

MY NEIGHBOUR'S FUCKING CAT

My neighbour, who I will just call “L”, travels a lot. When she does she gets me to take care of her cat named Angel. We go through the same preliminaries....here's the hard food, here's the soft food and here's the special little treats he gets if he's a good boy. I don't mind taking care of Angel but he hasn't been trained very well. In short, he hasn't been given boundaries.

I was sorting out the food on the first morning and he jumped up on the counter to give me instructions. Never mind the hard food just load up on the soft, tasty stuff. I put the food down for him in separate dishes and gave him a fresh bowl of water. He immediately went for the soft food. As he was chowing down I went and cleaned his litter box then went and sat on the couch. He came and joined me. I started to comb his hair, a ritual he never gets tired of. After ten minutes it was time for me to go. I tried to get Angel off my lap but he was refusing. I lifted him up gently and when I put him on the floor he scratched me on my left ankle. You ungrateful brat I thought.

That night I went back to check on him. He had thrown up the soft food, knocked over a plant and threw some books and papers off a bookshelf. I cleaned up his vomit but left the rest of the mess where it was. He wasn't at all happy about being left alone.

For the next few days I repeated the routine, skipping the serving of soft food and special treats. Wherever I walked in the apartment he stuck to my legs like velcro. I started to feel sorry for him. Ok Angel, come here and I'll brush you. He jumped up on the my lap and started enjoying the strokes. He's really cute when he's docile but when I had to go he scratched me again on my other ankle. You little brat I screamed. You're not getting your special treats. He walked away from me as if to say....look....I'm the boss in this place and you're the servant.

“L” came back from her trip to Mexico to see the apartment in shambles. I could have cleaned it up but I wanted to show her how unhappy she's making that animal. I showed her my scratches so she would know I wasn't making this up. She repeated the fact that Angel really loves me.

I'm waiting for someone to give me special treats for being a good boy.