

## When I Came Home To Cindy

By

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When I came home to Cindy I was drunk and she had bought a cat, a cat she hadn't gotten food for. Cindy was angry and didn't talk to me. The cat ate the leaves off my mahogany fern, and hissed when I picked a fight with Cindy, just before I passed out. The next day Cindy was gone, along with my wallet and all her dresses. I tried to share my breakfast with the cat; double whiskey, coke, no ice, but the cat wouldn't have any and jumped out the living room window. I never learned the name of the cat.