartment building at 3:30 P.M. We slowly descended the mountain leading to Sherbrooke Street.

As soon as we entered Sherbrooke Street we crossed over to the other side so we could wait for the number 24 bus, which would take us to within easy walking distance of the Eaton Centre.

After waiting for roughly ten minutes the bus finally arrived. We boarded the bus then waited patiently until arriving at our stop.

Our ride was so comfortable we almost fell asleep. Luckily, several other passengers wanted to get off at our stop. Their commotion awakened us.

As soon as we disembarked the bus we headed straight for the Eaton Centre.

On our way there a wino tried to open up a conversation with us. A bad move indeed.

"Hey, girls how's it going? Look, I'm not a drink. I'm not addicted to anything. I'm a law-abiding citizen. And most important of all I'm not sick!"

I just need a twenty to get me by for the rest of the day. I promise that I will not buy any alcohol or illicit drugs. I'm a good man.

By the way, girls, do you want any company?"

"I couldn't bear to smell the wino any longer. Sharon almost puked.

Although I sympathized with the wino I wasn't ready to give him any 'booze money'.

"Excuse me! You asked for it, you got it ... public drunkenness, homelessness, stinky smell, unemployment, begging, poverty, and disrespect from the public at large.

Sonny, you stay right there and rot your brains out! I know you weren't born on the streets. You did something wrong! That's why you're homeless! I don't want to hear any of your stinky excuses! As for money, I don't want to give you any of my money. Why the hell should I? You'll just spend it on booze and whatever else is bad for you!

You know something you give the good and victimized homeless persons a bad name!

I know that some people lose their jobs and are unable to bounce back and find another job in time. They're thrown out of their residences.

Other homeless persons have gone kaput from a catastrophe like an investment that has gone under or a business that went under.

Sonny, there is one more group of homeless persons; the group that I sympathize with the most; runaways from sexual abuse, physical abuse, and/or verbal abuse.

You, on the other hand have a bottle of Whiskey in your hand and smell of booze. I've seen you staggering on the sidewalk and even on the street.

I personally couldn't care less what happens to you. As far as I'm concerned we'd be better off if you were deported to Siberia or Baffin Island.

You people stink up our streets, and especially our Metro! When one of you sits down and drinks, smokes, pukes, urinates, poops, it stinks up the whole damn area! The mere smell of you is nauseating!"

As soon as we entered the Eaten Centre I convinced Sharon to go upstairs to the fourth floor and walk a few laps.

The fourth floor is very nice, clean, and relatively isolated from the large crowds. I figured Sharon needed at least an hour of walking and then sitting to calm down.

I noticed that Sharon's fists were clinched, her face was pale, and her biceps and forearms were flexed. She was in the mood for a big fight. As such, I wasn't going to take any chances with her beating up a wino. He simply wasn't worth it.

After a nice indoor walk we decided to sit down for a while. It was the best thing to do.

Sharon and I conversed for a while before our hunger pangs returned.

At that point we understood that we had to eat and drink. So, we descended to the ground floor and walked to the nearest Dollar Store.

Once inside we took hold of several cold pops and some super caffeinated drinks to take back with us to the Eaton Centre Food Court.

Thankfully, we didn't need to purchase any sweets. Sharon had placed some goodies inside her shoulder bag before we left home.

A short while later, Sharon and I were strolling through the Eaton Centre Food Court.

It didn't take us long to figure out where we were going to eat. We decided on Asian food.

Asian-vegetarian, especially Japanese and Korean is the easiest to digest. This is followed by Chinese and Thai food; unless of course, you opt for soup. Soup is easy to swallow. Just make sure it's not very hot first.

We decided to eat at Thai Express; a nice food stand that sells Thailand foods.

Luckily, there were no people in line. Sharon took hold of a tray then waited for the food stand worker to take her order.

The worker was a young, beautiful Asian girl with jet black hair, pale skin, gorgeous brown eyes, and an athletic body. She definitely went to the gym on a regular basis. I figured she had at least three boyfriends. But, that was only conjecture.

"Hello girls! May I take your order, or would you like to wait a bit longer to make up your mind?"

"We know exactly what we want. Please give us two vegetarian plates from the number five special, with an egg and non-spicy.

My best friend in the whole world and I can't handle spicy foods."

"No problem. You will get what you ordered; perhaps more of it but never less of it."

Sharon paid for our meal then waited patiently until the dessert problem manifested itself. You see, Sharon has this peculiar habit regarding even numbers and desserts.

"Jody, I only have one freaking dessert; a giant chocolate chip cookie for me and an oatmeal cookie for you!"

"Jody, I can't eat one dessert of anything! You know what kind of person I am. I mean, Jody, you know that I'm not sick. I just can't deal with this problem!"

As soon as the food stand worker gave us our order a gargantuan problem ensued.

"Honey, I only have one dessert in my shoulder bag. Actually, I made a mistake. I thought that I placed two desserts for myself and one for Jody.

Now, I'd like to purchase one Thai dessert please."

"Madam, I'm very sorry! We just ran out of desserts a short while ago. You see, desserts are not a big seller. So, we make the least amount needed."

"What the hell do you mean, there are no more desserts! I can't freaking eat just one dessert! Ask Jody! My desserts must be in even numbers; no odd numbers whatsoever. And, one more thing, honey ... I'm not sick!

Give me a freaking dessert or I'll 'sick' my temper on you!"

"I'm sorry, madam, please don't be angry at me. I'm only a worker here.

The poor worker opened up her meal box then pulled out an Asian-looking dessert. Somehow, it didn't look 'Thai'.

"Honey, where are you from? I take it you're not from Thailand!"

"Actually, I'm from China."

"You little witch! That's fraud! You're not even from Thailand! This is fraud and I'm sick of it! Damn it, this goes on all the time!"

You have deceived me, Jody, and numerous other customers!"

I didn't know how ignorant Sharon was regarding immigration matters until she opened her mouth again. It was so funny I had to laugh.

"Honey, I want to see your Canadian Green Card! Let me see it, now!

Jody, why are you laughing at me?!

Jody, we're best friends in the whole world, aren't we?!"

"Actually, I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing at something else."

"You better not be laughing at me, or else!"

Her statement gave me the creeps. I was now contemplating leaving Sharon. Her behaviour was becoming too wacky for me. However, I would give it one or two more tries before leaving would be the only viable option.

After we sat down to eat I noticed a large crowd of onlookers. As soon as I gawked at them they began to disperse. Sharon was ruining my reputation throughout the entire city.

"Jody, why can't everyone be like us? Why can't they?"

"Gosh Sharon in Canada 'we' believe in multiculturalism. It's really nice to have people from all over the world, all

racess, and everything else in the formula, converging in one country.

Sharon I wouldn't like to live in a world where everyone looked, spoke, and behaved like us. It just wouldn't be fine!!

"Jody, you don't love me! I just want people to be like us! What's the big deal with that?!"

"Sharon, I'm sorry for sounding 'unloving'. I do love you from the bottom of my love filled heart."

Sharon and I began to eat but not before we decided to change the subject of our conversation. It's not healthy to eat while you're pissed off or talking about high-anxiety issues.

As soon as Sharon's sugar and caffeine levels began to elevate I took advantage of the moment. I told her that I needed to get some pepper from the food stand.

It worked. Sharon didn't suspect anything. If she'd found out what I'd been up to our friendship would've been over.

As soon as I reached the Thai Express food stand I leaped unto the counter then called out to the worker. For some reason there was nobody else working that shift. Well, it was all to my advantage.

"Honey, please come here. I want to talk to you.

Look, first I'm sorry for Sharon's horrible behaviour. She's starting to lose it. I just want her to get better.

However, that's not why I'm here. Please tell me your name."

"Kitty, my name is Linda Wang. Please talk to me for as long as you can. I'm under so much stress working, going to school, and having to put up with super witches like your friend Sharon.

Thankfully, she's the first super-witch I've had to deal with at work. Most of them are just waiting to pounce on someone."

"Linda, I think that you are a very beautiful young woman. Your eyes are really sweet; your hair is really long, black, and straight, and you seem like a really good-natured person.

I hope to speak to you under better circumstances. Please give me your phone number. Just don't write it down. I'll memorize it. Sharon's very vindictive, envious, and jealous of other women. I can't befriend any other 'female' without her permission; which is basically never.

Linda, unless you're an old hen, I have to see and speak to you in secret; away from Sharon's creepy attitude.

Linda, when I first laid eyes upon you I figured that you had three or four boyfriends. I mean, like, you're so beautiful."

"Jody, I love you! I wish that I was your best friend in the whole world!"

"Linda, I love you too! But I think that I better be getting back to Sharon. I notice that she keeps glancing over at us. Please give me a packet of pepper. That was the excuse that I used on her."

After getting my packet of pepper I hurried back to Sharon. Thankfully, she didn't suspect anything.

The rest of our meal went just fine; no voice raising, indigestion, or any sly remarks about any other person. Sharon's sugar and caffeine levels were nice and high.

MY LITTLE SECRET

Sharon and I ate our meals, washed up then took a nice long walk. We were both tensed up after 'the incident'.

I didn't know what the problem was with my friends. It was like every time I became attached to a human I later discovered that he/she, mostly she, had serious mental issues.

If Sharon had crossed the line one more time, it would probably mean the end of our friendship; really.

For the following three months there were no real incidents. Well, actually there was one mini-incident. Let me tell you about it.

It occurred on a Thursday evening on the peripheral of the Westmount Square.

Sharon and I had decided to walk home. We took an alternative route through a long corridor that begins from Atwater and leads to the Westmount Square.

Everything seemed to be going just fine until Sharon opened the door leading to the Westmount Square. I entered through then a very handsome man, well-built, tall, rich looking entered after me.

Apparently, Sharon had opened the door for both of us. The man gave a customary and expected thank you then continued walking. Although he was grinning he didn't look back at Sharon.

At the moment I didn't think much of it. However, Sharon did. She totally went berserk on the man.

"Stop ... Mister! I just opened the door for you! Now ... you must marry me!

You have to marry me or else!"

The man turned towards Sharon for a split second then sped up. He understood that 'the woman' shouting at him was not of sane mind. Being a businessman, he probably didn't want to tangle with Sharon. In essence, he had much to lose.

Shockingly, Sharon proceeded to follow the man. Mind you, I objected strenuously all to no avail.

"You come back here! You must marry me or else!"

The man stopped in his tracks, turned to face Sharon, then spoke his mind.

"Madam, although you are nice looking, and I'm sure a nice person, I can't marry you because I'm already married to the sweetest woman in the whole world. Furthermore, she's pregnant with 'our twins'.

Please leave me alone, or else I will notify security. If that's not enough to stop you then I'll call the police. I'm dead serious about this!"

"Honey, I know that you love me. You smiled at me after I opened the door for you."

Of course I smiled at you for opening the door for me. I'd do the same for a dog or a cat. That's not all. I also thanked you for opening the door for me. And, may I add, that should've been it."

"Honey, leave that wench of a wife, or whatever else she is! As of now, you belong to me!"

I intercepted their conversation by dragging Sharon back to the corridor. I took a firm hold of her pant leg and pulled with all of my might.

Meanwhile, the man took advantage of the moment; he turned then hauled. I would've done the same thing.

"Jody, let go of my pant leg!|

After pulling Sharon to a secluded corner I tackled her to the floor then stood up on her sternum. I was no eye-to-eye with her.

"Sharon, so help me! If you ever pull off a stunt like that again or humiliate me in public I'll leave you!"

I may have been a bit too harsh on Sharon but that's what she needed; a strong bitching out.

Naturally, she began to cry. In response, I pawed her face then kissed her on the forehead.

I glanced up at the camera several times to warn her. She got the message. We backtracked back to Atwater then exited onto Maisonneuve Street. From there we headed westwards.

Believe me my adrenalin level shot up through the clouds. I was so humiliated and pissed off as all hell.

As soon as we arrived home I didn't give the customary 'good night' to Sharon. She understood why.

In addition, I didn't share the bed with her as usual. I slept on the sofa.

As soon as I closed my eyes I fell into a deep sleep. Dreaming on-and-off but not awakening until I was startled by a heavy thumping noise.

I was utterly startled and baffled. It was 3:15 P.M. and the sound couldn't have been attributed to construction work.

I opened my eyes then went straight to the restroom where I washed my face. I wanted to investigate the matter.

Naturally, my first instinct was to see if Sharon was okay. If that was the case then ninety percent of my stress and anxiety would dissipate.

I knocked on the bedroom door and waited patiently for an answer from Sharon.

After this method failed I tried to speak to her.

"Sharon, my dear are you all right? Is everything okay? Do you need any assistance?"

I stood there for another minute before deciding to enter our bedroom.

As soon as I entered the door I got the shock of my life! Sharon was tied up and had a bag over her face. She was hardly breathing.

I must say that it was a miracle that she put the bag on the wrong way. If she'd done it the right way she would've most likely have died.

Beside Sharon were several 'dirty magazines'. I was shocked! But I also knew exactly what Sharon was trying to do. You see, she had a serious psychiatric/psychological problem. It is called AUTO EROTIC ASPHYXIA.

This is a very horrible problem. The 'asphyxiad' literally gets off on suffocating themselves. It's supposed to give the asphyxiad an ultimate high/orgasm.

After getting over the sudden shock of it all I scratched and bit apart the plastic bag. Afterwards, I loosened the noose around Sharon's neck then removed it.

I called 911 and told the switchboard operator what happened and gave her our complete home address. Thankfully she was polite, calm, empathetic, helpful, and very reassuring. These are necessary attributes of an emergency service switchboard operator.

"This is emergency, 911. How may I help you?"

"Please, my best friend in the whole world tried to asphyxiate herself! I ... mean ... she's got auto erotic asphyxia!"

"Honey, is she breathing?"

"Yes, but she looks very sickly. Like, umm ... she's come back from the dead!"

"Honey, is she fully or partially conscious?"

"No, she's out cold!"

The switchboard operator gave me complete instruction to follow. I made sure to do exactly as she said. As far as I was concerned she was my boss for the entire conversation.

A short while later the emergency technicians arrived at the scene.

As soon as I let them into the apartment I pointed to the bedroom. Without any hesitation they went there.

I'm sorry to say this but it was a very sad and humiliating scene. I wasn't sure how Sharon was going to come out of her physical problem; but if she did make it, her psychological problems were going to be horrible!

I had to do what I had to do! My best friend in the whole world was dying. So, I called 911!

After the ambulance technicians placed Sharon on the gurney and gave her oxygen they took her pulse and blood pressure. Thankfully, she didn't die.

"Kitty, does your friend have any relatives to notify?"

"No, actually, I'm like family. Just call me up."

After I gave one of the two ambulance technicians my cell phone number a short exchange occurred then they took Sharon to the MGH.

I told the ambulance technicians that I had to stay in till the next day. The mere shock of what I saw took much energy out of my mind and body.

I managed to leap unto one of our living room sofas then crash out. I must have been out for many hours.

Upon awakening I went to the fridge and got myself some milk. I managed to pour milk into a large bowl of Corn Flakes. Thankfully I didn't spill anything.

With Sharon around it was her job to prepare meals. Now I felt like a bachelorette cat; fixing my own meals and feeling lonely to the bone.

The following week was full of stress and apprehension. I managed to visit Sharon three times but only when she was sound asleep.

I was lucky to be able to visit her. Apparently, they transferred Sharon to a 'special room'. The special room was reserved for psychiatric patients that were a possible threat to themselves or the public at large.

My appetite for solid foods had diminished. I managed to fix myself a few morsels of meat. However, my appetite for milk increased.

On the seventh day of Sharon's 'residency' at the MGH she decided to call me. Mind you, this probably the most horrendous phone conversation that I'd ever had.

It was early morning and I was licking a malted vanilla drink when all of a sudden the home phone started ringing.

Instantly, I took my last gulp then leaped unto the counter. Thankfully, I managed to take the phone off the hook.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Jody, it's me, Sharon!"

"Oh Sharon, how are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling like a used up wench! Do you know what it feels like to have your best friend in the whole world stab you in the heart?"

I mean, you do understand my innate need to defend myself. I must do it!"

There was something unusual about the words that Sharon used. I needed clarification.

"Sharon, you're not blaming me for what happened, are you? I mean I'm the one who called 911 and helped to save your life."

"Jody, you little witch! You ruined it for me! I did this kind of thing back in school. I wouldn't have died!"

Jody, I can't allow a little witch like you to humiliate me. So, you do understand why I'm going to do it, right!"

"Huh, I don't know what you're talking about. Please clarify your statement!"

"Jody, I need to have another blood test taken in a short while. As soon as the fat nurse enters my hospital bedroom I will tell her what really happened.

"Jody, you assaulted me! Your paw prints are literally strewn across my apartment.

Jody, you were physically and mentally abusive towards me. Jody, you tried to kill me! You tied me up, made me look at several horribly filthy magazines, and finally you placed a plastic bag over my head.

I'm not forewarning you because I love you. That's long gone. You abandoned me! I wasn't going to die! I was coming back from the dead!"

"Sharon, please don't do this to me! As soon as I saw you I removed the plastic bag from your head then loosened whatever knots that I could.

Sharon, I did all of that because I love you! You should thank me for saving your life!"

"Jody you do understand that I can't allow anyone to find out about my 'little secret'!

I advise you to leave town, then to leave the entire province. You'll need to hitch a ride off someone.

Jody, just lick your wounds and leave, forever! One last thing; I'm not sick!"

I was shocked! The Montreal Police were going to be knocking on my door very soon.

I quickly guzzled a large quantity of water, milk, and pre-cooked hamburger meat. I gorged on the meat as a lioness gorges on a nice wildebeest carcass.

I was certain that upon leaving the apartment I'd instantly become homeless. What a terrible shame!

But first, I conducted a quick and thorough brainstorm. I wasn't going to take this lying down. I had to land a punch or two before disappearing!

Eureka! Deep inside my head was the ultimate act of retaliation! And I found it!

I walked over to the kitchen then opened up the Yellow Pages book. After searching for 'the number' I went back to the living room then called 'the number'.

After three rings a young woman with a beautiful voice answered.

"Hello, this is Linda of the Montreal Gazette personals ads section. How may I help you?"

"I've got a big story that I want to be published in tomorrow's Gazette; it must be on the front page, with a large picture of the person it's about, and uncensored.

Can that be done, or should I contact another newspaper?"

"Oh my dear; is that you, Jody!"

Jody, don't you remember me? This is Linda Wang from the Eaton Centre food court.

Do you know what that little witch friend of yours did to me? Jody, she got me fired! At the end of my shift the owner of the food stand gave me the bad news. He saw and heard what transpired. He thinks that I started the problem with your little witch friend.

"Oh, yes, I remember you! How are you, Linda?"

"Jody, I love you!"

Although Linda's statement was totally out of context and seemed a bit unusual I was in no position to question her intent.

"Linda, I'm so glad to hear your voice!"

"Jody, I'm waiting for a quick response. Remember, I sent you the three golden words, now you have to do your!"

"Okay, Linda, I love you too!"

"That's more like it, Jody. Now what was your reason for calling the Gazette?"

"It has to do with Sharon Peabody, my little witch friend. She's got a big problem. You see, I recently saw her in our bedroom nude, tied up, and with a plastic bag covering her entire face and head.

Also, there were dirty magazines strewn across the carpet. You see, Sharon was unconscious, so I called 911. She blames me for calling the ambulance technicians.

I can't help it if Sharon's got an auto erotic asphyxia problem."

"Oh my dear am I loving this! Jody, what else do you have for me?"

"Sharon's going to tell the police that I tied her up and tried to put her in a coma, and that I'm an abusive kitten."

Oh gosh what else is there?"

"Sharon can't make it with any man. She recently searched for a fleshy android. She wanted him for herself."

"Jody, what else is there? I know there's on big bomb that you want to tell the world about. Please tell me!"

"Like, umm, she has a fantasy about being wasted, lying on her back, and then twenty guys have their way with her.

There's one more thing; Sharon Peabody wants everyone to be like 'us'. She's afraid of anyone who isn't like 'us'."

"Jody, I promise that I will get all of this information down and guarantee that it will be in tomorrow's paper, front page, not only in our paper but in every single paper in the entire city and all of the boroughs!"

"Wait, that's not all! Linda, I'm going to give the doorman one of my apartment keys. I will inform him that someone from the Montreal Gazette named Linda Wang should take my key and enter my apartment for business. I will make certain that he does not question you at all.

Phillip is a very good man. In addition, he told me that he loves me. Therefore, I'm certain that he'll do as I ask of him.

Linda, I want you to enter my apartment and 'download' a picture of Sharon so the whole world can know what she looks like, and do your reporting about her dirty magazines, kinky paraphernalia, and whatever else you see that is incriminating. I want that bimbo destroyed!"

"Jody, just leave everything out in the open. It's all right if I bring two experts from the Montreal Gazette crew, right?"

"Yes, do whatever you need to do. Furthermore, I want a copy of tomorrow's paper to be placed next to Sharon's hospital bed.

She's no longer in the special room. I'm sure you'll find her hospital room easily."

"Jody, I'll do it all and some. But, I need to speak to you about an important issue, all right?

"Yes, go ahead, I'm all cat ears."

"Jody, like, umm, I'm not sick or anything. Like, umm, if Sharon dies ... I mean ... if she is officially no longer with you can I be your best friend in the whole world?

Please, Jody, I understand that you've probably had quite a few weirdo friends. But, I'm neither a weirdo and I'm certainly not sick!

Jody, I promise, I've never been on psychiatric medication nor have I ever been labelled as a psycho case.

"Jody, please, if I pull this job off, can I be your best friend in the whole world?!"

"Yes, Linda, you can be my best friend in the whole world! But please, pull this job off fast! That little witch is trying to sick the Montreal Police on me."

After Linda and I exchanged phone numbers and home addresses we said our goodbyes then did what we had to.

Instantly, I quickly began to rummage through Sharon's chest drawers, closet, and thankfully even found her personal diary. As far as I was concerned the gloves came off.

The big prizes were the kinky paraphernalia, including the special plastic bags and rope. Not to mention a 'how to' book. Where and how she got this book I surely don't know.

I left everything in plain sight for Linda and her co-workers to see, inspect, download, and report about in the following day's issue.

After finishing my 'work' I hustled down to the lobby and scanned the area for Phillip.

Thankfully, Phillip was in front of the main entrance greeting anyone entering or leaving the building.

After giving Phillip careful instructions about what to do I decided to take a long walk. I didn't want to be around when Linda and her co-workers did their work.

A DAY IN MONTREAL

When I returned home I slept like a kitty. Thankfully, I awakened just after dawn. The whole day and night were ahead of me. I wouldn't be able to read the day's issue of the Montreal Gazette until late in the evening. As always, a copy of the day's paper will be placed in front of my apartment door.

I ate a breakfast consisting of cereal, milk, juice, toast, jam, margarine, eggs, and a sweet roll.

Thankfully, I'd learned much about preparing my own meal and placing utensils and dishes in the dishwasher. In addition, being an inter-dimensional traveller allowed me to break some basic rules pertaining to feline nutrition. I can live as an omnivore rather than a full-fledged carnivore.

Although, I must admit that for a considerable period of time I harboured in inherent fear of chocolate. But I did eventually cave in. The sheer smell of chocolate and the

expression on the faces of humans when they eat it was too tempting.

After eating breakfast, washing the dishes and utensils, and washing myself I decided to leave my apartment for the entire day.

Notice that I now use the words 'my apartment' rather than 'our apartment'. As far as I was concerned Sharon was out of the picture forever.

Thankfully, we had a joint account full of money! We were rich. The rent, cable bill, and other expenses could be paid by credit card or check. In essence, I was set!

As soon as I left our apartment building I saw Craig Morrison, the other doorman. He was drinking his coffee and eating his donut. Craig, by the way is perhaps the fattest doorman in the Montreal metropolitan area.

Because our apartment building was very posh-looking, doormen who appeared intimidating, tough, or who were well-built were never hired by our administration.

Innocent-looking and non-threatening doormen were hired instead. Although I must say that our administration never hired a woman. In fact, I've never seen a 'doorman' who was a woman. That's probably why you never hear anyone using the word 'doorwoman'. Even policewoman is heard, but not doorwoman.

I'm not being a self-hating female. But I can't imagine a woman opening doors for people. Can you?

Anyhow, let me get back to my incredible story. I decided to delay my walk in order to converse with Craig. I was awfully worried about him. You see, his diet was crappy!

As stated earlier, he was having his coffee and donut. At other times, I'd see him eating junk foods from various establishments including large burgers (extra toppings and cheese), humongous (super-sized) fries, humongous drinks, and always a high calorie dessert or some kind of sweets.

Craig was a fifty year-old bachelor, never married, slightly balding, obese, working class white male.

Craig spent all of his extra earnings (from much overtime) on food, movies, and playful non-essentials. I couldn't picture him with a woman, ever. I'm sorry, but honesty is sometimes brutal and painful.

Craig had been a doorman for thirty years. He used to work for high class hotels. But he told me that as he got older the hectic nature of it all became unbearable. In our apartment building things are more laid back. Mind you, Craig's tips at the hotels were very handsome, indeed. Apartment building doormen receive most of their under the table bonuses around Christmas time; often in the form of alcohol. Because Craig was

a non-drinker (thankfully) he ended up taking the booze home then pouring the contents into his toilet.

Craig had other fine character traits. No matter his mood or his level of fatigue this fellow always greeted people with a smile and had to say nothing but good about them.

I felt sadness about Craig not having a family. I think that he could've been an incredibly fine husband and father. Unfortunately, his living habits, obesity, and luck kept him away from being a family man. Actually, there was more to it than I thought. I would soon find out about Craig's other 'problems'.

"Jody, come over here and talk to me. I'm so glad to see you. Look, I notice that Sharon's no with you. You gals are always together. Don't tell me she left you?"

"No, actually Sharon's in the hospital. I think that come tomorrow morning she'll snap out of it.

Anyhow, how's work?"

"Jody, I've been a doorman forever. I see all kinds of people entering and leaving this apartment building. Not to mention the hotels that I've worked in.

Most of the tenants in this apartment building are okay. However, there are a select few who really tick me off!

Do you know Agatha 'the witch' Caldwell. She's in her late seventies, skeletal in appearance, and always farts right before she enters and leaves our building. That means that the doorman on duty has to suffer the brunt of 'the smell'.

The other problems include two tenants who assume that I'm their 'white slave'. They get all pissed off if I'm busy on the phone or eating my lunch. They want me to put my food down, stand up, walk to the freaking glass door then open the door for them with a big smile on my face.

Jody, the administration only gives me fifteen minutes to eat, wash up, dry up, and to promptly return from lunch; all without pay of course.

Other than that I'm perfectly satisfied working here. I mean, there are tons of good people like you. I love seeing your faces. Your faces really brighten up my day."

"Craig, do you have enough time to enjoy your meals while you're working here?"

"Honey, of course I do! I get the customary thirty minutes plus more if there's nobody around. By nobody I mean the big boss. You know, Margaret Finnegan, the old hen who's always smiling at herself in the mirror.

Jody, of course we know about it. You probably thought that you were the only one who knew that Margaret was a wacky-brained old hen.

Anyway, I love her to death. Apart from being mentally unstable she's really a kind-hearted woman. Sometimes, she brings me some chocolate chip cookies and two percent milk.

Jody, you don't think that I'm a baby do you? I mean, I'm not sick! I'm a hard-working, white, middle-aged man.

Oops, I don't know if using the word 'white' is appropriate. I mean, it's like white people have to watch their tongues nowadays. I mean, like, I don't want anyone to think that I'm a racist.

Umm ... Jody, like, you know what I'm talking about, right?"

"Oh, yes ... I certainly do."

I wasn't sure of what to make of Craig's unusual thinking and logic.

"Jody, I'm not fifty years-old. Actually, I'm fifty five. And, like, please don't tell anyone, okay."

"Don't worry, Craig. I promise not to tell anyone; cat's honour!"

"Jody, I still live with my mother. That's not all. She still bosses me around, calls me a 'dummy' when I screw up, still prepares me meals and snacks at home, reads me stories when I'm having a stomach ache, doesn't want me to get married; ever, makes my bed, gets most of the groceries, and cleans the house.

Jody, I think that my mother wants me to stay obese so she can have me to herself. That way I'll always be her little teddy bear. What do you think?"

Thankfully, right then and there the fire alarm went off. I was literally saved by the bell.

To tell you the truth I don't know how I would've answered Craig's question.

Anyway, we said our goodbyes then parted ways. I began my long walk while Craig performed his duties as a doorman.

I began my walk in earnest wanting to relax my mind but at the same time get a good physical workout. I had a long day ahead of me and was expecting to find a very important newspaper article in front of my door upon my return.

As I was walking the mountain I began to have second thoughts about humiliating and destroying Sharon. Deep down inside part of me didn't want to harm her. But she did throw the first punch and many more were to be launched at me, especially if I made no effort to defend myself.

Roughly fifteen minutes into my walk I saw an elderly man using a cane and walking his Beagle. They looked like a good pair of friends.

The Beagle appeared to be very happy and relaxed. But at the same time I could tell that he was keeping a keen eye on his owner; who by the way, looked like he was about to croak.

As soon as the elderly man took notice of me he flashed me a laboured smile. He was so old even smiling took much energy out of him.

His Beagle wagged his tail then turned his head to get a closer look at me. I, in turn, raised my tail and grinned at them.

"Honey, what's your name and where are you from?"

Although I was shocked at the bluntness of the elderly man's question I went ahead and answered it.

"My name is Jody Wilson. I'm originally from Missouri. I'm glad to see you. Smiling faces are generally nice to see. Except if it's the smiling face of a person who's torturing you. Then, the smile becomes sadistic.

"Honey, my name is Bertrand Bellows and this is my Beagle Tom Garrison."

"Do you mind if I approach you?"

"Go right ahead, honey."

I approached the two with caution and a readiness to either fight or flee. A cat never knows the true intentions of a total stranger, never mind two total strangers.

As soon as I was within arm's reach the elderly man extended his right arm then proceeded to me between the ears. I liked it!

The Beagle sniffed my behind and my face. Thankfully, he seemed like a very nice dog.

We conversed for roughly twenty five minutes before parting ways, but not before I convinced the elderly man to go to the hospital because his face was pale, breathing was wheezy, and he was sweating. I didn't want to take any chances!

I continued my walk on the mountain for another thirty minutes before descending to Sherbrooke Street.

Upon entering Sherbrooke Street I decided to walk towards the downtown area, but not before I went to the Westmount Public Library (WPL) and Westmount Park.

As soon as I entered the library I got a memory flash. It was here that Cynthia Corbett and I made our official discovery of the fleshy androids.

I walked to the elevator then pressed the UP button. Mind you, I had to leap into the air to do this.

After a short wait the elevator door opened. I promptly entered then pressed the number three button.

In no time at all I was on the third floor strolling around and looking at the countless books.

As I was strolling around I took notice of a young boy, perhaps he was seven years-old. For some reason, his eyes were bloodshot like he'd recently been crying his brains out but had stopped.

The nurturer in me won the inner debate. I had to help the little boy.

This boy kind of reminded me of Dennis, in Dennis the Menace and also the kid in the original Lassie show.

He had straight blond hair, blue eyes, and freckles on his face. In addition, he had an overall cuteness to him.

As usual I approached the boy with caution keeping an eye on his hands and shoes just in case he pulled a fast one on me.

"Hey, kid, what's the problem? Are you hurt or something? Just tell me what's wrong."

"Hey, you're a cat!"

"Of course I'm a cat! I was born that way!"

"Oh, sorry, I wasn't trying to be mean or funny. And thanks for asking me what my problem is.

You see, my parents are moving to Halifax in a couple of weeks. Although I'm sure I'll like it there, I don't want to leave.

Kitty, I'm only seven years-old. I'll lose all of my friends and will have to start all over again in another city. That's very stressful."

"By the way, my name is Jody Wilson and I'm glad to meet you. Why don't you and I spend part or all of the day together?

My pouch is full of money. So, any food or drink that we buy is on me. And everything else included, in case you're wondering.

Now, I didn't get your name."

"My name is Timmy Spalding and I was born in Montreal; at the Royal Victoria Hospital (RVH)."

"Timmy, don't cry. Look, everything will be all right, I promise. Moving is part of life. Believe me, if everyone stayed put many of our advances and discoveries wouldn't have occurred.

Moving is difficult but afterwards it can be very fun I've moved around so much, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Please don't tell anyone that I'm crying, because I'm not. I have allergies.

My parents, especially my mother, think that boys should never cry. Any boy who cries is a sissy-girl.

My mother would demolish me if she ever saw me crying. She always tells me to be tough like a lion.

I once told her 'mom, I'm not a lion!'

Her response was, 'Timmy, you're not a pussy either!'

My parents are a bit off the wall. Although we're rich we have familial problems.

Jody, I love you! Do you love me too?!"

Not again! It's like everyone who I befriend loves me. Timmy put me in a bind. If I had responded in the 'affirmative' then I'd be lying. On the other hand, I couldn't hurt Timmy's feelings.

Timmy seemed like a very sensitive boy who needed love, affection, understanding, and an open ear. That's what I decided to give him.

"Yes, Timmy, I love you too!"

"Jody, can I be your best friend in the whole world, forever?"

"Yes, honey, you can be my best friend in the whole world, forever."

"Timmy let's go downstairs to the children's section and find ourselves some books to browse through and maybe we can do a little book hitting too. Book hitting is good for the mind and body.

Timmy, I think you and I are going to hit it on just fine. So, let's go downstairs.

Timmy and I took the elevator down to the children's section. It was a short and smooth ride.

Timmy and I spent the next hour browsing through books and doing a little reading on the side. I mean, we didn't want to waste all of our time.

Timmy and I decided to return to our previous spot. It was secluded the first time. We were hoping that it would stay so the second time around.

Timmy and I sat down then we talked about numerous topics. However, the topic of his parents was a very touchy point. Something was happening in Timmy's home and I had to get to the bottom of it.

"Timmy, tell me about yourself and your parents, please. I'm not trying to be a suspicious cat. I care about you. In order for me to be able to help you I must first identify your problem/s.

"Actually, my parents are too pre-occupied with their careers to give me a second look. Also, they're kind of weird; really.

Jody, I want to remind you about not telling anyone; I'm talking about my teary-eyes. I want to grow up to be a man not a sissy boy."

Timmy resumed his crying. I patted his face several times then I gave him a kiss on each cheek.

"Jody, I'm not a chipmunk! I want a peck on the lips. And don't tell my parents, either."

I kissed Timmy on the lips then comforted myself beside him. Now I had a good vantage point to Timmy's inner secrets.

Timmy and I conversed for a short while before deciding to leave the WPL.

Then out of nowhere a young, geeky-looking girl wearing thick lens-glasses and a large dress approached us.

"Guys, are you all right?"

"Of course we're all right! Why are you asking?"

"Actually, I noticed that friend crying. I just wanted to know if he was lost or something. You see, I work here. Also, I have a younger brother about his age."

"Honey, are you all right? If you'd like a chocolate bar just say the word."

"Actually, I'd like one for me and another one for my best friend in the whole world Jody Wilson."

"Okay, honey, here. But I'll have to give you a chocolate bar and Jody a ginger bread cookie.

Jody, is that all right?"

"Yes! I love ginger bread cookies!"

Guys please don't let anyone see you eating; since I am the person who gave you those snacks. You see, if my boss finds out, I'll probably be fired.

Guys, if you need anything just ask for Melinda Peterson. And, if in the future you need a best friend in the whole world just come to the Westmount Public Library while I'm on duty and you'll get what you want.

Please, I'm not sick or anything. I mean, like, I do have friends who are humans but I like to mix it up a bit. You know humans and animals."

As soon as Melinda walked away Timmy began to cry again. So, I have to play the part of older sister.

"Timmy, let's eat our snacks first then you can rest your head on my side. Does that sound nice?"

"Yes, thanks Jody!"

Timmy and I enjoyed our snacks. Afterwards, I took tossed the wrappers into the wastebasket.

As soon as I returned to our resting place I rested on my side then allowed Timmy to place his head on my body.

Timmy began to cry again, but with less intensity than before. I understood that he had serious emotional issues with his parents. It was then that I decided to have a word or two with his mother. For some reason I was under the impression that his mother was the main culprit of his problems.

After a short while Timmy stuck his thumb in his mouth. I almost felt like his mother. But I did manage to pet him on the head. Thankfully, it raised his spirits some.

As soon as Timmy removed his thumb from his mouth he asked me an unusual question.

"Jody, can you be my sister? I need a sister like you, really badly!"

"Timmy, I'm flattered by your request. But we must face reality. You're leaving Quebec in a week or two. If I say 'yes' then you leave, will it make matters worse for you?"

"No, I just want to be able to think about you when I'm home with my horrible parents. My mother is a witch and my father thinks that he's King Kong. He also worships power and wealth."

"Okay, if I'm your sister, then you are my brother."

Timmy, please don't cry. It's all right. I'll speak to your mother and explain to her 'the truth' about being a good parent."

Timmy and I conversed for a short while before leaving the WPL.

Timmy and I decided to walk through the park adjoining the WPL. We ended up walking through it and the perimeter a half a dozen times. It was good for our minds and our bodies.

I noticed that Timmy's spirits had improved somewhat. After our walk we decided to take the number twenty four bus heading east. That way, we could eat a nice meal in the downtown area before heading to Timmy's home.

As we boarded the bus the driver flashed us a smile and a nod with his head. Afterwards, he said a few kind words to us.

"Hello guys, are you going to the mall?"

"Yes, we're going to the Eaton Centre food court."

"Bon appétit and don't talk to strangers. Especially if you are asked to enter a vehicle or are offered food, money, or a gift."

"Thank you for the good advice, monsieur."

After we sat down Timmy and I enjoyed the scenery. It was amazing how far technology has taken us. I took fast transportation for granted whenever we enter a vehicle.

Although walking is fun and healthy it's a slow process. Sometimes a person feels like a Galapagos turtle or a sloth.

As we were enjoying the scenery Timmy began to cry again. I was shocked! Why was he crying, again? I wondered.

"Timmy, why are you crying?"

"Actually, I'm deliberately thinking about sad events from my life. You see, as soon as I get home I have to become a Vulcan. My parents don't allow me to cry unless it's a very serious matter."

The way I see it, I've got gallons of excessive tears to shed."

An elderly man who took notice of Timmy's crying came and sat beside us. He was holding a crutch and was deep into retirement.

"Son, my name is Robert Dell. I couldn't help but notice that you were crying. Do you want an oatmeal cookie?"

"I can't have a snack unless you also give Jody a snack. I can't eat while my best friend in the whole world just sits here and watches me."

By golly then I'll give each of you a large oatmeal cookie. How's that sound?"

"That sounds just right! Jody and I can eat together; I mean with you if you want."

We conversed with the elderly man for a few minutes before he exited the bus. We waved to the elderly man when the bus driver pressed on the gas.

Just a minute my mini cell phone started ringing. I wondered who would call me at this time of the day.

Anyhow, it was an unlisted number. Now, I was a bit concerned.

"Hello, how can I help you?"

"Jody Wilson, I love you!"

"I'm sorry, but do I know you?"

"Jody Wilson how can you forget your new best friend in the whole world?"

Jody I'm Linda Wang! Please tell me that you remember me and that you love me!"

"Oh my, yes I do love you! And yes I do remember you!"

"Please tell me about the Sharon Peabody story. I left home early this morning. The paper delivery was late today."

"Oh, Jody, like we didn't download, tape, take pictures or notes, or do anything of that nature."

As soon as we arrived at the scene we noticed a large crowd around Sharon's hospital room.

After we made an inquiry into what had happened the 'operation' was called off.

Apparently, Sharon tried to choke a psychiatric nurse, got into a fist fight with one of the female orderlies, and she claims that the fat on her body is planning to engulf her.

Jody, Sharon tried to choke the psychiatric nurse because her name was Jody, like yours.

You see, you can never go back to that little witch. Jody, there's one more thing: I'm not sick, possessive, controlling, or suspicious, but I sense that someone is near you. Is it a beautiful woman?"

Jody, I'm not like those other girls who are envious, emotionally unstable, paranoid, and delusional. And certainly not psychotic!

But Jody, I need to know who that girl is. Is it Paris Hilton, Megan Fox, Kristin Kreuk, Giselle Bundeschen, Pamela Anderson, the Olson twins, or some other 'witchy girl'.

Jody, I'm neither envious nor jealous. I'm just worried about you. Please, Jody, I love you!

Jody, please tell me! I'm supposed to be your best friend in the whole world! And please don't think it! I'm not sick; really!"

"Actually, I'm with Timmy Spalding, a seven year-old boy that is really a nice character. I hope you believe me."

"Jody, I do believe you! But for the sake of our precious friendship, please put him on your mini cell phone. I just want to be reassured. Please don't say no! If you do, I'll end up with a broken heart and a bleeding ulcer!"

"Okay, I'll put him on the phone."

"Timmy, please talk to my friend Linda Wang. She's a nice person."

"Hello, this is Timmy Spalding."

"Hi Timmy, how are you doing?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Timmy, I want to ask you a question or two but please don't make it obvious to Jody. Also, please be honest with me. I'll make you a very good friend of mine if you do just that.

Timmy, are there any other persons with you?"

"Yes, we're on the number twenty four bus heading east. Hopefully, we're going to eat at the mall. I think that we'll eat at the Eaton Centre."

"What about earlier? Were there any other girls who go cozy with Jody?"

"Well, Melinda approached us and inquired about my feelings."

"Timmy, are you all right?"

"Yes, I feel fine now. However, I'm afraid to go back home. My parents are crazy. Especially my mom! My mom's a witch!"

"Timmy, I love you so much! Also, I hope that your life gets much better and that your parents see you for who you are; a very nice young boy who deserves nothing but love and respect."

"Linda, I love you!"

"Timmy, I'm so thankful that you sent out the three golden words (I Love You) in my direction.

Timmy thanks for the good chat. You can give Jody back her phone."

Thankfully, Linda was satisfied that I was telling the truth. That made our trip to the mall much easier. The last thing that I wanted was to be stressed out while eating at the

food court. It's not good for your digestive system. Lions don't like it when hyenas pester them at a kill.

As soon as we arrived at our stop Timmy and I exited the bus and thanked the bus driver for the friendly service. Oftentimes in a big city service can be quite impersonal. Not this time.

"Timmy, we have to walk downhill a bit until we reach St. Catharine Street. Afterwards, we must turn left for a short walk to the entrance of the Eaton Centre."

A short while later we entered the Eaton Centre. After walking the food court perimeter we left the Eaton Centre in order to get some pop at a DOLLARAMA.

Upon returning with our pops we walked straight to Tiki Ming then ordered two large soups (for here).

I asked Timmy to open my pouch and remove a twenty dollar bill to pay the cashier.

After the payment was made and we waited for a couple of minutes Timmy by placed both of our soups and our pops on the tray. We thanked the workers then began our search for a nice seat.

Thankfully, the Eaton Centre has the largest food court of any downtown Montreal Mall.

Timmy and I sat near a large television monitor. Although there was no volume and the shows were French Canadian we enjoyed the background scenery.

"Timmy, drink your soup and your pop. My tolerance for caffeine is much greater than yours."

"I'll just drink this one can of pop. It won't kill me."

"Timmy, I overheard you saying that you're afraid to go back home. Is that true?"

"Yes, Jody, whenever I tell you that my mother is a 'witch' I mean it. She's an outright vindictive, envious, witch."

I decided to keep quiet for the duration of the meal, unless Timmy started up a new conversation. That did not happen, however. The rest of our meal was spent in 'happy silence'.

After eating and washing up Timmy and I walked around the Eaton Centre and several other downtown malls. We even went as far as the skating rink.

I must admit, my time with Timmy was delightful. A brief thought entered my mind about leaving the present dimension with Timmy. Although I didn't want to snatch him from his parents, if what he'd told me was the 'correct truth' then it would one day be an option. Mind you, Timmy would have to agree, one hundred percent, wholeheartedly.

As soon as we arrived at the skating rink Timmy and I got some drinks then sat down. It was fun watching the skaters having a good time. Smiles, grins, and other signs of happiness

are often contagious. These are 'happy contagions' that most people would love to experience on a daily basis.

Timmy and I enjoyed our drinks while we conversed about various topics. All along I was concerned about Timmy's mental state. His parents, especially his mother, who I understood was a very wicked woman, were bad news for him.

I was in a great bind. There wasn't much I could do for Timmy except make him happy for the short time that I was allocated. Soon, he'd be on his way to Halifax.

An hour later Timmy and I got up then left the skating rink. Although we were a bit tired we agreed upon taking the train to the east side of town. We'd board the train heading to Honoure' Beaugrande Station. Then, we'd walk around and enjoy the scenery.

Timmy and I walked McGill Metro Station then boarded a train heading east.

We went as far as fifteen stops before arriving at the last station.

As soon as the train stopped we got off and went upstairs. Outside, it was nice and sunny. Timmy and I grinned at each other then decided to walk through a residential neighbourhood nearby. We wanted to take it easy and to stay away from heavy traffic.

The houses in this part of town look nice but are not mansion-like. This is 'new money' housing.

We continued our walk through one block after another before being stopped by a patrol car. I understood that we'd done nothing, but I was also apprehensive about being stopped.

"Kids, what are you doing here?"

"Officer, we're just taking a walk. My friend Jody and I decided to see the east side of town because it's far away and different from our parts of town.

Jody lives in Westmount while I live in Mont Royal. We're from the upper class sector."

"Okay, kids. The reason why I stopped you is because our police station has received a total of four emergency calls relating to a cougar cub walking with a young, blond boy.

Are you a pure cat, or do you have some big cat blood in you? I want you to be fully honest with me. Otherwise, you will be breaking the law."

"Officer, look at me! I'm just a kitty! I've never broken any laws or harmed any humans, directly or indirectly."

"Very well, then, I guess the two persons that I'm searching for are in another part of this neighbourhood. I apologize for the inconvenience."

As soon as the patrol car was out of sight Timmy and I instinctively ran back to the Metro Station.

We hadn't realized how far away we were from the Metro Station. It was a full twenty minute run, jog, and walk routine.

By the time we were at the outskirts of the Metro Station both of us were exhausted beyond comprehension.

We looked like a couple of cheetahs who'd just chased down a prey animal. Afterwards, we panted ferociously.

After fifteen minutes of resting I took notice of a patrol car approaching the Metro Station. Thankfully, my feline vision has always been superb. I warned Timmy of the possible impending doom. Therefore, we found it imperative to enter the Metro Station immediately.

A short while later Timmy and I entered the train on the green line. We were relieved that the police officer in the patrol car didn't see us. Although we didn't commit any crime for that moment we understood how a criminal feels when he/she evades the police.

It was my incredible feline vision that allowed me to determine that the officer in the patrol car wasn't the first one that we'd seen.

We headed west on the train until reaching Berri Station. We exited the train then left the station. It was our intent to go to the Public Library near the Metro Station.

As we approached the library entrance I took keen notice of the security guard working in front of the entrance and exit. I warned Timmy to run away if the security guard asked us for identification. I wasn't being paranoid ... really!

Thankfully we entered the library without incident. In fact, the security guard gave us a big smile and a wave. I think he liked us. How comforting that was!

"Timmy, do you want to go down to the children's section?"

"Yes, let's go down, immediately! We can look at some picture books and have some fun."

"Beautiful! Timmy you and I were meant to be incredibly close friends"

Timmy and I descended down the steps to the children's section. As soon as we 'had landed' we scanned the area for 'English' books and magazines.

As soon as Timmy and I located the right place we went there then took hold of several magazines then found a good place to sit. Mind you, this wasn't so much a learning experience as it was a relaxation experience. Both Timmy and I were dead tired. Furthermore, after a brief rest we'd resume our trip to Timmy's home.

Thankfully, we were able to spend an hour relaxing, talking, and looking at many interesting pictures and drawings.

Before leaving the library Timmy and I went to the restroom, washed up then drank a handsome quantity of water. We understood that there was much more walking left.

Timmy and I returned to Berri Station then descended to the train stop for the orange line heading in the direction of Cote Vertu Station.

After waiting for a few minutes, the train arrived. As soon as Timmy and I entered the train an important message was given on the intercom system.

Unfortunately neither Timmy nor I were bilingual at the time. Therefore, after the end of the message I asked a young man what the message was about.

The young man told me that there would be a fifteen minute delay. I thanked him then I turned my head and grinned at Timmy. Timmy returned the favour with a grin of his own.

Although Timmy and I were heading in the direction of Cote Vertu we weren't going all the way there. Actually, we were going to Della Savane Metro.

On every single stop we saw people enter the train while others exited the train. Thankfully, nobody took notice of us. In fact, the other drivers in our section were laid back and uninterested in a seven year-old boy and his kitty friend.

Finally, we arrived at the intended target station. As soon as the train doors opened Timmy and I were out in a jiffy.

"Timmy, you will have to lead the way as this is the first time that I walk through this particular neighbourhood."

"Don't worry, Jody. I will take you to the outskirts of my home. Please understand that I don't want my mother to see you. She's very envious and possessive. She'd go ballistic if she saw me with another 'girly'.

My mother wants me to grow up to be a 'mamma's boy'. She wants me to be dependent upon her and at the same time help her. Also, she doesn't want me to ever get married. I don't like my mother!"

"Timmy, your mother can't be like that! Are you certain about what you're telling me?"

"Yes, Jody, I certainly am!"

Jody, I love you more than anyone else in the whole world. Please remember me in your heart. Don't forget me, ever!"

"Timmy, you forgot about your parents!"

"No I didn't! I love you more than I love them, too!"

Jody, I want to spend the rest of my life with you! Can we, like ... run away somewhere and like, umm ... never come back, just you and I forever and ever?"

"Timmy, let's concentrate on getting you back home. Please, let me speak to your parents. I'm certain that I can put some sense into them, really."

Timmy and I continued our walk through the area entering the City of Mont Royal soon afterwards. I noticed that the area was considerably quieter than the downtown Montreal area and even Westmount. Westmount is connected to a hectic part of Montreal.

I figured from the look of the homes and there were numerous mini-mansions, Timmy's parents were well off. I understood that his mother was a corporate attorney and his father was a maxilla-facial surgeon.

As we walked through towards Timmy's home I noticed that he became more jittery and anxious. Naturally, I care about him so I inquired as to his emotional and physical state.

"Timmy, are you all right? I notice that you're getting very nervous and uptight. What is the problem? Please don't hold back, we're very close friends. Friends are supposed to care about each other, right?"

Timmy signalled me to sit down with him. Unfortunately, he had another crying fit. This time, he was hyperventilating and the tears in his eyes were dripping with incredible force. Naturally I leaped unto his chest then gave him a kiss. Afterwards I continued to gently paw his face; making sure that I pawed both sides gently and with much emotion and affection.

"Timmy, everything will be all right, really! Let me just have a word or two with your mother."

"Please, Jody, I don't want to go home!"

"Timmy, you can't sleep on the street and if I take you in your parents will certainly call the police."

After several minutes of 'loving persuasion' I convinced Timmy to continue our walk.

We walked zigzag for a while until we entered Graham Street. Graham Street is long and important for transportation. Somehow, I felt like Timmy was taking me around in circles. However, for the time being I kept quiet because I wasn't certain.

We continued to walk eventually passing the Reginald P. Dawson Library and walking past a park containing tennis courts and an area for curling.

We took a sharp turn and continued to walk. Now I really sensed that something was really wrong. It wasn't until we passed the library for the second time that I stopped Timmy in his tracks.

"Timmy, we have to stop walking right now! We're going around in circles!"

Timmy understood what I was telling him. We did an about face then continued our walk crossing over a mini-bridge then entering the 'other half' of the city.

A short while, later Timmy made an unusual request.

"Jody, please, hereafter I want to carry you to my home. But first I must blindfold you. I don't want you to know where I live. Please, don't say no!"

I reluctantly agreed. After Timmy blindfolded me I leaped into his arms so he could carry me around.

We walked for another fifteen minutes before Timmy stopped, removed the blindfold from my eyes and laid me down on the sidewalk.

"Jody, I refer to my home as HOUSE X. Please do likewise. I don't want anyone to know where I live or anything about my creepy family.

Jody, the MUNSTERS television show was funny 'on television' but in real life it's a horrible thing for a normal person to have to endure.

Jody, please tell send me the three golden words ... please!"

"Timmy, I love you ... very much!"

As soon as we were within spitting distance of the Spalding mini-mansion I froze. Actually, I was waiting for Timmy to make the next move or to say something.

Then, I pulled Timmy's pant leg. I had to get his attention. As soon as I got it I reminded him that it was imperative that we exchange phone numbers and email addresses. I would also give Timmy my home address. He was welcome there any time!

After we finished our important business I leaped up onto Timmy's chest then gave him a big hug and a big kiss. Afterwards, I leaped back onto the ground.

"Jody, I know that I've already made this request but, can I be your best friend in the whole world for today?

I know that you already have a best friend in the whole world forever, but I just want to be your best friend for today."

"Yes, Timmy, you can be my best friend in the whole world for today; actually forever. I don't think that Linda will go ballistic if you and she were both my best friends in the whole world. As long as it's not 'another girl', I can talk her into accepting it."

Timmy signalled me to follow him to the door of his home. I followed him like his own shadow.

Timmy took a deep breath then exhaled. I could tell by his mannerisms that he was extremely anxious and apprehensive.

A short while later Timmy's mother opened the door. She was dressed in a beautiful pink night gown, and she was certainly one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen.

Her hair was red, her eyes were sky blue and her skin was French vanilla coloured, with scattered freckles.

She was six feet tall, athletically built, and had an aura of confidence.

"Timmy, where have you been? I was worried about you!"

"Mom, I'd like you to meet my best friend in the whole world! I've been with her the entire day."

"Timmy Spalding and what am I? And what is your father? I'm your best friend in the whole world! I'm your freaking mother!"

Timmy Spalding, I breast fed you when you were nothing but a helpless baby! I gave you my own free milk, over and over again! Furthermore, when I was carrying you I looked like a giant balloon. My stomach was so distended I thought it was going to turn into a balloon! And this is how you pay me and your father back?!

Regarding your feline friend, she looks like a kitten today but she'll grow up to be a big cat someday. She'll eat you for lunch!

As for you, listen you little witch! I know exactly what you're trying to do! You're trying to break our family apart! We're supposed to be moving to Halifax soon. How dare you take my son away from me for the whole day!

Another thing, I don't want you to ever speak to my son again! As soon as you leave our property I'm calling the police!"

"But, Mrs. Spalding, I love Timmy dearly! I'm very fond of him. Fine, you are his mother naturally you should be his best friend in the whole world.

I just wanted Timmy and me to have fun. He was a bit depressed about having to leave the greater Montreal metropolitan area. I don't blame him."

Listen you little witch! I don't care what you tell me! You are a bad influence on my son. You're nothing but a low-life jezebel! I can tell by looking at you ... you've certainly had your share of tom cats!"

And another thing; I'm not sick! I'm only trying to protect my son!"

And don't you dare think it, either!"

"Think what, Mrs. Spalding?"

"You think that I'm a wench. I'm dressed in my night gown and my husband is at work. So naturally, you think that I have a man in my bedroom that is satisfying my precious needs and desires."

"But mom, can't we invite her over for a steak dinner? Dad said that he was bringing home steaks for dinner tonight."

"No way, impossible! It won't happen so long as I'm part of this household and as long as I'm your mother."

Although Timmy began to cry his brains out, I couldn't help him. I believed his mother about notifying the police of my 'supposed actions'.

I said my goodbye to Timmy then began to walk away. After hearing the door close behind me I decided to hide out behind a tree across the street. I wasn't trying to be a snoop cat or anything, I was worried about Timmy.

"Timmy, I want to know what her name is because I'm calling the police! I don't want that little witchy lioness to harm you again! Now, tell me her name, Timmy!"

"Mom, I can't tell you her name! She's my best friend in the whole world!"

Slap! Slap!! Slap!!!

My dear Mrs. Spalding slapped her son because he refused to tell her my name.

Unbelievably, the slapping continued unabated after each 'negative answer' that Timmy gave his mother.

After several rounds of slapping I became extremely anxious. I determined that I had to stop Mrs. Spalding; physically assaulting her was my only option. That would've been a horrible thing to do; considerably worse than having to listen to the slaps.

Then it happened! The slapping and bitching out of Timmy ended. I waited for a while to see why Mrs. Spalding stopped her activity so suddenly. Not that I was angry or anything.

Using my incredible night-time vision and awesome hearing I saw two men leaving the Spalding Home from the back way. However, I also saw Mrs. Spalding in her nightgown walking with them.

Each man gave Mrs. Spalding a sustained kiss on the lips. Then they left each on in a separate car.

As I was pondering about what to do a police officer parked his patrol car in front of the Spalding home. I closed my eyes in order to remove the shining of the reflector in my eyes.

It was then that I decided to leave the area and head home. I figured that it was all over between me and Timmy. His mother would certainly cry in front of the police officers making her story that much more dramatic and horrible.

I walked through the neighbourhood for searching for an exit back home. Eureka, I remembered a very important fact! Downtown Montreal was behind the mountain. As soon as I was out in the open I saw the mountain giving me a good idea where I was.

I jogged to the mountain keeping my eyes open for hostiles and the police.

As soon as I reached Snowdon Metro Station I slowed down to a walking pace. With all that I'd done that day with Timmy, my

run, and the incredible stress of it all I decided to hitch a ride off someone. I didn't want to use the metro in this part of town. I figured that all of the Metro stations' personnel were placed on red alert, eyeing their camera lenses at any cat that they saw.

I walked to Decarie Boulevard then headed southwards. Thankfully, it didn't take long for someone to offer me a ride. I was shocked by who it was!

"Jody Wilson, I love you! Please get into the car!" It was Linda Wang, my best friend in the whole world. Although I was delighted for the ride Linda was a bit off the wall. Her behaviour and the words that she spurted out of her mouth sometimes didn't make any sense. In addition, she had some personal 'issues' that needed to be resolved.

Being desperate and terrified of being seen by anyone especially the police, I leaped into Linda's blue Caprice Classis then fastened my seatbelt.

"Jody my love, how are you today?"

"I'm a bit tired. But I'm also thankful to see you and for the much needed ride."

"Jody, you look like you're a bit anxious, tired, and afraid. Please don't hold back. We're best friends in the whole world. You shouldn't hold back on me."

After taking a deep breath I explained to Linda what had happened, without leaving any part out.

"Jody, that little witch, Mrs. Spalding, doesn't deserve to be a mother. Neither should she be allowed to own any animals. How did her husband fall in love with her?"

"I sometimes feel that way when I see a good man with a horrible wife, vice versa.

Linda, I think that it's a human thing. Cats are too smart for this kind of nonsense."

"Jody, I understand that you're tired. Would you like to sleep over at my place? I have much food; also including several gallons of milk and ice cream.

Jody, we can have steak, fries, salad, buns and margarine, high caffeine drinks, and dessert.

Jody just a minute, regarding the high caffeine drinks, I'm not addicted to anything! I just love caffeine; the incredible buzz that it gives me and the tasty and soothing carbonation."

"Look, how about if we meet another day? I don't plan on leaving the metropolitan area soon. I apologize, but I'm really exhausted. I can barely open up my eyes."

"Jody, as long as you don't have a secret 'female friend' in your life, other than yours truly of course, I think I can learn to handle it. However, I don't like competition.

FRANK 'BOGEY-MAN' BOGEY

Linda gave me a ride home without incident. Because of my level of exhaustion I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone. So I waited until the doorman entered the building to answer a request from one of the tenants.

I quickly entered my apartment building then ran to the elevators. Next, I pressed the 'UP' button and waited patiently.

I was so exhausted everything after that was a blur. The next thing I knew I was turning over in my bed in the middle of the night. Well, at least I got back safe and sound.

At 3:30 A.M. I received a telephone call. Believe me I was almost startled to death.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"Jody, it's me, Timmy Spalding!"

"Timmy, what happened with you and your mother?"

"One of our neighbours called the police about the racket my mother was making. It wasn't the first time.

Jody, my mother lost it. The police ended up calling my father at work, so he had to drive from downtown to our home in a nasty mood.

Although I must say, he knew what it was all about. Being married to my mother for ten years was more than enough for him.

You see, I just found out that it was my father who was moving to Halifax, not the three of us. My parents were going to tell me at the last moment because they didn't want me to throw a fit for days on end.

My father had made up his mind to divorce my mother. Apparently, he'd known about her multiple escapades and he'd felt her mental instability as her husband. Basically, my father had had enough of my mother.

Regarding the slapping of my face, the police knew very well that it wasn't you. My mother tried to place the blame on you. There were no scratch marks on her face. As if the Montreal Police are going to be stupid enough to believe my mother's pathetic lie?

My mother was taken to the hospital for observation. Either way, my father told me that the divorce proceedings would be sped up as a result of the incident.

Initially, my mother was supposed to have sole custody of me. However, the incident was the last straw. I can now move to Halifax with my father.

My father apologized to me about not being loveable enough. Thankfully, he's got a job as a professor of dental medicine. He'll have more time to be a good father. He's selling his dental clinic.

Jody, I love you so much! More than my own parents! You are the best kitty I've ever known in my whole life! I wish you the best of luck in your whole life!"

I thanked Timmy for his kind words and told him that I'd love him forever. Too bad, he was moving to Halifax the following week.

He and I agreed that it would be better if we said our goodbyes by phone, right then and there.

I didn't want to make our conversation too long because Timmy was crying his brains out.

I went back to bed in a somewhat uppity but also depressed mood. It was a 'dichotomous mood state'.

I awakened the following day freshened up and wanting to take a very long stroll through the metropolitan area.

I decided to eat a more standardized cat meal consisting of a giant bowl of cat food with much milk mixed into it. It kind of looked like a bowl of cereal.

After eating my enjoyable meal I drank sixteen ounces of water from a bottle. Bottled water is a GOD send for people.

After cleaning and washing up I prepared myself to leave. First, I checked my pouch to see how much money I had. Thankfully, I had a ton of money.

I left my apartment with the intent of taking a long walk and eating out at one of Montreal's nice malls.

I just had to flush out the horrible memory of what happened to Timmy. Although I was very relieved that he was finally going to be separated from his witch-mother and that he'd no doubt have a better life in Halifax with his father, I was worried about the consequences of his being roughly slapped and interrogated by his mother.

I also understood that his mother was sick. Therefore, after her stay in psychiatric lockup she'd probably be moved to non-custodial psychiatric care. The best case scenario would be a full recovery but with supervised visits of her son Timmy. Perhaps a miracle will occur in the not so distant future where the Spalding family can be re-united; an unlikely but still possible scenario.

I strolled through the mountain for half an hour before descending to Sherbrooke Street.

I managed to walk on Sherbrooke Street for fifteen minutes before getting an ice cream cone and relishing it on a bench. It was fun watching the passersby (pedestrian and drivers) give the entire area life and euphoria.

As I was finishing my ice cream cone a limo pulled over into the curb in front of me. At first I didn't think much of it but then I felt that there was something peculiar about the way the limo was parked; right in front of me.

I could've sworn that something was up. Then a chauffeur exited the limousine and walked to the passenger side.

The chauffeur grinned then motioned me into the limousine. At first I didn't know what to think of it but then the rear passenger door opened.

A middle-aged bald man, big sized, gangster looking man inside the limo stuck his head out and grinned at me.

"Hey, kitty, do you know who I am?"

"I'm certain that I've seen you somewhere before, but I just can't pinpoint it."

"Kitty, I'm Frank 'Bogey-Man' Bogey! Now do you remember me?"

"Oh my dear, you're a big shot in this city! Wow! How's it going, Mr. Bogey."

"I'm just fine. However, I need a kitty in my life. It's one of those 'love cravings'."

"Sure, Mr. Bogey, just give me a few seconds to finish my ice cream cone."

As soon as I finished eating I descended onto the sidewalk then leaped into the limo; like a true leopardess.

As soon as my paws landed onto the interior of the limo Mr. Bogey ordered his chauffeur to get inside, to raise the sound-proof partition window, and continue driving.

"What's a cute little kitty like you doing all alone eating a vanilla ice cream cone? Are you lonely?"

"No, Mr. Bogey, actually I've had my share of too many friends, some of them not so normal.

But, this is the first time in my life that I ever sat next to a big shot. Why do people in this city fear and respect you?"

I found in peculiar that Mr. Bogey didn't answer my direct question.

"Honey, don't call me by my 'official title'. Just call me Frank. I think that you and I are going to get it on just fine.

You know something, kitty, as soon as I took notice of you I told my chauffeur that you were a special kitty.

I'd like to drive you around the entire city and its boroughs, or suburbs, depending on which word you like."

"Frank, I'd love to see your mansion! Actually, I love mansions ... I really do! I mean, I know that you live a first class life, good food, countless women ... no emotional attachment, freedom, and respect from the public at large.

Princes, I'll show you whatever you want, including a good time.

You see, in my city, Montreal, I know where the underground bars are located. We've got everything in them from booze, gambling, 'special dancers', bare knuckle fighting, and whatever else you like. Back in the olden days they used to call these bars 'Speakeasies'.

Honey-bun, I run this city like it is part of my body; it's mine for the keeping and using.

Now, I know that you're a polite kitty. So tell me your beautiful name."

"My name is Jody Wilson and it's my pleasure to meet you. I hope that our relationship can grow into something really big ... like maybe 'for me' to become a boss's kitty. I remember hearing about that on the radio. People in your inner circle call you the boss. What do you say about that?"

"Jody, I love you! My 'associates' in the Montreal arena respect and fear me. I give off an image of strength, brutality, retribution, vengeance, revenge, and outright toughness.

Jody, you can be my special kitty, if you want. I just need you to do a 'job' for me; if you want?

Jody, I want us to eat lunch together. Don't worry, the food will be very tasty, fresh, and clean.

Well, do you accept?"

"Yes, Frank, I accept wholeheartedly!

Frank reached over into the back of the limousine then opened the fridge door. He removed four roast beef sandwiches on rye, two bags of chips, one milk carton, two extra large pops, and an entire lemon meringue pie; clean utensils and all.

I was thrilled at the sight of such incredible food! I waited for Frank to take his first bite before I began to eat. I figured it was the appropriate thing to do considering all of the food was his to start with.

But, deep down inside, I was wondering why Frank was really so nice to me. No, maybe he liked me because I was so cute and adorable. You see, I had a 'dichotomous view' about my situation. I then began to wonder about 'the job'. What kind of job did Frank want me to do?

"Jody, look over there, way in the back of my limo. That's a sink, and there's the mouthwash and soap. The towels are in the mini-drawers; how about that?"

"Wow, Frank, I'm flabbergasted by your incredible generosity! Your limo is gigantic! I'm wondering how much it cost you?"

"Jody, my money is always rejuvenating itself. I've always got plenty of it and I love to live a first class life."

I ate and drank everything that Frank offered me. He was right about the food. I found it to be of the highest quality. The roast beef was well-trimmed of fat.

After eating I washed up then dried my face and body. Meanwhile, Frank was eyeing my every move. I must admit that I began to feel a bit anxious about that.

"Jody, I don't mean to eye you. You're such an incredibly cute cat. I mean it!

Just come over here and rest beside me. My chauffeur will keep driving until I command him to stop, no questions asked."

Frank drove me around for roughly another hour before taking me to his mansion. It was located in the mountain located in Westmount.

The mansion was conspicuously hidden in a side street. The other mansions in the area had high fences and hedges to protect themselves and their precious privacy. No doubt, each of those mansions had an intricate alarm system. I'm sorry but locks alone won't deter an intent burglar.

As soon as the chauffeur pulled into the driveway I exhaled deeply in awe. Frank's mansion was gigantic. It was fit for a prince.

"Tom, when Jody and I exit the limo park in the garage."

"Jody, this is your day! Follow me into my very own mansion.

You must follow me like my own shadow, or else you may get lost.

My bedroom contains fifteen bedrooms, a restroom and a shower in each, a recreation room, two study rooms, an incredible kitchen and living room and much else.

Jody, I don't want to take up much of your time describing my mansion in detail. Just stay near me, okay?"

"Okay, I'll stay on you like your own shadow."

Frank took me on an expanded tour of his mansion and also outside; there I saw a large pool and a Jacuzzi.

After the expanded tour Frank carried me to the study room. Before he closed the door he made certain that nobody was nearby.

"Jody, do you know that I love you dearly? I have nothing but the absolute best in mind for you. That's why I'm going to come out and make my request.

Jody, baby, I want you to swear that you'll never tell a soul what I'm about to ask you."

"Yes, Frank, I swear that I won't tell a soul."

"Jody, tell me the truth, you want to live in a mansion, right?"

"Yes, I want to live in a very large mansion. But I also want to be able to buy anything that I want."

"Jody, I can certainly give you that and much more! But first, I want to explain to you what 'the job' is.

Jody, I know as a fact that next Wednesday there'll be fifty million dollars in a 'special safe' in the Royal Bank of Canada (RBC) on Guy Street near Tim Horton's.

Jody, you do know which RBC I'm referring to, right?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, I desperately need a small, tough, courageous, streamlined, agile, uninhibited, quick, intelligent, and vivacious cat like you to get into the RBC and pick the safe. Don't worry the alarm system and the security guard will be taken care of beforehand.

Jody, I have several 'individuals' working on this job. Don't worry about our cut! These individuals each owe me several favours a piece. I've saved their necks on numerous occasions. If anyone of these individuals tries to double cross me I'll erase them for good!"

"Frank, I'll give you a definitive answer by Monday morning at ten o'clock sharp."

Afterwards, Frank took me to his study room then locked the door. Something was up; I mean ... he wore a pair of white surgical gloves.

After ensuring that the door was locked and that there were no cracks in the shades Frank opened up his safe then removed

some papers then he placed them on a large table several feet to my right.

After Frank waved me over to the table I leaped up onto it then waited for Frank to speak.

"Jody I want you to see these designs. They are RBC designs. I mean, like, this is what the RBC that we're going to hit looks like.

Jody, don't be shy! Study these designs, all three versions. Don't be fooled by the versions. These designs were specially made for a heist. In essence, our workers will have three different strategies of entry and exit into the RBC. Naturally, they can only use one of them, but the other two can be backups if anything goes wrong.

Jody, please ... scan the pages. It won't hurt you, really. Now, I must go to the kitchen and take some antacid for my stomach. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Naturally, as soon as Frank left the study room I flipped through the pages and glanced at the designs. I didn't leave a single page unchecked.

After Frank returned from the kitchen I wished him the best of luck in his struggle against heartburn.

In response, Frank gently raised me to his face then gave me three kisses, one on each cheek and a peck on the mouth. I really thought that Frank loved me dearly. Boy did I have much to learn.

Anyhow, Frank escorted me to his white picket fence then asked me if I needed a ride home or anywhere else for that matter.

I thanked Frank for all that he did for me on that day. I told him that I needed to stretch out my legs by walking home.

"Jody, just don't forget my offer! I'll make you the 'boss's kitty'."

I walked away flattered by what Frank had said but also bewildered and terrified. I was bewildered at my gargantuan mistake; getting into a vehicle of a stranger. In this case two of them. Also, I'd inadvertently squeezed myself by making a commitment to call Frank the following Monday morning.

As I proceeded to walk away a 'eureka moment' occurred! I realized that neither I nor Frank exchanged phone numbers or home addresses. His mansion was in a secluded part of the mountain. I could easily say that I couldn't find it.

I continued my walk a bit relieved but nervous. A big hit was going to happen on Wednesday. The RBC in the downtown core was going to have some uninvited midnight guests on Wednesday.

A short while later I arrived at my apartment building tired, sleepy, and craving for a delicious snack.

As soon as I entered my apartment I went straight for the kitchen closet then opened it.

As soon as my eyes caught notice of a large box of crackers I leaped up onto the shelf then brought down my intended target.

After carrying it to the living room I opened the box and then returned to the kitchen to retrieve a large bowl. After that job was done I poured some milk into another bowl then carefully carried it to the living room.

Believe me, it was a very difficult task to gently place the full bowl on the coffee table.

I ended up enjoying a large snack while watching television. Somehow, the television viewing and the snack rejuvenated by some.

After eating and cleaning up I went straight the bedroom and crashed out. Boy, did it feel good!

THOSE OTHER GIRLS

I ended up sleeping for a good eight hours. I remember several dreams that I had. I was a lioness in each of my dreams, killing off zebras and wildebeest. The only animal that didn't fear me was a large lion that was present in each of my dreams. For that, he was a party pooper.

I awakened just after dawn fresh and ready to battle my problems. However, I was also very hungry and thirsty.

I shot out of bed then headed straight to the kitchen where I was able to place a handsome quantity of cat food (chicken, beef, fish) into a large blue bowl. Afterwards, I poured an adequate quantity of milk in my food bowl.

Believe me, I really enjoyed my breakfast! I was one of those lucky cats who lived in a nice home with much food and security. Gosh I even had extended cable service!

As soon as I finished my meal and washed up I heard a knock on the door. I was apprehensive about the matter. Who the heck could it be? I wondered.

As long as it wasn't Frank I was all right, I guessed. Anyhow, I had to see who it was for the record. So, I leaped up unto the door then held on with my incredible claws.

After looking in the peep hole I determined that it was one of our doormen. We had five in all and thankfully every single one of them was friendly.

"Joey, just give me a second so I can open up the door for you.

After unlocking the door, then opening it I invited Joey into my apartment.

"Joey, how the heck are you? Please come in!"

"Actually, Jody, I was sent here by the manager. I don't think that you're in trouble but please come down to 'the office'."

I froze in fear and silence! I wondered if Frank was involved in this event. After all, he was the boss. A boss can do much to harm or help others.

"Joey, hold on a second. I need to get my key!"

I ran to the bedroom, grabbed hold of my keys then inserted them into my pouch. That, by the way, is where I place all valuables on my person.

I ran back to Joey then stopped a foot from the door. I slowly closed the door and also made certain that I heard the locking click behind me. I certainly wouldn't want anyone to sneak into my apartment.

As soon as I returned Joey and I continued our walk back to the manager's office. Although the administration sent the letter it was the manager's job to actually speak to me about the contents of the letter. As usual, the administration was too high and mighty to speak directly to one of its tenants; especially a little kitty.

"Joey, did you say that the manager appeared happy or angry."

"Don't worry, honey! I've been working in this building for five years. The manager appeared to be in good spirits. Otherwise, I would've noticed any signs of anger on his face.

Thankfully, it turned out to be good news! Apparently, before Sharon had her incident she paid for one full year of rent. Since utilities were included in the rent I had a guaranteed home to live in.

In addition, Sharon had paid for one whole year's worth of extended cable service from Videotron. With a fat bank account, full fridge, and a kitchen closet full of tons of food I had it made!

I thanked Joey and the manager for the good news. Actually, as soon as Joey and I left the manager's office I offered him a handsome tip.

"Joey, you're a good man! I want to give you a tip!!

"Jody, I don't want a tip! I just want you to leap up onto my chest, give me a kiss, then say those three golden words to me.

Jody, please don't think that I'm sick. I'm not sick! I just love you very dearly.

Another thing, Jody, can I be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Joey, you know very well that I love you dearly. However, the love position is presently taken by someone else. As for the kiss, brace yourself."

I leaped up onto Joey's chest then gave him several kisses on the cheeks and lips. I noticed that didn't have a ring on his finger so I gave him a few extra kisses to cheer him up.

After all, Joey was a thirty five year-old man who'd never been married. I suspected that he'd never had a close relationship with a woman. Poor guy, he was handsome, polite, hard-working, and he didn't smoke, drink, or use any kinds of illicit drugs. Actually, Joey never partied.

As soon as I said goodbye to Joey I returned to my apartment. Thankfully, as soon as I entered it I closed the door behind me then leaped onto the nearest couch in sight.

As I was resting on my back and pondering about life a phone call startled me. I answered the phone on the fourth ring. I didn't want to appear 'easy'. The caller had to be patient with me. After all, he/she was calling yours truly, and it was my phone and apartment.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"Jody, it's me, your best friend in the whole world!

"Jody, how come you can't recognize that it's me until I tell you my name?"

"Linda, how can I know that it's you on the other line? You have 'display lock' and until you speak I can't tell that it's you."

"Jody, I'm your best friend in the while world! You're supposed to know that it is me from my breathing style."

"Linda, please, can we talk about something else. I want to enjoy my conversation with my best friend in the whole world."

Linda and I talked about various subjects. It wasn't until I mentioned my bank account that she gave me good advice to follow."

"Jody, do you have a joint account with Sharon?"

"Yes, of course I do!"

"Jody ... technically, when she approves she can withdraw all of the money from the account. That little witch would do it! She'd also love to see you evicted from your posh apartment.

Jody, call up the RBC and tell them about Sharon's abnormal/sickly mental state.

Jody, I'm not being insane, but that little witch will suck every drop of blood out of your account! She's a psycho case and probably doesn't even know it!"

I thanked Linda for the good advice and told her that I had to call the bank immediately. After we finished conversing on the phone I drank some water then called up the RBC.

"Hello, Royal Bank of Canada, this is Ellen. How may I help you?"

"Ellen, how are you? My name is Jody Wilson and I have a joint account with Sharon Peabody."

Thankfully, Ellen had read the Montreal Gazette article about Sharon concerning her 'psychotic episode'.

Ellen immediately rerouted my call to the bank manager's office. This was the best thing could have ever happened to me.

The bank manager, George Adamson, gave me sole control over any and all funds that were 'previously' in the joint account.

"Jody, don't you worry about that little 'psycho-witch' Sharon Peabody trying to claw her way into 'your account'. She's a very despicable person and is not the woman that any decent man should ever take as a wife. Besides, she's too much of a nut case to have all of that money in her account.

Jody, I'm a good bank manager! Don't believe anything that the tellers in 'my bank' say about me. I'm not sick!

I know they talk about me and are trying to conspire against me because I am the manager. I make more money than they do. I have my own parking space. And I'm chums with the big shots in the main branch of the RBC.

Jody, is there anything else that I, or any of my associates at the RBC?"

"No, Mr. Adamson, I'm completely satisfied with your service!"

"Jody, would you like to have a personal appointment with me? I'll give you a whole hour and I'll even take you out for a good, expensive lunch."

"That's all right, Mr. Adamson, I'll take a rain check on that one."

"Jody, there's just one more thing. I remember you coming into our bank. You're a very cute, athletic, intelligent, and vivacious cat.

I understand that you have many good friends and most likely at least one best friend in the world. But if that friend of yours ever dies you can count on me to take his/her place."

After conversing with Mr. Adamson for fifteen minutes I realized that he had some 'mental issues' to resolve.

Anyhow, I wasn't in a situation to argue with Mr. Adamson or to even tick him off a bit.

After we said our goodbyes I turned off my mini cell phone and then went to the kitchen to celebrate. I fixed myself an old fashioned chocolate soda. Three scoops. Boy did I relish it!

I later called Linda and left a message on her answering machine. Apparently, she wasn't available.

I was extremely anxious for the following days until Wednesday. You see, I never called Frank. I wasn't interested in 'robbing' my own bank. My dear I had a handsome account therein and the workers had always treated me as a well-respect and loved client. Don't bite a friendly hand.

Wednesday came and passed without any incident. I was on the alert for any news from television, radio, or internet of a heist in the downtown area, especially at the RBC.

I took a long walk on Wednesday evening in order to brush off the memory of the would-be heist. Believe me when I say that I was anxious, apprehensive, and fearful for my life and health. It was while I was taking my walk that the 'eureka moment' entered my mind. Frank Bogey was nothing more than a mobster. He and his chauffeur took advantage of me while I was finishing off my ice cream cone.

A week later, the memory of the intended heist was buried deep into my mind. I no longer thought that Frank and his associates would pull off the job.

On Wednesday exactly a week later I awakened to the sound of my mini cell phone ringing.

After brushing off my drowsiness and rubbing my reddened eyes I pressed the 'talk button' then spoke my words.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"Jody, it's me, your best friend in the whole world! Or did you already forget me?"

"Linda! How are you?" It's been several days since we've seen each other. Furthermore, we haven't been talking on the phone much."

"Jody, I just ate a large breakfast consisting of three eggs, toast, four pancakes, milk, cereal, juice, pop, margarine, syrup, and a large blueberry muffin.

Jody, I'm not sick! I know that you're thinking that! You think that I'm a bulimia-rexic (alternating bulimia/anorexia)!"

"Honey, please don't say that! I don't think that you're sick. I think you're a highly energetic, intelligent, and vivacious woman who needs to refuel her 'burned calories' as a result of much strenuous activity."

"Jody, you really think that? I mean, you don't think that I have some kind of an eating disorder, right?"

"No certainly not!"

"Jody, would you like to meet up today? I feel like going to the library then sitting down in the park and playing ... I mean, talking about things that interest us."

"Yes, I really would like that! Look, let me eat a nice, nutritious breakfast. Afterwards, I I'll meet you in front of the WPL at 10:00 A.M. The library will open then. We can go to the library and the park; whichever order you want. Afterwards, we can hit the malls, walk and browse, then eat a nice, tasty meal; how about that Linda?"

"That sounds just fine! I'll take a nice hot shower, dress up then I'll be on my way. If I'm a bit late ... Jody ... I don't want you to befriend another girl. I will consider it a direct attack upon my person and my ego. That little witch will probably get a punch in the nose, too; settled?"

"Yes, everything is settled."

That wasn't the first warning sign that I'd had from Linda's behaviour. I was really worried about her. Come to think of it, I never heard her say anything about an 'ex' or a guy that she's interested in. What about marriage?

I felt that Linda had deep emotional issues that had to be dealt with and combated. However, I had to go slow and easy. Otherwise, she'd probably become psychotic.

Anyhow, I consumed my delicious chocolate soda then drank some water. After I cleaned the kitchen and washed up I made sure that I had plenty of cash in my pouch and my apartment keys.

I left my apartment at 9:30 A.M. I wanted to arrive at the WPL a bit early.

As soon as I exited my apartment building I headed southwards towards Sherbrooke Street. I wasn't going to take the scenic route. I had a rendezvous with a close friend.

A short while later I crossed Sherbrooke Street then headed east for the WPL. I was very anxious about meeting Linda. At the same time I was hoping for a miraculous cure; a cure for Linda's psychological problems.

I arrived at my destination ten minutes early. So, I waited patiently for Linda to arrive.

A few minutes later a middle aged woman, with salt and pepper coloured hair, wearing a blue and white outfit approached me. At first, I thought that she wanted to ask me for directions. Soon, it would become clear that that wasn't the case.

"Hello, are you taken?"

"What do you mean am I taken?"

"Are you owned by anyone? Do you have a home that you can go back to?"

"Of course, I have my own apartment. Why are you inquiring about me?"

"I'm sorry, honey. I thought that you needed some help or something of the sort. After all, you're standing in front of the library all alone.

Kitty, you're so cute and innocent looking. Please don't accept rides from strangers, take money or gifts of any kind from 'them', especially food. And most important of all DO NOT GIVE HIM/HER/THEM YOUR NAME OR HOME ADDRESS!

Kitty, I've heard nightmarish stories about dogs, cats, and even boys, girls, and adults being kidnapped by creepy individuals.

Kitty, and don't think that you can outfight them or outrun their vehicle. You may be able to ditch your pursuers by running through a yard, but, don't assume that when creep/s catch you off guard you'll automatically know what to do."

"Thanks for the good advice!"

"Kitty, recently I saw you enter a limo. You were finishing off your ice cream cone and just like that you got in. I know who that fellow who invited you in was. Frank Bogey is a naughty fellow. He's slept with hundreds of women. He lies about his love for them then he dumps them.

He hurts men by intimidating and/or beating them to a pulp. This Frank Bogey never tells anyone 'I love you' unless he has an ace up his sleeve. He needs something from 'that person' and in the end 'that person' will suffer immensely.

"Thanks for the stern warning. I'll make sure to be careful from now on.

By the way, are you going into the library?"

"Yes, I'm going in. Would you like to join me?"

As soon as the woman asked me that question I took notice of Linda approaching us. Linda's eyes appeared reddened and she was wearing the 'fighting expression' on her face.

I had to get rid of the woman or else all hell would've broken loose! But not before the woman told me another thing or two.

"Kitty, my girlfriends and I have a network going. We get together once a week, usually on Tuesdays, for fun, chatting, and eating. I live a few blocks away from the WPL, and so do my other friends.

Kitty, you and that woman who obviously thinks that you're hers are welcome to join our group.

I think I better go inside before your angry friend goes ballistic on me. By the way, I'm not trying to steal you away from your friend.

I'm a perfectly normal woman who has high self-esteem. I'm not like those other girls who need to be loved by everyone; especially the ones who need to be someone's best friend all the time."

Judging from the expression and tone of voice of the woman she did in fact need to be someone's best friend in the whole world. She was too embarrassed and shy to ask me. So, I made a compromise. I couldn't give it all to her, but I did give her something.

"Miss, you can be a good friend of mine. I'm sorry, but that young woman over there who's fast approaching us is my actual best friend in the whole world."

"Thanks, but if your friend dies, can I be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes, you can! But I love my friend dearly! I don't want her to die!"

"Kitty, I want her to die!"

That woman gave me the creeps. Thankfully, she entered the library just in time."

"Jody Wilson, please follow me to the children's playground!"

I understood that Linda was pissed off at me. She probably thought that the woman I was conversing with was a secret best friend or something. Besides, Linda doesn't like it when another woman enters her domain. In this case, it is her special relationship with me.

I followed Linda to the children's playground, which by the way is located in the park the library is situated in.

Linda sat down on a bench then motioned me to sit beside her. Then an extremely bazaar thing happened. Linda stuck her thumb inside her mouth. She was regressing back to childhood. But that's not all. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. She was definitely crying.

Linda and I sat on the bench for fifteen minutes before she pulled her thumb out of her mouth and spoke.

"Jody, you broke my heart! How could you cheat on me with that witch?"

"Linda, I don't understand what you mean by 'cheated'. That woman took notice of me because I was alone. She was worried about me. She inquired about me and when she was convinced that I was okay she entered the library."

Linda resumed her bout of crying. But this time it was with a vengeance. Her eyes were bloodshot and she began to hyperventilate. Also, she started to shiver violently. Not quite at the seizure level but getting there.

It was imperative that I do something to stop Linda from having a grand mal seizure or a full-blown breakdown of her mental state; usually referred to as a mental breakdown.

I leaped up onto Linda's chest then began to paw her face and rub the side of my face against hers.

In essence, I was telling her that she was mine because I loved her and that I was sorry for any misunderstanding.

It took a minute or so for the gradual improvement of Linda's emotional state. I continued my work for another minute before giving Linda a soft kiss on the chin.

"Jody, let's play on the monkey bars, the swing, the merry-go-round, the see-saw, and at all of the other stations."

I was shocked! Linda had regressed back to childhood. In effect, this was 'reverse development' on an incredible level. I did not believe that Linda had multiple personality or split personality problems.

At no time did she ever behave as another person or address herself by another name. Unfortunately, I was to see more of Linda's personality during our stay at the park.

Linda and I walked over to the pull-up bar. I got up first. Thankfully, I was able to perform thirteen pull-ups.

When it came to Linda's turn she couldn't even do one single pull-up. I didn't like that!

Being a single female who lives alone, Linda had to learn how to defend herself and be confident. Weaklings get pushed around in this world. Potential rape victims get raped.

We went to one station after another. I'm sorry to say this but Linda wasn't athletic. She used the playground 'like a typical weakling girl'. I had to be her mentor and friend. There would be no room for mocking or smirking.

Thankfully, the park had been empty of humans. I mean, there was no one there to make fun of Linda.

"Jody, let's go and sit over there next to the drinking fountain."

"I need water! Let's go!"

Thankfully, Linda and I got our fill of water. We felt like automobiles getting a fill-up.

We sat down on a bench then enjoyed the scenery for a short while. Then, things started to get weird again.

"Jody, do you see that squirrel over there near the waterfall?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"He's laughing at me! He's laughing at me because I'm biracial! I know it, I just know it! He's even enjoying his food, watching the spectacle. It's like he's in a movie theatre eating popcorn and enjoying the comedy show."

"Linda, honey, he's not laughing at you because you're biracial. He's probably very thankful and happy to have a good meal in front of him. Squirrels must eat a lot because they're active, especially before the winter season. They must fatten up in order to survive."

"Jody, you're acting like I'm paranoid! I'm not sick! I'm not like those other girls who're paranoid. I'm just not like them!"

I leaped unto Linda's chest then gave her a big hug. When that didn't work I gave her a big kiss. Still, that didn't work either, so I rubbed the side of my face against hers. Unbelievably, Linda still needed more comforting. So, I gently pawed her face and told her that I love her.

"Okay, Linda, let's go over there to the waterfall and speak to the squirrel. You'll know for certain that he isn't laughing at you."

Linda and I cautiously approached the squirrel. Just in case, we didn't want him to think that we were trying to attack or otherwise harm him.

As soon as we were within speaking distance I began a conversation with the squirrel.

"Hello, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you. What about your beautiful friend?"

"Oh my dear, do you really think that I'm beautiful, or are you trying to make me feel good after you finished laughing at me?"

"Excuse me but I don't understand what you mean by laughing at you. I'm very excited at having all of this food within reach. An elderly couple gave me all of this food. I must eat whatever I can and hide whatever I can before 'the others' take notice of it.

By the way, would you gals like to join me? If so, please carry this food to the gazebo over there. We can enjoy our food in privacy."

"Honey, I just need to ask you a question or two. Do you swear ... squirrel's honour that you weren't laughing at me because I'm biracial?"

"Yes, I swear! We in the squirrel world do not have racism or any kind of discrimination based on 'race'.

"We have black squirrels in Ottawa. When one of them arrives in Montreal he/she must abide by the same squirrel rules that anyone else does. It's 'you people' ... humans who are the 'utmost masters' of racism and discrimination. Mind you, I'm not saying that the squirrel world is perfect. We too have our problems just like all other creatures on this planet.

Honey, like I told you, I think that you are very beautiful. Your 'extra eyelid folds' may you look cuter along

with your European half, you've got the best of both worlds. You're like that little cutie in the television show SMALLVILLE.

Besides, I think that you may have a deep-seated problem that has nothing to do with your being biracial."

"See, I told you so! Linda he wasn't laughing at you!

Oh, by the way, I'm Jody Wilson and this is my best friend in the whole world Linda Wang. We are glad to meet you. It's our pleasure and happiness to meet people like you, always!"

"Gosh you gals are really making my day! I'm Chipper. I don't have a family name because my parents died when I was young. All I remember is my first name. Anyhow, I was taken under the wings of the pigeons of this park. This park, Westmount Park, is my home. I move to another park. I just can't!"

We joined Chipper in his smorgasbord meal. It was very tasty and nutritious. But, it happened again.

"Chipper I know that I eat a lot, but I'm not like those other girls. I don't binge or stick my finger deep into my throat.

See, look at my knuckles. There are no calluses or bite marks on them. Now look at me teeth. They're healthy."

Chipper and I braced ourselves for a hurricane's worth of mental illness.

"GUYS, THOSE OTHER GIRLS WHO STICK THEIR FINGERS DEEP INTO THEIR THROATS AND VOMIT THEIR FOOD HAVE UNHEALTHY-LOOKING TEETH! ALL THAT STOMACH ACID IS DANGEROUS WHEN IT GOES UP! IT CAN CAUSE DAMAGE THE STOMACH, OESOPHAGUS, MOUTH, AND EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH AND WELL-BEING! FURTHERMORE, I'M NOT DEPRESSED! I DON'T SELF-BADGER, I DON'T HAVE INTERRUPTED SLEEP! I DON'T HAVE BOY IMAGE PROBLEMS! I'VE NEVER BEEN MOLESTED! ALTHOUGH I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SINGLE AND HAVE NEVER LOVED A MAN I KNOW THAT I CAN HAVE ONE IF I CAN! I'M NOT SENSITIVE TO WHAT OTHERS THINK OR SAY ABOUT ME! I'M NOT PARANOID! I DON'T SIT UP IN BED LATE AT NIGHT STARING AT THE CEILING! I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING! I'M NOT A SELF-ABUSER OR CUTTER! UNLIKE THOSE OTHER GIRLS I UNDERSTAND THAT I MUST HAVE SOME BODY FAT ON ME, OTHERWISE I'LL GET REALLY SICK! I DON'T WISH TO BE A LITTLE GIRL AGAIN! I CAN HANDLE LIFE'S PROBLEMS! I CAN STOP DRINKING HIGH CAFFEINATED DRINKS IF I WANT TO, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SO I'LL KEEP ON DOING IT! I'VE NEVER BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH A PSYCHIATRIC OR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM; REALLY! I HAVE NO WELTS OR BRUISES ON MY BODY! I'M NOT AFRAID TO GO TO THE DOCTOR, I JUST DON'T WANT TO! I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY CHEST! I KEEP GETTING FIRED FROM MY JOBS NOT BECAUSE I'M INCOMPETENT BUT BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO WORK THEIR ANYWAY! I'M NOT SUICIDAL! I'VE NEVER REGRESSED BACK TO CHILDHOOD! I'M NOT SICK!"

As soon as Linda ended her long 'don'ts' she sat down, stuck her thumb in her mouth then she began to cry. Unfortunately, there was more. All I can say is that we were very lucky that nobody was around. A patrol car or a security van would've been our worst nightmare!

"Guys, look, I want you to see how beautiful I am!"

"Linda, we know how beautiful you are! Please, let's talk about something nice or funny."

"Jody, you're badgering me! Please don't hurt my feelings. Now let me continue, please!"

Linda was going nuts on us. She did the unthinkable. She stripped right before our very own eyes then demanded an impartial critique of her body.

"Guys, I'll be like those other girls, the ones who make it in the fashion industry."

We tried to stop Linda to no avail. She was intent on stripping and swirling around like a carousel. She wanted us to get a birds-eye view of what she looked like.

"Guys, am I not as beautiful as those celebrity femmes who are in Hollywood? I should be there with them! It's not fair! Why should I have to stay here while my 'comrades' receive all of the fame, glory, and money?"

Chipper and I understood that if anyone called 911 we'd all be taken down to the station. Linda would be taken to psychiatric lock-up, indefinitely. So, we had to speed up the game. Linda was naked; even her socks had been removed.

"Yes, honey, Chipper and I think that you are incredibly beautiful! You belong in Hollywood with all of those celebrity actresses."

"Thanks guys, now which part of my body is the most beautiful?"

"You are beautiful inside and out! Why don't you dress up so we can take a walk? We'll come back to visit Chipper at a later date."

"Guys, I sense that you're trying to rush me! You don't like seeing my ugly body! Is that it?!"

"Umm ... no ... honey ... we don't mean that at all!"

Thankfully, Linda calmed down then put her close back on. As soon as we left Westmount Park I began to have regrets about my friendship with Linda. She was now becoming a burden upon me; a very incredible burden, for that matter.

ANOTHER FLESHY ANDROID

I was trying to think up of some case scenarios for our split-up. Linda was now more troublesome to me than Sharon Peabody.

As we were walking home I noticed that Linda appeared depressed. I wondered why.

"Linda, what is the problem?"

"Jody, I don't want to be like those other girls."

"I know that you're not like those other girls; you told me so."

"No, I'm talking about those other girls who live their entire lives single without ever having and children. I'm getting older every single day"

"Look, let's head back and go to the WPL. I think that I can find what you're looking for."

For some reason I felt sorry for Linda again. My doubts about our friendships faded away quickly. I felt love and apprehension towards her.

As soon as we entered the WPL I motioned Linda to follow me to the elevators.

A short while later we were on the upper floor sitting near a window that gave us a glimpse of the park below us. I was waiting for a library worker or better yet, the head librarian, to come upstairs. I was ready to inquire about a fleshy android. I was really hoping that this time it would work!

As for Linda I seriously doubted that she could ever find a normal 'Mr. Right'. She needed a fleshy android. That's why I decided to tell her about the fleshy androids. However, I did tell her not to get her hopes up too high. We had to know for certain that they were being manufactured then we had to find the seller, and finally the price would have to be within our range.

After telling her about the fleshy androids I continued my mini-biography. By the time my story was finished Linda knew about my inter-dimensional travels.

Barely a few seconds later the head librarian; a biracial (Chinese/European), middle aged woman who had giant thighs, a large behind, and salt and pepper hair.

I noticed that she didn't have a marriage ring on her finger. Therefore, she'd I assumed that she'd be more sympathetic to our plight.

As I approached the head librarian my pulse and blood pressure rose. I was apprehensive and anxious.

"Excuse me, madam can I have a word with you?"

"Certainly honey! I'm Andrea Andrews the head librarian. How may I help you?"

"I'm Jody Wilson, and the beautiful woman sitting over there is my best friend in the whole world, Linda Wang.

I can see that you're biracial ... I mean ... Chinese and European mix, like Linda. So, I'm certain that you'll go the extra mile for us.

You see, I'm desperately trying to find a husband for Linda. I'm searching for a fleshy android. I understand that intelligent librarians like you have a broad range of knowledge; especially secret knowledge."

"Jody, I want you to use your incredible feline senses to make sure that nobody, other than the three of us are on this floor. I'll tell you, but be aware that it's against the law to manufacture, advertise, or otherwise increase the sales or knowledge of the presence of fleshy androids in Canada. Severe penalties include banishment to Baffin Island or Hershel, Yukon without any possibility of return.

I want ten thousand dollars in cash, unmarked and non-crispy bills, the bills can't smell new, and I accept twenty dollar bills and nothing else. I want the cash to be slid through the slot in my door. In case you don't know, my office is right there!"

"What about the sisterhood? What about your racial harmony with my friend Linda? What about empathy and sympathy?"

"Honey, these things that you talk about are nice in dreamland, but there's no mercy when it comes to money. I want my ten big ones before I help you!

Jody, I'm not a corrupt head librarian! And I'm not sick, either! I need this money for a long planned vacation. I want to visit every single province in the country on my next vacation."

"When do want us to bring the money?"

"Bring it on Friday evening after 7:00 P.M. The library's kind of empty during this time."

"All right, I'll speak to Linda. But, what kind of assurance can we have that you're not bluffing us."

Andrea removed her wallet from her purse then withdrew to pictures. Afterwards, she knelt down then showed me a picture of her holding hands with an extremely handsome man; her husband. In the other picture Andrea was holding hands with two men, her husband and another handsome man; her boyfriend.

"Jody, look at me! Do you think that I could ever have two men like these fellows in my life under normal circumstances?"

These two men are fleshy androids! There was a brief period of time when fleshy androids were being ordered by Canadian women. Unfortunately, that all stopped with the passing of the anti-fleshy android law. Now, fleshy androids are extremely difficult to come by.

Jody, I'm going to have a nervous breakdown! Please, let's sit over there in the corner. We can pretend that it's my office. I'm not sick! I said 'pretend' like make believe. Please don't think 'lowly' of my mental state. I'm an intelligent and articulate woman who's in charge of a respectable library!

I gave Linda a wave of my paw and a wink. She understood that I had important business with the head librarian. Linda was to patiently wait until I was finished.

I followed Andrea to the secluded corner then leaped onto her chest. Afterwards, I braced myself for a thousand tears. Also, I suspected that Andrea had some serious 'mental problems' to combat.

"Jody, I know that my fleshy android men aren't real! Sure, the sex is fantastic but when I command them to send me the 'three golden words' (I love you) they do it automatically. I know that it's just not real!

Also, Jody, I've read a zillion books about dating, marriage, relationships, and guaranteed pickup lines and 'correct behaviour'. None of them worked!

Jody, just look at me! I'm a fat, overworked, over the hill, gray-haired, ugly, nerd! Also, I have identity issues with my biracial appearance. People on the bus and in the metro trains stare at me because they're trying to determine if I'm pure or if there's some white in me.

I can't take it anymore! Please help me! And ... please don't tell anyone, especially my 'female' co-workers. They'll make fun of me behind my back and call me a nymphomaniac witch. They don't understand how I feel! I need two full-time partners to satisfy my large appetite! I'm not sick!"

"Andrea, you're very beautiful, intelligent, remarkable, and fun to be with. But if you'd be more thankful about having two subservient partners I think that things will get better."

"Oh my dear, do you really think that I'm beautiful ... really?"

"Yes, honey, I think that you are very beautiful!"

"Jody what about my biracial features? I'm like your best friend in the whole world."

"Andrea, your biracial features make you look very cute and beautiful at the same time. Your white side is beautiful and your Asian side is very cute. You're like a beautiful/cute cat; really!"

Jody, when you return to Linda tell her that I have waved my fee. But, there's more. Can I be your second best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes, you can be my second best friend in the whole world."

"And if Linda were to suddenly die then I could be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes, I'll make you my best friend in the whole world. Now as to the fleshy android sale, what can you tell me?"

"As far as I know there may only be two or three of them left. The 'underground' was infiltrated by the RCMP and the Montreal Police.

Jody, you can tell your friend that a fleshy android husband or mate is well worth it.

Jody, sometimes I spend the whole night with both of them, together. Fleshy androids are pre-programmed. They don't tire easily and they're well-behaved. That's good for me!

Jody, to get a fleshy android you must go to the Georges Vanier Library (GVL) near Lionel Groulx Metro. The middle man works in 'the area'. Gary will ask for a full payment of twenty five thousand dollars up front. I'm sorry, but that's how much it'll cost you. With the authorities breathing down their necks

and with only two or three fleshy androids left you don't have a choice.

If you want I can arrange a meeting with him right now."

"Yes, please do that. I want to set Linda up with Mr. Right before she goes nuts on me. Believe me I've seen it happen to enough women."

Andrea pulled out her cell phone then called Gary.

"Hello, Gary, this is Andrea. How many more 'of them' do you have left?

Oh my dear just one more! Okay, then can you arrange a sale today? No, you can't it must be this Friday at 8:00 P.M.?"

I cropped up my incredible feline ears and tuned in to what was being said from the other side.

"Yes, Andrea, I'll make this sale then it is game over! I don't want to do this anymore. I have a decent, career job at the library. I don't need prison time in my precious life."

"Thanks Gary and I'll see you very soon ... hopefully!"

"Jody, there's just one important thing about this fleshy android business. And, you mustn't ignore this fact. Otherwise, big problems will ensue. Please listen to me carefully and convey the 'exact message' to Linda."

Unfortunately, the fire alarm rang at that very moment. It startled both of us.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The fire alarm went off with a vengeance. Andrea asked me to leave the WPL with Linda, immediately. A short while later, Linda and I exited the library and headed home.

On our way home I explained to Linda the facts regarding the fleshy android and also offered to pay the entire fee. Thankfully, she agreed.

"Jody, let's take a direct path home. I'm tired and jittery from our day's stressful events. Hopefully, by Friday we'll be well-rested and ready to make the purchase."

Linda and I walked up a steep hill then turned left straight for home.

By the time we entered my apartment there was nothing to do but crash out. We were out for many hours. I don't even remember getting up to relieve myself or to drink water.

Upon awakening I saw Linda hovering over my bed. Gosh I got the jitters, instantly! The shock of her standing there over me made me jump out of bed. I ended up landing on the carpet with ears erect, eyes wide open, claws extended, and baring my canines. It wasn't anger, but an inherent reflex action designed to protect felines.

"Linda, please don't do that again!"

"Do what, honey?"

"You're hovering over me while I'm asleep. Cats don't like that!"

"I'm sorry, Jody, please don't take it personally. I love you so much that just looking at your cute, wonderful face perks me up like caffeine. I noticed that your eyes were shifting back and forth. What were you dreaming about?"

I felt that Linda's question was a bit too intrusive. My dreams are my own business unless otherwise stated.

"Linda, let's go to the living room and talk about whatever comes to mind. On Friday, we have a big, secret mission to accomplish."

"Yes, let's go to the living room right now. Afterwards, we can eat then watch some television."

We went to the living room; I sat on the sofa while Linda reclined on a Lazy Boy chair. Thankfully, both of us were comfy.

"Jody, this fleshy android fellow, will he behave like a real life husband?"

"Of course he will, but he'll also have incredible stamina and endurance and he won't talk back to you. Also, you won't have to worry about him cheating on you. He'll be a one woman man."

Jody, I just want a husband. I want someone to call 'my husband' in front of those other girls. I know they'll be envious but they'll know exactly how I feel when they do it to me.

Jody, I'm not a vindictive little witch, or an envious wench like those other girls.

Jody, I'm not sick! I just want someone to love me and to be my husband! I want him to impregnate me over and over again! I want to walk around this city pregnant so I can 'punish' those other girls who tormented me with their big smiles and distended bellies!

Jody, I need the three golden words, right now!"

"Okay, Linda, I love you! I think that you are a wonderful person who deserves to find Mr. Right immediately. I'd love to meet him. Then, I'll have two incredible friends.

A short while later, Linda and I ordered an extra large pizza, fully dressed, with a six pack of pop (special deal), and we ate a complete lemon meringue pie that was 'waiting' for us in the fridge.

I like having Linda over so much I invited her over until after she got married.

Linda and I took it easy until Friday. On that day we could think about nothing other than the fleshy android.

Upon awakening on Friday morning we ate a light breakfast then took a short walk.

At 5:00 P.M. we had a small, early supper consisting of a burger, French fries, a small drink, and a small dessert each. But we also made sure to drink some water. We anticipated a long night ahead of us. Getting to the GVL was on the first step; we had several more before the acquisition of the fleshy android.

As we were preparing to leave my apartment a shocker hit me like a ton of bricks! I'd forgotten about the money!

Thankfully, when Sharon and I were living together we put a small fortune inside our safe. As soon as Sharon was neutralized I became the sole owner of the apartment and everything therein, including the contents inside the safe.

"Linda, please follow me to the study room. I have something very important to show you."

Upon entering the study room I walked over to a painting of mount McKinley then pawed the painting until it fell onto the ground. Thankfully, the painting was made of sturdy material.

"Linda, please bring that chair over here. I need to stand on it in order to open the safe."

"Sure, honey! I hope that we'll have enough money for the purchase."

"Don't worry I have a small fortune inside this safe; several hundred thousand dollars."

Linda brought the chair to me then I leaped up onto it. Then, another shocker hit me! In all of the confusion, I forgot the combination. I'd forgotten where I hid the slip containing the combination for the safe.

There was no time for pondering. I had to get the safe opened! Unfortunately, even with my incredible feline auditory senses it wasn't enough. I needed to find a trustworthy canine; not a bloodhound with droopy ears. I needed a dog with good hearing.

There was one trustworthy dog in the building; a Doberman pinscher with naturally cropped ears. His name was Hans von Dogger. Hans was a very friendly dog, born in Frankfurt, Germany.

Although Hans spoke with a German accent he was brought to Canada as a juvenile. His owner, a Mr. Craig Hauser, was a retired engineer who decided to spend his retirement in Canada.

After quickly explaining my predicament to Linda she agreed that I had to get Hans here immediately!

I exited my apartment then ran to the elevators. After pressing the 'UP' button I waited impatiently for the elevator to arrive.

Thankfully, everything went smoothly. I was knocking on Hans's door a short while later.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Jody Wilson! Please open the door! It's imperative that I speak to Hans, immediately!"

A few seconds later, Mr. Hauser opened the door then invited me into his apartment.

Mr. Hauser's apartment was a delight to look at. Everything from the carpet to the furniture was stunning. Even the chandeliers were delightful.

Mr. Hauser loved his giant screen television set, stereo system, and aquarium.

"Mr. Hauser, may I borrow Hans for a short while. You see, there's a problem with my safe. I seem to have forgotten the combination and also the place where I hid the slip that contains the combination numbers."

"Honey, I'll allow Hans to help you but I demand that I be your second best friend in the whole world! I understand that Linda is now your best friend in the whole world. In addition, if she were to suddenly die, I should take her 'title'."

"Okay Mr. Hauser, I agree to your request. Please allow me to borrow Hans for a short while."

"Hans! Please come here! Your friend Jody needs your help!"

Immediately, Hans ran to the living room to greet me. As soon as he saw me He kissed me on the cheeks then gently pawed my face several times. I know as a fact that Hans loved me. I'm not saying this because it makes me feel better, it's an actual fact!

We went to my apartment to get the job done. This time, however, we had to take the stairs. For some unknown reason the elevators were too slow.

Upon entering my apartment I asked Hans to follow me into the study room.

As soon as Hans saw the bare safe he understood what had to be done. Without asking me he went ahead and did what he had to.

Hans placed his right ear on the safe then slowly moved the revolving knob in the right direction.

After each click Hans turned to face me then smiled. I understood that he was kind of showing off his skills. But, he also wanted to help me.

After three clicks Hans pulled the lever up then out. Eureka! My safe was open!

Hans took two steps backward to allow me to pass. I was then able to leap onto the edge of the safe then remove whatever I wanted to.

With my right paw firmly holding my body in place I extended my left paw and grabbed one stack of twenties then another, gently dropping them to the carpet each time.

When I finished I turned my body sideways then leaped onto the carpet. Instantly, Hans closed the safe then he picked up

the painting and carefully placed it on the wall making sure that it was straight and secure.

"Hans, here, have a stack of twenties for your excellent work. I can't give you anything less."

"Jody, don't worry about it! I love you so much! This one is on me. I'm certain that you need this money very badly for an important reason. Therefore, I can't ask you for any money.

However, I'd like to have a large bowl of dog food in milk. I want it to look like a large bowl of Corn Flakes."

"Certainly, I think that Linda and I can fix that for you."

Without a second's delay Linda went to the kitchen, prepared Hans's meal then returned with it. But she didn't place it on the carpet. After allowing Hans to see and smell the food she waved him over to the kitchen.

Hans ate his meal with delight! He was so happy that he gave us each a kiss. Linda blushed, well ... so did I.

A short while later Hans left my apartment fully satiated and happy to have seen me and to have met Linda.

It was now time to go to the GVL. We had our money and some. That is, an extra ten thousand dollars just in case there were other charges or the price rose. After all, it was the last fleshy android around.

Linda and I left my apartment then went downstairs to the lobby. As soon as we got there Linda convinced me to sit down with her for fifteen minutes. She was right. We needed to have one more rest; even if it was a mini-rest.

"Jody, do you want to leave? I think that we've rested up enough. Also, we don't want to be in a rush when we get there. Being in a rush makes it more likely to make a mistake."

"Yes, Linda, let's go. If anyone asks us where we're going we'll just say that we're taking a long walk for health's sake.

Linda and I put the money in her shoulder bag then left the apartment building a bit jittery but with high hopes.

As we walked away from the apartment building I quickly glanced back, anticipating that for the next several days there'd be three of us living together.

Although I'd invited Linda to stay over for as long as she needed, I assumed that she'd want to be alone with her husband.

Thankfully, it was nice out. The trees, grass, and homes in our neighbourhood give me a relaxed feeling. I've always wanted to be a rich cat. Uppity cats are generally much happier than those that are on the streets. Mind you, there are always exceptions; abuse (mental or physical), or declawing can destroy a cat's life regardless of where he/she lives.

Linda and I continued walking on the mountain until we reached the area of descent. That's where we took a sharp left turn then descended down a long street.

Thankfully, at least for the first part of our walk there would be no hills in sight. It was all downhill or straight-horizontal streets.

A short while later we entered Westmount Park. We headed straight for the water fountain and then each had our fill. We just wanted to make sure that thirst wouldn't be a problem for us.

After having our fill Linda and I cut through the park then proceeded to Atwater Street. Upon arriving we took a sharp right then descended until we reached Lionel Groulx Metro plus an extra block south.

We took a sharp right then walked until reaching a ball park. After walking to the other side we reached the Georges Vanier Library building.

Linda, what time is it?"

"Jody, it is 7:45 P.M."

"How time can sometimes pass so quickly! I can't believe that we got here fifteen minutes early. Do you think that Gary will be early like us or late?"

Before Linda could answer my question Gary answered my question.

"Girls, I'm already here! Please, let's go inside. I think that you should use the restroom first before our drive."

We did as Gary requested and also drank some more water. I think our apprehension made us thirsty. Too bad, there was no time to browse through the book shelves. But before we left I took notice of some X-Files DVDs that would be good for a later date, but certainly not for the moment.

"Girls, I just need your first names. In this business that's all we want to know. So please tell me 'who' you are."

"I'm Jody Wilson and this is my best friend in the whole world Linda Wang."

"Girls thanks for the intros. Now, please follow me to my car. But, I must insist on one thing. After we get in both of you must be blindfolded. The place that I'm taking you to is a former production facility. The last thing we need is a big raid by the RCMP or the Montreal Police. Furthermore, we may want to sell the place in the future. It'll bring in much money. My share will be a few hundred thousand dollars or more. Considering that it'll be tax-free, it's a darn good deal!"

We followed Gary into his car then reluctantly allowed him to blindfold us.

Gary turned on the ignition then drove away. Although it took us an hour to arrive at our destination my incredible feline senses alerted me to the fact that we were going around in circles, squares, and ovals.

Gary slowed down his car, pulled into a garage then turned off his ignition.

Afterwards, he told me to cling onto Linda's back as soon as we exited his car. He would lock arms with her and slowly walk her to the facility. Because of our desperate situation we agreed to his demands. However, we did so reluctantly.

A short while later we entered a building. Gary told us to be patient as he walked us through a very long hallway inside the facility. The 'facility' smelled like a factory.

After entering through three parting doors Gary told Linda to stop. He removed our blindfolds then asked us to have a seat until he returned with the 'specialist'.

"Jody, do you think that it's safe in here? I mean, like, umm ... where are we? Maybe I should peek through that window over there."

"Don't do that! If Gary or the 'others' in this facility find out that we've discovered the location of this facility who knows what they'll do to us? I think that best thing to do under the circumstances is to stay put.

Look, we're probably being watched right this moment. Also, we should keep our voices down, if you know what I mean."

Linda and I patiently waited for fifteen minutes before the specialist arrived.

The specialist was a middle-aged, unattractive, chubby woman. She was wearing a white trench coat; the kind that physicians and scientists wear.

I felt sorry for her because she'd never been cute or beautiful. Anyway, she did have brains.

"Linda, Jody, please come with me. Oh, my name is Dr. Julia Winthrop.

You probably think that I'm like those other girls who can't get a man. And, you probably think that that's why I work here.

That's not true! I'm a very successful orthopaedic surgeon who just wants to make a bit of extra money. Why can't I do that? Besides, I really can get a man if I wanted to. But, I don't.

In a split second, Dr. Julia grinned then gave Linda a big hug and a kiss on each cheek.

"What about me?"

Dr. Julia responded to my question by getting on one knee then giving me a kiss between the ears.

"Linda, you husband, Bob Gainer is in room number five. Please follow me."

A short while later, we entered room number five. As soon as we cast our eyes upon Bob, Linda fainted. I was pretty certain I knew why.

Bob was the most handsome man I'd ever seen. He was worth every penny that I spent on him. Yes, I was the one who purchased him, not Linda!

"Are you Linda, my wife?"

"Linda needs a few minutes to recover from the shock of seeing you. She and I were expecting to see a mediocre-looking man. You're drop dead gorgeous, by human standards; not by feline standards, however."

Linda awakened a few minutes later groggy but alert and coherent.

"Where's my husband?! I want to make love to my husband, right now!"

Dr. Julia and I chuckled. We knew that Linda was 'desperate' but not to that extreme.

"Honey, there's your husband right there! Now, we can become a happy Canadian family. Please don't stand up until you've completely recovered.

"Thanks for loving me so much, honey. I don't know what I'd do without you ... oh ... and Bob, my beloved husband."

We thanked Dr. Julia then waited for Gary to return. Thankfully, we only had to wait for ten minutes.

"Okay, girls, you know the drill! We'll go through those doors then I'll have to blindfold you for the entire return trip."

Our return trip went smoothly. However, the four of us didn't say a word while we were in Gary's car. The job had been complete and we were tired. Well, not all of us ... Bob appeared energetic.

Gary dropped us off in front of Lionel Groulx Metro station. That was considerate of him. Otherwise, we would've had to walk from there to the metro station.

Anyhow, Bob offered to carry piggyback Linda for the entire walk back home.

"Honey, would you like a piggyback for the entire trip home?"

"Certainly, you're an incredible person!"

"Kitty, I wasn't talking to you, I was talking to my beloved wife."

I felt a big knot in my stomach. I was no longer number one to Linda. Neither was I number one to Bob. I felt like an outcast; a desperate outcast for that matter.

We ended up taking the train to Vendome Metro. As soon as we arrived at our station we decided to go ahead and walk the rest of the way. The main obstacle for Linda and I was the 'steep hill'. It was a bitch and a half to walk.

Although our walk took us considerably longer than usual we finally made it back home.

As soon as Linda showed signs of fatigue Bob kissed her hand then hoisted her into a piggyback position.

Linda was very lucky that she had a husband who was capable of 'piggybacking' her up a hill.

After we scaled the hill we turned left and proceeded westward for several blocks. Finally, we arrived home!

We were lucky because the doorman on duty was nowhere to be seen. Linda and I weren't in the mood to answer twenty five questions about Bob.

As soon as we entered my apartment Linda pointed to 'my bedroom' then asked Bob to enter it and disrobe.

I knew what was on Linda's mind. But why didn't she ask me for permission first. It was my damn apartment!

"Jody, Bob and I are going to begin our honeymoon in our bedroom. Please do not interrupt us. If you do, I'll really be ticked off at you."

After Linda spoke she began to laugh like a madwoman. I didn't quite understand why. But, she didn't appear normal. Something clicked inside of her. Not that she was always completely normal beforehand.

"Honey, this is my apartment! You must ask me first before allowing your husband to enter my bedroom!"

"Jody, I thought that I was your best friend in the whole world! Remember, we're a happy Canadian family now. You are now my little sister; the one that I so desperately need. Anyway, since when does a woman have to ask her little sister if she can enter a bedroom?"

"Linda, my beloved sister please enter our bedroom and make love my brother in law. I hope that everything turns out just right with us.

Linda, take your time with Bob. If you need to take the whole night, I'll sleep here in the living room or in the study room."

It was already midnight, and I was very hungry. Linda was too pre-occupied on her wedding night. Actually, there was no ceremony, but, Bob was still her husband. The Quebec paperwork regarding marriage could wait a few days.

I wished Linda the best of luck in her marriage then I went to the kitchen to satisfy my palate and to end the crushing gnawing in my stomach.

I ended up eating a large tuna sandwich, a Polish pickle, potato salad, caffeinated pop, milk, and some vanilla ice cream.

After eating and cleaning up I decided to return the living room and watch some television.

I watched television for roughly two hours before falling asleep. Meanwhile, Linda and Bob were still going at it. I knew

for a fact that Linda was 'frustrated'. She needed to rid herself of the frustration.

Thankfully, everything went just fine for the following three weeks. That's when Linda and Bob thanked me dearly for my incredible hospitality. I gave me 'welcome' then my goodbye.

Although Linda and Bob moved out of my apartment they only lived a few blocks away from me. I also needed a rest too.

WHERE'S MY BABY!

The weeks turned into months with nothing very exciting going on in my life, until A Monday morning phone call that shocked me with delight.

It was 11:00 A.M. and I'd just finished eating a late morning breakfast.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"Jody, this is your best friend in the whole world, Linda Wang! Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Oh my dear, how the heck are you?"

"I'm so happy to see you!"

Jody, guess what? I'm pregnant with Bob's child! We just got back from Dr. Burgess's office. I'm expecting in seven months!

Jody, thank you so much for the money! Don't worry, on Friday I deposited twenty five thousand dollars into your RBC checking account.

Jody, the teller was very nice to me. She knows you. Normally, if there's a deposit of more than ten thousand dollars paperwork must be filled out.

Thankfully, Bob and I were able to bypass this crummy law! I know that the law is in place for tax and law-enforcement purposes, but Bob and I are law-abiding citizens of Canada!

Anyway, Jody, I really missed you a lot. Would you like to meet us somewhere, soon?"

"Actually, yes, why don't we meet in front of Tim Horton's at the Bonaventure Station? How does that sound to you?"

"Let's meet there this Friday at noon. We can spend the entire day out. The entire tab will be on me. Please don't refuse. If you do, you'll break my heart!"

"Okay and how is Bob? Is he a good husband?"

"Honey, Bob is the best husband in the whole world! He never talks back to me, always has a smile on his face, never tires, never complains, does all of the housework, never raises his voice to me, has no temper whatsoever, is never jealous or envious when I speak to another man/men, is full of love and understanding, is very strong, intelligent, and is a lion in the bedroom, but without the rough stuff.

Jody, I can't wait until my stomach begins to balloon outwards. I want to get those other girls back for tormenting me all of those years. They rubbed their marriages and pregnancies in my face; especially that fat witch Martha!

Jody, I'm not like those other girls who are vengeful and vindictive. I'm a good girl."

"Linda, are you referring to Martha, the fat pigeon who sits at the park in front of Tim Horton's on Guy Street?"

"Yes, I don't like that fat witch! On numerous occasions when I glanced at her she pointed her wing in the direction of her young ones then she raised her head in pomp. She knew that I wasn't married; that I'd never had any children."

"Linda, don't worry! I'm with you guys all the way! You'll have your baby soon!"

"Jody, you're going to be an aunt very soon! Aren't you excited?"

"Certainly, and I can't wait to see your baby's face. Whether a boy or a girl, good looks are certain. Her mother and father are very attractive."

"Jody, you're an incredible cat! I must get back to Bob. He's eating an ice cream sundae all alone in the kitchen. I can't leave him like that.

Anyway, have a beautiful day and we'll see you on Friday!"

"Thanks for the call, goodbye Linda!"

Friday arrived like a rocket. I couldn't believe how fast the week had passed.

I called Linda On Friday at 10:45 A.M. After five rings Bob answered.

"Hello, who is this?"

"This is Jody speaking. May I speak to Linda please?"

"Oh, Jody my favourite cat in the whole world! How are you?"

"I'm very fine, thank you!"

Jody, you're very lucky! Linda is coming."

"Hello, Jody, I'm very happy to hear your voice again. Hopefully, when I have 'my baby' you'll visit me more often, especially in the hospital.

Well, Jody, Bob and I arrived here quite early. No need to rush yourself. We'll be waiting for your arrival at around noontime."

"Thanks for the call, honey! I'll be on my way in a short while."

I left my apartment building very excited. I couldn't wait to see Linda and her husband Bob. Now, at last, one of my girlfriends was going to have a real baby. She'll be happy and full, full of family.

I quickly descended the mountain then crossed into Sherbrooke Street. I continued walking until I arrived at a bus stop.

Thankfully a minute later the number twenty four bus heading east arrived. I boarded the bus then leaped unto the closest seat. Thankfully, youngster, including kittens, can use public transit for free. I apparently still looked like a kitten. Not that I was complaining, though. I had the strength, endurance, and agility of an adult cat. In addition, my emotional development was that of an adult, too. Well, I mean ... when I wanted it to be that way.

The bus ride to McGill Street was smooth, pleasant, and quick. I still can't believe how fast motorized transport is. My dear if I had to walk to my destination it would've taken me almost forever.

As soon as I exited the bus I walked downhill to Ville Marie Mall, then cut through it and entered Bonaventure. As soon as I descended the escalators in Bonaventure I ran to Tim Horton's.

Linda and Bob were holding hands and smiling at each other. They really looked like a happy couple. I was very happy for them.

"Jody, leap into my arms!"

I did as Linda requested. Then I held her face firmly with my paws and kissed her several times. Because she liked it I began to gently paw her face. This went on for roughly a minute. I was really caught up into the moment.

When I was done, Linda kissed me between the ears then petted me several times. I was then able to turn my body and leap onto the floor.

"Jody, how are you doing?"

"Bob, I'm very happy to see you guys! But I'd be even happier if I saw three of you; hopefully soon!"

"Jody, Linda and I always remember you in our conversations. We just can't forget you. You are a very important part of our family. In fact, we have designated you our child's aunt.

Our child will identify you as her aunt. I hope that you are in agreement with our proposal?"

"Yes, I certainly am! I'd love to be your child's aunt!"

"Now Linda, please tell me how your marriage is coming along."

"Jody, these are the happiest days of my life! I couldn't ask for any more.

Now, thankfully, I'm not a 'barren loner' like some of those other girls. They can never find Mr. Right and will never be a mother. Not like me, I'm going to be a mother soon!"

Linda ordered three extra large coffees, six muffins, and three slices of cake.

As soon as we got our order Linda and Bob carried our food to a nearby seating area. Thankfully, they chose an isolated area. We were able to converse freely without being interrupted or annoyed by anyone.

Our conversation lasted roughly two hours. But in those two hours Linda almost fell asleep on three occasions. I wasn't sure if it was a medical reason or maybe she hadn't slept much the night before.

At the two hour mark I noticed that Linda was getting tired. Maybe, it was her pregnancy, I told myself.

We said our goodbyes then left Bonaventure. I told Linda and Bob that I didn't need a ride anywhere. I just wanted to walk around for a few hours before going home.

The months leading up to Linda's pregnancy were a bit shaky. When I spoke to her on the phone she'd stop talking abruptly, perhaps falling into a stupor for a few seconds. Then, she'd resume talking to me.

This problem kept getting bigger and bigger until two weeks before the expected day of giving birth.

For some reason Bob wouldn't allow me to speak to Linda. This, along with the fact that I hadn't seen her in months was very stressful on me.

"Bob, please tell me what is wrong!"

"Jody, there's nothing wrong. Linda's just a bit tired from the pregnancy. She loves you but can't come to the phone."

I figured that it was difficult for a fleshy android to lie, kind of like a Vulcan. So, I decided to ask the question in a roundabout way. I figured that Linda was coaching Bob nearby.

"Bob, please just answer me with a 'yes' or a 'no'.

Is Linda sick?"

"Yes."

"Has she been crying much?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that it's only the flu or something quite trivial?"

"No."

"Does she appear pale?"

"Yes."

"Has she been vomiting or does she have running stools?"

"Yes."

"Has she lost her appetite?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that her situation will worsen soon?"

"Yes."

"Please take Linda to the RVH emergency room under the pretext of a general check-up. If she complains or becomes jumpy, just talk about her baby. That'll put a smile on her face."

Thankfully, Bob took his wife to the RVH emergency room. It was so close to 'the big day'.

Upon entering the RVH emergency room Linda collapsed onto the hospital floor. Immediately, medical staff rushed to the scene. Thankfully, there were many caring individuals on the ground floor; physicians, nurses, ambulance technicians, patients, and visitors.

Linda was lucky she was in the emergency room at the time of her collapse.

Meanwhile, Bob left the RVH emergency room abruptly. I wouldn't find out exactly why until later.

Linda appointed me as contact person in case her condition deteriorated.

Shortly after being placed in a gurney, Linda's baby 'decided' that it wanted to leave the comfort zone and enter the real world.

Linda was rushed to an operating room then prepped up for immediate delivery.

As I was pondering about my life I received a shocking phone call.

As a habit I waited until the phone rang several times before speaking.

"Hello, how can I help you?"

"Honey, are you Jody Wilson?"

"Who's asking?"

"I'm Karen Spalding the attending nurse at the RVH 'special rooms section'.

I found your name and phone number in Linda's belongings. At the time she was 'too psychotic' to give us your phone number or address. However, she did spurt out your name over a hundred times before 'the meds' took effect.

Jody, I have some horrible news for you. Forgive me for being blunt, but this is the fastest and most direct method of conveying my message.

Linda Wang's baby died shortly after birth. However, I must add that there was something quite unusual about Linda's him. His biochemical composition was dangerous to Linda.

Jody, Linda blocked out the memory of her baby's death. It's understandable, but sooner or later she's going to find out. For now, it must be a later. She's too sick and shocked to hear any bad news.

As soon as Linda's 'condition' improves we'll have to transfer her to the psychiatric ward. But for now, she's too mentally unstable even for the best psychiatric institution or ward in Montreal.

Regarding the birth, Linda's baby was poisoning her while he was in her womb. I'm sorry to say this but the poison has invaded Linda's body. Her mental state has been shattered by the extremely painful birth, the poisoning, and also the horrible news. If you ask me, the poor girl was a bit unstable beforehand.

Jody, do you know where our special rooms section is?"

"Yes, I'm well-aware of this section. I've visited it before. At the time, I'd hoped that there would be no more visitations therein.

"Jody, Linda's in room number 12. She has a private room with a television. You can reach her by phone at extension number 12. Please call her before any planned visits. We certainly don't want Linda to be asleep or out for tests when you arrive."

"Thanks, nurse Spalding."

"Wait, honey ... you don't have to address me formally. Just call me Karen."

"Okay, Karen. You've been so nice I'd like to meet you in person, if that's ever possible."

"Honey, I take it Linda's your best friend in the whole world. Am I right?"

"Yes, Karen, she absolutely is!"

"Jody, can I be your second best friend in the whole world, and if the unthinkable were to happen, I can be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes, you can be my second best friend in the whole world for now, but, I'm too anxious and depressed to make an opinion regarding a new best friend in the whole world."

After we said our goodbyes I hung up the phone, then I called the RVH.

"Hello, Royal Victoria Hospital. How may I help you?"

"Can you please forward my call to room number 12 in the special rooms section?"

"Just a moment please."

Linda answered the phone after seven rings. I was glad, but also anxious and nervous about speaking to her.

"Hello, this is Linda. What do you want from me?"

"Linda, this is Jody Wilson! Are you feeling any better?"

"Jody, I don't like it here! I just want to go home and be with my husband. Also, I want to see you really badly.

Jody, I love you! Can you be my little sister?"

"Okay, I'll be your little sister."

"Jody, I can't wait to see my baby! The medical and nursing staffs have placed my baby in a 'special' maternity ward. I overheard a nurse saying that it was a boy. Although I didn't hear any mention of my name or what hospital the nurse was referring to I know as a fact it was my beloved baby!

Jody, I'm so excited about being a mother!

Jody, you just can't imagine how sweet the feeling is. Thankfully, I'm no longer like those other girls who are barren. Now, I can walk through the streets of Montreal proud and happy. Motherhood has been a major plus for me.

Jody, I want to show off my baby, my stroller, my beloved and handsome husband, and my little sister!

Every single one of those girls who tormented their distended stomachs will get back what they gave to me.

Jody, we should go out together as a Canadian family. You know, like, to a very expensive restaurant. But first, I have to get better and leave this dumpy room."

"Linda, I wish you a complete recovery very soon!"

"Honey thanks a lot for those kind words! But, I want to tell you something that's beyond top secret. Please, first, understand that I'm not sick!

Okay, Jody, I think the hospital workers are conspiring against me. My baby must be out of this world when it comes to his looks! I knew it was a boy from the time he first kicked me from the inside.

Either way, I'll give them a few days because I know that my delivery was painful for him too. I want him to rest up before I hold him in my arms and breast feed him.

Jody, I need the three golden words! Right now, without any delay!"

"Linda, I love you! May I visit you soon?"

"Yes, but please come with my husband. You know what my home phone number is and my address. Please call my husband and come here tomorrow.

Jody, I'm not scheduled for any tests tomorrow. Please make sure the two of you arrive together.

Another thing, Jody, please follow my instructions to the letter.

Please ask my husband to bring me Samantha. Samantha is my favourite doll. She's biracial like me.

I must see Samantha soon, or else I'll go mad in this place!"

Linda and I conversed for an hour before we said our goodbyes.

Immediately afterwards, I called Linda's home in order to speak to Bob. Unfortunately, there was nobody home.

I decided to walk to Linda's home and buzz Bob from the apartment building lobby.

In a flash I was off to Linda's apartment. On my way there I could think of nothing but conveying Linda's message.

As soon as I left my apartment building I sprinted to Linda's home.

Upon entering the apartment building I leaped up into the air then I buzzed room number 601 with my right paw. Afterwards, I positioned my body for a safe landing.

After three consecutive buzzes I became impatient. Thankfully, I was able to signal the doorman to buzz me in.

After being buzzed into the apartment building I explained to the doorman my predicament.

Thankfully, the doorman, who identified himself as Blake was kind, considerate, and understanding. He gave me a spare key to the apartment and afterwards put a mini-scanning card into my pouch. The latter would get me into the apartment building through the lobby door entrance.

"Honey, please don't tell anyone what I've just done for you. Because if the management finds out I'll be a dead goose, understand?"

"Yes, I clearly understand. Cat's honour I won't tell a living soul."

I thanked Blake then proceeded to go to Linda's apartment. Everything happened so fast afterwards. Before I knew it I'd already entered Linda's apartment.

I pressed the 'UP' button for the elevator and then waited patiently for the parting doors to open.

While I was waiting for one of the four elevators to descend to the lobby I became sad and depressed over the fate of Linda. I was almost certain that she would have a horrible

nervous breakdown after finding out that her baby had died. As for the moment, Linda blocked out that fact. But sooner or later she'd have to be told, again and again until she fully understood what had happened.

Furthermore, I was worried about her physical well-being. I should've called Andrea the Head Librarian at the WPL. Indeed, she was trying to warn me about pregnancies with fleshy androids. Well, the act had already been committed.

I felt like I was in a daze, entering the elevator, pressing the number five button, getting off on the fifth floor, walking to room number 509, and then entering it.

As soon as I entered Linda's room the first thing that I did was call out to Bob. I had to speak to him, immediately! Furthermore, I was stunned and confused by his not being by his wife's side. I was under the impression that fleshy androids were pre-programmed with all of the major human emotions. Furthermore, Bob was supposed to be a perfect and willing husband; a husband who always obeyed his wife, without any exception whatsoever.

Anyway, I spent fifteen minutes searching and calling until I felt like there was only one more place to check. If I hadn't found Bob by then I would've left it at that.

I entered Linda's bedroom but this time I searched under the bed.

Lo and behold, I saw a Bob! He was dead! In fact, he had self-destructed. A defective fleshy android!

Never again would I ever try to set up a human with a fleshy android. It just wasn't worth it.

Anyhow, there was no time to clean 'him' up and toss him into the garbage shoot. I had more pressing concerns at hand.

On the cabinet to my left were the twelve lifelike dolls that Linda told me about. I call them lifelike because they really looked like the real gizmos. My dear how far technology has come!

Thankfully, they were all named. Samantha was a cute biracial doll. She was dressed in a nice red and white dress and she had beautiful jet black hair with cat eyes.

I leaped up onto the cabinet then gently took hold of Samantha. I made certain not to grasp her too tightly as that would puncture her. I wanted her to look beautiful and pure when I brought her to Linda.

I carried Samantha to the kitchen then gently laid her down onto the floor. I made certain that the floor was clean and clear of dust before I acted.

I managed to fix myself a large Corn Flakes and milk breakfast. Afterwards, I drank a large quantity of water.

As soon as I'd finished washing up and cleaning the kitchen I decided to return to the RVH special rooms section.

I gently carried Samantha to the bus stop. After waiting for ten minutes the number twenty four bus arrived. Thereafter, it was a smooth ride to Cote des Neiges Road.

After exiting the bus I proceeded to carry Samantha up the hill.

As soon as I got to the next bus stop I decided to walk to the RVH. I had many thoughts running through my mind not to mention my fear for Linda's emotional and physical well-being.

Although on three separate occasions passersby hurled insults at me I ignored them. I simply didn't have the time to answer their creepy insults.

Although it took me an hour to arrive at the 'doorstep' of the RVH I felt fresher and stronger from the long trip.

I entered the RVH then proceeded to walk to the special rooms section.

The long hallway that I walked through was dim-lighted and on my right I took notice of were three elderly men and an elderly woman sitting in their wheelchairs pondering about their youth, no doubt.

To tell you the truth whenever I see elderly people who are Sickly or depressed-looking it gives me the creeps. I know that unless I die beforehand one day I too will become old. Who will take care of me then?

I continued my walk through the long corridor swirling left then right until I reached the elevators.

Before I pressed the 'UP' button the elevator door opened in my face.

Once again, I fell into a daze. It was like I was transported into another dimension, again. Something just wasn't right.

A short while later I found myself entering Linda's room carrying Samantha between my powerful jaws.

"Jody, please come here!"

I was thankful that Linda was happy to see me. I entered her hospital room, took several steps towards her and then leaped onto her bed.

Next, I gently placed Samantha on Linda's chest. Then, I kissed Linda on her forehead.

"Linda, are you feeling any better?"

"Yes, thanks for coming here with my niece."

"Your ... I mean where's your niece? I'm sorry but I didn't see her."

"Stop teasing me! Samantha is my niece! You knew that all along. You're just trying to make me laugh. Sorry, but I'm still a bit groggy from all of the treatment."

Jody, please tell me ... where is my baby?

I'm my baby's mommy! I must see my baby! Why don't they let me hold my baby in my arms?

Jody, I can't keep waiting! Where's my baby?"

"Umm ... like ... umm ... I think that your baby is in the maternity ward with all of the other babies? I mean, like, I'm certain that you'll see your baby soon."

Linda and I conversed for a short while. But I couldn't stay too long because she was still overmedicated. I had to come back at a more convenient time. That is, when the powerful medication has been flushed out of her system. And after she finds out what really happened to her baby.

Cat or no cat, I didn't want to be the person to tell Linda that her baby had died. I figured she'd go into some kind of trance then a fit, and then she'd probably have a nervous breakdown.

I understood that human females could become very attached to their babies. I just wasn't certain if their attachment was stronger or weaker than that between a mother cat and her kitten. Probably not!

Anyway, we said our goodbyes and I agreed to call Linda every day and to come back after she'd gotten better.

As soon as I left Linda's hospital room, I was forced to stop because she began to speak to Samantha. Believe me I wasn't trying to be a snoopy cat or anything. I was sincerely worried about Linda. Although Samantha was a very cute doll she wasn't real.

"Samantha, list up! But I command you, as your beloved aunt, do not blabber your mouth off about what we say in private. Got it?"

Now that I have your undivided attention, please tell me where my baby is. Where is my baby?

No ... Samantha. Jody's not being deceitful. I believe that she thinks that my baby is in the maternity ward. Jody would never lie to her sister, Linda Wang.

Samantha, no ... there not hiding my baby from me because they think that I'm dangerous!

Samantha, no ... you have no right to say that!

No! No! No! Samantha, I'm not like those other girls who are addicted to crack and who'll give up their own flesh and blood for a quick fix.

Samantha, no ... I'm not a mentally unstable woman! I'm not violent either!

Please don't speak like that around me! I don't like it!

Yes, Samantha, I think that that is the case. In fact, I think that you are absolutely right!

Yes, those people around us aren't real! You know something, yes ... Samantha ... Jody's not real either! I think that we're in the Twilight Zone, or some other unusual place.

Samantha, please ... I need the three golden words, immediately!

No, Samantha, I don't have to give you a lollypop first! I'm your freaking aunt! Don't you love me?

Okay, that's more like it. Now, I want you to be my special spy. Your first mission is to spy on Jody. I want to know if she's found another best friend in the whole world yet.

And Samantha, don't you dare forget that you are my favourite niece! Don't tell your sisters that I love you more because you're like me; biracial!

I was deeply saddened by Linda's continuing deterioration. I resumed my walk through the hallway stopping at the nurses' reception desk.

After leaping unto the counter I inquired about Linda's condition.

"Nurse, could I ask you a question regarding Linda Wang?"

"Oh, I know who you are! You're the talk of the town. You can't make it with your own kind. You're Jody Wilson! I am certain that you've been in the RVH before.

I'm Nurse Gertrude Peck, but you can call me Gertrude.

"Unfortunately, yes! I've been here before."

"Honey, I just got off the phone with Dr. Alan Holder, Chief of Neurology at the Neurological Institute.

Dr. Holder told me that there's no way in hell that Linda will get any better, or even stabilize. I'm sorry, Jody, but she's dying.

This may have been the last time that you could've spoken to her."

"No, Gertrude, I lost my chance, already! Linda has already begun to go mad. She's talking to her doll, Samantha.

Linda believes that we aren't real. She believes that dolls are real.

And how long does Linda have to live?"

"Jody, I'm very sorry, but her test results were horrible. She'll probably fall into a coma in a few hours. The loss of touch with reality occurs an hour or two before the hard-core physical symptoms appear.

Jody, Linda's deterioration is worse than Huntingdon's Disease, Multiple Sclerosis, and Parkinson's combined. Linda will deteriorate at a very fast pace and will develop all the symptoms of the aforementioned diseases and some.

Jody, please follow me to the other end of the hall. We can sit on that 'lone sofa' over there. I want to talk to you in private.

I followed Gertrude to the lone sofa then waited for her to sit down. As soon as she sat down, I leaped unto her chest then looked deep into her eyes.

"Gertrude, can I kiss you on the chin?"

"Of course, honey, do as you want, but ... I need the three golden words too."

I kissed Gertrude on the chin then I told her that I loved her. Afterwards, I asked her to pet me between the ears. Like a good nurse, she obliged me.

Jody, I want you to stop crying. It's important that you hear what I have to say."

"I'm not crying! I've got allergies!"

"Okay, honey, you've got allergies.

Jody, I know what you gals were up to. You purchased a fleshy android. Afterwards, you felt like the whole world was yours for that taking.

Jody didn't you think for one second that Linda was a human being and the fleshy android was just that, an android like Data on Star Trek the Next Generation, but with flesh added.

Okay, I know that Linda's husband was fleshy and had superficial feelings, but still, he wasn't, nor could he ever be real!

Jody, the fleshy android industry is extremely dangerous! People do get killed crossing them! It's like the crack cocaine industry, except the higher-ups are physicians, nurses, scientists, and engineers.

Unfortunately, every single person who has died from a fleshy android has been a woman. I've heard stories of teens, that is, our 'young sisters' dying by poisoning.

Jody, the thugs involved in the fleshy android business are very cunning. They know that if they produce 'females' too many males will swarm their underground establishments which in itself will alert the authorities. Furthermore, if males die in large numbers the government will respond quicker."

"Gertrude, are you sure about that?"

"Yes, honey I'm sure! If breast cancer was a male phenomena there would've been a cure by now. Or at least, tones of monies would've been devoted to research.

Honey, I'm not being a complaining bitch! I'm just being an honest bitch!

Now Jody, please get rid of the fleshy android fast! On my part, the medical examiner owes me a few favours. I'll make sure that 'the evidence' disappears and nobody will ever know the difference."

I assumed that Gertrude had slept her way to acquiring her favours. But, I didn't want to inquire about it. It's not very polite to do so.

"Jody, don't you dare think it! I did not sleep my way through nursing school and also to acquire favours from the medical examiner! I want you to take it back!"

"But, Gertrude, I didn't say anything! I was just wondering about something."

"Jody, I know that 'sister look'. Just remember, I'm not like those other girls who sleep their way to achievement. I have a Masters Degree in Nursing and I'm working on a Doctoral Degree!"

"Gertrude, you're like, the umpteenth female who's said that to me! I'm not like those other girls. Why doesn't anyone ever tell me I'm not like those other guys?"

"Honey, because that's the way it is! I'm not being a paranoid bitch, but most of the people who envy me are women. I can see it in their envious eyes when they come to visit their friends and relatives in our section.

Jody, I'm not sick! I'm perfectly sane! I'm certainly not like the patients in this section. Please, Jody, I'm not in some kind of denial. I know for sure that I'm not sick!"

"Well, I know so too. Thank you for the help regarding the medical examiner and I'll also do my part.

I shall never ever, under any circumstances, purchase or otherwise acquire a fleshy android for anyone. This includes yours truly just in case they ever decide to produce fleshy androids for cats."

"Honey, now that it looks like Linda's going to croak ... I mean ... pass away soon. Can I be your best friend afterwards?"

"Yes, you can be my best human friend in the whole world, but only after Linda passes away."

"Jody, I love you! You are the most awesome cat in the whole world! You are an incredible asset as a friend."

We continued to converse until Gertrude insisted that she buy me some food and drink.

Naturally, I obliged. She brought me a fish sandwich, a pint of milk in a carton, chips, and a slice of lemon meringue pie.

"Gertrude thanks a lot for the meal. What about your shift?"

"Honey, don't worry about that. I've already finished my shift. Besides, I'm the Head Nurse in the Special Rooms Section of the RVH. Nobody can mess with me!"

After eating my meal I washed it down with water from a water fountain nearby.

Meanwhile, Gertrude was insisting that I return home with her. I felt like she was being a bit too possessive.

"Honey, if you love me you must spend the night over at my place! Please, don't break my heart! I just totally love cats!"

Then, she went nutty on me.

"Jody, I'm not asking you to spend the night over because I'm a fat, lonely, four-eyed, asocial little bitch. It's not because I can't make it with the opposite sex. I can have a husband anytime I want to ... it's just that I don't want to. I'm a very successful nurse who has no self-esteem problems.

Jody, I'm not sick like those other girls! I hate it when people compare me with those psycho girls!"

That was all that I could take! I couldn't understand why I kept hearing those horrible words 'like those other girls'. It's like the woman speaking to me is from another planet. We're all girls!

"Honey, please, why did you say those other girls? Don't you understand that I too am a girl?

Please, if any of our sisters are sick we should shower them with empathy, sympathy, and help."

"Jody, you're turning against me! I don't like it!"

I had to do an about face. You see, I couldn't carry the conversation any further because I was relying on Gertrude to 'erase' any trace of evidence. So, I did what any genius kitty would do; I changed the subject with lightening speed.

"I promise I'll spend a night with you some other time. I'm very stressed out because of Linda's situation. Please understand."

"Okay, honey, I do understand! Then let's meet up some time soon. As for now, I'll go to the Medical Examiner's Office and 'convince' him to erase this case as soon as Linda, I mean, if Linda dies."

We said our goodbyes and then we parted ways, literally. I made certain to never speak to Gertrude again. Even by phone. I felt that she was too out of it. I had my paws full with my own problems.

As I walked back to the elevators I felt my pulse and blood pressure slowly fall. I just couldn't hear those three nasty words again! I felt like punching the next woman who said those words in a derogatory context.

I'M A LION!

I left the RVH anxious and in a state of deep depression. I understood that Linda was soon to be a dead goose. I'd have to endure a life without another incredible friend.

Leaving the dimension was now an option. One death per dimension is more than enough. Besides, only Cynthia Corbett my true love could compare with Linda Wang.

Mind you, I never forgot Cynthia Corbett. Cynthia was my first 'human love' and certainly my best one ever. No human being, male or female, could ever compare to her. She was a top notch woman, beautiful, intelligent, and fun to be with. Sure We had our ups and downs, but the ups were incredibly high.

It was a long, depressing walk back home. I kept glancing at the trees and buildings in order to forget about Linda, but I just couldn't.

I was terrified to get a call on my mini cell phone. Any call would certainly signify the end of Linda. Here I was

drowning in my own pity and I didn't even know any of her relatives.

The memorial services would be full of strangers. That is, if they even allowed a kitty like me there. Some humans don't like it when cats attend memorial services.

Believe me some of these humans are so stupid they actually think that 'the cat' will become ravished with the scent of dead flesh. Therefore, the cat may go 'ape sh_t'. Like, you know, pounce on the cadaver than begin to feast.

As soon as I got to the Cote des Neiges Road crossing, instead of continuing due west I decided to descend to Sherbrooke Street. I felt like taking the busy/scenic route. Besides, I've always enjoyed walking from a lower neighbourhood to a higher one. That's what happens when you walk due west on Sherbrooke Street. Even the language spoken is miraculously changed.

I can't help it I've always been an Anglophone cat. You can't take the Anglophone out of me. It just won't come out.

As I was walking a driver of a blue Pontiac moving east slowed down then parked some thirty feet in front of me.

There was something about this creep that I didn't like. I zoomed in on him with my incredible feline vision.

This guy was middle-aged, chubby-faced, bald, and looked like a pervert. Forgive me, but I can't describe what exactly makes a person look like a pervert. It's something that a cat senses.

"Honey, would you like a ride to Toronto? I've got plenty of food inside my car; milk, tuna, beef, chicken, and plenty of bottled water.

Look, I'm not a freaking buncher! Now, get into my freaking car or else I'll shoot you with my gun!"

For a split second I found myself in a state of shock. What the heck was I going to do? I was in a situation where I could only run forwards or turn then flee. Crossing the street would've been extremely dangerous. Oncoming vehicles going in two directions were a continuous problem.

I decided to blitzkrieg the pervert. But, I'd have to do it in the right way.

"Okay Honey, I'll get into your car, but please put your gun away."

"Okay, I'll put my gun way."

As soon as I was within a few feet of the blue Pontiac's side window I leaped through it then pounced on the pervert with incredible ferocity.

I sustained a clawing and biting campaign until I scored a knockout.

I had flesh and blood underneath my claws. I was proud of myself for beating a pervert without any mercy whatsoever.

Anyhow, I memorized the license plate just in case another attempt was made on someone else.

I continued my walk on Sherbrooke Street until arriving at Atwater Street. Once there, I turned right then took a left shortly afterwards. I was not taking a somewhat straight path home.

It took me another twenty minutes of walking to get home. As soon as I entered my apartment I ran to my bedroom then crashed out like a little baby.

At 4:00 A.M. I received a phone call. I let the home phone ring seven times before I answered it.

"Hello, who is this?"

"Jody Wilson, is that you?"

"Yes Gertrude, it's me!"

"Jody, please, I want to have tact, but at the same time I don't like to beat around the bush. I don't want you to come here for nothing.

Jody, I'm very sorry but your beloved friend Linda passed away a few minutes ago.

Apparently, the poison had spread throughout her body like wildfire.

Don't worry I've made arrangements for a very quick burial. There shall be no proof of any foul play.

Jody, is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes, please make certain that Linda's family is notified and that she receives a proper burial. I don't believe that I'll be welcome in their services."

"Jody, if there's anything that you need just call me up. If you ever forget my number and want to get a hold of me, I'm the Head Nurse at the Special Rooms section."

We said our goodbyes then I hung up the phone. That was the last time that I ever spoke to Gertrude.

The following ten days were a living hell. I just couldn't get the image of Linda's face out of my mind. She was such an incredible friend.

Most of the time, we're able to get over the death of a loved one. However, patience is called for.

It was on a beautiful Friday evening while I was taking a long walk through Westmount that I came across an old friend.

As soon as I decided to enter Westmount Park a black limo pulled up behind me. A few seconds later, the chauffeur honked his horn several times. At that moment there was no doubt in my mind that I was the target of the honking.

As soon as I turned back to get a better look at the chauffeur the passenger opened the door, and then gave me a big grin.

"Frank, is that you?!"

"Of course, honey, who else would be a passenger in a limo on a Friday evening?"

"I haven't seen you in ages! What have you been doing with yourself?"

Honey-bun, I would like you to join me for a steak dinner. Please, don't be shy. I'm your beloved friend."

I entered the limo with high hopes for fun. I guess you could say that I was on the rebound. Any friend would've been welcome.

Frank rolled closed the limo door then ordered his chauffeur to make a U-turn and drive to his favourite steakhouse.

As soon as the coast was clear, the chauffeur made an 'illegal U-turn'.

Sometimes, patrol cars or Security cars are hidden in the shadows. The officers on duty have nothing to do but swat flies, eat their donuts and drink their coffee. For them, giving out a ticket is like going to Disney World. It's fun and exciting.

Thankfully, there were no 'officers' around. The chauffeur drove west for numerous blocks then he parked in front of a high-class restaurant.

The scent of steak, fries, and other foods was so intense I forgot to look at the logo. I can't tell you the name of the restaurant.

Anyhow, we exited the limo then entered the restaurant drooling like hungry dogs. The chauffeur was actually frothing at the mouth.

"Mr. Bogey, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you! This is Miss Wilson, and you know Stan my chauffeur. I want the best table you can scrounge up, right now! Got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Bogey, I'll find you the best table in the house. Just follow me, please."

We followed the head waiter to a secluded, but very beautiful corner of the restaurant. The lights were dim, wall fixtures were beautiful, and the chairs and tables were incredible. Even the tableware and the utensils were shiny and expensive looking.

"Mr. Bogey, I hope that you like this spot?"

"Yes, now we shall sit down. Get us three menus, buns, margarine, and extra large milks."

"At your service Mr. Bogey, is there anything else that you'd like?"

I noticed that the head waiter wasn't being friendly to Frank out of friendship; he was terrified of him. Something was strange about this situation. However, I was too happy to see my friend. I brushed off my observation a short while later when the waiter placed our buns, margarine, and milk on the table.

"Jody, this is my chauffeur Stan Bambino. He's a good guy. Don't listen to those creeps that say bad things about Stan. He's not a big 'boss's hit man'.

Jody, people are envious of Stan. Look, he's tough, good-looking, gets to drive around all day, and has many girl friends. He's almost as incredible as I am."

We ate and drank our appetizers then waited patiently for the waiter to return.

When the waiter returned Frank ordered for the three of us. Neither Stan nor I said a word. It was like we knew that he was in charge of ordering. That's the kind of guy Frank was.

"Listen to me carefully, bring the three of us a steak each, large fries, garden salad, and coleslaw. Wait for fifteen minutes before bringing the pop and dessert.

Miss Wilson is my special guest. For her, you must give her the regular dessert and a large ice cream sundae; everything extra on it except for the chocolate. No freaking chocolate!

And one more thing, don't make us wait too long, or else! Got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Bogey. I'll be back with your order in a jiffy."

"Jody, you're so cute and adorable. Are you living with anyone? I mean does anyone pay for your rent?"

"No way Stan, I'm my own cat. Thankfully, I'm all paid up for at least one year. Afterwards, I'll pay direct from my account to Kelly & Harrison Ltd.

Stan, why don't you get married? I mean, like, you're at your peak."

"Jody, there's no reason for me to get married. I've got a fat black book. In fact, I've got over one hundred names and phone numbers of beautiful women. Mind you, I can never outdo Mr. Bogey."

"Wow, Frank! You're so cool!"

"Honey, I always make certain that they're smiling and say 'yes' before I lion them. You see, I'm not a thug! I respect the women in my life."

A short while later, the terrified waiter returned with our order. It looked, smelled, and tasted out of this world! It was incredible!

A few minutes after we began our meal four gorgeous looking women entered the steak house. As soon as they spotted us they approached our table.

"Mr. Bogey, can I be your kitty tonight?" asked one of the women.

"Yes, but on the condition that I have three of you and my chauffeur has the fourth one."

"Oh Mr. Bogey, you're so awesome! You're such a powerful man!"

"Okay girls, I don't like to be bothered while I'm eating. I'm having a special business luncheon with Miss Wilson."

That was enough of a hint to make the four women exit the steakhouse and wait for us in their van.

"Frank, don't you want those four girls to eat with us?"

"Jody, I'm Mr. Bogey! I'm a big shot in the greater metropolitan area. People, including those girls, respect me. My enemies fear me."

I didn't push the conversation. While I was questioning Frank he began to slobber. That was my cue to stop talking. I didn't want him to bite me.

However, after we ate our main course and began to eat our desserts and drink our pops Frank opened up to me.

"Jody, you know something: I've 'lioned' several thousand women in my lifetime. I mean, like, I do respect them. I mean, like ... they always say yes, they smile, and they act like they want it. Also, I never drug them."

"But, like, what if one of those girls sends you the three golden words. Will you respond?"

"No way, I'm a lion! I can't get all emotional and lovey-dovey with every girl that 'I lion'.

Stan, I notice that you've finished your dessert and pop. Why don't you go out to the limo, get inside, and listen to some cool music. I have some personal business with Miss Wilson."

Without hesitation, Stan left the steakhouse. I kind of got the jitters. I mean, Frank had this serious look on his face.

It was then that I noticed that the steakhouse was empty. The waiter and the chef were the only two workers on duty; strange but not impossible.

"Waiter, come here! Give me the check!"

"Yes Mr. Bogey!"

The waiter wrote out the check then quickly came over to our table. After Frank paid for the food he ordered the waiter to scram; but in his own words.

"Look, I've got very important business to attend to with Miss Wilson. Now, I noticed that you were closing up shop soon. So, I recommend that you and the chef go to the kitchen and clean up. I don't want anyone to bother us. That means ... you'll lock the door and put up the 'closed sign'. Got it?"

"Yes Mr. Bogey, immediately!"

The waiter did as Frank ordered and then he entered the kitchen. The kitchen was located behind two large, massive doors. Frank and I could have a nice private conversation without having to worry about anyone listening in on us.

"Jody, I want you to guard my handbag while I use the restroom. Can you do that?"

"Gosh I certainly can, Frank!"

I was very flattered that Frank trusted me with his valuables.

Frank entered the restroom then exited a short while later. For some unknown reason, he was wearing surgical gloves.

As soon as Frank sat down he explained to me why he was wearing surgical gloves.

"Jody, I just had an allergic response to the hand soap in the restroom. I get that sometimes. Thankfully, it'll go away in a short while.

Now it's your turn to wash up. Be thorough and dry yourself good."

I entered the restroom to clean up. I made sure that my face and paws were dry before exiting the restroom. Thankfully, the hair dryer in the restroom blew warm air. It's easier to handle for a cat. Hot air is too bothersome.

However, the hand soap felt very soft. It didn't seem like it would cause any harm to a human's hands. Anyway, I exited the restroom then returned to our table.

"Jody, do you still want to be filthy rich?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, do you want to own several mansions?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, do you want to take regular vacations across Canada travelling first class and without ever having to worry about expenses?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, do you want to be respected by the public at large?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, do you want to eat and drink the best there is in this beautiful world?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, would you like to know how to acquire all of the aforementioned good things I asked you about?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

"Jody, this is a blueprint of the Royal Bank of Canada (RBC) on Guy Street.

I've received valuable information about a gigantic money deposit; all in cash! It'll be kept inside a special safe. I need that money really badly! And so do you!"

"But Frank, what about the security guard? What about the cameras, especially the hidden ones. What about the security system? What about witnesses?"

"Honey, don't worry about that. Everything has been taken care of. We've got a person on the inside who has told me about the one hundred million dollars in the special safe. Also, the security system's wiring will be neutralized by a rat. I've made a deal with him; a year's supply of cheese for the job.

In addition, before, during, and after our operation there'll be three pigeons perched on top of a building near the RBC. They'll be our 'watchdogs'. If anyone tries to peer into the RBC the pigeons will swoop down upon the person like eagles.

As for the cameras, our 'insider' will neutralize them. Now, I can say for certain that we have a fool-proof plan."

"Did you say one hundred million dollars?"

"Yes, honey, one hundred million dollars! I've got several guys who'll load up our van with the loot.

But we need a keen-eyed, keen-eared feline like you. You'll have a generalist's job. You can lookout for danger on our way to the RBC, when we park, and of course when you're inside.

We'll have a German shepherd name Alex with us. He'll be the 'safe cracker' and bodyguard if anyone does get inside the RBC while we're there.

Jody, do you want in?"

"Yes, Frank! I love you! I want in!"

Frank and I studied the RBC blueprint for fifteen minutes before we left the steakhouse. I was told to wait patiently for a phone call before the weekend. The operation was set for a Saturday night when much of the city is drunk; exactly which Saturday I didn't know.

We left the steakhouse and then headed straight for the limo. The Stan was waiting patiently for us inside the limo, and the four beautiful women were waiting in the back.

As soon as we entered the limo the four women began to talk about how much they loved Frank. Stan didn't dare complain to his girl about that. Frank Bogey got whatever he wanted whenever he wanted it.

"Stan, drive back to the park, but go slow and easy. I want to enjoy this rode.

Girls Miss Wilson is my special kitty. Now say hi to her, or else."

"Hi Miss Wilson, how are you doing?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Okay, girls, that's enough! Miss Wilson and want quiet so we can rest up from our gargantuan dinner."

Frank rolled down the partition window in front of us and the one behind us literally sound-proofing our section of the

limo. In effect, whatever we said was between us and nobody else.

Stan drove back to the Westmount Park, slow and easy as Frank had ordered.

As soon as we arrived at the outskirts of the park Frank rolled down partition window then ordered Stan to continue onwards to Rosemount Street. I figured the order was for a good reason so I stayed quiet.

"Stan, now take a left on Rosemount Street. Then I want you to park my limo in a dark spot, but don't go up the hill!"

The girls in the back were sipping on Martinis and other alcoholic beverages, therefore pre-occupying them.

"Jody, I love you! You're like the daughter that I've never had! I want the very best for you! In fact, after we complete this operation I want to sell my mansion then move to another part of town. Maybe, Mount Royal or somewhere like that.

Now Jody, I think that the girls in the back have waited long enough. Would you like to me to drop you off at home, or anywhere else?"

"No, actually, please drop me off here. I want to walk around and think about my life. I have to prepare myself for the big day. I really need my share of the loot!"

Frank opened the door for me then said goodbye. As soon as Frank closed the door Stan gave me three honks then drove off.

I decided to walk to the Westmount Park and have a seat for a while. I had to think this matter out. A successful operation would literally set me up for life. I would no longer have to worry about money matters.

However, if we were discovered, or worse yet, caught red handed, I'd end up spending the rest of my life in an animal shelter. The thought alone brings shivers to my spine.

A short while later I entered the Westmount Park then headed straight for the closest bench.

As soon as I arrived at the bench I leaped unto it then crashed out for a half an hour.

When I came to it seemed like a month had passed. It started raining on me. There was nothing to do but head for cover. Thankfully, some thirty yards from my position was a gigantic tree.

I ran to the tree then leaped up unto the largest branch in sight. I was happy to have such incredible cover. No wonder, there are many tree lovers in this world.

The rain turned into a downpour then faded roughly a half an hour later.

As soon as I leaped onto the ground I heard a voice calling out to me. At first I tried to ignore it. It was late and time

to head home. I wasn't looking for any trouble and I wasn't in the mood to answer any questions.

"Hey, please come here! Please, I know who you are! You're Jody Wilson, the cat who can't make it with her own kind!"

Initially, I walked away, but then opted to turn back to see who was calling out my name.

Using my incredible feline vision I scanned the area until I spotted a squirrel hiding in the bushes. As I watched her she grinned back at me.

I decided to approach her because there was no indication of anger on her face or through her posture.

As soon as I was within a few feet of her she cautiously approached me.

"Hey, kitty, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

Kitty I'm Ginger van Rodent. I'm glad to meet you.

Please, don't tell anyone what I'm about to tell you. If you do 'they'll' kill me without any mercy, compassion, empathy, or afterthought. I mean, it'll be a very slow and agonizing death.

The underground or the mob doesn't like it when people tell the truth about their doings."

"I promise I won't tell anyone what you say to me; cat's honour on that!"

"Jody, this is the second time that I see you associating with Mr. Bogey.

Jody, Mr. Bogey's a horrible mob boss! He's a two-bit criminal who'll use you for any purpose/s necessary then spit you out when you're no longer useful to him.

Mr. Bogey and his associates are very violent men and women. Believe me I've seen them in action. You can't cross or protest against the 'Bogey gang' without being beaten senselessly or murdered.

Jody, Mr. Bogey's a smooth talker. He'll hurt you in the end! Take it from a squirrel that has seen them all. I'm telling you the truth!

Jody, I know that he's gotten you involved in something illegal. Please leave the city and change your name. Mr. Bogey is the real monster!

Jody, I know this because my friends and I listen in on peoples' conversations. Squirrels sometimes pretend to eat when they're really listening-in on people.

But, Jody, please ... I'm not like those other girls! I'm not really a snoop. I'm just curious of my surroundings. You never know when someone will say something important.

Jody, please ... Mr. Bogey's a two-bit thug! Don't do whatever he wants you to do! Please!"

"No he's not! Frank's a good man. He's very wealthy and he's kind of cute, too."

Jody, please don't do this! I've seen others like you perish without any trace!"

"No way, Ginger! You're angry because Frank is rich and he loves me. He'll never betray me!"

"Okay, Jody, have it your way! Now, I'll be on my way!"

I left the park disillusioned. I didn't know what to think of it all. But I did know that Frank had been very kind to me. No, I couldn't believe the word of a total stranger over Frank's character. I thought that Frank loved me. Boy, if I only knew.

I walked home in a state of utter exhaustion. I'd had it with being awake. I just wanted to hit the sack for a good twelve hours or more. Then I could think more clearly.

Thereafter, everything that I did was a blur. I must've looked like a zombie.

I hit the sack and dreamt many a dream for much of the night and through most of the morning. Thankfully, nobody called me up or knocked on my apartment door. I'd forgotten to turn off my mini cell phone and my home phone.

Everything went just fine for the following two weeks, except I was wondering why Frank hadn't called me about the operation.

Then on a Thursday evening, while I was eating pizza the phone rang. It took me a few seconds to realize that it was the home phone that was ringing and not my mini cell phone.

I gently put down my slice of hamburger pizza then leaped unto the kitchen counter and lifted up the phone. You should've seen me! I did all of that in one smooth movement.

Cats have been blessed with incredibly strength, agility, and flexibility.

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"Honey, this is your Uncle Frank!"

I was flattered that Frank referred to himself as my uncle. Actually, I also blushed. I was lucky that nobody was around.

'Frank, how are you? Please tell me about the operation? Are we ready or not?"

"Honey, we should meet up in near the Georges Vanier Library. But not too close or else we'll attract too much attention. If a patrol car passes us we're dead goose.

I want to meet up underneath the ball field bleachers. Nobody will see us there. If for some freakish accident we're spotted by the cops we're bringing along several baseball bats, gloves, ball caps, and three baseballs. We'll tell the cops that 'we came here to play ball'.

Jody, don't worry! Everything's in place! Oh ... we'll meet up at 10:00 P.M. Please eat up, drink up, rest up, and use the

restroom before the meet-up. I want all of us to be at peak performance for the big operation!

Now, Jody, there are several persons involved in our operation; three pigeons, two rats, two midgets, a retired prize fighter dog, you, and yours truly.

Jody, I can't explain on the phone what each person's duty is. I'll give you and the rest of the crew a complete rundown while we're under the ball field bleachers.

Jody, there's one more thing. For security reasons you and I should erase any displays of our telephone numbers. That's it. Also, I want you to nuke your computer. Everything should be destroyed. There should be no trace of us being together or of our friendship. Don't worry this rule applies to each of us. Now, Jody, do you have any questions?"

"No, I'll ask about the duties of the other persons under the bleachers."

Jody, remember what I told you; I'm a lion! I cannot and will not harm you or worse yet, betray you! Trust me for what I am. I'm your beloved uncle!"

On the night of the operation I made sure that I was fully rested, fed, watered, and 'bath-roomed'.

I left my apartment at 8:45 P.M. then walked across the hallway to the elevators. Once there, I felt the jitters. For thirty whole seconds I was shaking like a dog. Then, I took several deep breaths and relaxed my muscles.

Thankfully, when I got back to normal I pressed the 'DOWN' button then waited impatiently for the elevator to arrive.

As soon as the elevator door opened I leaped inside then leaped again in order to push the 'L' button.

I left my apartment building without incident. Believe me I was very thankful for that. I became a bit paranoid, believing that the doorman was going to call 911 because he could read my mind.

As I was walking away from my apartment building I realized that I was going to move out as soon as those millions of dollars were deposited into my bank account.

I began to daydream as I was walking to the ball park bleachers. So much so that when I began to descend the mountain I was almost run over by a black Trans Am. Although the driver was speeding I was walking in the middle of the street unaware of the world around me. That was a no-no!

I continued my walk without any incident until arriving I began to cut through Westmount Park. It was there that I came across a group of squirrels gathered together and also standing directly in my path.

I didn't want any trouble with anyone especially while I was walking to the meet-up place.

As soon as I reached the water fountain located in front of the public restrooms I stopped dead cold. I was within a few feet of the squirrels.

"Hello guys ... excuse me but I need to get through."

Situated amongst the squirrels was Ginger. She took two steps forward then spoke her words.

"Jody, please! We have a pretty good idea of what you're up to. There's a big job tonight. There's much money involved, but dirty money it is. There may even be gold and silver as a bonus. But that won't do you any good.

Jody, word's around that members of the Bogey gang are going to hit an establishment some time during the weekend.

Jody, I told you once, and now I'll tell you again: please get out of this horrible predicament that you're in! Leave town and never return! Change your name and keep a low profile for a year or two. Otherwise, you may disappear in the St. Laurence River."

"Ginger, I'm just taking a walk. I don't want to do anything stupid this weekend or any other weekend. Besides, I'm fairly wealthy. Why should I steal from anyone?"

"Jody, we can't stop you, but ... please remember that you were warned about Mr. Bogey.

If for some chance there's much money involved in your big job that'll be a reason to knock you off. Your share will then be incorporated into the smaller group.

Jody, you're just a kitten. You don't belong in the 'criminal league'. I know for a fact that there's much good in you."

We went back and forth with our conversation until I'd had enough of it all. I interrupted Ginger but in a polite manner. I was now off to the ball field bleachers.

What those squirrels gave me was the shock of my life! I had no idea that the word had gotten around about our big operation.

As I continued my walk I began to have doubts about the infallibility of our operation. Maybe, the police were waiting for us near the RBC. Then, we'd all be dead goose!

As soon as I arrived at the Lionel Groulx Metro Station I debated with myself whether to continue or just turn around and forget the whole operation.

If in fact I did forget about the operation I'd certainly have to leave Montreal. In fact, I'd have to move far away.

This was the first time that I realized that I was very deep into this operation. Also, I wanted to be filthy rich.

I continued walking to the ball park bleachers with my mind focused on the loot. That's what kept me going and forgetting

about morality or empathy. My conscience would have to be put on the backburner. I couldn't let it interfere with my judgement.

When I was just a block away from the ball field bleachers a patrol car passed me very slowly. In fact, I got a good look at the officer inside. She was in her late twenties, obese, ugly, menacing, and had a donut in her left hand. A coffee holder contained an extra large cup.

The police officer kept eyeing me through her rear view mirror. It was like she was expecting me to show guilt of a crime by panicking and running away. I've seen more than enough cops and robbers T.V. shows to know better.

As soon as the patrol car was out of sight I sped up my pace. It was only a matter of seconds that I was underneath the ball park bleachers.

It was 9:35 P.M. I leaped up onto the bleachers then lad on my side.

Just a minute later someone called out to me from inside a dark van parked across the street.

"Jody, keep your head low for a sec! We're on our way!"

I kept low as requested then waited to see my beloved partners. Thankfully, I saw Frank along with a dog and two midgets. All of them were wearing shoulder bags and carrying leather bags.

As soon as we were all under the bleachers Frank introduced me to my new partners.

"Jody, he is Gizmo Zadora the former canine champion fighter of Toronto. Although he's retired there's still some fight in him.

Mind you, Gizmo's not here to fight anyone. However, if he must fight someone during the operation he's been ordered to take down the target really hard and put him/her out for a long count, but not the permanent count. We don't want anyone to be killed or even harmed during or after this operation.

This is Shorty Baseman and this is his cousin Tommy Webber. Gizmo will use his eyes and ears for security, but his ears will also be used for cracking the safe.

You too, Jody, in case there's any high-tech electronic stuff pertaining to the safe I want you to use your incredible vision, hearing, and intuition to help open the safe.

Jody, you'll be carrying a double knapsack. Gizmo, you'll be carrying a quadruple knapsack. As for you two guys, you'll be carrying several knapsacks on your backs for the heavy haul.

Yesterday I discovered that there'll be cash, gold, and silver inside the safe. DO NOT TAKE ANY OFFICIAL BANK NOTES, DOCUMENTS, OR WHATEVER!

We want cash first and then we can later sell the gold bullions and silver blocks.

Another thing I want to place an infrared camera and a mini-communication device (two-way) on each of your bodies. This way, I can direct you through the entire process.

When I say down GET DOWN IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION OR QUESTIONS ASKED!

Another thing, when I say CLOSE YOUR EYES YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT ASKING ANY QUESTIONS!

Do you guys understand your instructions?"

"Yes, Mr. Bogey (I addressed him as Frank) we understand your instructions!"

For your information I'll be inside the black van parked on Lincoln Avenue across the street from the RBC."

"Frank, we know that you're the best operation leader around but out of curiosity could you please tell us why we should get down and close our eyes?"

"Listen if a patrol car passes the RBC I don't want the cops therein to see you! Also, I want you to close your eyes to prevent a reflection from giving away your presence; especially Jody.

Now, let's get out of here so we can begin our venture into the millionaire lifestyle."

We carefully went to the dark van looking both ways before crossing the street; just in case the patrol car returned for a second sweep of the area.

As soon as we entered the dark van Frank asked us not to speak unless it was very important. He said that the drive to the RBC was a time to ponder about our big operation.

Frank turned on the ignition then began his drive to the RBC. Mind you he made certain to obey all the rules of traffic. If by some freak accident he'd gotten a ticket the operation would've had to be delayed until another Saturday night. Thankfully, that didn't happen.

Our drive to the site of the operation went just fine. As soon as Frank turned into Lincoln Avenue we (except for Frank) got the jitters. I could almost hear my partners' pulses.

Frank parked the dark van then turned off the ignition. Afterwards, he gave us our gear and placed the communication devices and infrared cameras on us. Everything seemed just right.

"Guys, I've got three pigeons positioned on the roof of the RBC building. If there's any upcoming trouble they'll warn me. If anyone gets too nosy in the area they'll swoop down on the person/s like giant eagles.

Now, stay put until I give you the command. The door leading into the RBC will be unlocked. Gizmo, as soon as you guys are inside the RBC take this key that I'm handing you and then lock the door.

Okay, I don't see anyone too important here. So, when I give the word casually walk across the street then enter the bank. If anyone sees you he/she will think that you're going to make a Saturday night withdrawal for beer and food. People in general will take their eyes off you as soon as you enter the RBC. It's too dark for humans to get a good look at you with the naked eye. In effect, they'll forget that you're inside.

Okay, slowly open the van doors ... DO NOT SLAM THE DOORS SHUT! That'll cause a big raucous!"

We carefully exited the dark van then quickly crossed Guy Street. We ran up the steps then opened the first set of doors and then the second.

Gizmo made sure that the door was locked behind us. Gizmo had incredibly dextrous mouth.

After successfully entering the RBC we awaited instructions from our mentor, Frank Bogey.

"Tommy I want you to stand guard behind the counter but don't let anyone see you. If you see someone approaching before I do sound the alarm!

As for you, Shorty, I want you to lead the pack and also keep your eyes open for other safes or valuables. Remember, be alert at all times.

Guys, our rat friends have successfully destroyed any alarm system that was hooked up to the RBC. So, don't let the thought of a silent alarm affect your concentration.

Okay, guys, I face due east, then slowly walk forward and try not to bob and weave your heads.

Now begin your slow walk eastwards, to the back of the bank. Take small steps and always be careful just in case.

Okay, keep going, more ... to the end of the bank. Yes, guys, that's just right!

Now, Shorty, slowly pick the lock. Afterwards, open the door and enter the 'special room'."

The door had a special lock so it took Shorty a couple of minutes to pick it. Frank was very professional about it. He didn't ask Shorty to hurry up.

"Okay beautiful job Shorty! Now, guys enter the special room but keep on the alert. I don't want to take any chances with this operation.

Those creeps in bank security totally piss me off! They're always trying to stay ahead of us by regularly upgrading their equipment and improving their technology."

As soon as we entered the room the three of us got the shock of our lives! Before us was a gargantuan door, no doubt leading to a big prize.

"Okay, I see the big 'safe'. When you crack the combination don't pause, just go inside and take what I told you to take.

Put our loot into your knapsacks then split. DON'T DO LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIES, YOU KNOW, LIKE TAKE THE MONEY AND TOSS IT UP INTO THE AIR THEN JUMP UP AND DOWN LIKE CHIMPANZEES. THAT'S A WASTE OF TIME, EFFORT, AND MONEY! JUST TAKE THE DAMN LOOT!

Okay Gizmo place the sound device directly below the knob then wait for my instructions.

Jody, I want you to stand at attention and when I say turn the handle turn it quickly. Sometimes safes are specially made to re-lock after a delay. So, you have to be as quick as a cat. Remember when I say 'NOW' turn the handle.

Shorty I want you to change your location. I want you to stand beside Jody and Gizmo. Pull the handle up and then pull back the door quickly when you receive the order.

"Okay, Gizmo, slowly turn the knob to your right. Remember, very slowly. I'm going by sound here.

Keep going ... yes ... more ... STOP! Now slowly turn the knob to your left ... yes, keep on going but slowly. Now ... yes, just a bit more ... STOP! Okay, now slowly turn the knob to your right again, but beware that you won't be doing more than one revolution. Now, keep going ... yes, slowly ... STOP! PULL THE FREAKING HANDLE UPWARDS AND THEN IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS, PULL THE FREAKING DOOR OPEN WITH ALL OF YOUR MIGHT!"

We did exactly as Frank had ordered. After opening the safe we were bedazzled by the incredible fortune in front of us.

"Okay, guys get to work! No playing, laughing, or wasting any time!

No, Jody, do not put any documents inside your knapsack! Only take cash, gold, and silver. Only take what you can successfully carry. Then you can go back for a second, and if we have enough time a third and even a fourth run."

We loaded our knapsacks with cash, gold bullion bars, and silver. I felt like I was in an alternate universe. I was too happy and rich to be living in the real world. Boy if I had only known!

"Okay, guys take control of your actions; get on the move!

Okay Tommy, I don't need you as a sentry anymore. Just grab hold of two knapsacks and then exit the RBC with your comrades. But remember to follow my instructions to the letter."

Everything went just fine afterwards. Frank gave us perfect directions for a safe exit from the RBC.

As soon as we crossed Guy Street we walked to the dark van as fast as we possibly could. Mind you, we were carrying a full load of loot. We ended up making an astonishing five trips to the safe.

Before finishing the operation we made sure to re-lock the safe and the doors to the RBC.

"Beautiful, this is what I love to see! One hundred million Canadian dollars! A perfect heist! I've had my eyes on this particular bank. I chose this bank because there's much traffic in this area. People who are too busy with the hectic life of the city won't notice two midgets, a cat, and a dog walking together with knapsacks full of loot.

Okay, now we must leave this area immediately, but slowly. I'll drop each one of you off; Jody, I'll drop you off last. I want to speak to you about some personal stuff.

Guys, don't worry, we'll split according to our plan. Shorty, Tommy, and Gizmo each get ten percent apiece. Jody and I will get the remaining seventy percent of the loot. I am the boss here and I am the organizer of this operation. If it wasn't for me you guys would still be small time hoods working your buns off trying to make ends meet."

Frank turned on the ignition then took a left to Sherbrooke Street. Then he took another left when the traffic light turned green.

Frank drove west on Sherbrooke several blocks passed Atwater Street then took a right up a steep hill.

After making several left and right turns Frank stopped in front of a mini-mansion. It was very beautiful and could pass for something found in Europe.

Immediately, Gizmo, Tommy, and Shorty began to unload our loot and take it inside the mini-mansion.

It took my comrades thirty five to empty out the dark van. I felt guilty about not having to help them but Frank had insisted on it being that way.

Guys, I've had a change of plans. The three of you should stay in Tommy's mini-mansion while I drop off Jody. This will make the splitting of the shares easier. Also, it's better for security purposes. The last thing that we need is to draw attention from our neighbours, or worse yet the police."

Frank turned on the ignition then slowly drove away from the mini-mansion. He drove for roughly ten minutes before pulling over into a secluded and dark area of a short street.

"Jody, you and I are very tired and anxious from our operation. So, I'll make this short.

Jody, I want you to wait for me to contact you. The same goes for our comrades. I'd already informed them about this before you showed up under the ball park bleachers.

We must assume that as of tomorrow morning all of the news agencies of Montreal will carry the story of our operation. That's why we must be very careful; at least for the next few days. We don't want to draw any attention to us. Big time spending is the last thing that we need at the moment.

Jody, just be patient with me. Remember, I'm a lion! I can't harm you because you a little kitty. I love so dearly!"

"Frank, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Of course you can cupcake."

I know that you've got many women in your life. You keep telling me that you're a lion. Like, don't you ever fall in love with any of them ... I mean, like umm ... those women. I noticed that you've got pictures of other women that you've been with. Some of them look like they'd be good wives."

"Twinkie, like I said I'm a lion! I don't mount any woman unless she wants it. I look for lionesses. Besides, no woman has ever said no to me."

"But, don't you ever fall in love with any of them?"

Honey-bun, I seek the maximum pleasure with the minimum pain, effort, and commitment.

No, I'm a tough guy. My woman will have to put up with my meandering with other women.

Sweetie-pie, I can't have just one woman! I need more! Like Baskin-Robbins ice cream. I need all the flavours, not just one or two.

Yes, cupcake, I've had women cry over me. But, those women weren't good for me. They were already married. Some were engaged."

"What if one of those women says 'NO' to you? Will you stop?"

"Honey, no woman can ever say no to Frank Bogey! No woman has ever said no to Frank Bogey. But if it happens, I'll just roar at her. That should be enough.

Lions don't and can't take 'NO' for an answer. No 'lioness' can ever reject the advances of a lion (under many circumstances).

I stayed quiet thereafter. In fact, I was kind of bummed out. I kept thinking of Cynthia Corbett. She could easily have been one of Frank's mistresses. But, whether he'd rape a woman or not is another matter. I know these things. Being a girl myself I know what my fellow sisters feel like after they've been used and then dumped like garbage. But it's not the same thing as being raped. It really isn't. I know it still hurts, but that's just the way it is ... or is it?

Frank dropped me off in front of my apartment building the said goodbye. I thanked him then told him to take it easy.

My walk to my apartment was long and full of apprehension. Somehow, I began to have doubts about Frank. After all, I too was a girl. He was a career heart-breaker. Mind you, there are women who do the same thing to men. Unfortunately, some of the aforementioned people enjoy what they do.

Anyhow, as soon as I closed my apartment door behind me I ran and then leaped unto the nearest sofa. I couldn't muster up the energy to go all the way to my bedroom.

I hit the sack like a little nursing kitty. Thankfully, I had many dreams and remembered some of them. Cats love to dream, but it feels better when we remember dreaming. It's like getting another four hours of extra sleep in addition to time spent sleeping.

The following week was life as usual. I figured that Frank would need more than a week to split the one hundred million dollars up. I wasn't complaining.

After awakening from a full night's rest I fixed myself a giant breakfast consisting of cat food and Corn Flakes mixed with milk in a giant bowl.

After eating breakfast I drank a large quantity of water and then washed up and cleaned the kitchen.

I decided to walk the downtown core near Concordia University. I was in the mood for some muffins and coffee. Afterwards, I planned on walking to the Eaton Centre to walk around and then eat a nice lunch.

TOBY MATHESON

As soon as I left my apartment I noticed that something was wrong with the way that people were looking at me. My neighbour just across the hall gave me a long look.

Alfred Donovan had never given me a single glance let alone many of them. He was holding a copy of the Montreal Gazette in his hand and the strange thing is he'd look down at the front page and then he'd glance up at me; like he was comparing a composite or a picture of me with the real McCoy (that's me).

As soon as I reached the elevators Alfred Donovan ran towards me then abruptly stopped midway. He shook his head in simulated 'no shake' then he returned to his apartment and closed the door.

Mr. Donovan was a short, pudgy man, who hardly ever spoke to anyone. His hair was black and greasy, his arms were hairy, and he always had a lollipop in his mouth.

Not surprisingly, he was a bachelor. It goes to show you ... women, that is human women are like human males ... they prefer 'beauty' over 'ugly' individuals. Cats never do that!

I left my apartment building with the intent of spending the whole day out and returning home in the evening. I needed the stress relief.

It was then that I first got the jitters. I began to suspect that something fishy was going on. Frank hadn't called me and there was no way that I could complain to anyone.

I decided to wait for three more days before giving Frank a call. If that didn't work I would've been in deep trouble. It was while I was walking away from home that I realized my gargantuan error. I didn't know where Frank lived. When he took me there I was pre-occupied with the drive and Frank's talking. Maybe it was supposed to be that way. In addition, the second mansion that we parked in front of was on a typical Westmount street. There was nothing unusual about it or any 'cues' in the area.

I decided to walk eastwardly and then descend to Sherbrooke Street on Greene Avenue. I'd have the option of taking the number twenty four bus or walking the rest of the way.

After I'd managed to walk four blocks eastwards I took notice of an elderly man rocking on an old rocking chair.

At first I didn't take much notice of the elderly man but then he stood up, took several steps in my direction, and then took a very close look at his newspaper again.

The elderly man kept glancing at me and then back at his newspaper; the front page.

"Hey, kitty, have I seen you somewhere before? Are you wanted by the police?"

"No, sir, I've we've never met and I'm a law-abiding citizen. Have yourself a beautiful day!"

The elderly man grinned at me and then he waved goodbye. I guess he assumed that it was a case of mistaken identity.

I continued my trek towards Greene Avenue until I received a call on my mini cell phone. I decided to answer it in case it was Frank trying to get a hold of me.

"Hello, who am I speaking to?"

"Hi Jody, this is your second best friend in the whole world! Don't you recognize my voice? Don't you need me? Don't you want me? DON'T YOU ABSOLUTELY LOVE ME TO DEATH?!"

I froze out of shock and apprehension. I did recognize the young woman's voice as belonging to someone from my past but I couldn't quite pinpoint who it was. So, I stayed quiet and hoped that she'd identify herself.

"Jody, I know that you know who I am. You're just teasing. I'm Stephanie from McDonalds.

Jody, can I see you soon? I'm standing in front of the main entrance of the WPL. Please come here so I can talk to you. I need your company really badly!"

"Stephanie, I hope that everything's all right? Look, how about I see you tomorrow. I'm a bit tied up today. What about it?"

"Jody, please come to see me! It must be today and ... it must be very soon! Please, I must see you or else I'll have a nervous breakdown! We must meet in front of the WPL! Please don't hurt my feelings!"

"Okay, Stephanie I'll see you soon, if it'll prevent you from having a nervous breakdown."

We said our goodbyes then I changed directions and sped up my walking. I figured I'd arrive at Stephanie's position in.

As soon as I crossed into Sherbrooke Street I walked due west. It wasn't long before I notice an entire flotilla of patrol cars, an ambulance and news reporters converged on the WPL. I wasn't sure what was happening; perhaps a gunfight or something.

As soon as I was within a couple of blocks of the scene I overheard a group of teens talking about the ongoing events.

'Guys, I just found out what's going on here. The RCMP, Montreal Police, and CSIS (Canadian Security Intelligence Service), Al-Jazeera Television, CNN, and numerous other television news networks are awaiting for the arrival of one of the RBC bank robbers. 'They' hit the bank a week or two ago. Talk is there was one hundred million dollars worth of cash, gold, and silver in the RBC safe. One more thing, I overheard the cops saying that when they catch the perpetrators a horrible example will be made.

The 'cops' received an anonymous tip from a young woman about the appearance of the cat whose paw prints were found on the RBC diagram. For some 'stupid reason' the cat left the diagram right in front of the RBC.

They've got the paw print and a general composite; the one in today's newspapers. There's a five million dollar reward for the capture of the cat. Further tests will determine if the perpetrator is a male or a female.

They know that the perpetrator is an Anglophone. How they came about this important fact I don't know.

Apparently, the perpetrator will be apprehended in a short while. The anonymous caller claimed that the perpetrator was very close to the park area. Guys, I've got to see this bust!" exclaimed one of the teens.

I felt my pulse and blood pressure shot up through the clouds. If either measurements had gone up a tad bit I would've fainted, or worse yet fallen into a coma.

I lowered my head, squinted, and pulled back my ears. I figured that would alter my appearance a bit. I just needed to get out of the area.

I quickly crossed Sherbrooke Street to the other end then walked east towards Greene Avenue. Believe me I was ready to run like hell if anyone had called out my name or told me 'to stop'. I was that jittery.

As soon as I reached Greene Avenue I crossed the street then turned right and walked until reaching the doors leading to Westmount Square.

After entering Westmount Square I descended the steps then briskly walked to the food court.

Thankfully, it was a lunchtime crowd. They looked like lions and lionesses gorging on their food; hurried to get back to work. I was a faint glimmer in a large crowd of humans.

I waited for roughly twenty minutes until deciding to leave the area. But, as soon as I leaped off of my chair onto the floor I took notice of a security guard nearby. He was doing his rounds.

As he approached the food court I instinctively froze. I squinted then kept a keen eye on him.

Thankfully, the security guard ordered some food from a Middle Eastern food stall, waited for his order, and then carried his takeout container back to the office.

Mind you I wasn't in the clear yet. Westmount Square is full of cameras. They've got a speaker system to terrify little kitties like me; if need be.

I unfroze, and then left the food court all the while being on the alert for any possible danger.

I walked to the long corridor then continued on my way towards Alexis Nihon Plaza. I was starting to get really hungry.

Thankfully, I walked through the long corridor without incident. I did, however, pass at least a dozen people all of them were pre-occupied with something; perhaps work.

Upon reaching Atwater I took notice of many CEGEP students. They were laughing and conversing in small cliques. The last thing that I wanted from them was to be noticed. That's why I walked through Alexis Nihon and then out through St. Catherine Street.

I walked eastwards towards the Eaton Centre when I suddenly had the urge for an extra large coffee with sugar and low-fat milk. And to fill my stomach I was daydreaming about consuming two muffins; one blueberry and the other banana.

As such, I crossed St. Catherine Street then walked to Maisonneuve Street, then continued towards Tim Horton's. To tell

you the truth I was anxious, afraid, confused, frustrated, drooling like a Bengal tiger, and felt betrayed. I understood that Frank, or maybe my so-called comrades placed the diagram of in front of the RBC to incriminate me. After all, I was the newbie. They were probably very close friend; perhaps a gang. I continued my walk lowering my head and pulling back my ears when anyone got too close to me.

Upon arriving at the 'doorstep' of Tim Horton's I squinted and made certain that my ears were tucked well out of sight. I wanted to change my face as much as possible, and keep it that way until I was in the clear.

I waited until a customer was leaving Tim Horton's before squeezing my beautiful body through the narrow opening. It was well worth it.

As soon as I entered Tim Horton's I stood in line for my order. When it came to my turn I removed a ten dollar bill from my pouch, then I leaped onto the counter and ordered.

"Please give me an extra large coffee, sugar, and extra low fat milk, with a blueberry muffin and a banana muffin. I want them for here, please. And one more thing, please, I want one of your workers to carry my order to the table of my choice and I want him/her to prepare my coffee and place my muffins on the table."

"Okay, honey, you'll have your order in a jiffy."

I paid for my order then took several steps back and to my right. There was a big crowd and I wanted to stand clear of the line. People were hungry. The last thing that I wanted was for a low-on-sugar human to identify me as the 'wanted person'.

After receiving my change I waited patiently for my order. Thankfully, it didn't take long for one of the Tim Horton's workers to bring me my order.

"Please follow me to my table. After I leap onto the table I want you to take put the sugar and the low fat milk in my coffee, stir it, and then kindly leave. I'm very hungry and would like to eat as soon as my snack is ready."

"Sure thing, kitty, but like, umm ... I'm new here but I feel like I've met you before. Or maybe you're a celebrity."

I realized that I had let go of my squint and my pulled back ears. Now, I looked like Jody Wilson in the real.

"No, actually, I've got one of those cute faces. Maybe, you're mistaking me with another kitty."

"Well, I'm sorry about that. Listen, would you like me to bring you the newspaper over there. The owner of the paper left and I guess for now it's a freebie."

"Yes, please put it on my table and make sure that the cover of the newspaper is facing me."

Thankfully, the Tim Horton's worker did as I requested and then returned to his station without asking any more suspicious questions. It was bad enough that I was very hungry. I didn't need any badgering in addition to my hunger!

After taking one look at the cover of the Montreal Gazette I almost passed out. There was a fuzzy composite of a kitty. It kind of looked like me.

I ate my muffins and drank my coffee without making any eye contact with anyone. Although I did notice that an elderly couple was gawking at me. They too were reading a newspaper.

It was then that I was certain my days in this particular dimension were over. I had to leave this Montreal.

After finishing my snack I exited Tim Horton's then took a sharp right. I wanted to sit on a bench and view the hungry pigeons.

As soon as I reached the peripheral of the parking lot behind Tim Horton's I came across a lone pigeon. Indeed, she was a very large pigeon.

As soon as I was within a foot of her she stopped me dead cold. I was stunned but also aware that under the circumstances it would be best to stop and listen to the pigeon.

Because of my apprehension my recognizing of the pigeon was delayed a few seconds. But I was no certain that it was her; a casual friend of mine.

"Martha, how are you doing? What's going on in this city?"

"Jody, you probably think that I'm a fat witch that has nothing to do but scare people. Isn't that right?"

"No, Martha, why should I think that?"

"I've got some terrifying news for you and I don't know if you'll believe me if I tell you."

"Okay, Martha, for today, you cannot be a bitch. Whatever you tell me will be kept in the hush. I won't be angered by what you say and I won't call you a bitch. Remember, only for today!"

Honey, I know who the 'perpetrator' is. It's a female kitty that's agile, intelligent, single, vivacious, cute, gullible,

willing to perform an operation on a well-known and respected Canadian bank, and certainly not from around these parts."

"I'm not gullible! I mean, like, umm ... she can't be gullible. Listen, a cat who can pull a major bank heist cannot be gullible. I think that she's a very talented person."

"Jody, please let's go that corner over there. I've got to speak to you."

Jody, honey, the RCMP was questioning me earlier on today. They were three 'giant officers' with menacing faces. They wanted to know the name of 'the kitty' who robbed the RBC. Apparently, someone had seen me talking to the perpetrator on at least one occasion. The RCMP is adamant in their quest to capture her.

Jody, you can't kid me. I know exactly when and how you pulled off the biggest heist in the history of the world."

"Martha, what should I do for the time being?"

"Jody, I think that we should first find out what really happened to you."

Jody I know very well that the brains behind this operation was Mr. Bogey, the biggest crime boss in Canada. I just can't understand how a kitty like you could get mixed up with his kind."

"Martha, you see ... several months ago I was finishing off a tasty vanilla ice cream cone on a bench located several blocks past the Westmount Park. Then, all of a sudden, a limo pulls over. And you know the rest of the story."

"Jody, I don't think that you guys met by sheer luck or accident. I think that somebody in Mr. Bogey's criminal network chose you as the next patsy for their biggest job ever."

Just think of it, you're a cat and your partners are humans. And you probably don't remember exactly where any of your comrades live."

Another thing, what did you do today and why are you here at the moment?"

"Actually, it was kind of strange because I was only a couple of blocks from Greene Avenue when I received a phone call from Stephanie urging me to come see her in front of the WPL. Judging from the tone of her voice she was in dire straits."

Before I reached the perimeter of the Westmount Park I took notice of an entire crew of people working from law enforcement, the media, and onlookers. They were waiting 'for me'! Someone

had tipped the authorities off about my exact position and estimate time of arrival."

"Jody, did you say Stephanie?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Jody, Mr. Bogey has a teen-aged daughter named Stephanie. Stephanie's a deceitful little witch who pulls off one or two 'operations' a week.

Jody, I think you should leave Canada for good. Try to go to Europe, or even the United States."

"Martha, you're absolutely right. I need to get back home immediately. I'll rest up, eat well and then afterwards I'll be on my way.

"But there's something that I can't understand. If Stephanie had indeed called the police and whomever else to nab me, why were there so many of them at the park and surrounding area? It's like they were telegraphing their punch."

Baby cakes, look ... I think that 'they' it was an over-kill. A one hundred million dollar heist is something to go insane over.

As for Stephanie, I think that she miscalculated the best time to call the police. You are very lucky for that. What she and her father had most likely wanted was a horrible case scenario. Upon entering Westmount Park you were supposed to be startled by the sudden appearance of Montreal Police Officers and RCMP Officers.

Princes, your feline escape reflex (flight reflex) was supposed to take over. As you tried to run away the officers would spray you with bullets. Death would ensue. One less witness to the heist!

"Jody, be careful! It's bad enough that your comrades took in one hundred million dollars. Worse yet, you received absolutely nothing for your hard work."

We said our goodbyes then parted ways. Immediately, everyone around me became a potential snitch. There was a humongous reward out for my immediate capture. Believe me, I wasn't being paranoid. I was only being a cautious kitty.

I decided to leave the area immediately. There were too many people in the area. Unlike in a mall situation where people are quickly eating their lunch open areas are potentially dangerous to 'fugitives'.

This time I decided to take the long way home. I'd slip through a side street or two then quickly walk up the mountain. Food would have to wait until I got home. There was no way in hell that I was going to eat at the Eaton Centre.

I walked to St. Catherine Street in front of Fabourg then continued my walk to St. Mathieu Street. I turned into Tupper Street then proceeded to walk westwards.

Thankfully, Tupper Street is one of those side streets that well hidden but still in the downtown core. Unlike Lincoln Avenue which is another side street nearby Tupper has a smaller population of students.

A desperate student will go to desperate measures to catch a feline fugitive. Tuition, apartment life, food, books, travelling expenses, recreation, unexpected problems, and books are expensive.

A big reward is like a large thick and juicy steak to a lion. You take it without giving a damn about the circumstances or the consequences.

I was able to walk a couple blocks before I was stopped by a German shepherd and a black cat that lives in the area.

The German shepherd approached me while the black cat kept his distance.

"Hey, I know who you are! It took Cameron and me four hours to figure out who you were from your composite. Your composite is on television, the internet, and it's plastered on countless telephone poles throughout the city.

Look, Cameron and I are astonished at your incredible abilities. It isn't every day that a cat, or any animal or that matter can pull off that kind of stunt.

"Please wait here for a second. I'm Andy and this is Cameron. We want to get you some food, milk, and water. You must leave this city immediately! The RCMP composite sketch of you is becoming more and more accurate. Soon, they'll have a perfect match. In that case you won't be able to go anywhere. The airport, bus depot, and train station are well guarded.

If you stay here any longer the FBI and the CIA will seriously get involved in your apprehension. As was stated on CBC, they want to catch you DEAD OR ALIVE, NO QUESTIONS ASKED!"

"Guys, thanks for the free meal offer but I'm too anxious and worried about staying in the same place for too long. I must go home immediately."

We said our goodbyes then parted ways. Sadly, I never saw Andy or Cameron again. Although Cameron didn't say anything to me he was teary-eyed. I think that he felt sorry for me. Perhaps he thought that I was going to end up on death row in an animal shelter.

I continued my trek home keeping an eye out for patrol cars. Thankfully, only one patrol car passed me. It was near the Montreal Children's Hospital. I was lucky to have spotted the patrol car in the nick of time. I lowered my head, squinted, and pulled back my ears. Furthermore, I puffed out my body to look like a big male tom cat.

As soon as I got to Greene Avenue I felt like it was okay to begin to walk on main streets. I figured the police didn't expect me to be sold bold and so 'public' after their show of strength and resolve at the Westmount Park.

I walked due north on Greene Avenue then curved west, then north again, and then west again. I was now on the hill. The hill is almost void of patrol cars.

It took me another fifteen minutes of fast-paced walking to arrive at my apartment building.

I was exhausted and anxious about my ordeal. Worse yet, I was suckered into breaking the law all for nothing. If there had been any way that I could've implicated Frank and Stephanie it would've been done. I was enraged at them!

Luckily I entered my apartment complex and took the number two elevator to my floor.

Upon exiting the elevator I walked straight to my room. Shortly afterwards, I crashed out on my bed. I needed a good night's rest, a very large brunch, a sizeable cash withdrawal from my safe, and much resolve.

As soon as I awakened the next morning I ran to my widescreen television set then turned it on. I clicked on a local channel and waited for the commercials to end.

While waiting for the commercials to end a breaking news story interrupted the normal airing of the television shows. I was as stiff as a corpse. I knew that it had to be about me:

Good morning fellow Montrealers. I am Mayor Jack Wilson and I have a very important message to convey to you. As many of you know we at the office of the Mayor and the entire Montreal Police Force, RCMP, the Government of

Quebec, the Government of Canada and numerous other law enforcement agencies are in the process of trying to apprehend the other person, if that's what you want to her, who committed the biggest 'sneaky bank robbery' in Canadian History. I am happy to say that crime boss Frank Bogey, who insisted on being called 'Mr. Bogey' by everyone except for one person, was been killed in a shootout with Montreal Police officers late last night. In addition to Frank Bogey, his biological daughter, Stephanie Bogey, who uses aliases on a whim, was also been killed in the shootout. Two midgets and a dog were shot and killed while trying to escape from the scene.

Thank GOD that the one hundred million dollars has been retrieved from Frank Bogey's safe. However, I must say that there is one more person involved in this heinous bank robbery. She was the boss's special kitty.

We know that she is a very cute, athletic cat. Actually, she's built and sounds like a kitten. But don't be fooled by her cuteness and charm.

After I'm done, your local television stations will flash the best known composite of the remaining band robber. We are now certain that she lives between Greene Avenue and Decarie BLVD; on the mountain. We are slowly, but surely tightening the vice on this evil cat. She's been spotted in front of Tim Horton's on numerous occasions. Her name is either Joni or Jody.

I would like every single Canadian, especially those living in the Montreal metropolitan area to know that there is a two million dollar reward for the capture of the 'boss's special kitty'.

Prime Minister Richard Morrison has guaranteed full payment of any taxes on the reward by the Government of Canada.

As mayor of Montreal I wish each and every one of you, except the boss's special kitty, a beautiful and rewarding day.

I was so terrified I almost passed out. But there was more bad news to come. The composite of me was almost identical to the real McCoy. I was now a 'visible fugitive'. Anyone who recognized me could call the police, and there were two million reasons to entice a person to make that call.

I turned off the television and then went straight to the kitchen. I fixed myself a gigantic brunch and then ate it like it was my last good meal.

Naturally I didn't bother to clean up after my meal. But I did clean myself up. There was no use in wasting time. I had to leave my apartment very soon. The authorities were a breath away from identifying me.

After I cleaned myself up good, I went to my bedroom and then leaped unto a table next to a large painting of the Himalayan Mountains.

After preparing myself I stood on my hind legs and then swatted the painting so hard it fell onto the carpet.

Thankfully, I knew the combination of the safe by heart. Without any delay whatsoever, I opened the safe. Inside were stacks of cash, gold, silver, and valuable documents. I decided to grab several very expensive but small items; three special gold coins, a silver coin, and a ring with a diamond worth half a million dollars.

I calculated that I had a million dollars of merchandise on my person. After putting the merchandise inside my pouch I zipped it close.

To tell you the truth I was very sad to leave my apartment. It was a very beautiful and spacious place. Worse yet, I was sad to leave Montreal. Although I had the option of not going all the way to the castle, thereby returning to Montreal, it wouldn't be the same Montreal. People, memories, histories, and whatever else makes this nice city will be gone.

After the warning message from the Mayor Wilson I knew that I had to leave immediately. There was no time for goodbyes. For the mayor to have the same family name as yours truly only made matters worse. Mayor Wilson would probably get really personal with me. He'd have to prove to himself and to the whole world that he was no relation to me and the 'Wilson name' could not be tarnished.

I took one last look at my apartment then left. I made certain to lock the apartment after leaving. I didn't want any

vandals to deface my apartment. That's what people do to crime boss's kitty after she's been successfully defanged and declawed.

I hustled to the elevators then pressed the 'DOWN' button and waited patiently.

As I was waiting one of my neighbours approached me carrying a plastic bag in his hand. I lowered my head then froze like a statue.

As my neighbour approached me I could feel my pulse and blood pressure rising. I was prepared to fight him to the death if he brought it on.

This neighbour of mine is six feet six inches tall, weighs three hundred pounds, always seems to be sweating, and loves pizza. I'd often peek through the peep hole when the pizza delivery man brought over a pizza to my neighbour. Mind you, I wasn't being a snoopy kitty. I was only making sure that everything was all right on my floor.

My neighbour passed me without incident and then he opened the garbage room and threw his plastic bag down the chute. As soon as he returned to his apartment I felt a sudden surge of relief.

I managed to leave my apartment building without having to hold a conversation with anyone. That was good news considering my predicament at the time.

As soon as I began to cut through my apartment building's parking lot I stopped dead cold then turned around for one last look. Deep down inside I assumed that I would never live in a luxurious place like that ever again; but who knows for sure?

I knew very well that I had to walk southeastwardly. I had to go direct without any delays.

I descended the mountain at a jogging pace and then sprinted across Sherbrooke Street. Although I had a close call with a truck I brushed it off. I was too scared of being captured to ponder about a near miss with a truck.

As soon as I crossed Sherbrooke Street I entered Westmount Park. Once there I sat on the nearest bench then pondered the best route of escape.

Thankfully, it came fast. I decided to cross Westmount Park then go east on Maisonneuve until reaching Greene Avenue. Once there I would go southwards.

While crossing Westmount Park I came across a group of five youngsters; four boys and a girl who were sitting near the park gazebo.

As I passed them the girl, a blond-haired, green-eyed, mass-freckled cutie took notice of me. She pointed at me and then grinned at her friends.

I continued walking, carefully keeping an eye on the kids just in case. Until the moment came when all five kids stood up and yelled out their intentions in unison: That's Jody Wilson! The witch who's wanted for pulling off the biggest heist in human history! We can go to Disneyland and Disneyworld with the 'bounty money'!"

Then, all hell broke loose. I'd never seen a group of kids so ambitious and aggressive in their endeavours. Each one of them picked up a handful of rocks then ran towards me.

Naturally, I went into 'cheetah gear'. In case you don't know what that means, I scrambled!

Thank goodness I ditched them, but at a heavy price. I had to run all the way to Greene Avenue and into Westmount Square. Cats have incredible stamina but not enough endurance. We can never be distance runners or distance chasers like wolves or wild African dogs. Cats have smaller lung capacity and their bodies are not suitable for long distance or sustained fighting. That's probably why you hear about staged dog fights often but almost never about staged cat fights. Thank GOD for that!

As soon as I entered Westmount Square I collapsed onto the steps. I needed a long respite but I dared not attract any attention. I did the best thing; struggled to get up then lethargically walked to the nearest bench.

After ten minutes of resting I noticed that the custodian who was mopping the floor kept eyeing me. I suspected that something was up but stayed put because I was exhausted.

It wasn't until the custodian, a dark haired ugly-looking woman, turned on her cell phone and made that call that I got up and left Westmount Square.

"Hello, police, I'm just wondering about something. I'm not saying that I know anything but I'm just wondering. Hypothetically speaking, if I turn in Jody Wilson will I receive the complete reward, tax free?"

After the custodian turned off her cell phone she slowly approached me, keeping her eyes on my legs to make sure that I wasn't going to pull a fast one on her.

However, I had to pull a fast one for myself. So I mustered up all of my reserves and ran to the Greene Avenue Exit.

Afterwards, I turned left on Greene Avenue until reaching Rene' Levesque Street. Once there, I hid behind a large tree and waited.

After waiting for fifteen minutes I fell onto my side and slept like a baby for several hours. By the time I'd awakened the sun had just set.

I had nothing on my mind but leaving the present dimension. I walked eastward to Atwater Street and then descended southwards towards my target.

It took me another twenty minutes to reach the Lionel Groulx Metro area. From there I 'carefully' walked southeast towards my exit.

I was so excited my legs began to tremble. Although that was a serious thing to happen given the circumstances I was too close to the fog to think about it.

It took me a full hour to finally find the fog. I used my incredible feline senses to find it. Thankfully, it paid off.

Sadly, I was soon to learn a valuable but painful lesson. Although I was within just a hundred yards of the fog a patrol car appeared out of nowhere. I must say, I never hated the police any more than I did at that moment.

The driver of the patrol car was eating a donut and had a large cup of coffee in her cup holder.

I made the fatal mistake of glancing back and forth at the police officer. No fugitive or suspect should ever do that outdoors.

The police officer finally noticed my frequent looking and my expression of fear and apprehension.

In a split second the police officer turned on the siren and floored the gas pedal. Considering how exhausted I was there was no use in trying to making it to the fog.

WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW!

The siren was terrifying. I just stood there and waited for the officer to pull the patrol car in front of me, and that's exactly what happened.

The officer exited her patrol car then began her conversation politely but quickly became antagonistic.

"Honey, why are you nervous and afraid of me? You kept glancing at me like you're hiding something.

Don't move ... I'm dead serious! Honey, freeze or I'll gun you down where you are!"

The policewoman pulled out her firearm and pointed it at me. Her gun was big and menacing.

"Eureka, I know who you are! You're that little witch! You're Jody Wilson the witch that the entire world is after! Give me your loot and I'll let you go! A no answer will result in three bullets to your head! I don't have to justify or explain my actions to my superiors! You are a wanted little witch! Everyone in Montreal hates your ugly guts! You robbed the RBC! Now, it's time to pay the piper!"

"I'm not Jody Wilson! And ... as you can see, I'm broke. Please ... just let me go! I'm just a little kitty who has never harmed anyone. Maybe, it's a case of mistaken identity."

"Don't you dare witch talk me! Just because you're cute and adorable looking and I'm obese and ugly it doesn't mean that I'm jealous or envious of you!

Besides, you little witch; you're a perfect match to the composite sketch that I have on my computer monitor!

Kitty, I need that loot! I'm the laughing stalk of the Montreal Police Department! Just look at me! The only friend I have is my junk food! You made me spill coffee on my pants and jelly on my shirt. Here I was all broken-hearted without a husband, a fiancé, or a boyfriend, enjoying my snack and then a little witch makes me turn on the ignition of my patrol car and chase her down!

Honey, I'm a cop! Now empty out that pouch you're wearing around your neck or I'll give you three in a row!

Honey, I'm not a criminal or a miserly little bitch! I can't receive any portion of the humongous reward out for your 'dead or alive' capture. I have an inherent right to your belongings."

I reluctantly emptied out my pouch accepting it as part of life. At least that witch wasn't apprehending me.

"Honey, consider this a payment for my heroic services to the community as a heroic officer of the Montreal Police Department."

I reluctantly emptied out the contents of my pouch then walked away with my head bowed to the ground. Thankfully it worked. The bitch was so pre-occupied with her newfound loot she forgot about me; or did she?

I took advantage of the moment to reconnect with the fog. Thankfully, the fog hadn't travelled too far; just a few hundred yards or so.

As I prepared myself for a 'big fog entry' I got the two shocks of my life. First I saw what appeared to be a tom cat exiting the fog. Apparently, he too was an inter-dimensional traveller.

As soon as the tom cat took notice of me the policewoman fired her gun at both of us. The tom cat re-entered the fog while I was forced to make a run for it. I was double-crossed by a human for the umpteenth time. Knowing what I do about humans, I wasn't surprised.

As soon as I exited the fog I took notice of another cat; a female who appeared apprehensive and fearful. She saw the fog and looked like she wanted to enter it but couldn't because an officer of the law was firing her gun at us. I found no alternative but to re-enter the fog.

Although I was very worried about the fate of my feline sister, I had no choice but to save my own skin first. If two

persons are drowning in water neither of the two can help the other person. I hope that you understand my meaning.

I was now in the pathway again. This pathway leads to the castle, which leads to the castle containing the infinite doorways. The doorways that I, an incredible cat named Tobey Matheson have been using since kitten-hood.

Thankfully for the moment there were no upcoming dangers. The pathway is long and curvy and a bit dusty.

The area around the pathway is less foggy than 'the fog'. The trees are brown coloured and have a creepy look to them, the grass is a bland green, and other than me and the plant life there is no life therein.

I first came across the fog as a young kitten. At the time I was running away from vermin control officer (VCO). Apparently, the people in the neighbourhood had complained about a creepy-looking feline roaming the area at all hours of the day.

This is another example of human discrimination and hatred. I walked around the neighbourhood for exercise and to help ensure that 'my neighbours' were safe.

This is the 'human justice', 'liberty', and 'freedom' that we cats are bombarded with in many earth pathways.

I decided to walk back to the castle and stay there for a long awaited rest before entering any of the doorways. The gunfire took a lot out of me. Just imagine that you are entering a new dimension and the first thing that you see is a crazy policewoman firing her gun at you and another helpless kitty.

It took me an hour to make it to the entrance of the castle; two humongous doors ready to be opened. Besides, I was due for a good meal and a well-earned rest.

The castle is the largest and most massive monument that I've ever seen in my whole life! It is several times wider and higher than the largest Egyptian pyramid.

Who built the castle is a mystery. Perhaps the builders were a race of unusual, highly advanced beings. It may well have been the gray aliens.

I opened one of the two humongous doors leading into the entrance of the castle, took a deep breath, and then entered. Thankfully, I'd never seen anyone inside the castle; at least not while I was there.

The castle is a remarkable place for a kitty like me. The doorways which are on fourth floor of the castle give me access and entry into an infinite number of different dimensions and time slots. Even the dimension in each door is constantly changing; although it is a minute change compared to the dimension in any other door.

I know very well that I am a special cat. No doubt about that!

As soon as I entered the castle I walked down a long corridor aligned on both sides with rooms. The corridor's walls were designed with beautiful paintings. The lighting was chandeliered with a brightness made for a human with normal vision.

After a good ten minute walk I reached the entrance of the kitchen. To tell you the truth I was salivating like a dog; really! I've always been an energetic cat who needed much nutrition.

But unlike other cats in some dimensions I can eat chocolate, fruits, veggies, and whatever else humans can eat. That includes Snickers bars, birthday cakes, ice cream, burgers, fries, root beer, caffeine, pizza, omelettes, honey, and whatever else I please.

As soon as I entered the enormous kitchen I took three deep breaths then did a self-brain storm. I decided to eat a gargantuan brunch. You can never lose with brunch.

Thankfully, the castle was full of high-tech gizmos. Each of the twenty kitchens contained everything that I needed to prepare whatever I wanted and a 'replicator'. Yes, a replicator similar to the ones that you see on the Star Trek series. However, I in all honesty the food 'prepared' by the duplicator is never as good as the real thing (homemade food). Freshly prepared food is always the best.

I commanded the replicator to give me three fried eggs (sunny-side up), two French toast, fruit punch, chocolate milk, juice, coffee and tea, syrup, jam, margarine, high caffeine pop, and bottled water.

I opted for a large meal to hold me for several hours. I was a cat who was always on the move. The lion in me had a big appetite.

I turned on the kitchen stereo setting the tuner on a soft music station. I don't like to hear fast or loud music while I'm eating, reading, napping or sleeping.

I took my time eating my brunch. It wasn't like anyone was going to ask me to hurry up or anything.

After eating my incredible brunch I placed the dishes and utensils in the dishwasher and then pressed the 'START' button.

I exited the kitchen and then paced the corridor for twenty minutes before returning to the kitchen to see if the dishwasher was still running. Thankfully, it stopped as soon as I entered the kitchen.

I removed the dishes and utensils then placed them on the dish rack. I was done!

I roamed around the castle for a couple of hours before hitting the sack. I needed to rest up for my next trip into another dimension.

Somehow, this dimensional entry felt like it was in my blood. It was so natural to me.

I entered a bedroom on the second floor, closed and locked the door behind me (you never know), leaped onto a beautiful bed, and then closed my eyes.

I slept for countless hours, dreaming over and over again. I'd always loved that 'dreaming feeling'. Dreaming is good for cats. Well, actually, it's also good for humans and other animals.

Upon awakening from a beautiful sleep I leaped onto the carpet and then exited my room.

To tell you the truth I was starting to get the jitters. I needed to enter a doorway into another dimension.

I slowly walked up to the fourth floor intent on entering another dimension. I had an incredible array of doorways to choose from. The doors appeared in linear fashion farther than the eye can see. Believe me, I'd tried to walk to the end of that line but couldn't. It's too far, wherever it may be. I reached the ten thousand mark before heading back.

Thankfully, the doors are numbered. Who numbered the doors, I certainly don't know. That's another mystery I'd like to solve.

When I made it up to the fourth floor I walked through corridor until I reached the entrance to the doorways. I took a deep breath then went ahead and entered.

Thankfully, I've always remembered which doorways I entered through. My general policy is to enter a new doorway each time. Unless there's a pressing reason to do otherwise, I have never broken that policy.

I walked all the way to doorway #101. After bracing myself for an incredible change in reality I went ahead and entered the doorway.

Mind you, there's no leaping, running, or rolling necessary in my entry through another dimension. That is a big bonus because it minimizes the risk of injury.

THE LAST SHADOW

I entered the dimension with high expectations. I'd seen many beings; most in the middle ground, but some were on the peripheral. By peripheral I mean good and horrible individuals.

As soon as I took my first step I noticed something quite eerie. The entire area appeared to be gray and gloomy. There was a light breeze that made a spooky sound. Mind you, it wasn't loud or annoying, but I was able to hear it with my incredible feline auditory sense.

In front of me about twenty five feet above the ground was a sign that read **WELCOME TO SHADOWVILLE, ALBERTA.**

Gosh it seems like Canada is a popular destination in the doorways. A minority however, lead to other destinations; some quite off the wall and some identifiable from my Earth days.

I'm from Montreal, Canada. I was hoping for a return visit before that mania policewoman began to fire her weapon at me and the other 'innocent cat'.

Thankfully, I know how to return to Montreal. I just have to leave the fog. Each time I leave the fog the destiny of my beloved Earth, including my hometown of Montreal changes, usually slightly but with a possibility of a mindboggling change.

Before entering Shadowville, I took a deep breath. Then, I scanned the town with my incredible feline sense of vision. The town appeared to be something out of the Wild West. That is, the Canadian Wild West.

In fact, it reminded me of the ghost towns of the American Southwest, especially Arizona.

Therein are gunfighters, saloons, saloon girls, whiskey and beer, sheriffs, deputies, U.S. Marshalls, posies, outlaws, blacksmiths, showdowns, cheap hotels, horses (both rightfully owned and stolen), bank robberies and bank robbers, town drunks, dust, the telegraph, stagecoaches, wanted posters, and a few cats and dogs.

Mind you, I kept my eyes and ears on the alert for gunfighters who had a thing against cats. I knew very well that even the fastest cat in the whole world could never outrun or outmanoeuvre a speeding bullet.

Back in the Wild West days dogs and cats, especially us cats, were easy pickings. Hardly a man or a woman would shed a tear for a murdered tom cat, especially a stray one like me.

I continued my trek through Shadowville glancing left, right, and up every so often.

It didn't take me long to feel an unease about Shadowville. I inherently knew that there was something quite unusual and wrong about the place but I just couldn't pinpoint it.

I'd have to wait until later to find out what it was. Until then, I continued walking on Main Street.

I could smell the remnants of blood, death, manure, urine, whiskey, and fear. The fear is what caught my attention more than anything else. It's hard to explain to a human but many species of animals can sense fear.

But, at the same time I sensed that someone was watching me. I couldn't pinpoint exactly where this person or being was but I did feel the presence my bones. Whether he/she was

benevolent or malevolent was a toss-up. I'd have to meet with him/her first then make my determination.

I continued to walk through Shadowville taking notice of the town saloon's familiar facade. It looked just like in the old westerns.

I stopped cold and then headed straight for the saloon. Although it gave me the creeps my feline curiosity got the best of me.

I slowly approached the saloon then entered from underneath the two doors. As soon as I took notice of the interior I got the shock of my life! The interior was a perfect replica of what I imagined it would look like; chairs around separate tables, a large counter, mirror, and countless bottles of booze behind the counter. But let's not forget the beer.

I wasn't interested in the booze I was craving something to drink. Thankfully, in Shadowville there was no rust. There were no living creatures therein either.

I leaped onto the counter then onto the floor behind the counter. After searching the area for something to drink I saw what appeared to be an ice box.

I opened the ice box and found a large bowl of Neapolitan flavoured (chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry) flavoured ice cream.

As expected I fixed myself a large bowl of ice cream topped with chocolate syrup.

I carefully carried my large bowl of ice cream to the nearest table. I braced myself and then leaped onto the table. Thankfully, I didn't lose a single bit of ice cream or chocolate syrup.

I licked my ice cream to my heart's delight. Upon finishing my ice cream I felt an incredible high. With all of that sugar and chocolate in my system, how else was I supposed to feel?

I went upstairs and then walked through a short hallway in search of a sleeping room. Thankfully, I entered room number four. This room contained a king size bed with a good view over Main Street.

Before hitting the sack I walked over to my window, leaped onto the window pane scanned the area, and then leaped onto 'my bed'.

I crashed out like a baby, waking up the very next day. It was sunny and mild outside but that didn't take away the feeling of being watched.

I exited my room with a deep curiosity about the history of Shadowville. How could anyone give a spooky name to a nice town?

I descended to the ground floor then left the saloon with a slight hunger and thirst.

I continued my walk through Shadowville, but in today's walk I really felt that something was wrong. I had to get to the bottom of this!

I decided to enter the Sheriff's Office. Perhaps there would be a clue as to what happened to the residents of this 'dead city'.

Before entering the Sheriff's Office I paused, turned around and then scanned the area. I just couldn't help it. I desperately wanted to know what was wrong with this city. The sky, sun, ground, buildings, and everything else were in their proper respective places. I was also aware that there were no living beings in the entire city, but that wasn't what was pestering my gut feeling.

After a brief delay I entered the Sheriff's Office. Mind you, I was in fight or flight mode. I inherently knew that the answer to my nagging question would be therein. In what form, I didn't know.

The first thing that I noticed was the large WANTED POSTER. It wasn't a wanted poster for a fugitive but for a super-gunfighter. It read:

**A GUNFIGHTER FASTER THAN MR. TOMMY McCoy
NEEDED! A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD WILL BE
GIVEN TO ANY PERSON (MALE OR FEMALE) WHO CAN OUT-
DRAW THE AFOREMENTIONED GUNFIGHTER. IN CASE YOU
OUTDRAW MR. MCCOY AND KILL HIM NO CRIMINAL
CHARGES SHALL BE LAID; GUARANTEED BY MAYOR JAKE
BARNETT.**

Now I was certain that at least many challengers had been killed fighting Tommy McCoy, otherwise the poster wouldn't have been so gigantic. It must've been six feet high and six feet

wide. McCoy was a rugged looking guy with a smirk of a smile. He was scruffy bearded and looked like the gunfighters in the old westerns.

Now, it was time to do a little more investigating. This was the first step, now I had to take the second.

I continued my search of the Sheriff's Office for more clues to what had happened. Thankfully, my hard work paid off. Although I didn't have a complete picture of the events I was yet another step closer.

Inside the Sheriff's desk was a note written by Deputy Hank Stockland just before he died.

**TO MY DEAR FRIEND, SHERIFF COSWELL:
TOMMY McCoy HAS NOW KILLED JUST ABOUT EVERY
SINGLE PERSON IN SHADOWLAND EXCEPT FOR YOU AND
ME. I REGRET TO SAY THAT EVERY SINGLE MAN, WOMAN,
AND CHILD HAS BEEN GUNNED DOWN BY TOMMY McCoy
IN A FAIR FIGHT. AS A SWORN DEPUTY OF THE TOWN OF
SHADOWLAND, ALBERTA, I MUST CHALLENGE TOMMY
McCoy! IN CASE I DIE IN OUR GUNFIGHT YOU MUST TAKE
UP HIS CHALLENGE! I HOPE THAT ONE OF US KILLS HIM.
OTHERWISE, THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT TO STOP HIM
FROM MOVING ON TO THE NEXT ALBERTA TOWN. MAY
GOD FORBID THAT!**

I figured that McCoy had killed every human being in Shadowville. But that didn't explain why there are no animals in this city. I felt that I'd find more answers in other parts of the town.

After leaving the Sheriff's Office the feeling of being watched grew exponentially. I was now certain that there'd be contact soon. As a safety precaution I ran to the edge of town just behind the entrance. This way, if the being posed a danger to me I could leave town and never come back. Actually, leaving the dimension would be the only viable option. Shadowville was too darn scary for me.

After running to the edge of town I turned around then scanned the city's perimeter. It was then that I noticed that there was a problem with daylight or light in general.

A few seconds after pondering about the problem I collapsed onto my side and then closed my eyes.

When I awakened I saw the most terrifying thing yet to be seen by me. It was a human-sized shadow. What made it so unusual was that there were no humans around.

I instinctively went into defensive mode; I bared my teeth, extended my claws, arched my back, and hissed as loud as I possibly could.

The shadow took several steps back and then sat down in on the ground. He assumed a non-threatening posture. But still, I felt like I was owed an explanation of happenings in Shadowville. I came from another dimension. I wanted to know!

"Kitty, please don't be afraid of me. I am both harmless and benevolent. I couldn't harm you even if I wanted to. Please believe me.

I am the shadow of Doctor Mason, the only doctor in town. I'll tell you what happened here if you promise me that you won't run off or be antagonistic towards me. Do you agree?"

"Yes ... I mean ... how do I address you?"

"You can call me Doc Mason, but out of respect for my previous owner I will reject any other name."

"Certainly, now Doc Mason, now please ... what happened?"

Wait, I'm so sorry ... my name is Toby Matheson. I got all caught up with your story ... forgetting to formally introduce myself was a mistake. Please proceed with your story."

"Toby, Shadowville became a ghost town in December of the year 1875. However, the process of 'ghostization' began in January of the aforesaid year.

Three gunfighters named Tommy, Andy, and Candy McCoy entered our beloved town. The McCoy's had a terrible reputation of bringing trouble to towns across Alberta; even sleepy or peaceful towns.

The McCoy's would enter a chosen town, go straight to the town saloon, drink up a storm and then start their wagering routine.

The McCoy's would offer a five thousand dollar reward for anyone that could outdraw one of the McCoy's. Naturally, this 'reward' drew much attention from the townsfolk.

But, it wasn't really a reward; it was a wager ... a bet. You see if the person lost the gunfight the McCoys would take all of his property. Mind you, one of the McCoys, Candy was a young woman. She and Andy were lightning-fast, but Tommy, their older brother, was faster than the speed of light.

A legal contract would be drawn out before the gunfight between a McCoy and the challenger. The McCoys would have to pay five thousand dollars to the winner, if their gunfighter lost. However, if their gunfighter won the loser would have to forfeit all of his/her property without protest.

Toby, one challenger after another lost his and then later her life and property at the hands of the McCoys. However, two of the McCoy's were gunned down in a gunfight. Tommy McCoy then challenged winner. Tommy never lost a gunfight in his whole life except the one against himself. I will explain to you what I mean later in my story.

After all of the men were gunned down, the women were forced to give it a try. They were desperate and many had children to feed.

As soon as every single woman had been gunned down the children took their place. At this time there was only one McCoy standing.

Tommy McCoy gunned down each and every single child in Shadowville. Mind you, by this time Tommy was mentally unstable. He became a killing machine. He was addicted to killing people.

After all of the humans were killed off Tommy began to kill off the dogs, cats, equines, birds, and whatever animals resided or travelled through Shadowville.

On December 1st of 1875, there were no more fleshy beings in Shadowville. But Tommy needed to continue killing. The towns in our area had already been emptied out. That was the work of the McCoy's.

Sometime shortly after December 1st, Tommy McCoy became a bit psychotic. He began to challenge the shadows of his victims and the shadows of all objects in town.

Incredibly, the shadows came to life and accepted Tommy McCoy's challenge. But soon the shadows were to have an identical fate to the fleshy beings of Shadowville.

After Tommy McCoy had killed his own shadow there was nobody else to kill ... but himself. So, he shoved his gun into his mouth and then pulled the trigger.

Toby, shortly after arriving in Shadowville you probably felt that something was missing ... that something was wrong but you couldn't place your paw on it. Well, this is it! I am the only shadow cast on Shadowville."

"But, I mean ... I'm glad that Tommy McCoy didn't kill you, but why are you still alive?"

"Toby, I hid in a cave a mile west of town. Remember, I was the shadow of Doctor Mason, a man born and raised in Shadowville. I literally have all of his memories and knowledge. The cave was his favourite retreat as a child.

Toby, you are the first person to visit our town ever since Tommy McCoy killed himself.

I am stuck in this town forever, or close to it. I can't go anywhere else. This is my natural residence. However, I'm delighted to meet you and you are welcome to stay in Shadowville as long as you please.

You've also probably noticed that none of the objects in town appear dusty or rusted out. Sure, we have dust blowing in our faces when it's windy, but I'm referring about aging. It won't happen in Shadowville.

The town of Shadowville, Alberta has literally frozen in time. I don't think that I will ever die. Well, I'm not complaining."

Doc Mason, I'm very thankful to have met a brilliant shadow like you. I don't think that this will ever happen to me again. I am an inter-dimensional traveller. I have the luck and biochemistry to be able to do this. No doubt, others have tried to pass through other dimensions but have ended up dying or getting really sick.

I think that I shall stay in Shadowville for a month and then leave. I saw much good food and plenty of fresh water. And thankfully, it will never spoil or rot."

I stayed in Shadowville for a whole month. Meeting Doc Mason was a joy! He and I took many walks together. Although I must admit, it was a bit difficult to see him at night or in the dark.

I kept a note in my mind that this dimension was attainable through doorway #101. Afterwards, Doc Mason and I said goodbye. I could've sworn that he was crying.

It was a slow and depressing walk back to doorway #101. The re-entrance of the doorway is spotted by a room-sized cloud.

However, if I exit the castle in a place other than the doorways I must re-enter through the fog. It's not complicated it is good fortune. This way I can consciously choose which of the two alternatives I want. Mind you, exiting the castle and the fog will always lead me to Montreal. When in history and the 'specifics of Montreal' may be altered upon re-entry.

I continued walking back to the doorway until finally spotting the cloud. Out of habit I glanced back to see if there was any danger behind me. Thankfully, the coast was clear.

I entered the cloud and then re-entered the castle then glanced at the doorways to my left and to my right.

I was in the mood for one or two more doorways before taking a breather.

I decided to leave the castle through a higher numbered doorway. After walking for fifteen minutes I stopped in front of doorway #158. I decided to enter it.

THE ISLE OF HELL

I entered the dimension expecting something new and exciting but at the same time alert to any unexpected dangers. Being an inter-dimensional traveller has its ups and downs. I, like most people, want the maximum ups and no downs. This is my personal 'utilitarian philosophy'.

I had entered a tropical island with all the amenities, including but not limited to fruits, veggies, milk hanging from sacks, slabs of meat dangling from trees, a fresh water river, and the scent of other foods nearby. I was in a place that I thought was heaven. I would soon find out that I was dead wrong.

In addition to food the plant life was a wonder. Botanists would have a field day on this island. Numerous palm trees, grasses, flower species, and other 'stuff' that I'd never seen before engulfed that area.

I took what I could from the food within reach and ate like a king. It took me a half an hour to eat and drink to my heart's content. As a bonus, the milk that I drank contained a stimulant, perhaps Theo bromine or caffeine. I wasn't pondering about it while I was eating.

After feeling fully satiated I washed myself in the fresh water river. My dear, it was as clear as polished glass. Even the were friendly. They actually converged upon me. It was like they wanted me to scoop them out of the water and eat them. Lucky for them I was already satiated. As you probably know, most cats love fish; the kind without any scales.

After washing up I drank as much water as I could. You never know when the food and water supply will run out. There's never a guarantee; or is there.

Underneath all of the good surrounding me I had a creepy feeling inside me. In addition to being too good to be true I heard a faint bubbling sound that emanated in a giant circle on what was probably the peripheral of the island. Naturally, I had to investigate, but first I wanted to see the interior of the island.

I walked into a large forested area carefully not making too much noise. Surprise encounters often cause predators (especially grizzly or black bears) to attack. But on this particular island I preferred to use the feline stealth method. Being a small-sized cat I had the ability to run, hide, sneak around, or scale a tree if need be. Not to mention my extraordinary senses.

As I continued my way through the forested area I soon came across a treaded path. It had been tread by humans. I did an about face, and then followed the path diligently.

Mind you, I scanned the area and looked upwards every so often just in case there were enemies nearby or above me. Attacks by predators upon prey are especially effective from above; the object is taken off guards.

A full twenty minutes of walking led me to an open area the size of a football field. Therein were three mud huts. Now I was certain that there were others on this island; good or bad I certainly didn't know.

I used my incredible feline senses to help determine who exactly lived in those huts.

After taking a good 'whiff', I determined that there was only one male humanoid in the area. But there were many food types present too.

I stayed low and patient behind a gargantuan tree for several hours, until tall, extremely handsome, athletic man exited one of the huts.

The man looked very distraught at something. At what, I certainly couldn't fathom. He had everything that he wanted on the island ... well ... except a good wife.

My eyes followed the man until he re-entered one of his huts. He exited the hut a short while later, carrying food in his hands. After placing the food on a makeshift table he re-entered the same hut then returned carrying a large mug and a cup.

I decided to wait until the man's body sugar level rose before making my formal introduction.

The man ate his food like a rich boy. Actually, like a rich Ivy Leaguer. That's the kind of human that I like to meet!

As soon as the man finished his last morsel and gulp from his cup I slowly approached him until reaching twenty or so feet from the makeshift eating table.

Regardless of how the meeting took place I've always been apprehensive about telling just anyone how I entered the particular dimension. The last thing that I'd ever want is for a monster or an evil person/s to become an inter-dimensional traveller.

"Excuse me sir, my name is Toby Matheson and I seem to be lost and confused. Please don't be afraid of me. I just need to talk to someone."

"Oh, wow! Come here kitty! You are the first person that I've seen on the Isle of Hell in countless years! I've been dying to meet someone!"

I cautiously approached the man, stopping a few feet away from where he was sitting. I didn't want my reaction or escape time compromised. Just in case the man was putting me on.

"Thanks, umm ... like, how did you get here ... and ... what's your name?"

"My name is Jeff and I've been here for eons. Time on The Isle of Hell is frozen. There's no aging, plenty of food, but no escape whatsoever!"

Toby, when you first discovered that you were on this pathetic island you detected a faint burning scent and being a cat, you also heard a faint bubbling sound ... right?"

"Yes, Jeff ... you're right! But how did you come across the name for this island?"

"Toby, in all the commotion and surprise you didn't notice the gargantuan 4-sided sign reading: **UNWELCOME PERMANENT INHABITANT TO THE ISLE OF HELL!**

Toby, this island is round and the peripheral is a thick, 100 yards long blob of molten lava. You can't get off this island! Not a helicopter ... not even an airplane could get you off this GOD-forsaken island. There are no runways, too many tall trees and volcanoes, and 'seismic problems'. Instruments will malfunction on this horrible island.

Toby, this is an island penitentiary! Now I'll tell you what happened to me.

Toby, I was an honour student and an incredible football player on the 'Gramson University Football team.

Sure, I partied sometimes, but never harmed anyone. Look, there was a beautiful girl name Cynthia Corbett who had a big crush on me. I kind of liked her too.

The students at Gramson held many parties. You know what I mean, lots of booze and other 'stuff' that goes on in these parties. The guys, well ... being a tom cat, you know that some guys turn into lions when they drink. I can also become a lion when I'm wasted on booze.

One day we had a gargantuan at our Fraternity house. We had tons of booze, dope, food, soft drinks, and 'lionesses'; if you know what I mean.

Anyway, Cynthia, like most of the other students at the party was wasted. She had her hands all over me ... and at least three of my friends.

Toby, we found ourselves going upstairs to have some fun. As soon as we entered 'our room' Cynthia leaped onto the bed, disrobed, and then told us to help ourselves. Being collegiate men ... we helped ourselves ... and that's what we did.

Toby, a couple of months later, that little witch went to the Gramson Police Station and told the officers therein that I, along with several of my fraternity brothers had gang-raped her. She also claimed that we slipped her a 'capitulation drug' inside her drink.

Toby, Cynthia was being a total witch! I'm on The Isle of Hell because of her.

I was later charged with rape, sodomy, aggravated assault, mayhem, and animal cruelty.

Toby, two evil cats, one named Jody and the other named Corey assaulted me! They were acting under the command and on behalf of Cynthia Corbett!

I became a felon overnight! I had a golden opportunity for a good life. I wanted to be a VIP. What the heck is wrong with that?!

Anyway, after I was officially charged and put on trial and then sentenced twenty five years behind bars, the freaking Prime Minister of Canada got involved in my case. He wanted to set an example for people like me and would-be assailants. I had to serve my time way up in Northern Canada. I wasn't told exactly where. It was supposed to be a surprise.

But I heard from the grapevine that I was going to be sent to Baffin Island or Northern Yukon, somewhere near Herschel.

I can still remember the day they took me out of my cell. I was bound and shackled like a common criminal. I wasn't permitted to use the restroom until I arrived at my undisclosed site.

The RCMP put me on a military double-engine plane. Once I boarded the plane I became the property of the Canadian Military. I was virtually stripped of all my citizenship rights. For what, all I did was have a little fun with a young woman who wanted me and my friends.

A couple of hours into our flight we hit major turbulence. I looked out of my window only to see an incredible array of snow blowing against the plane.

Only a minute or so later, the plane began to violently shake. Afterwards, I heard the right wing detach from the airplane. That was the end of the plane!

All hell broke loose after that. Including the pilot and me there was a total of eight individuals on the plane.

I banged my head on the backrest in front of me and instantly lost consciousness.

The next thing I know I was in a barren dessert just a few hundred yards away from an oasis. Hunger and thirst hit me really fast.

Thankfully, none of the other passengers survived the accident. At first I thought some of them were just out cold. But a short while later I noticed each of the bodies began to disintegrate right before my eyes.

Now, I'm here, all alone, happy but wanting to see some real justice. All I want to do is leave The Isle of Hell and find my foes.

Toby, take a look at the calluses on my hands. I've been strengthening my grip for 'strangling purposes'. When I leave this hell-hole I'm going to strangle the life out of each one of my three foes. However, for Cynthia, I have a big surprise. This time around, I'll make love to her the right way. After she falls in love with me, I'll strangle her with my powerful hands! I want to see that little wench die. The expression on her face will be an awesome sight, indeed. But while she'll be suffocating to death, I'll make sure to smile at her. And of course, I'll also make certain she's looking at me.

Toby, do you know how I can leave this island? I mean, like, you're a special cat; an inter-dimensional traveller, right?"

I knew that there was no way I could help Jeff leave The Isle of Hell. He'd be too dangerous to the outside world. I had to keep him where he was at without drawing any suspicion. Otherwise, he'd turn against me.

"Jeff, I'm not sure how to help you. But, let me take a long walk alone. I can do some major brainstorming. I'll take my walk now and hopefully I'll be back in an hour with an answer to your question."

We said our goodbyes and then I walked away with the intent to never return.

I walked to the edge of the oasis, took one last look at the beautiful trees and then entered the barren desert.

As I was walking to the cloud I glanced back every minute or so. I wanted to make sure that Jeff wasn't eyeing or following me.

Thankfully, I had no problems arriving at my destination. As soon as I spotted the cloud I ran towards it and then leaped through it. Alas, I was away from that creep Jeff! I wished that I never saw him or anyone like him ever again.

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

As soon as I entered the hallway I decided to rest up a bit. I walked to the nearest snack room, not kitchen located at the end of the hall and entered it slobbering like a hungry lioness.

But first, I sat down and pondered about my unusual life. Although I enjoyed being an inter-dimensional traveller the thought of settling down and finding a good wife entered my mind, mind you it was a brief thought. The lion in me wouldn't allow me to feel weak or lovey-dovey. I'm an incredible cat that likes to hop from one dimension to another.

Until I meet the right kitty, I won't settle down!

But for the moment, I had the urgent matter of nutrition. I had to get something in my system really fast. Otherwise, I was going to choke on my own slobber.

As stated earlier, I was in a snack room and not in a kitchen. The castle has numerous snack rooms on each floor. Kitchens were less numerous. Snack rooms have no high-tech gadgets or gizmos. I'd have to cook or heat my food the conventional way, unless I opted for something cold.

I walked over to the fridge, opened the door and then removed a stack of cold cuts, pita bread, low-fat mayonnaise, milk, and a slice of vanilla coconut cake, caffeinated pop, fruit cocktail, and a bottle of water. Then, I got some ketchup mustard, and a 175 mg bag of barbecue chips. Mind you, I didn't carry the entire load all at once. I made five trips to the fridge and two to the closet.

After preparing my meal and was about to eat I had to pull my head back away from the food. Apparently, I had a giant, dangling saliva which almost touched my sandwich.

I put down my cold cut sandwich, leaped onto the floor, and then ran to the nearest restroom. Once there, I quickly cleaned up and then dried.

My trip back to the snack room was a breeze. I had one thought on my mind; eat and eat and eat!

After I finished my delicious smorgasbord I washed up and then took one last look at the fridge. It was the most beautiful fridge that I'd ever seen in my whole life! Sadly, I had to get on the move.

I slowly walked back to the hallway then down the path of the doorways. I ended up in front of doorway #235. I was excited about the prospect of entering another dimension. I had no idea what I was going to see.

I took a deep breath and then entered the dimension. Immediately, I came across a sign reading: **WELCOME TO PEACEVILLE BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

I was hoping that the name described the place to the letter. Otherwise, it may be a trick or some kind of hoax.

From the peripheral Peaceville looked like a Leave it to Beaver Town. I wasn't sure what to make of it but decided to enter it anyway.

Peaceville had it all; humans and animals all living in peace. This place was too good to be true. However I did want to investigate it just to see.

After reading the welcome sign and scanning Peaceville, I proceeded to enter it but cautiously just in case it was a mirage.

As soon as I reached Elm Street, a very beautiful cat with short golden hair, green-gray eyes, and a sweet voice called out to me. I couldn't believe my eyes!

"Hello welcome to Peaceville, British Columbia. I guess this is your first time here. Normally people who enter our town never want to leave. I hope that you are that way too."

"You are a very attractive cat! I hope that you and I can get along just fine."

"Honey, I've heard every line in the book. Please use another line on me. And beware, I won't allow any cat to mount me unless we're married!"

"Oh ... gosh ... I'm sorry. Could you tell me where I can find a place to rest?"

"Yes, the WELCOME HOTEL is located at 1800 Hamlin Street. Just walk to the end of this street and turn right for three blocks. Don't worry room and board in all of our hotels is absolutely free! We are a caring community."

"My name is Toby Matheson. What is your name?"

"My name is Kendra Sanderson. I've been living here for two years now. I've never been happier. Why should I ever want to leave this place? I remember what the other world is like: too many military conflicts, crime, backstabbing, treachery, animal abuse, pollution, economic uncertainty; no guarantee of food, water, a home, health care; rampant diseases, treachery, and cheating."

"Yes, those things do exist in my world but not to that extent. My world is a good place to live in. Sure, we have problems, but without problems, tension, stress, and anxiety, nobody would ever get anything done."

"Toby, do you love me?"

That question was so direct I was shocked to hear it. Kendra was the most beautiful cat in any world. But I thought that she was a little too pushy. I wasn't ready to tie the knot. The lion in me wanted to stay a bachelor.

"Kendra, you're a very attractive young cat. Also, I think that you are a very friendly cat too. I like you a lot, but you can't ask me about love so early in our friendship."

"Do you mean friendship or relationship?"

"Kendra, please don't pressure me like that! Let's see if we can become good friends first. If so, we'll move onto the next level. How does that suit you?"

"That suits me just fine! I don't want to ever see you again!"

Kendra walked away from me with her head high, back arched, and her tail up. She gave me the 'snotty kitty' routine.

I let Kendra go then continued onwards. I followed Kendra's directions and it led me to the WELCOME HOTEL.

The WELCOME HOTEL was seven floors high and looked like it was suitable for a king or a prince. I was thankful for the information that Kendra had given me. I also felt awful about not following up with her. Actually, I kind of loved her. I won't say that I did love her. The lion in me is too boastful and tough to allow me to fall in love with a cat after just one conversation.

Although I had a tough kitty image to maintain Kendra's face and voice had become deeply ingrained into my mind. I decided to meet some other cats and have some fun first before proceeding with Kendra. She was good for marriage and kitty production.

As I strolled through town I couldn't help but notice the incredible beauty and grace of the buildings around me. Although they weren't tall they were spotless and built to amaze. I was truly in dreamland.

I passed by several humans and each one of them stopped, smiled at me, and told me to have a beautiful day. Virtually everyone was nice.

Just a moment before I entered the WELCOME HOTEL a boy wearing a ball cap approached me. Instantly, my instinct was to run or fight. I was too accustomed to living on my Earth. Thankfully, I was dead wrong.

"Kitty, can I please pick you up, pet you, and kiss you? You're a very pretty cat. I'll give you a 500ml carton of chocolate milk if you give me what I want."

"You don't have to give me anything, kid. Here, just do your thing and when you're done gently place me on the ground."

The kid treated me with the utmost respect. Unfortunately, he insisted that I take the chocolate milk and drink it whenever I could.

I took the carton of chocolate milk, thanked the boy, and then he walked away.

I carried my milk to an alley around the corner, open the carton and then drank its contents. Believe me I've never tasted anything like it! It was free of pollution and preservatives. Wow, I was in wonderland!

A short while later I entered the WELCOME HOTEL in high spirits. The hotel receptionist was a young bearded man with jet black hair and green eyes. He had a medium build but dressed well.

"Excuse me, sir. Are there any rooms available?"

"Kitty, we always have rooms for newcomers. And guess what?"

I played dumb. The guy wanted me to say 'what'.

"What?"

"All rooms are always free to guests and to anyone who doesn't want to pay.

Kitty, please leap onto the counter so I can give you your scanner card."

I took my scanner card, thanked the hotel receptionist then went upstairs to room #25.

After running up the stairs I turned right until I reached room #25. After taking a deep breath and bracing myself, I passed my card through the scanner and then entered my hotel room.

To my utter shock the room was fit for a prince. I had a king-sized bed, a giant screen television, awesome stereo system, a large kitchen, study room, a patio, and a Jacuzzi.

Instantly, I closed the door behind me and then ran to the kitchen. The first thing that I did was open the fridge door. To my utter surprise, the fridge was packed with food. The kind that cats love!

I removed a prepared submarine tuna sandwich (all toppings extra), potato salad, a bottle of pop, milk, an apple, orange, banana, chocolate cake, and bottled water.

I placed everything on the kitchen table and then gorged on whatever I could in as short a time that I could.

After I finished my meal I washed up and then left my hotel room. I was in good spirits.

I decided to take a walk through town and see more of the beautiful things that many poor Earthlings can only dream about.

As soon as I left the hotel I bumped into Kendra again. This time I made sure that our conversation was enjoyable to both of us. Also, it was the first time in my whole life that I got the 'love jitters' from a girl. Yes, I was in love with Kendra.

Unfortunately, the lion inside me kept pestering me about being a wimp. It was like the lion in me didn't believe that I was supposed to fall madly in love with another cat on the second chance meeting.

"Hi Kendra, how are you doing?"

"Not much better than when you burned me."

"And how are you, Toby?"

"I'm sad and depressed because the girl that I love is mistreating me. She doesn't know how I really feel about her."

"Toby, I love you! Do you love me?"

"Yes, Kendra, I love you so dearly!"

"Toby, will you marry me?"

"Kendra, let's go through a courting phase. I'm sure that everything will be fine; how about that?"

"Toby Matheson ... don't let the lion in you dictate what is right and what is wrong. Marry me or leave me immediately!"

"Look, please, don't scare me away. Yes, I love you but please do not be impatient. Successful cats are patient."

"Well, how much time do you need?"

"I'll need about a year's worth of time to figure out if things will work out with us."

"Toby, okay, I'll let this go for now. However, if I ever change my mind, it's all over; game over!"

Kendra and I courted for roughly a month before I began to have second thoughts. It wasn't that I didn't love Kendra. On the contrary I really did love her. I just needed to continue my inter-dimensional travelling.

I chose a nice evening to clarify my position to Kendra. We'd just finished eating a steak dinner at her place.

"Kendra, look ... I'm an inter-dimensional traveller. I can't stay 'here' forever and you can't enter another dimension more than once. I love you too much to ask you to risk your life travelling with me. I'm sorry Kendra, but we must part ways."

"Toby, please don't go! I love you! You must stay in Peaceville! This is the most peaceful place you'll ever find in any dimension. Not to mention me!"

Toby, don't you want to be the father of my kitties?

Toby, please ... you're not a lion! I want you to be my husband!

Toby ... Toby ... Toby ... will you marry me?!"

I kissed Kendra for the last time and then walked away. Believe me, it was a very depressing walk.

My walk through Peaceville was a nightmare even though every single passerby gave me a smile and a polite greeting. I understood that it was all over. The lion in me scored another victory.

MR. HYDE AND DR. JEKYLL

I quickly passed through the cloud and then entered the castle's hallway. I was relieved that I wouldn't have to make a commitment. Marriage, even for a cat, is a big commitment. However, I must admit that I did love Kendra. I was afraid to open up to her because then she would've taken advantage of me. Perhaps she would've mentioned her interest in another cat. That would've driven me nuts, and she would've known it too.

As soon as I got my act together, I decided to re-enter another doorway without delay.

I walked further down the hallway until reaching doorway #302. I took a deep breath and then entered the dimension hoping to forget Kendra.

As soon as I passed through the cloud what I saw bedazzled me. I was in a large cave containing two passageways. I didn't know which of the two passageways was better so I imagined that I was driving an automobile. In North America people drive on the right side. So, I used that rule of thumb and then entered the passageway on my right.

The passageway was shaped like giant tube with the ceilings roughly twelve feet high and a width of roughly ten feet. I was very excited about the prospects of finding a treasure or something new at the end of the passageway.

I continued to walk for another ten minutes before hearing a faint pounding. At first I figured that there were miners nearby or petroleum crews were drilling for black gold. Naturally, my feline curiosity got the best of me. I continued to walk towards the source of the pounding. It didn't appear to be dangerous. If I only knew!

As the pounding became more pronounced I picked up another sound; a sound of a man moaning. I figured that he was injured so I sped up my pace.

The end of the tunnel was a room the size of the average North American living room in a middle class home.

There, I saw a man who was dressed like a primitive human. I wasn't sure if he was dangerous or friendly, but I had to investigate because he appeared very ill.

The man had a short seizure, foamed at the mouth and then stopped dead cold.

He looked at me with glazed eyes for a moment and then he waved me over to him.

I cautiously approached him, ready to fight or flee. There was no telling what the man was capable of doing.

The man was muscular, had long, unkempt hair, and appeared to be interested in a conversation.

I stopped within ten feet of the man and then introduced myself to him.

"My name is Toby Matheson and I would like to know more about you, if you don't mind. I hope that you are better now. You were convulsing; why I don't know. I don't think that it was caused by epilepsy. Something was different about your seizure.

Please tell me where we are, something about yourself, and what the heck is that pounding on the other side of the cave?"

"My name is Mr. Hyde. I come from a land of aggressive beasts that eat anything with flesh, including you and me. As for the pounding, that is the beasts. I managed to evade them through a secret entrance into this pre-historic cave.

Let me tell you something very important; this is not my normal physical appearance. I have a rare syndrome that occurs in adults of my species. You see, eons ago our ancestors were humans. Technically, they were Homo sapiens.

There were a series of horrible wars that killed off almost all of the humans and animals. Unfortunately, there was so much pollution everywhere the new births were mutants. Each successive generation caused another mutation until 'we' became extremely violent beasts.

We can read but we can't write. Old books and journals were left behind. Our hands have become half paws and half hands. In essence, fine motor skills have diminished much.

Toby, I cannot control my transformation into a Homo sapiens. I am a mutant. Unfortunately, my beast brethren eat Homo sapiens. They've done that to the few individuals who've had my syndrome.

When I transform I become a super intelligent person; a genius. When I was a child I found an underground library full of books. I mainly read medical texts and journals. I wanted to find out more about my syndrome and how to cure it.

Naturally, no one, even my flesh and blood ever found out that I had this syndrome. If they had, I would've been a feast for them. You must understand that my people are beasts in the literal sense.

Anyway, all of my reading gave me much needed intelligence. The beasts around me were too dumb to realize that I received almost all of my knowledge while in the Homo sapiens state.

I became known as 'Dr. Jekyll' because of my incredible level of knowledge.

So, now I am Dr. Jekyll, but in reality when I transform I revert back to being Mr. Hyde.

Toby, just a few hours ago I was spotted by a group of beasts. They saw me in this form. Instantly, the alarm bells were ringing and every beast in the area was chasing me.

It's not only food (me) that they want but they also want to destroy any remnant of Homo sapiens. Homo sapiens is the

potential enemy that could eliminate the beasts and they know it!

Toby, this cave is a hideout that I found as a child. Sometimes when I reverted I came here to rest. I was only able to go to the underground library late in the night because it is located closer to our village.

You are considerably smaller than the cats of our time. I've seen pictures of your kind in Animalogy, Biology, and Zoology books. Our cats are roughly three times your size, with much larger canines and claws. Furthermore, their killer drive is much more pronounced than yours is. If either the beasts or your 'beast brethren' see you, your fate will be like mine.

I'm afraid that the beast will bash through the cave in a few minutes. I can already see dust particles and debris catapulted from the vibrations of their poundings.

Toby, please listen to me carefully! I feel my blood starting to boil. I will revert back into a beast within a minute or so. If I revert before they enter the cave, they'll drag me back to our village, shove me inside a cage, and then wait until I revert back into a Homo sapiens. Thereafter, they'll eat me alive! We beasts never eat anything dead!

What's more, if I revert while you are still here, I will eat you alive. Believe me you will have no chance in hell of fighting me off! You won't be able to run away either!

Toby, please, do as I say without any hesitation! Be a lion and give me a death bite on the jugular. Otherwise, you will die! In a few seconds my neck will enlarge to the point where you won't be able to bite me ... please kill me!"

BITE! TWIST! PULL!

I quickly killed Mr. Hyde/Dr. Jekyll. Although I didn't want to do it, I certainly had to. Taking what 'my former friend' had told me as fact I decided to run away from the pounding as fast as I could. A second later, the beasts smashed their way into the cave. I could hear them gorging on a non-beast. Sadly, he was still alive while they were feasting on him.

Thankfully, they made no attempt at chasing me. They were too pre-occupied eating their meal.

I kept running and didn't stop until I managed to go through the cloud and enter the castle hallway. I was very relieved to be back to safety. It was very important lesson for

me. Thereafter, I would be on the alert for ever-present dangers.

Upon entering the castle I felt my muscles twitch. It was a result fear, anxiety, and apprehension. It was also the first time that I'd come that close to being eaten alive! Now I knew what prey felt like, and it didn't feel good either!

FUNHOUSE MIRROR

I decided to re-enter another dimension. So, I walked further down the hallway until I reached doorway #401.

I tried to think of the good things in my hectic life with the hope of forgetting Kendra. Yes, I still remembered her.

Cats and humans should never walk around with 'dilapidating thoughts'. Otherwise, depression and anxiety will likely become the mood state of the dilapidated thinker. Sure, life's full of ups and downs, even for an incredible cat like me. But I've always bounced back.

I've managed to survive countless encounters with danger and unknown entities. Thankfully, I always came out in one piece and in sound mind.

As I entered the next dimension I looked up at the sky to see the state of affairs pertaining to the weather. It was

cloudy and the temperature was around 75 degrees Fahrenheit. The humidity was low, with no breeze and a sweet scent in the air.

Looking at the horizon I noticed an incredible array of snow-capped mountains. Thankfully, they were far away. Their appearance gives off an illusion of closeness. Nevertheless, the mountains were far away. I wasn't in the mood to scale any mountains. Thankfully, the area around me was flat.

As I continued my walk I took notice of the beautiful trees scattered in the area. Amazingly, some of the trees were blue and others purple. This is one of the countless advantages of living as an inter-dimensional traveller. You get to see things that 'non travellers' can never see.

There grass was beautiful and came in two different colors; green and orange. What a sight it was!

But I wanted more. I wanted to see the living beings. I'm not talking about insects; I'm referring to fleshy creatures. Although it was an exciting thought some fleshy creatures are dangerous to cats. In fact, I've seen some species that have a personal hatred of all felines, regardless of size or sub-species.

I do not categorize other 'cat types' as other species. They are my brothers and sisters in feline-hood. Lions, tigers, jaguars, leopards, bobcats, and all else are sub-species. If we felines ever united, we'd be a formidable force. However, in dimensions that are high-tech it must be a waiting game. I mean, after the combatants have literally nuked each other into oblivion, then and only then, should my feline brethren make their move. No animal species will be able to stop us.

I continued walking with eyes and ears admiring the utter beauty of the area, but also on the alert for possible enemies. It took me another fifteen minutes before I notice the faint silhouettes of 'built objects'. Mind you, I was not walking in the direction of the mountains. On the contrary, I was walking diagonally and away from the mountains.

I was very excited to see these monuments. Would they be like the Egyptian pyramids? Or maybe like something unseen by yours truly.

Instantly, I made a sharp turn to my right and walked towards the silhouettes.

I instinctively sped up my pace. I needed to find a place to rest, relax, and eat in. Not to mention, protection from the elements; if the climate suddenly changed.

As I approached the built objects it became clear to me that what I'd seen was a former carnival site. Mind you, it was gigantic. Judging from what I could see from a quarter of a mile away it was as large as a North American town of ten thousand. Not bad for a carnival.

But with a carnival come patrons, workers, and performing/display animals.

How did the 'people' of this dimension look like? I couldn't tell. I hadn't seen or heard a single soul. I was hoping to find someone.

A short while later, I entered the carnival grounds excited about the prospect of playing. Yes, even full-grown cats like to play. If anyone tells you otherwise, he/she is either ignorant of cat behaviour is telling a lie.

Before my eyes were countless rides, booths, attractions, and food stands. Thankfully, I smelled food in the air. Either there were people here or the food was here all alone. In that case, I'd have to eat it.

I continued walking through the carnival grounds happy but a bit queasy. For some unknown reason I felt like someone was watching me, worse yet, stalking me from a distance.

A short while later I shrugged off my feline intuition as the jitters caused by being in a large amusement park with nobody around.

I walked for another hour before I started to feel a pinch of hunger and thirst. Immediately, I zoomed in on all nearby food stands. Because the food was free I had first, middle, and last pickings.

I bypassed multiple food stands aligned on both sides of my path. The food stands contained fish, pizza, steak, falafel, gyros, for my first choice of the moment, sloppy Joes. Who could pass up a couple of sloppy Joe sandwiches, pop, cotton candy, snow cones, and whatever else at an amusement park?

I fixed myself a couple of sloppy Joe sandwiches, potato chips, and a large pop.

Believe me I cherished my meal with every cell in my body. I've always taken advantage of the availability of free food. In this case, there was nobody else around.

After eating my main course, I decided to have some cotton candy. I went to the cotton candy machine and prepared myself a gigantic cotton candy stick. It took me thirty minutes to eat it.

After all of that food and pop I needed something different. So, I fixed myself a large grape flavoured snow cone. I made sure that the cone was firmly established in a special container. The last thing that I wanted to do was drop my beautiful cone!

It was then that I thought that I heard a cough ... or was it a dry heave? I couldn't tell what it was but I did know that it emanated from a humanoid.

Naturally, I quickly sucked and drank my snow cone and then went to investigate.

The person who made the sound was somewhere inside the Funny House. No doubt, this is a creepy and unusual place. Therefore, I bared my teeth and extended my claws. I was ready to fight to the death if need be. However, I was also ready to befriend a friendly person.

Prior to entering the Fun House I scanned the area surrounding me just in case it was a trap or some kind of set-up. Seeing that the coast was clear I went through the entered the Fun House.

Instantly, I noticed that the place was dim, full of unusual looking dummies, funhouse mirrors, and a train ride. I continued to walk through the area I was catapulted off of the floor by the sudden playing of a recorded laughter. The speakers were on the ceiling. But who the heck turned on the recorder?

Thankfully, it only lasted for a half a minute. Thereby, allowing me to concentrate on the issue at hand; who was here?

As I continued to walk through the Fun House I was catapulted off the ground by a simulated axe attack by a dummy. The creep lunged at me from behind. Still, it was nerve racking.

There was one more area in the mirrors section to be investigated. It was behind a curtained entrance.

After parting the curtains I got the shock of my life! I saw a young, very attractive woman sitting on the ground. The area smelled like barf, her knuckles were calloused and scraped with teeth marks. Also, she was crying her brains out. But what troubled me the most was her 'anorexic look'. Something was wrong and I had to get to the bottom of it.

"Excuse me, madam, are you all right?"

"Oh gosh you're the first person that I've seen on the carnival grounds. I guess that you and I must be alike; inter-dimensional travellers."

"Honey, why are you crying?"

"Kitty, I'm not crying! I've got allergies!"

"I'm sorry for assuming that. But please tell me why you're sitting on the floor like that. Something's wrong with this scenario.

Miss, I know for certain that you're suffering down to the bone. Don't try to kid a kitty. It just won't work.

What is the problem here? You're beautiful, athletic-looking, and you appear to be an intelligent person.

Let me make this easier; my name is Toby Matheson. What is yours?"

"Toby, I'm glad to meet you and I'm sorry for lashing out at you.

My name is Cynthia Corbett ... I'm not like those other girls! I never induce vomiting! I never go on starvation diets! I never binge eat! I don't have disordered eating! I'm not psychotic! I'm not depressed! I never wallow in self-pity, or doubt. I'm not imagining things!"

"Okay, Cynthia, then why does this area smell like barf and self-pity? I know very well that you have an eating disorder!

I'm a cat, remember! I know that you've suffered a lot in your life. I can see it in your eyes! Now tell me the truth or I'm taking off!"

"Please, Toby, don't leave me! Look, I don't usually have a problem with the way my body looks. However, I totally freaked out after I saw myself in the mirror. I'm as blubbery as a walrus. Every part of my body is deformed or malformed. If you don't believe me come and see for yourself."

That was a bit odd. Why would she ask me to come with her and see? I could see her ... no ... I knew what it was! The lights were dim and she thought that I needed a better glimpse of her.

I followed Cynthia to the mirror, but before looking into it I spoke some important words.

"Honey, I'm a cat, remember? I can see very well in dim light. You're not fat. In fact, I can see your ribs, collar bone, and your cheek bones. Why are you starving yourself?"

"Toby, you're not being honest with me! Look into the mirror and tell me what my reflection looks like."

"Cynthia, that's a funhouse mirror! Of course you look fat in it, and so do I!"

"Oh my dear, I was so shocked to see an obese, wallowing Cynthia Corbett, I forgot that I was looking into to funhouse mirror!"

"Now, please get up and follow me to your next meal. I don't want to see you like this. I understand that many humans, especially females have this problem but most of them to a lesser degree."

"Toby, I'm famished, but it's not because I've been sticking my finger down my throat or starving myself. I'm not sick like those other girls!"

For the moment my primary objective was to help nourish Cynthia. As such, I focused on taking her to the sloppy Joe stand.

Upon arriving there I asked Cynthia to have a seat and wait patiently for her lunch.

"Cynthia, I can fix you some sloppy Joes and you can have chips, pop, dessert, and a large snow cone to help you digest your food.

"What do you have to say to that?"

"Toby, please prepare my food immediately! I'm really hungry!"

"Cynthia, please sit on the swivel chair in the corner. I'll bring your food soon. But first I need to know how many sloppy Joes you want."

"Toby, I want twelve sloppy Joes, an entire bag of barbecue chips, two slices of that apple pie in the fridge, an extra large caffeinated pop, and afterwards, I'll have an extra large grape flavoured snow cone."

"Cynthia, do you think that you can eat that much food?"

"Toby ... you don't love me!"

"Okay, honey, I'm sorry for asking you that question. Yes, you can eat that much food. I'll prepare your meal immediately."

I prepared the sloppy Joes in twos and then prepared the next two sandwiches until I made twelve of them. In between my sloppy Joes preparations I was able to squeeze in an extra large caffeinated pop and a large bowl of potato chips. Don't get me wrong. I was worried about Cynthia. I had to wait for a more

opportune time to calm her down and get to the bottom of her problem/s.

I tried to gently persuade Cynthia to stop eating after she gorged down six sandwiches.

"Cynthia, you've had six sandwiches. Please continue eating in a few hours; please don't binge."

"Toby I'm not binging! You're making fun of me! You don't love me! You think that I'm sick!"

"No, honey, I love you! Actually, the words came out of my mouth wrong. I meant to say 'please eat up'."

After Cynthia finished her main course I prepared her an extra large sized cherry flavoured snow cone.

After Cynthia finished her snow cone I recommended that we clean up and take a good long walk.

We cleaned up in the restroom and then strolled through the carnival. I wanted Cynthia to properly digest her smorgasbord of a meal. It's unhealthy for a human to eat a gargantuan meal and then sit or worse yet sleep afterwards.

I took the opportunity to get to know more about Cynthia while we were strolling through the carnival.

"Cynthia, are you married?"

"No, Toby, I've never been married."

"Have you ever been married?"

"Toby, if I want to find the right man ... I can! Please don't think that I have some deep seated problems with men. I don't! I just want the perfect man. I want a man who's drop dead handsome; a man who'll never raise his voice or hand to me; a man who'll never cheat on me; a man who'll accept me for who I am; a man who'll never belittle me; a man who'll complement me on a regular basis without expecting sexual favours after each and every compliment; a man who thinks that I'm the most beautiful woman in the world, hands down; a man who's filthy rich; a man who's very intelligent; a man who's family will accept me wholeheartedly; a very learned man; an inter-dimensional traveller like myself; a man who'll spend much money on me without any conditions; a man who'll listen to me when I speak; a man who'll open up to me; a man who'll carry me like Tarzan carries Jane; a man who loves cats; a man who wants many babies; a man who is romantic; a man who'll counsel me about my personal problems without asking for sex afterwards; a man who

likes to take long walks; a man who likes to eat in nice restaurants; a man who's always honest."

As soon as Cynthia finished her long, unusual, and impossible demands, I fell onto my side. I was so devastated that this young, attractive woman was living in fantasy land. For her to find the kind of man that she wanted would be impossible. No question about that.

After recovering from my temporary disability I stood up and wished Cynthia the best of luck in finding her perfect man.

Cynthia and I continued our stroll through the carnival for another hour until we spotted a large bench.

We walked over to the bench and then sat down. It was then that I noticed that Cynthia appeared jittery and pre-occupied with a personal problem.

"Cynthia, please open up to me. You told me that you wanted a husband, a man, who'll open up to you. How can you expect anyone to open up to you when your problems are locked inside you. Even the jaws of hell couldn't make you open up to me. You must open up 'your own self'."

"Toby, years ago I was gang-raped in school. It was while I was an undergraduate student at Gramson. Gramson's status changes every time I re-enter my original dimension. The date rape occurred in the United States. I left the particular dimension and then re-entered. The second time around Gramson was in Canada.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, I befriended an incredible cat name Jody Wilson and she helped me to survive this horrible ordeal. Also, I've been to hell and back at least a dozen times. I can't seem to get over the gang-rape.

The memory of it is always in the back of my mind. I wish that I could go back in time and bludgeon Jeff, the ringleader to death."

"Honey, please don't say or think that. I know you are better than that. Killing ... no ... murdering someone is never the answer."

"Toby, I wish that you'd love me more! Then, you'd be more empathetic and sympathetic to my cause."

"Cynthia, I care about you so much! Please don't think that I'm a callous little kitty ... because I'm not!"

"Toby, do you think that I deserved to be gang-raped?"
It was time for me to play cat therapist. I leaped onto

Cynthia's chest then placed my paws on both of her cheeks. I gave her a big kiss on the lips and then rubbed the side of my face against hers several times. Afterwards, I began my cat therapy.

"Cynthia, please give me the specific details of exactly what happened. I'm all ears. I think that I can help you. Cats have been around humans for at least several thousand years. We've seen more than enough of our share of suffering humans."

Cynthia narrated her entire story. It took her two whole hours, but I was all ears. Not once did I yawn or feel sleepy.

"Cynthia, there was nothing that you could do to defend yourself. I mean, if anyone says that you were partially in the wrong because you were drunk, remind that person/s that the gang-rapists were also drunk. Being drunk is bad but it doesn't justify being gang-raped; ever!

Cynthia, you are a very special person. You are an inter-dimensional traveller.

I promise to keep you as my best friend in the whole world forever! I promise I will never betray you. I will never take anyone else, even another cat, as my best friend in the whole world. Cynthia, I love you!"

"Toby, I love you too! Will you come back to Montreal with me?"

"Yes, I think that it's time we returned home. Also, we should leave our dimension if we ever feel sickly or if we get sick of it."

"Toby, there's one more thing that you must do before we return to Montreal."

"Whatever it is, I'll do it!"

"I need to ensure that my breast cancer has been totally eradicated. I need you to give me a complete breast exam."

"Cynthia, I think that it would be better if you perform your own breast exam. The medical announcements on television state that 'you' should learn how to exam your own breasts. You should feel for lumps or any unnatural 'feels'."

"Tobey, I haven't felt 'my breasts' since the gang-rape horror! I can't touch them! I just can't! Why can't you support me?!"

When I awakened the morning after the gang-rape I actually saw the 'hands and fingers outlines' of the creeps on my

breasts! Those rapists squeezed 'them' very hard! Now, you won't even consider helping me!

Tobey, it was bad enough that I also counted four bite marks on my breasts. Please, don't torment me!"

"Okay, honey, please don't cry or become depressed. I'll do as you ask ... but my eyes have to be closed.

Another thing ... you are my best friend in the whole world and I love you."

I asked Cynthia to follow me back to the FUN HOUSE. Thankfully, she did as I asked.

A short while later we entered the FUN HOUSE then headed to the nearest funhouse mirror.

"Cynthia, please take off your shirt and then get on your knees. Afterwards, I'll 'squeeze you' in several different 'places'. Please don't make any unnecessary moves or sounds."

SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE!
SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE! SQUEEZE!

"Cynthia, I have great news! You don't have any lumps or unnatural growths in your breasts. I guess that means we can return home."

"Toby, I'm so happy that I don't have breast cancer! Breast cancer is worse than my gang-rape. It's more terrifying because it's inside me. Even the words 'breast cancer' are terrifying. Let's go back home to Montreal!"

"Wait, Cynthia, please don't suck on your thumb! You're regressing. How can we go back to Montreal with you sucking your thumb? We will be the laughing stalks of the entire city."

Cynthia shook her head from left to right. In effect, she was telling me that she wasn't sucking her thumb like a little girl. She was sucking her thumb because she needed a lollipop alternative. Naturally, her thumb was the closest object to the real thing.

I crunched down like a sleepy lioness, closed my eyes, and then hoped that Cynthia would take her thumb out of her mouth.

Finally, after I waited patiently for half an hour Cynthia removed her thumb from her mouth.

I couldn't tolerate this kind of behaviour in the real world. It's too freaky and attention getting.

"Cynthia, are you feeling all right?"

"Yes, and Toby I'm very sorry about the thumb thing. I sometimes do that when I'm under unbearable stress. I'll try not to do it again."

For a moment I was relieved. But then a thought entered my mind: if Cynthia can't suck on her thumb then maybe her eating disorder may return with a vengeance.

For the time being, our primary objective was to return to Montreal and live the life of a normal North American family.

But it was also then that I realized that I had to go into cat therapist mode ... again but this time around it would have to be more intense.

"Cynthia, we need to stand in front of the biggest funhouse mirror in the FUN HOUSE. Please don't argue with me, just do as I say.

It didn't take long for Cynthia and me to be standing directly in front of a gargantuan fun house mirror.

"Cynthia, I want you to keep an eye on the reflection of your image in the mirror while I speak to you. I may ask you to do things, but please DO NOT DISOBEY ME! I want to help you get over your problems.

"Cynthia I want you to remember everything that I say and then I want you to sink it deep into your mind. Furthermore, after I'm done I want you to verbally repeat what I've told you. Do you understand what I've just said?"

"Yes, I certainly do!"

I AM A HUMAN BEING!

I AM A WOMAN!

I AM A FEMALE!

I AM FEMME!

I AM ME!

I AM MYSELF!

I AM I!

I HAVE INALIENABLE RIGHTS!

I AM A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

I AM A VERY PRETTY WOMAN!

I AM A VERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN!

I AM A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN!

I AM A VIVACIOUS WOMAN!
I AM AN INTELLECTUAL WOMAN!
I AM A TALENTED WOMAN!
I AM A STRONG WOMAN!
I AM A POWERFUL WOMAN!
I DO NOT HAVE CANCER!
I AM NOT SICK!
I AM A HEALTHY PERSON!
I AM A HEALTHY WOMAN!
I WILL NOT ALLOW FOOD TO CONTROL ME!
I AM IN CONTROL OF MY FACULTIES!
I AM NOT A SURVIVOR; I AM A CONQUEROR!
I AM NOT TO BLAME FOR MY OWN GANG-RAPE!
I WILL NOT HURT MYSELF AGAIN!
I HAVE EMPATHIC FRIENDS!
I LOVE MYSELF!
I LOVE MY FRIENDS!
MY BODY IS BELONGS TO ME!
I LOVE MY BODY!
MY CELLS ARE BEAUTIFUL!
I AM A GOOD PERSON!
THE PERSONS WHO RAPED ME WERE BAD!
I REJECT ABUSE OF ANY KIND!
I REFUSE TO BE VICTIMIZED AGAIN!
I AM HEALTHY AND HAPPY!
MIRROR IMAGES ARE ONLY REFLECTIONS!
MIRROR IMAGES ARE NO BASIS FOR JUDGING!
I LOVE TO BE HAPPY!
I AM HAPPY!
LOVE ME FOR WHO I AM OR GO AWAY!
CRYING DOES NOT MAKE ME A CRY BABY!
I WILL NOT REGRESS!
I AM AN ADULT!

**I AM A GOOD PERSON!
I SHALL BECOME A MOTHER!
I SMELL NICE!
I SHALL BE ASSERTIVE WHEN NEEDED!
I AM NOT A SLUT!
I AM NOT A BITCH!
I AM NOT A WITCH!
I AM NOT A WENCH!
I AM NOT A WHORE!
I AM NOT ANYTHING THAT IS BAD!
I LOVE MYSELF AND MY REFLECTION!
I SHALL SUCCEED!
I LOOK NICE!
I AM WONDERFUL!
I CAN DO IT!
I CAN MAKE IT!
I SHALL PREVAIL!
I SHALL MARRY MR. RIGHT!
NOBODY HAS A RIGHT TO HURT ME!
I DO NOT DESERVE TO BE ABUSED!
I CAN OVERCOME!**

"Now Cynthia, I have made numerous statements and declarations. Have each and every one of them sunk deep into your body and mind?"

"Yes ... Toby, they have!"

"Now ... please repeat everything that I stated."

Cynthia appeared energetic and confident throughout the repetitions ... unfortunately, when she got to the last statement I noticed a tear dribbling down her right cheek. This was a sensitive matter. Now where were we going to find Mr. Right? I figured that I sustain her confidence for up to a year. After that she'd know that I could never find Mr. Right for her. Barring a miracle or some incredible event, I was just as lost as Cynthia was. I mean, I'm a cat! I'm not a trained matchmaker.

There's more; Cynthia Corbett had to rid herself of the lanugos on her skin and she needed to fill in the gap between her skin and bones. Her bones were showing from several places in her body. It was miraculous how she still managed to be an incredibly beautiful woman.

"Cynthia, I think that we're ready to go back home to Montreal."

"Toby, I love you more than anyone else in the whole world!"

"Cynthia, I love you more than 'love' itself!"

"Toby, wait, can I be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes, you certainly can!"

Toby, please ... isn't there a place where we can go where there are no problems; a quiet place where people are friendly. A want to find the perfect man! I want to meet Mr. Right!

Toby, if I'm your best friend in the whole world you must help me with all of your capability!"

"Okay, Cynthia ... we must enter the cloud and then re-enter into doorway #235. We must go to Peaceville, British Columbia.

Peaceville is a very quiet, friendly, clean, and rich town. Better yet, it is isolated. During my stay there I never saw or heard anything remotely related to a violent act.

Cynthia, I think that we should go there. I think that you will meet Mr. Right. Besides, I left behind Ms. Right. I need to return.

Cynthia, you desperately need to eat and get well, both physically and mentally.

Well, are you game?"

"Let's go to Peaceville, British Columbia!"

DO YOU PROMISE?

I decided that the only way to successfully help Cynthia was to return to Peaceville. I would stay there with her for the rest of my life. In the process I would certainly marry Kendra. I was finally ready to be a 'lion father'.

"Cynthia, just follow me through the clouds over there and into the hallway. Once inside the hallway we'll go to doorway #235. We shall leave this place and never return!"

"Toby, are you certain that I'll find Mr. Right in Peaceville? I mean maybe I won't. Then what will we do?"

"Don't worry, honey, we shall find you the best husband in the whole world!"

Cynthia and I walked through the cloud and then entered the hallway of the castle. After taking a few deep breaths, I motioned to Cynthia to follow me.

I noticed that every-so-often when I glanced back I'd Cynthia quickly pull her hand back from her face. She was sucking her thumb.

"Cynthia, please be patient! Do not regress! And do not suck on your thumb; if you do that no man in any dimension will ever marry you!"

"I'm not trying to suck my thumb! I need to scratch my chin. I was an itch there!"

I was certain that Cynthia wasn't being honest with me. However, it was not the time to be nit-picky about anything.

We walked to doorway #235 and then entered. I had high hopes but Cynthia began to suck on her thumb. In effect, she had turned into a little girl.

"Cynthia, you are driving me nuts! Stop sucking your thumb or else I'm taking off! So help me ... I will run away from you and never return ... ever!"

"Okay, I won't suck on my thumb!"

We had to stop walking because Cynthia began to cry. Now, for the umpteenth time, I had to play cat therapist again. I felt awful that Cynthia was regressing and crying. I leaped onto her chest then gave her some kind words.

"Cynthia, you know that I love you and care so much about you. I'm returning to Peaceville so you can find Mr. Right and I can marry my love ... Kendra Sanderson. Please help me here. I'm sorry that you're crying ... but that won't help."

After a 15 minute rest we resumed our walk towards Peaceville.

A short while later we were just a few feet away from the town sign. I took a deep breath, braced myself, and then entered Peaceville.

"Cynthia, I must find Kendra! She'll find the best man for you. I trust her judgement and integrity."

Cynthia didn't say anything. She trailed me like my own shadow.

After walking through town for roughly ten minutes I decided to stop an elderly man to inquire about the whereabouts of Kendra.

It was then that I got the jolt of my life! No doubt, the timeline and 'circumstances' in Peaceville changed; to what degree I wasn't certain. I had left the dimension and then returned. One or more changes were to have occurred in

Peaceville because of my re-entry. I was hoping that Kendra still remembered and loved me. If so, I'd marry her soon afterwards, without any unnecessary delay or clatter.

"Sir, can you please tell me where a cat named Kendra Sanderson is at the moment."

"Yes, my dear friend! I just saw her at Hank's snack bar located on Billings Street three blocks in that direction."

"Thanks a lot, sir! You don't know how much you're helped us!"

Cynthia and I walked to Billings Street then we looked left and right. Thankfully, Hank's snack bar was diagonally across the street from our position.

We crossed the street and headed straight for the Hank's snack bar.

Meanwhile, I was getting the jitters. Was I ready to make a long-term commitment; marriage, kittens, responsibility, settling down, no more inter-dimensional travelling, being a daddy, being lovey-dovey, and whatever else.

I continued walking because that was the right thing to do. After I got my head back together I had more resolve to get married and raise kittens, and also to find Cynthia a Mr. Right.

Hank's snack bar looked like it was something from the 60s. I could see the interior through the large glass wall.

I noticed swivel chairs, an old-fashioned counter, a juke box, and homemade pies on racks above and behind the cashier, donuts, sweet rolls, cookies, the smell of burgers, fries, and shakes, and three large soda fountains. I began to drool at the mouth. I couldn't help it.

I shook my head and tried my hardest to forget about the food I was looking at.

"Cynthia, are you ready for the decision of your life?"

"Yes, I WANT MY HUSBAND NOW!"

"Honey, don't worry, you'll have your husband soon!"

We entered Hank's snack bar together then headed to the cashier. He seemed like a nice fellow.

"Excuse me, sir do you know where Kendra Sanderson is?"

"Yes, just go upstairs. But ... you must be Toby Matheson. Am I right?"

"Yes, I'm Toby Matheson and this is my best friend in the whole world Cynthia Corbett. We are both here for the same reason. I want to propose to Kendra, and Cynthia wants to find Mr. Right."

"Guys, I am the owner of this snack bar. My name is Hank Oliver. Kendra is our special kitty. She's been living with my wife Anna and me since kitten-hood.

As for a husband, my son Robert is desperately searching for a decent wife. He's a civil engineer.

Robert is twenty seven years-old, owns his own company, and is a very handsome man. Besides, he is polite, doesn't party, and will never abuse or cheat on you."

I could hear Cynthia's heartbeat pounding away underneath her rib cage.

Hank called Kendra on the snack bar phone. As soon as he said goodbye to Kendra we heard her running down the steps. No doubt she was happy to see Toby.

As soon as Kendra was beside us she asked Hank if she could have a word or two with in the alley behind the snack bar.

Thankfully, Hank agreed with Kendra's request wholeheartedly.

The three of us exited Hank's snack bar from the back. We ended up standing some twenty five or thirty feet from the exit.

"Toby, you broke my heart! You hurt me really badly!"

"Okay, I was a fool and a jerk to delay my proposal to you."

"Okay, but first you have to apologize!"

"Kendra, I'm sorry for breaking your heart."

"Now, you must like both of my paws."

I went ahead and licked Kendra's thighs, and then I squatted down and asked her to marry me.

"Yes, Toby, I'll marry you! But I demand kittens soon ... with absolutely no delay whatsoever!"

"Your request has been agreed upon."

"What about me? I'm looking for Mr. Right."

"Honey, while you guys were getting all lovey-dovey on me I managed to call my son and tell him to come here without any delay."

A short while later Robert entered his father's snack bar. I was shocked at how handsome and elegant Robert looked. No doubt, he'd made many women turn their heads.

"Robert, this young, attractive woman ... named Cynthia is looking for a husband.

You know the rules in Peaceville say 'yes' or 'no' without any question.

"Yes, I'd love to marry you! But you must remember that I'll never leave this beautiful, peaceful town. And, another thing ... what is your full name?"

"My name is Cynthia Corbett and I think that you are the handsomest man that I've ever seen. But I have some rules and questions pertaining to our marriage. You must pass my test with a perfect score. I won't tolerate a single mistake!"

"Sorry for forgetting, my name is Robert Lawson and of course he is my beloved father. I want to be a father.

My father will retire in six months. I will inherit this snack bar. If you want me to keep it ... I will. If you want me

to sell it ... I will. As my wife you will become the most important person in my whole life!

Now, I'm ready to take your 'potential husband exam'.

"Robert, remember, you must agree to everything that I state without exception. I also reserve the right to ask you some personal questions. I expect that my questions will be answered in full ... if asked.

Most important of all ... do you promise:

NO ABUSE!

NO CHEATING!

NO BELITTLING!

NO MEANS ... YOU SLAM ON YOUR BRAKES!

STOP MEANS ... STOP!

I WANT MANY BABIES!

YOU LOVE BABIES!

NEVER MAKE FUN OF ME!

I AM THE CENTER OF YOUR ATTENTION!

I DETERMINE WHEN WE MAKE LOVE, NOT YOU!

YOU WILL HELP WITH ALL OF THE HOUSEWORK!

YOU WILL GIVE ME UNCONDITIONAL SUPPORT!

I AM THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

I HAVE NO FAULTS!

I AM PERFECT!

YOU WANT ME ... ALWAYS!

YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR MIND OFF ME!

YOU WILL COMFORT ME WHEN NEEDED!

DIVORCE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

Now Robert, I want to know exactly how many women you've slept with in your entire life. I also want to know when, where, and what you did. I need specifics, not generalities!

Another thing, you must accept Toby and Kendra as part of our family."

"Cynthia, look, I will try to be a good husband, but I will not do or believe in all of the things that you've stated. Another thing, please take your thumb out of your mouth! If we want to have babies you must show them that you are an adult! Take me or leave me! I will be a good husband, but not like the one you fantasize about."

Yes! Yes! Yes! Robert, okay! Please don't leave me! Yes, let's get married, right now!"

"In Peaceville, all marriage certificates are signed, documented, and verified by the town judge. In this case the Honourable Thomas W. Gallagher. You and I can be married in a matter of minutes!"

A short while later, the four of us were in the Office of the Honourable Judge Gallagher 'getting married'. But, we had a slight delay.

"Cynthia, please take your thumb out of your mouth! I promise to be the best husband in the whole world. No doubt, you will realize that Peaceville is just that; a very peaceful place to live in.

I understand that you've been to hell and back several times over. Don't worry we in this sweet town have heard horror stories about other worlds and dimensions. Trust me, a few weeks from now you'll be laughing up a storm.

In Peaceville we have no crime, nobody mocks anyone else, no racism, no serious illnesses, and a helping hand is always available. Furthermore, we live long, happy lives here.

People greet others on the street with a smile and a 'hello'. Everyone in Peaceville lives in a nice home. You and I will be living in a beautiful mansion! Toby and Kendra will live with us if you like. Otherwise, they can live in their own 'kitty mansion'."

"Robert, I love you! And ... can I be your best friend in the whole world?"

"Yes ... Cynthia, you can be my best friend in the whole world. And Cynthia, I love you too!"

That was the end of my hard job. I was very thankful that Cynthia finally found Mr. Right. Later, I would convince her to never leave Peaceville, every! The outside world was too hectic and cold. Not always, but much of the time.

Now, I wonder about Jody and Corey. I wish that wherever they may be they are happy and secure.

As for Jeff, I will never mention his name or location to Cynthia. I guess as far as she's concerned he no longer exists. I just hope that the Isle of Hell will be his home forever or at least until he dies once and for all.

I have now conveyed a good story to you. If some time in the near future I have more to tell you about Peaceville or something else, I shall write another e-book. Until then, I wish you all the best of happiness, safety, and luck.

