

# **The Cat in the Hat & the Cat in the Hat Comes Back**

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*When the Cat in the Hat doesn't come back...*

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# 1 - The Cat in the Hat & the Cat in the Hat Comes Back

The Cat in the Hat & the Cat in the Hat Comes Back Revisited

Dedicated to the children of my generation.

It was almost disgusting how sunny it was the day Sally died. It had been 8 years since the cat had left. Our fish warned us, damn it, why couldn't we've listened? When Sally was 13, she started `rolling', she said it gave her a thrill that paralleled the cat, and the life we had before he destroyed it.

It was the cat's fault that our mother had begun mistrusting us. That's why dad and Sally left me. Dad started coming home late from work, and then quit coming home all together. Every month now I get a postcard (postmarked Nevada), with my name spelt wrong, and the faint smell of liquor. Sally was never the same after dad left, she was always crying before the Ecstasy. She never got a postcard from dad.

When mom found Sally, (in position), there was a fight. I was in my room, but I heard screaming, and saw blood splatter on the carpet. I ran out and saw my mother on the floor, and Sally running out of the house. My mother had only been scratched by the knife; we could clean up the wound in the kitchen. I think that's when she started drinking. I remember the next day our goldfish died. I remember because I am the one who stabbed it with a nail file.

Walking to school, many weeks after Sally left, I saw her in a car with some guy. As soon as she realized it was me, she looked away and I continued walking as though I had seen nothing. It was the last time I saw her alive. The next night a cop came to our door and took me to identify her body. I remember that I was going to go play Madden with Angel next door, and I was mad that I couldn't anymore.

When I saw Sally, I remember that she was kind of purple. I could tell by her face that when she died, she wasn't `rolling'; her eyes were sad. My 14 year old sister was murdered by the man I last saw her with. I remember the first thing I thought when I looked at her before we buried her, "where's the cat now?"

I was the only one to go to Sally's funeral. Mom was drowning her sorrows the whole night, and dad said that we were no longer his responsibility. He did send her a birthday card, even though he spelled Sally wrong.

It was a poor excuse for a funeral. Mom bought a casket with the money that I had been saving for college. The rest of the expenses were paid by a relief fund set up for my mother and I. I bought Sally a tiger lily though; she always said they were her favorite.

When I got home, my mother was passed out drunk on the couch, her cigarette nearly falling into her bottle of beer. The whole night I listened to her crying and throwing beer bottles against my wall. She kept screaming Sally's name, almost as though it would bring her back.

The next morning I had to put my shoes on to walk out to the kitchen. The living room and hallway smelt like Coors. My mother was covered in blood and broken glass. I hoped she was dead, but I knew she wasn't. I could see her breathing, but I didn't bother to clean her up.

I didn't feel like going to school anymore. I got an apple and some water, and then walked back into my room without hesitation. I stayed there for nearly 3 days. My mother laid in dormancy for only 2. On the 3rd day I left and decided to go to Angel's.

Angel was 19, nearly 2 years older than I. I just wanted to see him. He invited me in and held me as I cried. After a little while I felt his hands caressing my back and he kissed my eyes. I froze when he kissed my mouth. My first kiss, he was gentle, and softly inviting me into his world. I didn't go home for the night. I didn't go home for a month.

I remember my 18th birthday; I went home for the last time, I saw my mother lying on the couch, just as purple as I remembered Sally to be. There were 4 bottles of Jack Daniel's at her feet, and a bottle of vodka tipped into her ratted hair. I didn't know how I felt as I saw her lying there; I was there to get my

clothes. That's all. I was going right back to Angel, he would know what to do. My clothes were all neatly folded on the corner of my bed, one for each day my presence had gone unnoticed in the broken home. In nostalgia of yesteryears, I took only what I could carry and never looked back.

Angel was the only one I had left now. He was all I needed. That night, his kisses were softer, his touch gentler, and I found myself wanting to give more of myself to him in every movement. It was my 18th birthday; I sometimes wonder how to remember it.

It wasn't until the next morning that I realized my mother was dead; but I was happy because the Cat would only come when she wasn't around. I only hoped that he would find me at Angel's.

The week of my mother's funeral (much the same as Sally's) was when I began to ponder the return of the Cat. What would I saw to him if he were to return? What could he do to make things carefree and simple again? NOTHING.

Angel and I started smoking weed not to long after my epiphany. I remember that he always had a look in his eyes that said everything would be alright. I also remember the night we buried my mother he consoled me the only way he ever did. That was the night he first told me that he loved me; to which I replied I loved him more then I wanted revenge for my once loving family.

I remember waking up the next morning without Angel by my side. I was happy however because it was raining and snowfall was expected before noon. Perfect weather for the Cat's return. I sat at the window for as long as my patience would allow. I remember Sally used to sit beside me and make conversation; but now, I was alone.

I sat waiting for the Cat for 5 days. Angel didn't come home until it started snowing. He was leaving me. He said my reality was obscure and self destructive. He said my affection was like a poison.

He gathered his clothing into his arms and kissed me one last time before he left me forever. I didn't start crying until his car disappeared into the horizon at the end of the block. The house, now deathly still, and I sat together in front of the window, waiting for the Cat.

Recalling the memories of my childhood, I remembered in our last meeting that if I ever had spots in my snow I could call upon him and he would help me in cleaning it. Perhaps I could use this to expedite his appearance. However, I had to be ready to confront him; I wanted him to pay for everything he'd ever done to me - to us.

I put on of Angel's 12 gauges on my back as I thought of how Sally would ask me how such a loving child could be tossed aside like a piece of rubbish. And as I made a horrible mess on my snow with various liquids from the kitchen I remembered how Sally would fall asleep crying for the simplicity of the Cat, then of how our parents would tell us that the greatest gift of childhood was it's simplicity. I started crying again as I remembered Sally saying to never expect the Cat to return. She said it was because we were no longer children after dad left, and the Cat only came to children not yet ruined by circumstance.

When I had finished spotting the snow, I started fingering the barrels of the shotgun. I sat in the center of the mess I had made with no shoes, socks, or goulashes. I rocked in place, trying to stop my mind from crying. The Cat needed to see my frustration, not sorrow.

When the sun began to set, I began to contemplate the complexities of the Cat and a child. But now I am adult. And now Sally is dead. Nothing will ever change that. So where is the Cat now? Where is he now that he has destroyed everything beautiful in my life?

----- And now I know the most sadistic part of the Cat's existence; I know exactly where he is and where he has been for the past 8 years...in me...

Then the `Voom'

And the gun went `Voom'

And, oh boy! What a `Voom'

Now don't ask me what `Voom' is

I never will know

But, boy! Let me tell you

It didn't clean up the snow

(-This time)