1. 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.
2. Housework could be everyone’s work, not just “women’s work”. Why do women enable men to act oblivious to cleaning, grocery shopping, pet feeding, etc? Somehow when men live alone they figure out how to do all of those things all on their own. My friend’s husband claimed he didn’t know that sheets should be washed more than once a season. He said he didn’t know one had to clean toilets. He assumed that since you flush toilets they clean themselves. She tried to get him to help but he did an awful job so she let him off the hook. Wouldn’t it be better if she spent the time and energy to get him to do it right instead of letting him claim he is “just bad at it”. My sons were raised to clean toilets and change their own sheets. Hopefully, in their future homes, the housework will be equally divided.
3. She looked at her student wondering if she could ever get through. "You need to learn to think for yourself," she wanted to tell him. "Your friends are holding you back and bringing you down." But she didn't because she knew his friends were all that he had and even if that meant a life of misery, he would never give them up.
4. Patricia's friend who was here hardly had any issues at all, but she wasn't telling the truth. Yesterday, before she left to go home, she heard that her husband is in the hospital and pretended to be surprised. It later came out that she was the person who had put him there.
5. He took a sip of the drink. He wasn't sure whether he liked it or not, but at this moment it didn't matter. She had made it especially for him so he would have forced it down even if he had absolutely hated it. That's simply the way things worked. She made him a new-fangled drink each day and he took a sip of it and smiled, saying it was excellent.