

Cat Guilt

That pirate cat has been guilt tripping me for two weeks now. At first, I would just see it every time I walked to my car. Now, it sits outside my house and stares at me through the windows. I had to pull all the curtains closed because it was beginning to scare me.

Two weeks ago I was pulling out of the driveway when I heard a loud pop. I put the car in park and rushed outside. I thought my tire had blown out, but to my horror I had run over a kitten. The crimson red streaked across the gray concrete and purple tulips.

I felt awful; I felt nauseous. How could I ruin something so adorable?

I got back into the car and moved it forward. There was a sick squish as the tire was removed from the body. I did my best to clean up the area. I grabbed gloves and a shoe box, and put the little body inside. I grabbed the garden hose and some cleaners, but there is still a dim stain on the driveway that constantly reminds me of what I've done.

I gave the kitten a proper burial in my backyard. After the ceremony, I noticed the pirate cat. I looked up to see a burgundy cat with a huge scar across its face. It looked like something out of *Courage the Cowardly Dog*, except it walked on four legs. The cat glared at me, and ran its tongue across its teeth.

That became an image I was all too used to in the following weeks. Every time I glanced out the window, there it was. One night for dinner I cooked salmon. I offered it to the pirate cat as a peace offering, but that turned out to be an awful idea. All the neighborhood cats began visiting. I haven't seen any for a few days; I think the pirate cat scared them away. I looked out the window, and there was that damn cat.

I couldn't take the stares anymore. I opened the front door.

"What do you want?" I shouted.

"Justice," it said.

I gaped in terror, and then quickly shut the door and locked it.