

THE BLACK CAT

I was a very quiet boy. I liked reading and writing. My school friends often laughed at me because I was too shy and polite. My parents said I was helpful. I loved animals and my dog adored me. I often took it for a walk in the park and fed the ducks. I visited my grandparents every Saturday, I helped them in the house and garden. I went to church every Sunday. Yes, I was a perfect child.

When I was twenty I met my wife. We worked in the same office and I saw her everyday. It was first sight love. She was a pretty girl and I loved her very much. We married young. She liked reading and writing too. She also liked animals. She filled our house with every kind of animal. We had many types of birds: canaries, budgerigars, a parrot and a magpie. They made a lot of noise. We also had goldfish, rabbits, a beautiful dog, a small monkey that talked all the time — and a CAT! The house was like a zoo!

My favourite pet and friend was the cat. It was entirely black. Its name was Pluto. It followed me in the house, in the sitting-room, in the bedroom and in the bathroom. Every time I sat down, it jumped on my knee. Every evening it went to sleep in the kitchen. In the morning it was always asleep in my bed! It was always behind me. When I went out, it followed me along the street to my office and to my club. It followed me everywhere.

Slowly I began to change. I didn't want to go to work, I didn't care about my animals and I didn't care about my wife either. The only place I went to was my club. I drank a lot and played cards. I often lost. I hated losing! One evening I came home from my club. I was angry and bad tempered. The cat, as usual, walked between my feet purring stupidly. I fell down and hurt my head. I was furious! I went to the kitchen for a knife. I called the cat and when it came purring to me I took the beast and cut one of his eyes out!.....

(to be continued)