

Rescue Cat - Written By Will Snow

Chapter Fifteen

The following day passed in a blur for Bill. He was lost in thought all morning long as he was thinking about the arguments he could use to sway Jodi to see his point of view. They were friends, and she would undoubtedly see how much better he was doing. Cosmo would be much better off with him than her. She was in an apartment. He had a house and a yard for Cosmo to play in. She had a life that was busy and required her to travel. He worked at home, and Cosmo would never have to be with people who didn't care about him or be alone again. He would never have to be alone again. She would surely see the logic in this. Of course, she would understand it. In fact, she would thank him for it. It was the perfect solution for everyone.

He heard his phone chime as he was drying off after a long shower. When he picked it up, he saw four missed calls and three text messages from Jodi. The text message said that she needed to talk to him urgently. A bolt of ice ran down his spine. He offered a silent prayer that she wasn't backing out. He walked out to the deck, dialed her number, and was shocked to hear her weeping when she answered the phone. "What's going on, Jodi? What's wrong?"

"Oh Bill, I am so sorry to tell you this, but Cosmo is gone."

"What do you mean, gone? He's probably just hiding behind the dryer or in a closet somewhere."

Jodi sniffled, "No. He's gone. One of my roommates put him outside last night, and he's **gone**."

"OK - well, he is probably just exploring somewhere. He'll be back. Did you try putting a bowl of food out and dancing with a feather? That worked before, but you must do it for a while because..."

Jodi interrupted, "NO! YOU AREN'T LISTENING! HE'S GONE! HE'S MISSING! I'M TERRIFIED! There's no sign of him anywhere. I've been looking all over the neighborhood in the pouring rain." She started crying in earnest. "Can you please help me?"

"Jodi - you've been my best friend since I was five. Of course, I'll help you. We'll make posters and put them all over the neighborhood. It'll be fine. We'll find him."

As he was consoling Jodi, Bill suddenly felt short of breath with a fast-growing pressure in his head and a high-pitched ringing in his ears. Feeling the ground give way under his feet, he ended the call and stumbled back inside the house onto the couch. He couldn't think straight. He was in a black and murderous rage, thinking of dozens of painful ways to punish

whoever caused this catastrophe. No! He couldn't be gone. He would go out there and see for himself. That's it, he thought. She is wrong. It was just a mistake. It would all be okay. He pulled a bottle of scotch from the bar and took several long pulls before taking a breath and returning for more, seeking fast oblivion.