

‘Fuckin’ cat’<sup>1</sup>.

So, it's 5:40 in the morning of February 22nd. I have work that morning at 9:00. All the lights are off in my room leaving my TV and VCR as the sole remaining light sources in my room. I had just finished watching the end of *True Romance* after spending the better part of the day, and half that night, trying to ‘troubleshoot’<sup>2</sup> my computer. I turned off both appliances and got into bed. Less than a minute later, I was half way into a really deep sleep when I heard this noise. It sounded like crinkling plastic, and was coming from around the nightstand behind my head. The development of ‘this noise’ gave me a moments pause.

‘What the hell is that,’ I thought to myself. I thought on it for another second or two, arrived at a conclusion, and sprung the fuck out of my queen sized futon and onto the floor. I looked at the second tier of my nightstand, right next to an unopened pack of Lucky Strike Lights<sup>3</sup>, and then started looking for the fucking cat. The cat was messing around behind the textured brown sheet I use to block off my otherwise open closet. As I had originally suspected when I got out of bed, and further substantiated after I *didn’t* see the ‘sac’<sup>4</sup> I left next to that unopened pack of ‘cigs’<sup>5</sup> earlier in the evening; I saw the

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<sup>1</sup>‘Fuckin’ cat’ is a term of endearment Jarod and I have for our cat. In addition to his given name (‘Cornelius’), ‘cat’ or ‘the cat’, and on occasion his AKA’s (‘Iceberg Slim’, ‘Snoop Dog’, ‘Sexed Out’, ‘Hemp Cat’, and some other shit we made up but forgot) I and my boy Jarod routinely refer to Cornelius as ‘bastard’, ‘rat bastard’, ‘fucking rat bastard’, ‘prick’, ‘fucking prick’, ‘skeeza’, ‘lap whore’, ‘my little ho’, and (of course) ‘fuckin’ cat’.

<sup>2</sup>‘Troubleshooting’, according to *Webster’s*, is “to operate or serve as a ‘troubleshooter’ (which they define as “a skilled worker employed to locate trouble and make repairs in machinery and technical equipment” or more generally as “a person skilled at solving or anticipating problems or difficulties”).

Also, see related story, “‘Troubleshooting’ my dad’s old, piece of crap, Macintosh Performa 475”.

<sup>3</sup>Talk about smoking Lucky Strike Lights all the time in trips back to Cali. Lucky Strike Light 2-pack at DeliMart.

<sup>4</sup>‘Sac’ is a ‘bag of weed’; generally an ‘1/8th’, unless otherwise specified

<sup>5</sup>‘Cig’, short for cigarette. Also see ‘stoge’, ‘square’, ‘butt’, ‘fag’.

fucking bastard cat holding the fat '1/8th'<sup>6</sup> bag (in his mouth) that I had 'hooked up'<sup>7</sup> earlier in the evening from my boy **Jason**<sup>8</sup>.

I started at him. He ran around the far side of my curtain. I turned a 180 and headed toward the door to try and head him off. The prick beat me to the door. I took after him into the dark hallway. I saw the fucking 'weed-headed'<sup>9</sup> cat turn the corner into the living room...my sac still in mouth. I heard the cat run behind the 6-man couch I hooked up from **Joe and Will**<sup>10</sup> as I headed for the wall light switch. He peeked from around the far corner of the couch as I hit the switch. He double backed behind the couch. I bluffed to the corner of the couch he was just at. The 'stankey-ass'<sup>11</sup> cat tore around the other end of the couch, ran underneath the coffee table in front of the couch, and kept on running in the hopes of making a break of it by me and in to the kitchen.

The fucker thought he had me, but really his trying to get past me was right on cue. I darted back to my left and caught that bastard mid-body. I lifted him up in the air about eye level so I could: a) look that prick right in the eye and call him the "fucking bastard" that he is and, of course, b) reclaim my 'stash'<sup>12</sup> from that little fucking prick before he damaged, ate, or lost any of it for me. Fuckin' prickass cat.

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<sup>6</sup>'1/8th' (pronounced as 'eighth' not 'one-eighth') is short for 'an eighth of an ounce of (most often) marijuana'.

<sup>7</sup>'Hooked up' means the same as 'picked-up'.

<sup>8</sup>See related story, "Jason: Pimp in training".

<sup>9</sup>'Weed-headed' is an alternative 'drug-term' for 'pot headed'. My cat does this and that, he is a total weed-head

<sup>10</sup>See related story, "The Twins: Joseph and William".

<sup>11</sup>'Stankey' is the same as 'stinky'...but worse.

'Stankey-ass' is the same as 'stinky', but 'to the next level'. My description of 'Cornelius' as "the stankey-ass cat" has a double meaning in that the little bastard quite literally as a stankey mother fuckin ass, of course, after he drops one into the sand pile and he periodically rips these 'hella' stankey, nasty-ass 'bombs' just out of the blue (They are really not good.)

<sup>12</sup>'Stash' is a 'smaller' (usually), 'on-hand', amount of weed (or some other drug) 'designated for personal use'.