

I don't like cats and they don't like me. I used to be allergic to them and I would get stuffed up and have hives. That doesn't seem to happen anymore. But I still don't like them. I lived with 3 cats that were not good at peeing in the litter box. They seemed to find something important to me and pee on it. Most of the time they peed on photographs or papers that would be ruined. Cats also bring fleas into the house. There is nothing worse than having to flea dip cats and also flea bomb a home. That is why I don't like cats.

She considered the birds to be her friends. She'd put out food for them each morning and then she'd watch as they came to the feeders to gorge themselves for the day. She wondered what they would do if something ever happened to her. 03056640931 Would they miss the meals she provided if she failed to put out the food one morning?

Time is all relative based on age and experience. When you are a child an hour is a long time to wait but a very short time when that's all the time you are allowed on your iPad. As a teenager time goes faster the more deadlines you have and the more you procrastinate. As a young adult, you think you have forever to live and don't appreciate the time you spend with others. As a middle-aged adult, time flies by as you watch your children grow up. And finally, as you get old and you have fewer responsibilities and fewer demands on you, time slows. You appreciate each day and are thankful you are alive. An hour is the same amount of time for everyone yet it can feel so different in how it goes by.

He slowly poured the drink over a large chunk of ice he has especially chiseled off a larger block. He didn't particularly like his drinks cold, but he knew that the drama of chiseling the ice and then pouring a drink over it looked far more impressive than how he actually liked it. It was all about image and he'd managed to perfect the image that he wanted to project.

The bridge spanning a 100-foot gully stood in front of him as the last obstacle blocking him from reaching his destination. While people may have called it a "bridge", the reality was it was nothing more than splintered wooden planks held together by rotting ropes. It was questionable whether it would hold the weight of a child, let alone the weight of a grown man. The problem was there was no other way across the gully, and this played into his calculations of whether or not it was worth the risk of trying to cross it. 22099621676.

Finding the red rose in the mailbox was a pleasant surprise for Sarah. She didn't have a boyfriend or know of anyone who was interested in her as anything more than a friend. There wasn't even a note attached to it. Although it was a complete mystery, it still made her heart jump and race a little more than usual. She wished that she could simply accept the gesture and be content knowing someone had given it to her, but that wasn't the way Sarah did things. Now it was time to do a little detective work and try to figure who had actually left the red rose.

My pincher collar is snapped on. Then comes the electric zapper collar. Finally, my purple at-home collar is taken off and I know I'm going for a walk to the dog park. I'm so excited to see my friends. I hope Spike or Thunder are there already. They're the most fun to chase and tumble with. My human is pretty strict with me. I'm only allowed on the grass and not on the sidewalks. I think she's afraid I'm going to jump on the other humans. I don't understand why everyone else gets to jump on the benches and run wild on the sidewalks. They don't listen to their humans. I know I could ignore mine but if I do she may zap me and it's just not worth it. She probably wouldn't let me back at the dog park if I didn't listen to her. I just love the dog park.

The song came from the bathroom belting over the sound of the shower's running water. It was the same way each day began since he could remember. It listened intently and concluded that the singing today was as terrible as it had ever been.

Here's the thing. She doesn't have anything to prove, but she is going to anyway. That's just her character. She knows she doesn't have to, but she still will just to show you that she can. Doubt her more and she'll prove she can again. We all already know this and you will too.

Another option you have is choosing the number of syllables in the words you speak. You probably have never considered this option before, but you have it every time you open your mouth and speak. You make so many choices like this that you never even think about, but you have the choice with each one. What are you going to do with this knowledge?

What were the chances? It would have to be a lot more than 100 to 1. It was likely even more than 1,000 to 1. The more he thought about it, the odds of it happening had to be more than 10,000 to 1 and even 100,000 to 1. People often threw around the chances of something happening as being 1,000,000 to 1 as an exaggeration of an unlikely event, but he could see that they may actually be accurate in this situation. Whatever the odds of it happening, he knew they were big. What he didn't know was whether this happening was lucky or unlucky.

Waiting and watching. It was all she had done for the past weeks. When you're locked in a room with nothing but food and drink, that's about all you can do anyway. She watched as birds flew past the window bolted shut. She couldn't reach it if she wanted too, with that hole in the floor. She thought she could escape through it but three stories is a bit far down.

I checked in for the night at Out O The Way motel. What a bad choice that was. First I took a shower and a spider crawled out of the drain. Next, the towel rack fell down when I reached for the one small bath towel. This allowed the towel to fall halfway into the toilet. I tried to watch a movie, but the remote control was sticky and wouldn't stop scrolling through the channels. I gave up for the night and crawled into bed. I stretched out my leg and felt something furry by my foot. Filled with fear, I reached down and to my surprise, I pulled out a raccoon skin pair of underwear. After my initial relief that it wasn't alive, the image of a fat, ugly businessman wearing raccoon skin briefs filled my brain. I jumped out of the bed, threw my toothbrush into my bag, and sprinted towards my car. 22099621676

She never liked cleaning the sink. It was beyond her comprehension how it got so dirty so quickly. It seemed that she was forced to clean it every other day. Even when she was extra careful to keep things clean and orderly, it still ended up looking like a mess in a couple of days. What she didn't know was there was a tiny creature living in it that didn't like things neat. 03056640931

Patrick didn't want to go. The fact that she was insisting they must go made him want to go even less. He had no desire to make small talk with strangers he would never again see just to be polite. But she insisted that Patrick go, and she would soon find out that this would be the biggest mistake she could make in their relationship. 17026029856.

She sat deep in thought. The next word that came out of her mouth would likely be the most important word of her life. It had to be exact with no possibility of being misinterpreted. She was ready. She looked deeply into his eyes and said, "Octopus."

The rain and wind abruptly stopped, but the sky still had the gray swirls of storms in the distance. Dave knew this feeling all too well. The calm before the storm. He only had a limited amount of time before all Hell broke loose, but he stopped to admire the calmness. Maybe it would be different this time, he thought, with the knowledge deep within that it wouldn't.

He couldn't move. His head throbbed and spun. He couldn't decide if it was the flu or the drinking last night. It was probably a combination of both.