



A CAT'S METAPHOR

Lucas Marshall

APETITE, trim brunette silkily slides herself toward Geoff. Her feet pad the smooth oak floor, giving it wood. She begins to seductively remove her shirt. Two steps, more skin, three steps, more skin, four steps, belly button. His jaw would be on the floor if his heart would not stop bouncing it back up as it rapidly pounds out of his chest. Fish swim outside the windows of the room, the open sheep skin blinds allow the aqua light to wash in, painting the beauty, coloring her perfect skin. Her clothing falls to the floor and shatters into feathers, they slither away into the shadows, leaving the beauty in nothing but Brazilian panties as she continues her approach towards Geoff, who sits quite uneasy in his easy chair.

She stops in front of him, he can smell her sweet skin, and feel her body electrifying the air around him – he is paralyzed. With radiant blue eyes, she winks and bends down towards him putting her hands on his knees. She moves closer, bringing her head close enough that her hair whisks past his face. The warmth of her breath tickles the hairs of his neck. His mouth drops open, and his eyes close.

She purrs softly into his ear. Then to his erotic surprise she begins to lick and nibble his ear, breathing and rubbing her tongue, teasing his auditory senses. The room spins. Her body caresses his and she purrs again, louder, then meows and bites his ear lobe hard enough to throw his eyes open in pain.

Eyes now wide open; his pupils aggressively adjust to the bleaching light of the room. His eyes adjust, seeing broken blinds, water damaged paint and peeling wallpaper – his bedroom and it's goddamn morning. Sitting next to him on the same pillow he has his head on is his cat, Whoa. He sits and stares, a slight smirk on his face.

“Thanks a lot,” Geoff says, “Not only do I have you come in and destroy my wet dreams, but I wake up with you in my bed. Alone. This is not the kind of tail I wanted.” Whoa continues to stare, pleased with himself. Being only a kitten, there is not much communication between him and Geoff.

Whoa wants food, he wakes Geoff by wickedly wrenching him from his dreams, and giving him the creepy pervert stare uncomfortably close to his head. Geoff grumbles and blows a stream of bad breath

into Whoa's maliciously cute face. Annoyed, Whoa gets up and jumps off the bed, but not before farting in Geoff's face as he leaves.

"Holy crap!" He screams, as he retreats and lunges out of bed rolling across the floor, away from the stench that could start the air on fire. He scowls the cat, puts on pants, gives Whoa the finger, then walks out of the bedroom.

On the sofa in the living room, Caesar sits and waits for Geoff.

"You were out that late, and you still came home alone?" Caesar playfully says.

Geoff scratches Caesar's his head and rubs under his chin while scratching his own crotch, "Well good morning and fuck you too." He replies as he sits down next to the tabby cat, adding, "I still had a good night."

"Yeah right, and Moose had a rational thought." Caesar says while looking at the girl next to the window, licking her paws. She stops and looks at the two of us.

"My toes taste funny." She says, then gives a small smile and returns to tonguing her digits. Geoff and Caesar laugh on the inside and shake their heads.

MOOSE, A SMALL white cat with one blue eye and one gold, which may or may not account for her lack of intelligence, is a great feline that makes up with love what she lacks in brain cells. She just doesn't seem to really care much about anyone else; she keeps to herself, and compulsively grooms her hair or anyone else that gets near her. She is a sweet doll and we are all happy to have her around, plus she does a good job kicking Whoa's butt when he needs it.

"Shit, food, feed me hunger! Bowl empty! Up! Meow! Food hunger!" Exclaims the little grey one with bad gas as he jumps up onto the back of the couch and runs by, batting Caesar and jumping off the other side through a sun beam that has pierced the water stained window. Dust in the air spirals in his wake.

"What a spaz." Caesar says as a pounding of small paws and then scratching on linoleum is heard -- Whoa slides across the floor, into an empty water bowl. "Whoa! Shit hunger!" Comes from the kitchen.

Geoff looks at Caesar and rolls his eyes as he rises. Then looking at Moose, "You wanna get that taste of foot out of your mouth?" He asks. Smiling, she replies

"There is a bird outside, I want it, but the window is hard and cold. It will require a tricky barble with heavy lifting zippers. I wi..." abruptly, Moose bends in half to clean her belly. Pausing briefly to look at her,

"Very well." Geoff says, leaving the room. '*Every time she tells me something, I lose brain cells,*' Geoff thinks to himself.

IN THE KITCHEN, he fills the three cat bowls sitting on the 60s era gold and white plastic floor. Blue, yellow then red he fills, but the red one has kitty kibble in it. Whoa is already hoarding the blue and yellow bowls, he prefers the big cat food. Caesar patiently waits while Geoff puts away the food containers then scoops up Whoa. Muffled jibberish falls out of his mouth with a few morsels of food as he picks up the red dish and puts the two in the bathroom and shuts the door. Behind him Caesar is bellying up to the bowl, munching away.

"Yaaaaaaaay!" bounces Moose, entering the room, hunching next to Caesar. She seems to be humming something as she eats. Geoff watches them a second, then makes some toast with butter and peanut butter. Pouring a glass of OJ, emptying the container, he rinses it in the sink and tosses it in the recycling beside the fridge. He walks past the cats, stepping over Moose, who has already finished, and now sits cleaning herself in the doorway. Geoff steps over her.

"Ummmmm, lipstick?" she says nervously as he crosses over her and returns to the couch, "Sure thing Moosie." He replies. She is content, and lifts her leg to clean her already immaculate coat.

Eating his toast, he sits and stares at his reflection in the television. Sunlight is now pouring in all the windows illuminating the room. The picture frame above the tele is crooked, as well as the clock on the other wall.

HE REFLECTS back on last night, his friend Brian's birthday party was at his place down town. It was a good time, he assures himself. What does Caesar know anyway? He considers a good night going to the bottom of the stairs out the back door

and rolling on dirty cement, then finishing up with some undercarriage grooming and falling asleep in the bathroom sink. Everyone in the apartment knows that Caesar is deathly afraid of the outdoors, so these little ventures are a triumph for him. It was a good night. Geoff saw some old friends and met some new ones: like Alice. He met Alice.

"I met a girl last night." Geoff spoke, still staring at the reflection with a lap full of bread crumbs. He thinks about his thwarted dream he was having earlier.

Caesar jumps onto the arm of the couch, still licking his chops. "You already knew Moose, and she hardly qualifies as being alive, plus she does not like you that way. Just because she likes to be pet and licks you constantly and..." A pillow kartwheels across the couch and blindsides the cat. Orange fur flies through the air.

"Ooof!" Exclaims Caesar as he hits the floor.

He rises and shakes it off. "Alright, alright... who is she." He asks as he comes around the front of the couch and sits on the coffee table facing Geoff.

The orange cat grooms his ruffled hair, tames the spot flattened by the fall. Geoff looks at him, and takes a breath.

Muffled scratches, then "Bathroom sucks! Hey Geef! Heeeeeey!" echo from the next room. Whoa wants out.

Geoff rises quickly, spooking Caesar, "Yeah, that's right, you better be afraid punk."

Caesar fires back, "If I could kick your ass, I would."

He opens the bathroom door and Whoa darts out and slides into the other cats' food bowls. Being an alley cat kitten, the little Whoa is always hungry. Geoff gave up trying to stop him from eating the other food a while ago. It was a lost cause. For fun, he pushes the little monster away from the bowl with his foot, sending him sliding across the floor but he immediately recovers and peels out on the floor and jams his face right into the bowl. Too intent on food to fight back.

RETURNING TO the couch, Caesar continues to lounge on the glass coffee table, his tail, sways back and forth slowly. Moose is sitting over by the bicycles in the corner.

"One day Moose, I'll teach you to ride one of those."

"Well I will need to go to the store first and get new shoes, I don't want my toes getting dirty! Lets go next September day" She replies.

Nodding his head, "It's a date."

"So Alice?" opens Caesar. Geoff looks at him, and a perk can be seen in his eye. "Yeah, I met her last night, we played hacky sack for awhile outside and chit chatted. She was a friend of Steve. Pretty cool girl, we talked about going riding sometime."

"But you made no plans?"

"Well no, she was probably just being nice, making conversation."

"My god Geoff, if I had a set of balls for you to borrow, I would, but it looks like we are both shit out of luck. How are you gonna get in touch with her?"

Looking at his feet, Geoff is silent. Caesar bats at a pen on the table, making it spin. Another bat and it falls off the table. That game is done.

Whoa comes into the room, he hops up on the couch beside Geoff and jumps onto the back of the couch. He is purring as he walks toward Geoff and gives him a head butt.

"Must be on a food high." Remarks the tabby.

Geoff reaches up to pet Whoa, but he attacks the hand that feeds him, as the little shit always does. Gripping him, Geoff slaps the side of Whoa's back leg and tells him no. "Ahh! Shit" he screams as he leaps off the couch and goes to attack Moose, still sitting under the bikes. She sees him coming and when he lunges for her, she moves and gives him a healthy smack on his nose. "No thank you, I am amazing." She says as the foiled attacker paws away without victory.

IN THE BEDROOM, a phone rings. Everyone in the room cocks their head. It's not Geoff's phone. "You stealing phones again, Mussolini?" Geoff asks as he rises.

Blinking her gold and blues, "No... I like those soft treats you give me, they don't taste like the shoes and they are soft, not crunchy."

Geoff walks around the room, aimlessly, trying to locate the source of the ring. The ring stops. He stops. The three cats look at him, he looks back at them. A few moments pass, a horn honks in the alley, bringing everyone out of their glazed state. Whoa,

still overloaded with food lays down, unmoved.

THE PHONE rings again, sending Geoff into a frantic search. A sleuth on a mission. Like a blood hound on a trail, he tracks it to a chair in the corner. His coat. He reaches in the inside pocket and pulls out a phone and a few bottle caps. His mind searches for an answer, he stares at it, hoping it will tell him. A bulb lights, and he spins toward Caesar, holding the phone out like a can of mace.

"This is Alice's phone!" He exclaims.

Caesar's face is blank. "Well great, you stole her phone. Way to win her over."

"No, no, you nine lived nimrod. She put it in my jacket when we were playing last night."

Geoff, still in the mace phone pose, lowers his arms and takes a deep breath and apologizes for the nimrod remark.

ACAR OUTSIDE double honks its horn. Geoff goes to the window in the bedroom and Caesar jumps on top of the air conditioner to get a look as well.

Together they look out the window and see a short blonde haired girl honking the horn of a car. Smiling, Geoff waves like a six year old and shouts through the glass. He runs through the apartment and exits the back door, skips down the red stairs that slope on the verge of collapse and over to Alice car.

Moose crouches startled, not having a clue as to what is going on.

From inside, Caesar does his best to listen to the conversation, but his cat-like powers are no match the obstacles in his way.

Frustrated, Caesar asks, "Damn it Moose, you got any of those heavy lifting zippers? This window is too hard and cold to hear what the moron is saying to the little lady out there."

Caesar watches out the window as the two humans converse in the late morning sun, but quickly bores since he cannot eavesdrop. He looks around the room for a good sunbeam and jumps off the A/C to the floor. Time for a catnap.

Lucas Marshall is a climber, artist, writer and photographer living in Omaha, Nebraska. He owns two cats and proudly puts his hands up for them.

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