

Interview with the Cat

by Dom Macchiaroli

As part of an online writers "interview" series, I decided to deviate a little from the norm and do my first interview with our housecat, while I await my first ever conversation with an actual human.

When my wife initially brought him home, Frisket immediately formed what would become known as the "Shirt Dragging Club". The only way to become a member is to have a personal article of clothing carried throughout the house by him, while he periodically does unspeakable things to it. So you can see the club is very exclusive.

Being a charter member of the Shirt Dragging Club myself, and after the latest episode in which he pulled a red long sleeve tee of mine through every room in the house, I decided it was time for a tete a tete with Frisket. We sat down, paw y mano, for a little discussion about that issue and others, back here in our spacious Tucumcari studios.

Dom: I am sitting here enjoying a light aperitif and cognac with Frisket, our formerly rotund orange tabby housecat; he of the elephantine poops that smell to Mexico. I've had my entire olfactory ductwork system vacuumed out fifteen times now, with the hope of getting any hint of his feline excretes out of my nostrils, to no avail. Nevertheless, thanks for coming by today and spending this time with us. I know you're busy dragging, sleeping and tormenting the dog, so I appreciate it.

Frisket: Happy to be here, Carl.

Dom: My name is Dom.

Frisket: You bet.

Dom: First, explain the whole 'dragging' thing.

Frisket: It's really pretty simple Ted. Since you and your wife decided to have me neutered against my will before bringing me home from the pound, I have resolved to drag your clothes through the house each and every day for the rest of my life while making

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passionate mewling sounds, you know, in lieu of actually being able to ride something that's alive. I just want you folks to have a daily reminder of what you did to me.

Dom: I thought that anger had subsided, so instead I'll change the subject. Tell us about your legendary "Cat Tower of World Domination". I bought it for you back when you were a kitten, back when you had a sense of humor. But now that you're grown, I see you up there rolled over on your back most of the time, acting smug. Even the goldfish wonders why you don't seem to be interested in life anymore. What's that all about?

Frisket: Well, up there I can just be me. I get tired of the games you humans always seem to want to play, trying in that pathetic way of yours to get me to chase bits of yarn and faux catnip pouches. I refuse to be pigeonholed by you into some ridiculous feline stereotype just because you bought my litter box. I guess I am supposed to be grateful and act cute twenty-four seven. I resent it, really.

Dom: I am glad you mentioned that, because you reminded me of another question I have. When you use that litter box, which came in the size of a small Canadian province for your convenience, and provided with hard currency earned by me alone while you lie around the house sleeping and licking the scar where your manhood used to be, would it be rude of me to ask that you make more of an effort to better cover the entire bowel movement, so I can cut the oxygen tent away with the hope that my teeth will stop chattering from the stench? I know that's a lot to ask.

Frisket: Listen pal, when a guy's gotta go, he's gotta go. Besides, I am dangerously inbred and that explains the nuclear nature of my poops. What are you complaining about? Tell the broad to feed me chicken from meow on.

Dom: I understand, but here's the deal. I would take it as a personal favor in the future if you would put your entire body inside the box, rather than just the one leg. That way, the stool will fit neatly and cleanly within the safe and solid confines of the litter, and not over the edge and onto the expensive floor as they currently do

now. The tile cost a lot of money and those burn marks won't buff out without a lot of work.

Frisket: I am sorry. While you were talking I was watching a bird outside and then started to daydream about what the old lady will make for dinner. What was the question again?

Dom: Skip it. Could you just make doo in the box from now on?

Frisket: Whatever. Time for a dump.

Dom: Maybe we should just put you outside, so you can drag a pigeon or something. Well, our time is up. Who do you like in the Series?

Frisket: I am more into pulling your cotton tops than handicapping baseball, but I gotta go with the Giants in seven. Their pitching is better. Now I am gonna go see what I can find in your sock drawer. Peace bro. (Saunters away)

