

## The Hunt

Klaipėda, Lithuania. 1980s

“Ah, you bitch!” — Domas spat out angrily when he saw the cat dart through the window with his catch.

Domas loved fishing and spent all his free time by the river, earning a little extra by selling dried roach or whatever larger fish he could poach on the sly.

But this time the wily yard cat had finally driven him mad — even though the bastard was a real terror to rats and crows alike.

Foaming with rage and cursing under his breath, Domas watched through the window where the cat ran — into the old shed at the edge of the yard, where the neighborhood kids often played ball.

“That’s where your fucking end will come, furball,” he hissed like a snake, cracking open a bottle of beer.

The plan came to him instantly: lure — trap — kill.

He already had three older boys in mind from his courtyard — the kind who never said no to a free cigarette or a swig of beer during a drunken evening chat on the bench.

They called him Uncle Domas, which always made his face twist in an ugly grin.

But among themselves, they called him Žopas — Asshole.

The next day, he waved the bored boys over from under the trees and, starting casually, offered them each a cigarette.

“So, hooligans — bored, eh? How are your summer holidays?”

“What holidays? Without money it’s shit,” said toothless Linas, awkwardly spitting through the gap in his teeth.

Big-lipped Andris sighed gloomily, while the big-eared Gintaras asked:

“So, what, you got an offer?”

“Yeah, boys, I got one,” said Domas, already buzzed from beer, handing them a drink and sharing his plan — he called it ‘The Hunt.’

“Alright, I’ll keep watch and tell you when the bastard runs into the shed. I’ve already blocked all the other exits,” Domas grinned, showing his huge, horse-yellow teeth.

“I need him alive, got it?” — the boys nodded obediently.

“I’ll skin him alive myself. And the cigarettes and beer — guaranteed.”

An hour later, when the summer heat had reached its peak and every living thing had hidden in the shade, Domas gave a low whistle.

The boys crept up to the half-open shed door.

Gintaras held a sack at the ready while Žopas blocked the back exit with a large stone and whispered:

“That’s it, kitty — your time’s up.”

“Go!” he commanded.

The boys slipped inside, closing the door behind them.

It was dusty and stifling.

Sunbeams broke through the cracks, lighting up piles of rusty junk and all sorts of crap that people were too sentimental to throw away — “might come in handy someday.”

Hearing a faint rustle above, Linas whispered:

“I’ll chase him down — you catch him!” and climbed the shaky ladder.

Once up, he saw the cat darting frantically under the roof, unable to find a way out.

“Here, kitty, kitty...” said toothless Linas, creeping closer, when suddenly the rotten board beneath him cracked.

He crashed down, ripping his leg open to the bone on a jutting piece of metal.  
“Ah, fuck! Fuck, it hurts!” he screamed, falling onto a pile of junk.

The cat, panicked, bolted toward the gap by the door — but Gintaras, holding the sack, blocked his way.

The cat leapt the other way, toward Andris — and another scream tore the air: Gintaras had landed on a shard of glass and sliced through his foot.

Andris moved closer, arms outstretched, while the cat hissed and cowered in the corner.  
Then Domas burst into the shed, swinging his hatchet, and hurled it toward the terrified animal.

But instead of hitting the cat, the blade flew off the handle mid-throw and smashed straight into Andris’s kneecap.

There was a sharp crack — followed by a wild shriek of pain.

Everyone froze in shock, and the cat, seizing the moment, darted between Domas’s legs and vanished through the doorway.

The boys’ screams and cries of pain sent the whole yard into chaos.

Neighbors called the militia(police), and when a few people rushed into the shed, one elderly woman fainted at the sight of Andris’s bloody, mangled leg.

Domas got lucky — he was sentenced to two years’ probation for “negligence resulting in bodily injury” (Article 108 of the Criminal Code of the Lithuanian SSR).

Andris limped longer than the other boys, and the whole incident became a lesson they would never forget.

As for the cat — it was never seen in the yard again.

And Domas...

Domas, by a twist of fate, died soon after — of leptospirosis.

The End

13.10.25

Vladislav