

No, You Don't Know What I am Thinking

by Benjamin Matvey

Somehow the sadistic weavers of weather had figured out a way to make it humid and uncomfortable inside the office but cold and rainy outside. There was something inconsistent about this, Edgar was sure.

Nominally, Edgar liked rain. It was soothing, contemplative weather. Of course, Edgar wasn't such a freak that he liked cold rain, that's the only kind of weather that he was able to call bad without feeling the need to qualify.

As the end of the work day neared a picture started to work its way into Edgar's thoughts. He wanted to roll up in a ball like a cat and find a dark hidden corner to go to sleep in. He wished he were built differently so that he could rest his head on his thigh in a comfortable circle. He also realized that he would need to be softer and furrier in general for the idea to really work.

The thought occupied his mind as he made his way to the Metro down M Street from the office. On the sidewalk he bumped into a college friend of his he hadn't seen in a long time.

He made friendly with George but on the inside he was annoyed.

He didn't want to stand in the middle of sidewalk, facing George umbrella to umbrella as they informed each other of their respective situations. As they were talking Edgar noticed a small dark niche in the parking garage that would be perfect to crawl into and sleep. The warmth and security of that thought perked Edgar up in such a way that he knew he had to tell George about it.

But George kept talking. He was in the middle of explaining how he hoped to go to Georgetown when Edgar realized it might be strange to tell him about the cat nap thing.

And here was George, oblivious, talking law school, law school, law school while all this was going on in Edgar's head which he dared not share.

And why not? Because George was going to be a lawyer. And George felt the need to tell Edgar about himself. And since George had a Tray 6 umbrella he must be impervious to the rain. And George was everybody's friend.

Edgar muscles began to tighten inside his sticky uncomfortable clothes.

Scratch his eyes out, flashed through Edgar's head, *scratch his eyes out*.

Edgar would go up on his haunches and bat George in the face like a mouse. He'd tear his claws into the side of his head so that his plump throat would be revealed and then he'd strike for the jugular with his teeth, thick warm blood flowing through his teeth.

Edgar figured George would squirm for awhile but once he was dead, Edgar would drag his blood-mottled body back to the office and present him to his boss as a present.

"Ed?" George Asked.

Edgar leaned forward.

"Are you feeling okay?" George asked with a mixture of concern and skepticism.

"Oh yeah, actually I'm feeling alot better."

