

You charge Mr. McWhiskers. Too much pain and loss has already been caused today. Humanity doesn't need your anti-government cat adding to the death toll.

You pick him up, "No! Bad cat!"

He hangs his head and purrs softly.

You can't stay mad at your kitty. You cuddle him against your chest and walk across the room, "It's OK, Mr. McWhiskers. I just can't have you overthrowing governments right now."

He purrs and, in one quick smooth motion, extends his claws and slits you right across the belly. Instantly your intestines unravel onto the floor. You fall to your knees, feeling so much lighter inside.

Mr. McWhiskers hops out of your arms and sits on the floor, his back to you. You see that a thick cord of intestine has gotten hooked by one of his jacket's chains. You try to speak and reach out but you no longer control your body.

Mr. McWhiskers scurries over to the control panel, dragging your insides across the floor. You watch in horror as you unravel across the bridge. The cord goes taut as the cat reaches the other side of the room and pulls the rest of your insides across the floor.

Fucking cat.

**THE END**