

BLOODY CAT by James Bliss

5:30

Mickey hears mother chopping on the chopping board in the kitchen. Straight away he springs into action. He makes his way from the back room, through the hallway, into the kitchen.

“Jamie, keep an eye on that bloody cat.” Mickey hears mother yell from the front room. Jamie is on the computer doing his homework. He struggles to tear himself away from the computer screen and turns around.

Mickey is just about to jump up onto the bench.

“MICKEY!!!”

Mickey hears him but takes no notice. He wants to make Jamie sweat. He keeps staring up at the pot boiling away on the cook-top. He can still sense Jamie looking at him. He turns around and puts on his cutest face.

“Nice try cat.”

Jamie gets up and picks Mickey up. He carries him over to the armchair and places him on his side.

“Stay there.”

‘No chance’ thinks Mickey to himself. As soon as Jamie turns his back he jumps off and runs back to the kitchen.

He immediately smells the enticing, almost orgasmic smells of the coming meal. He decides the dish will probably be too hot so he decides to get a drink. He jumps up onto the food preparation bench. He makes his way along the thin strip of bench to the sink and gets in. He begins licking the base of the sink and just his luck. Mother comes around the corner.

“Mickey get out of the bloody sink!!! Jamie, can you put him out.”

Mickey jumps out of the sink and runs to the front door. He’s been doing this for a long time and knows it’s easier just to go out rather than resist.

6:30

Brother has finished his meal and has foolishly let Mickey in. If brother was smart he would tell mother and Jamie that he let Mickey in. But he doesn’t and Mickey quietly sneaks into the kitchen and jumps onto the bench where the leftovers are sitting in the frying pan. He has a taste and decides it’s a bit spicy so he just pretends to eat it to piss Jamie and mother off. Mother finally notices.

“MICKEY!!! Brother, when you let him in you need to tell us.”

“Sorry.”

“Come and feed him.” Says Jamie.

“Not yet.”

Mums turn.

“Feed him.”

Brother loudly walks into the kitchen and feeds Mickey.

6:40

Mickey has eaten his dinner so quick he didn't even taste it. He comes back into the kitchen for a drink. Even though Mickey has water in his bowl, he decides the sink water tastes better. He jumps up and sits in the sink, lapping up the water every few seconds. Mother walks into the kitchen and frowns. She doesn't even say anything. She just picks him up and walks him out.

'Successful nights work.' Mickey thinks to himself.

True story. Every night of my life.

Word count = 482