

# Rescue Cat - Written By Will Snow

## Chapter Eight

For the next two weeks, Bill's early morning ritual expanded to include a relaxing drive to his new gym and an hour-long workout. The first few days were very tough. He expected to be a bit winded but was so exhausted that he purchased some sessions with a personal trainer. This young man was easily half his age, and Bill was a bit put off when he asked him about his goals and asked him to keep a log of everything he was eating and drinking. He was chagrined when he shared the week's list with the trainer. "I think the best advice I can give you is to consider whether you are helping yourself or getting in the way of your goals with this diet. You're doing great coming in here every morning, but you sabotage everything at home. I'm happy to email you some simple recipes that don't take any time to prepare and will accelerate your progress."

Bill considered his proposition the next time he was in the grocery store. He wandered bewilderedly through the fruit and vegetable section and to the meat counter, trying to remember what he needed to make a healthy meal. Had it been that long since he cooked for himself? He used to love cooking. It was something they enjoyed and shared. As he searched through aisles he hadn't visited in two years, it felt like every ingredient stirred up memories that flitted around his head like butterflies. He desperately needed to cut this adventure short and rushed toward the

check stand. He came to a dead stop when he saw a shelf with cans of enchilada sauce - her favorite dish. Bill started to feel light-headed and weak in the knees as his emotions worsened. No - not here. Not now! He tore his eyes away, took some deep breaths, and forced it back down. He paid for his groceries and escaped the parking lot as quickly as possible.

After unloading his groceries, Bill went straight up to his office and worked until well after sunset only taking short breaks to refill his empty glass with scotch and short trips to relieve himself. He was heading back to his desk for more when he saw Cosmo sitting in his desk chair. "Hey Cosmo. What are you doing there? I have a little more work to do, and I'll come down and feed you." Bill motioned to shoo the cat from his chair, but Cosmo didn't budge. "Go on. Get off! Go downstairs!" This time, Bill reached down to remove him forcibly and was treated to another rake across his hand as Cosmo put his ears back and hissed. "Fine. Have it your way! I'll feed you now."

Bill stormed downstairs and prepared the cat's meal. When he was at the grocery store, he picked out some better-quality food for Cosmo as well. It didn't smell nearly as rank as the stuff Jodi had left him with. With any luck, it might make Cosmo's morning ritual a bit less horrid. "OK, Cosmo!" Bill called upstairs. "Your food is ready!" When the cat didn't respond, Bill returned upstairs and saw Cosmo remain unmoved in his chair. "What do you want, boy? Go on and eat." Once again, he

reached out to pull the cat from his chair, and again, Cosmo clawed across the hand and hissed at him. "OK. I get it. I'll go down with you." After Bill had shut down the computer, Cosmo jumped off the chair and sauntered downstairs.

After dinner, Bill moved over to the couch and flicked on the television. "New episode of *Naruto* tonight. Don't suppose you want to watch with me." Cosmo considered momentarily and jumped up on the other end of the couch. Bill smiled and rubbed his hands together. "Excellent! I will fill you in on the story so far". Cosmo sniffed at the bowl of cheese-flavored chips next to Bill as he was describing the main characters. "Are you hungry, Cosmo? These are delicious!" Bill spread a handful of chips on the couch, and Cosmo warily licked one and started to nibble on it. "*Hmmm, these aren't so awful. Continue with your story, human.*"

For the next hour, they munched on snacks and watched anime, with Bill providing a running color commentary on the action. In the middle of an epic battle scene, Bill paused, let out a loud fart, and laughed. Cosmo's eyes narrowed to angry slits and released his own stench, and yowled in laughter. Bill made a sour face. He then let out a louder and longer fart. Not to be outdone, Cosmo laid down on his back and silently released a cloud of feline foulness so intense that Bill jumped off the couch and ran to the kitchen for a candle and matches. "Cosmo! That is foul!" Glorifying in his stench, he did a few belly rolls on the couch. "*Turnabout is fair play, human.*"

Cosmo was afforded the spoils of his victory for the rest of the evening. Cosmo was treated to catnip, a long session of laser pointer play, and mouse fetching until he was exhausted. *"Ah, Bastet! The human begins to awaken."*