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LEAH'S DUMB CAT

I LIKE CATS. I'D EVEN SAY I'M A CAT PERSON. LIKE DOGS, TOO. GENERALLY, I DIG MOST PETS. BUT NOT LEAH'S CAT. I'D EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO SAY I'VE DEVELOPED A SINCERE AND PASSIONATE DISLIKE FOR LEAH'S CAT AND I ALL TOO OFTEN REMIND LEAH OF THIS.

THE CAT IS JUST PLAIN STUPID AND ALMOST NO WAY LOVABLE. BUT SOMEHOW LEAH LOVES IT. SHE'S ALWAYS DEFENDING IT. "I LOVE HER." OR, "SHE'S A KITTEN. . ." I GUESS IN LEAH'S MIND BEING A KITTEN JUSTIFIES PURE INSANITY WITH A TOTAL DISREGARD FOR ANYTHING (NAMELY, MY STUFF) AND AN EERIE ABSENCE OF AFFECT. THE CAT IS A MINDLESS ROBOT OF DESTRUCTION. EVEN WEIRD CATS SHOW AFFECTION OR APPRECIATE ATTENTION EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. LEAH LOVES ON THE CAT, PRETENDING THE CAT LOVES HER BACK.

THE FIRST TIME I MET LEAH, SHE BUMMED A LOT OF CIGARETTES OFF ME. I COMPLETELY MISJUDGED HER. SHE WAS MUCH COOLER AND MORE INTERESTING THAN I THOUGHT. SHE WAS AN ACTRESS, A SINGER, A STRAIGHT "A" STUDENT WITH A ROCKY PAST. ONE DAY WE WERE JUST HANGING OUT IN OUR DORM ROOM AND SHE BUSTED OUT WITH, "HEY! YOU WANNA SEE ME JUGGLE?" SHE STARTED JUGGLING TENNIS BALLS AND I MUST SAY I WAS AMAZED. MY CRAZY FRIEND WITH THE THICKEST SOUTHERN ACCENT IN ALL OF ALABAMA WAS ALSO A JUGGLER.

SOMETIMES, LEAH FREAKS OUT ON US. THAT'S WHEN I CALL HER THE GARGI (GAR-GUY,) BECAUSE SHE'S ALMOST LIKE A MONSTER. IF YOU BUG HER ABOUT HER STUPID CAT LONG ENOUGH, YOU CAN UNLEASH THE GARGI.

IF YOU WATCH HER WITH THAT CAT, YOU CAN REALLY LEARN A LOT ABOUT HER. THE LEAH WHO TRULY CARES ABOUT HER FRIENDS. THE NURTURING

LEAH WHO'S GOING TO BE A REALLY GOOD MOM, SOMEDAY. THE LEAH WHO GOT ME THIS JOURNAL IN WHICH SHE INSCRIBED, ". . .WRITE UNTIL YOU FILL THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK AND THEN I WILL BUY YOU ANOTHER!" THAT'S LEAH. SHE ROCKS. BUT HER CAT IS STILL STUPID.

Robin Watson

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