

Cat is a C-Word

“They’re so fluffy and cute. Ple-eee-ease?”

“Who’d clean out the litter tray? Cause I certainly won’t be doing it!”

“I will. I’ll clean it every day. I promise.”

“But they’re so disgusting. Did you ever hear of toxoplasmosis? You get that from cats and it kills babies!”

“You made that up!”

“No, it’s real. Anyway, they kill billions of birds every year. That’s real. And little mice and things which other animals are suppose to eat. You know I love the birds in my garden.”

“Da-aaa-addy! I want a cat!”

“Why-yyy? They have to kill millions of cats all the time cause little kids like you think they want a cat and then they get rid of it when they get bored. Millions of cats! Every year! Killed!”

“No they do-on’t. I won’t get bored. I swear.”

“Rabies! They have rabies too.”

“They do-on’t. Ple-eee-ease?”

“No. They’re gross. I’m allergic to cat hair anyway. We’re not getting one. You know you have to get them neutered? They have to cut them up and remove all the things inside them that make baby cats. It’s cruel. There’s something creepy about that. We’re not getting one.”

“It’s not fair! I want a cat!”

“Yeah, well you can’t have one.”

“Tut. You’re the worst Dad in the world!”

“You don’t even care that I have an allergy! Anyway, I thought you wanted to be a vegetarian. Cats are carnivores, you know. They only eat meat!”

“I hate you!”

“Yeah, well I hate cats.”