

## Spawn of Satan

When I was younger I loved cats. I found them to be cute furballs full love and silent understanding as a child. Yet I soon discovered they have an evil side to. And that is why I still love cats just now I love them the most when they are over-medium and served with Heinz 57 steak sauce.

When I was very young my parents thought it would be a good idea to have household pets because it would teach us responsibility. Our first pets included two dogs and a cat. I liked petting the animals, dressing them up, and liked to spoil them. But we moved alot and couldn't always take our pets with us. This had an adverse affect on me. I really liked having pets, found myself unwilling to become very attached because I was afraid of the day when I had to find them a knew home. I refused to let myself weep when the pets had to go away and soon began to not bond with the family beast(s) at all. I also came to realize how smart cats were. And I learned that cats couldn't be trusted.

When I was seven I learned first hand that cats are spawns of Satan intelligent spawns at that. We had two cats at the time Frodo and Gandalf. They were brothers. Frodo was mostly black with a white belly and Gandalf was mostly white with black spots almost like a cow. Frodo learned to tip my dads beer cans over and prop them against the fridge so that he could drink the leftovers. Gandalf learned to open bedroom doors by rapping his paws around the door knob, swinging from side to side; and when he felt the latch give he would thrust the full weight of his body against the door. He taught Frodo this trick. Which led to the family always living in fear of what we'd find when we come home. One time the cats annihilated my science fair project while I was at school. It was a paper Mache volcano.