

JODY WILSON: DO YOU LOVE ME?

BASSAM IMAM

## MONTREAL

Cynthia and I finally got away from our previous dimension and entered what appeared to be a more stable one. We'd been in the suburb of Westmount, Quebec for a whole year without any horrible incidents.

Although we lived in Westmount, much of our life experiences took place in the city of Montreal.

We found the greater metropolitan area cosmopolitan, relatively friendly, and very active.

Unlike our previous home this area contained a bus service, subway system, and a long distance train. Not to mention, a good underground mall and walking system.

Although Cynthia and I have always been Anglophones at heart, we were in a multi-lingual environment, with French as the officially dominant language, and English the second language. Many other languages are spoken in this incredible place.

As for English, you can get by in the downtown area and much of suburbia. Being an American cat, I understood that there was only one dominant language in North America. At the moment, Spanish is expanding in various regions of the United States. The French language is not spreading has not spread to the United States.

Cynthia and I loved to take long walks, read, go to the mall and eat, watch television, and other fun stuff.

However, there was something that was still pestering me. How to find Cynthia Corbett 'Mr. Right'?

It would be a little bit tricky and difficult because Cynthia wasn't quite normal; mentally. Her experience with the gang-rape, the cold criminal justice system, and her other problems, weren't going away. In fact, underneath our relative happiness was a very depressed and anxious young woman.

Cynthia and I decided to go to Westmount Park on a beautiful Sunday morning. We awoke to the sound of our alarm clock.

"Jody, please turn that ugly alarm off! I can leap like you can. I'm only a human being," requested Cynthia.

"Don't worry, Cynthia, consider the alarm clock turned off," I responded.

I leaped onto the alarm clock then quickly turned it off.

Cynthia and I had gotten a good night's sleep; however getting out of bed for humans is often quite difficult. I had to say this but I've picked up some human habits. Waking up isn't quite the same as it was before. I've become too chummy with my human friends, especially Cynthia.

"Cynthia, rise and shine!" I exclaimed.

"Okay, my dear love," responded Cynthia.

Cynthia and I got out of bed then headed for the restroom. We took turns washing up then I exited the restroom.

Cynthia disrobed then hopped into the shower. I was forbidden to see Cynthia in the nude. Never mind that we're both girls and that I'm a cat. Cynthia still hadn't fully recovered from her gang-rape ordeal.

Although I loved Cynthia more than anyone else in the world and I wanted her to make a full recovery, I was pessimistic about her making a recovery soon.

Even a cat knows that a gang-rape isn't something that just goes away. The memory will always be there, no matter how much therapy the victim gets.

That's not to say that the victim should give up on life. No, the victim should try to move on. Excel in whatever she/he can. Don't let the perpetrators ruin your life.

Cynthia exited the shower a short while later, all freshened up and wearing a smile. Somehow, something didn't seem right. My cat intuition and suspicion alerted me.

"Jody, let's go to the kitchen so we can eat breakfast. I'm very hungry!" Cynthia asked.

"Yes, I'm hungry too. Actually, I'm famished. Let's go to the kitchen to eat," I said.

Cynthia and I went to the kitchen. As soon as we entered the kitchen, Cynthia asked me to leap onto my kitchen table and wait patiently for my breakfast.

Cynthia fixed us eggs, pancakes, juice, milk, and toast.

"Jody, do you like my cooking?" asked Cynthia.

"Your pancakes were incredible. Actually, everything was good except the eggs were a bit raw," I said.

"Jody, do you still love me?" asked Cynthia.

"Of course I do, Cynthia! I love you a lot!" I exclaimed.

"Then why are you breaking my heart. You're telling me that my hard work isn't good. See, I'm crying!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Cynthia, I'm so sorry! Your eggs are the best in the whole world, without any exception whatsoever," I said.

"There you go, Jody. You really do love me.

Jody, will you always love me no matter what?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes, no matter what," I said.

Cynthia and I cleaned up then washed up after breakfast.

We decided to head to the park at 10:00 A.M. Any later and our activities for the day would be delayed.

At 10:00 A.M. we exited our apartment then walked down the hall to the elevators.

As soon as we got to the elevators Cynthia pressed the down button. We waited patiently for the elevator to arrive.

Our patience paid off. The elevator arrived a minute later. As soon as the elevator door opened we saw a friend of ours named Lydia Love.

We entered the elevator then smiled at Lydia, a well-dressed, beautiful black-haired woman. Also, she had beautiful cat eyes and a friendly demeanor.

Unfortunately, Lydia had red eyes and tears streaming down her cheeks. Instantly, Cynthia and I tried to find out what had happened to her.

"Lydia, why are you crying?" I asked.

"I received my Bachelor of Arts Degree in Sociology from McGill University last week. I ended up with a 3.5 GPA.

I was so happy, I rushed back home to tell my sister and her four friends the wonderful news.

As soon as I told them the good news, they frowned at me. Instantly, I knew that something was terribly wrong.

I asked them why they were frowning at me. I was shocked at their answer! They accused me of sleeping around to get my high GPA.

To tell you gals the truth, I was hoping that it was all a joke. Unfortunately, it wasn't! My sister and her friends were boozing it up, eating pizza, potato chips, and all sorts of sweets.

I have always been picky about what I eat; until a few days ago, that is. The pressure of it all was too much for me. They called me a little wench! I'm not a wench! I studied my brains out to get my degree and GPA.

I knew that my sister was envious of me. She's got two more years to graduate. She has a 2.0 GPA in Ancient History.

Suddenly, those little wenches began to laugh at me. That was the end of it! I physically attacked my sister. It was her fault. She should have stood by my side instead of conspire against me.

Then I proceeded to attack the other girls. Unfortunately, they outnumbered me. I found myself pinned to the floor, unable to move or say a word. My sister, who by then had a bloody nose, gagged my mouth with the palm of my hand.

They kept me on the floor for several minutes. Then, my sister slowly released her hand from my aching mouth.

At first, I thought that it was all over. No, it certainly wasn't! Those little wenches told me that they were going to keep me on the floor as long as necessary, until I admitted to sleeping with my male professors and the academic dean.

Girls, I lasted for another hour before I finally caved in. Please understand that I was crying, hungry, thirsty, and frustrated as all hell.

I admitted, under duress, that I was a wench in school. That I slept with my male professors and especially

Dean William T. Anderson, a man who's old enough to be my grandfather.

Girls, I need a hug and a big kiss from each of you, starting with Jody."

I leaped onto her chest, gave Lydia a kiss on the chin then rubbed my face against her left cheek. In essence, I was marking her.

As soon as the elevator door opened, the three of us left, going straight to the lounge room.

Meanwhile, I was still in Lydia's arms; trying desperately to console her.

As soon as Cynthia and Lydia sat down I leaped onto the floor, to allow Cynthia to console Lydia.

Both girls stood up then Cynthia gave Lydia a big embrace and a kiss on the right cheek. That brought a smile to Lydia's face.

"Girls, thank you very much for helping me through this rough time! I'm leaving Montreal tomorrow evening. Please allow me to take you out for a nice meal. I want to leave this beautiful city in good spirits. As for my sister, I don't want to talk to that little wench ever again!"

We chatted with Lydia for roughly twenty minutes before she began to cry again. This time, it was much worse. The irreversible familial problems had taken a toll on her. Lydia knew that when she left, it was for good.

Cynthia and I embraced Lydia and spoke to her slowly and softly. Thankfully, it helped to raise her spirits.

"Girls, why don't I take you out to eat? When we arrive at the Eaton Center it'll be lunch time.

How about it? It's all on me!"

"That'll be really fine!" I exclaimed.

"Please don't overburden yourself with this invitation. You're still recovering from a horrific ordeal. Also, what about the police? Did you consider calling them up and telling them what had happened?" asked Cynthia.

"How can I testify against my own flesh and blood? She's all I got now. My younger brother and parents died in a car crash. A drunk driver drove into an outdoor food stand in Toronto.

Imagine, here I was sweating my buns off in school then I receive a phone call from one of my former Torontonians neighbors.

This guy looks like a shriveled up prune. He told me point blank that my parents and brother were killed in a car accident.

Elmer, as we used to call him, had no tact; only a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of Old Granddad Bourbon in the other.

Girls, I must take you out to eat. Please allow me to do one last good deed before I return home.

I'm all alone! No family! No husband! No children! And I can't stop ... I just need more time to figure out what else I don't have. I have a gut feeling that I'm missing something very important in my life."

What did Lydia mean by 'I can't stop'?

I sensed that Lydia was suffering from terrible pain, anxiety, depression, apprehension, and confusion. It was obvious to me that she was in no condition to take us out to eat. She was Montreal soon afterwards.

I glanced over at Cynthia indicating that I didn't want to go out to eat. So, I told Lydia that we should stay in the lounge room. There was nobody there except two quiet, well-behaved workers.

"Why don't we get some food here, from the snack bar then we can sit down and enjoy a beautiful, quiet lunch," I said.

"Jody, you're a genius! I love you so much!" exclaimed Lydia

I noticed that Cynthia's face turned red then it paled; indicating that she felt left out. Lydia didn't tell her that she loved her too.

Anyway, we went to the snack bar and ordered our lunches.

"Sir, please give me a tuna sandwich, milk, mini-salad, a slice of lemon meringue pie, and fries. Wait, I also want a Frankenstein pop drink; make it a super-sized can," said Lydia.

"Certainly, and what do you lovely girls want to order?"

"We'll have the same thing," said Cynthia.

We walked over to a table near a mini-fountain and faux plants. It was in a nice secluded corner.

The three of us chatted for ten minutes before the other worker brought our food to us.

We ate that meal like there was no tomorrow! It was one of the most enjoyable meals I ever had.

After finishing our meal, Lydia insisted on paying the tab. We reluctantly agreed. The fact is Cynthia and I had so much fun we felt like it was obligatory on us to pay for the food.

We walked over to the television section then sat down.

"Jody, do you love me?" asked Lydia.

Somehow, that question seemed to be too up front and early in our relationship. I'd only known Lydia for a short while. Thankfully, I liked her a lot. In order not to offend or hurt her feelings, I told her that I did indeed love her.

Meanwhile, Cynthia was grinding her teeth. For a second, I thought she was going to bite Lydia. Thankfully, she didn't.

After chatting and watching television for a couple of hours, Lydia informed us that she had to get some rest before leaving. She decided to leave the following morning.

Cynthia and I gave Lydia a good, long hug. Then each of us kissed her on the cheek.

Lydia was so happy, she cried. But this was the good kind of cry; the happiness cry.

I still sensed something unusual about Lydia. She was temporarily content, but something very painful was brewing inside of her.

"Lydia, it was our pleasure to have met you. We wish you the best of luck in your career ventures, marriage, and security," said Cynthia.

As Cynthia was walking away, Cynthia went to the restroom. That's when Lydia waved me over to her.

"Jody, I live in apartment number 905. Please, if you can, come to visit me, tonight."

I gave Lydia an okay on the visit. Although I wasn't sure why she wanted me to visit her, Lydia had a problem.

I walked Cynthia to the elevator then waved her goodbye. She did likewise.

I quickly ran back to my previous place. I didn't want Cynthia to know about my rendezvous with Lydia. Humans can sometimes feel extreme envy and jealousy for the most trivial reasons.

As soon Cynthia returned I put on a smiling face as though nothing had happened.

"Jody, something doesn't seem right. You're giving me an unusual smile; like you're hiding something from me. Are you hiding anything from me?"

"Cat's honor, I'm not up to anything underhanded or conniving.

After barely convincing Cynthia that I had nothing personal going on with Lydia we left our apartment building in good spirits.

Unfortunately, my feline altered me to the hidden problems of my two friends, Cynthia and Lydia. No doubt,



they had deep emotional wounds. I had to dig into Lydia's psyche.

As for Cynthia, I already knew something about her problems. But, there were still other problems to be resolved. For a solution to these problems, Cynthia had to open up 'completely' to me.

Cynthia and I headed east on Sherbrooke Street. As soon as we reached Atwater Street we walk down to St. Catherines Street and continued east until we got to the Eaton Center.

By now it was late afternoon and the people were beginning to converge upon this area.

Cynthia and I entered the Eaton Center then took the elevator to the fourth floor. It's calmer up there. Most people converge upon the first three floors.

Cynthia and I casually walked the fourth floor twice before taking the elevator to the third floor. Once there, we headed for the exit then walked towards Bonaventure.

As soon as we exited the Eaton Center Cynthia got into a tangle with a homeless man.

The homeless man was sitting down on the sidewalk, with alcohol breath, a cigarette in his hand, disheveled hair, holes in his pants and shirt, and a stench that could kill a lion.

I figured he couldn't have cared less about what people thought of him. Judging from the way he spoke the years of boozing had destroyed his brain, perhaps beyond repair.

"Hey, honey! Can you please give me a couple of bucks for dinner? I'm two dollars short for a big bottle of Beer."

"Listen to me you stinking nitwit! I'm not your freaking honey! Next time you call me honey I'll punch you in the nose. Got-it?" shouted Cynthia.

"Hold your horses, princess! Who told you that my 'honey' was directed at you? I was talking to your cute little cat."

"We don't give money to drunkards!" I exclaimed.

Cynthia and I took on last look at the homeless man then crossed St. Catherines Street.

"Jody, I really sympathize with people and companion animals that are homeless for reasons beyond their control. Any person like that boozer gets nothing from me but disgust."

On our way to Bonaventure we passed an outdoor café'. The patrons looked like they were happy and relaxed. In

fact, one of the patrons blew Cynthia a kiss. That was a fatal error!

"Jody, that man wants to assault me!" I want need your help! Please don't leave me if he tries anything! I've got my hand on my cell phone!"

I didn't have the heart to tell Cynthia that she was acting irrationally. I used more subtle words.

"Cynthia, I really think that that man likes you. He's handsome, wearing a suit and a tie, appears friendly, and is worth speaking to."

Cynthia and I approached the man directly. I assumed that he was friendly while Cynthia wasn't so sure. Anyhow, we had to see what he was up to.

"Sir, how are you?" I asked.

"I'm fine, thank you!"

"You look like you're in good spirits," said Cynthia.

"Yes, I'm waiting for my wife and kids. I'm sorry about the kiss. I mean, if it insulted you?"

"You were directing it at me?" I asked.

"Yes, at you. You see, my cat died a few weeks ago. He was run over by a cruel driver.

Toby and I were crossing the street on a walk sign then this creep comes out of nowhere. Worse yet, he tried to run us over.

Toby pushed me out of the way by leaping at my back. The result, I was pushed forward several feet while he bounced back onto the ground.

After he was run over I called the police. Unfortunately, they couldn't help much. It looked like a dark car. But being nighttime, colors are deceiving.

I didn't get the license plate number either. I was clutching straws. I figured the person had done this kind of thing before. Anyhow, Toby was squashed to death.

Thankfully, a friendly onlooker removed a plastic bag from his backpack then carefully swooped Toby's pancake-looking body into it.

Afterwards, he gave me the bag. I thanked him afterwards then walked away.

Burying Toby was very painful. Not to mention the lie. My wife and son loved Toby to death. I told them that Toby died suddenly. And that I took him to the veterinarian.

I claimed that the veterinarian gave no cause of death."

"We're so sorry!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"You two girls look like you really get along fine. Please cherish every single moment that you are together. A cat is a human's 'special friend'."

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