

JODY 'PLUS' TOBY

STEPHANIE ANDERSON

Sharon and I reached the path leading to the castle. We stared at the castle as we slowly approached it. Something didn't seem quite right. Well, we realized that we weren't quite ready to enter the castle and take our chances in a totally different dimension.

Sharon and I looked at each other, slowed down then spoke 'our minds'.

"Jody, do you want to go back to Montreal? I mean, look, by reaching the pathway we've probably altered our lives. I think if we go back things will be a bit different and perhaps better."

"Sharon, I want to go back too!"

Sharon and I turned around then headed back to Montreal. We were hoping that things would be better this time around. In addition, I was more intent on finding Sharon a good fleshy

android for her to fall in love with and marry. However, I didn't forget what she told me about the no sex part. I had to have a long, serious talk with her about the birds and the bees. It wasn't normal for a young, attractive woman to want to find 'Mr. Right' and only hold his hand and tell him 'I love you'. I had to dig further into Sharon's mind.

Mind you, I'm not an overly suspicious cat. I just wanted to know what her underlying problem was. It's part of my nature as a feline to want to know. Cats are very intelligent and inquisitive. Never mind our facade. We've gotten away with it for eons. Dogs haven't. That's why many of them have served humans for life; sometimes risking their lives, too.

"Jody, do you love me from the bottom of your heart?"

"Yes, Sharon, I love you!"

Sharon and I slowly backtracked our way home. As we walked away from the tunnel, goose bumps engulfed my entire body. Although I knew that the tunnel was a safety net for us, it was also a creepy site. It would lead us to other dimensions. What kind of dimensions, I certainly didn't know.

As soon as Sharon and I were near Lionel Groulx Metro Station hunger hit us like a ton of bricks.

It was then that we noticed that it was mid-afternoon and sunny.

"Sharon, check your purse to see how much money and funds we have. If we're not rich, we should return to the path or even go all the way to the palace. I'm not being a money-hungry cat! I just want to be filthy rich!"

"Jody thanks for reminding me about that. We must find out where we stand."

Sharon rummaged through her shoulder bag, opened up her purse, then found a load of cash, check-book, jewellery, and a Westmount, Quebec home address. Well, it looked like we were rich!

"Jody, we're rich! Look inside my check book! We have three million Canadian dollars in our checking account! Jody, I love you!"

"Sharon, it really feels nice being rich again. Let's go out to eat. Look, let's go to the Eaton Centre. I've always been a big mall eater. Then, we can browse around and see if we can buy something."

Sharon and I grinned at each other then began our walk towards the Eaton Centre.

We had to walk uphill on Atwater Street. It was easier for me because I'm a cat. Humans, being bi-pedals, must strain more

than quadrupeds when walking uphill. I've always been thankful for being a cat.

As soon as Sharon and I reached St. Catherine Street we decided to veer left instead, entering Alexis Nihon Plaza first. It was a long day and what better way to spend it than to walk around and think about our money?

Alexis Nihon Plaza is actually a small-sized mall. It's good for shopping and like most other Montreal Malls walking is fun in it.

"Jody, let's cross the street. We can enter the mall from there."

"Sharon, do you want to get some ice cream from McDonalds? I certainly do!"

"Jody yes! Let's get two super-sized vanilla ice cream cones."

"Sharon, they don't have super-sized cones. I think they only have extra large."

"Jody, please don't piss me off when my blood sugar level is low! Besides, I'm in desperate need of a caffeine fix!"

"Sharon, you're not the only one who's hungry and is in desperate need of a caffeine fix!"

Sharon and I crossed St. Catherine Street then entered McDonalds.

For some strange reason McDonalds was closed. It looked like the bummer of the year for the two of us. No ice cream!

Thankfully, a female worker took notice of us. She gave me a big smile and a wink. I felt obliged to, so I returned the wink.

This girl had jet black hair, green cat eyes, freckles, and pale skin. She was five feet nine inches tall and probably had a boyfriend.

"Girls, I'll let you in real quick. You see, we're renovating in here. But, I think that I can get you something to eat. But we have to make it very fast. The manager will kill me ... then fire me if he finds out that I've let someone in.

Yes, he'll kill me first then he'll fire me!"

"Honey thanks a lot for letting us in. However, I take personal offense to you winking at my baby ... I mean at my best friend in the whole world."

"Gosh, I'm terribly sorry! Your cat friend is so cute. I had to let her in."

"What about me? You little witch!"

"Sharon, please don't make a scene. She wasn't trying to be disrespectful. She was only trying to be nice. I mean she did let us in, didn't she?"

We ordered our two vanilla ice cream cones. As soon as we got our order we left McDonalds.

Cynthia and I walked up to the 3rd floor of Alexis Nihon Plaza to find a nice place to sit and enjoy our cones.

As soon as we sat down, Sharon stood up then rummaged through her shoulder bag. Something appeared terribly wrong.

"Jody, I forgot my wallet at McDonalds. I'm running back!"

"Sharon, don't do that! Just hold my cone. I'll run back really fast then retrieve your wallet. Don't worry I'll be back in a jiffy.

As soon as Sharon took hold of my cone I ran back to McDonalds. It was a lightning-fast run.

As soon as I was in front of the glass door, the teeny bopper took notice of me. She blew me a kiss then approached the glass door.

"Honey, wasn't your vanilla ice cream cone good? Please tell me the truth!"

"Yes, the two licks that I managed to get were very tasty! Sharon forgot her wallet on the counter."

The teeny bopper opened the glass door, grinned and then motioned me to enter.

"Honey, here's Sharon's wallet!

Sorry, what's your name again?"

"My name is Jody Wilson. And I'm very pleased to meet you. You seem like a very nice young girl.

You're too young to be married. So, I'll ask you about a boyfriend."

The teeny bopper began to cry. I'd hit a large nerve. Instantly, I regretted asking my question.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend! I'm having a hard time finding a good guy.

I'm so pretty, guys are intimidated by me. Even the jocks are too scared to ask me out. I don't know what to do?"

"Honey, be patient. I'm sure Mr. Right will come along very soon. But for now, I want you to study hard and get ahead in life."

"Jody, I apologize for not telling you my name. It slipped my mind.

My name is Stephanie Anderson. I'm 17 years-old and I'm planning on going to a nice university to study sociology or psychology. Eventually, I want a doctorate! I want to be a professor."

"Stephanie, I think you can do it!"

"Jody, I love you!

Jody, is there any way that I can become your friend? I mean, I know that I can't become your best friend in the whole world. Sharon's got that spot.

I live alone. Would you like to move in with me? I promise to treat you like a princess and to behave myself with the utmost sincerity.

But please, don't tell Sharon! I think she's a witch in disguise. She doesn't want anyone else to love you."

"Stephanie, what's your home phone number?"

"My number is five-five-five-eight-four-seven-seven. And please don't forget it!"

Stephanie walked me to the glass door then she slid it wide open.

As soon as I thanked Stephanie she asked me to come back.

"Jody, please come back! I'm not sick! I just need someone really cute, cool, and friendly, someone like you to be with me for a short while.

As you can see, the workers have left McDonalds. I was assigned to close the restaurant for the day. Starting from tomorrow, it'll be business as usual.

For now, I'd like to enjoy a nice meal with you.

Jody, I'm having a quarter pounder trio, super-sized fries, and a super-sized pop. I'll have an apple fritter for dessert.

What about you? Would you like to eat with me?"

Stephanie, you're a very generous person! Yes, I want the same thing that you're having, except I also want a regular hamburger with extra pickles added to my order."

"Jody, please have a seat! I'll fix our food in a jiffy. Just think about food while you're waiting. It'll make your meal all the better. That's what I do at home."

I waited patiently for several minutes before Stephanie brought over our meal.

As soon as Stephanie sat down we began to eat. Honestly, we looked like a couple of hungry lionesses wolfing down a zebra carcass.

"Jody, I hope that you're enjoying your meal?"

"Yes, Stephanie, I'm enjoying my meal. But there's something that's bothering me a bit. Please be honest with me, okay?"

"I sense that you're hiding something from me. You're in immense pain. Please tell me what the problem is. I'm not trying to be a suspicious cat. It's just part of my nature. Also, I really do care about you."

"Jody, I may be beautiful on the outside, but I feel like an ugly duckling on the inside.

I was forced to take care of myself after my parents died in a car wreck a couple of years ago. I lived with my grandparents until I turned seventeen. I had to move out! There was a major generational gap.

Jody, those two nitwits wanted to set me up for marriage! Like ... they knew exactly what I wanted!

My grandparents thought that I was using drugs, sleeping around, and living a life of a criminal. In their old age, senility and ignorance hit them like a ton of bricks.

I saved up enough money then took off like a rocket. They tried to give chase but I warned them. Any attempt at a chase would result in a criminal complaint to the police. I was dead serious!

Jody, please ... I'm not sick!"

"Stephanie, I don't think that you're sick. Please, it's not good for you to tell me that. Otherwise, if you keep doing this to me, and whomever else, you may end up believing that you're really sick."

"Jody, I'm sorry!"

Jody, you look like you're enjoying your food. Do you have enough ketchup packets and peppers?"

"Yes, thanks, Stephanie."

"Jody, I have a painful secret to tell you. Do you promise, cat's honour and all, that you'll never tell anyone in the whole world! Especially another girl! Especially that little witch, Sharon?"

"I promise I won't tell anyone; cat's honour on that!"

"Jody, you're drooling like a hungry leopardess. Please, I want to wait until you finish eating before telling you my secret."

I really was drooling like a hungry leopardess, so I waited until I finished my meal. Actually, it's better that way. Can you imagine a therapist, counsellor, clinical psychologist, or a psychiatrist trying to perform a counselling session while eating a full-course, tasty meal? I thought so.

As soon as I had my last morsel, I told Stephanie that I wanted to go to the restroom and clean up. Even cats must clean up their faces and teeth after eating.

Because I was in a hurry it only took me a few minutes to wash up.

As soon as I finished with my business I returned to our table to hear about Stephanie's secret.

Upon returning, I couldn't help but notice that Stephanie was crying her brains out. In fact, she was shivering; almost to the point of hyperventilating. I understood that she had a horrible problem to deal with.

I leaped up onto Stephanie's chest then gave her a big kiss on the lips. Afterwards, I pawed at her face several times. To make sure that she didn't have any doubts about my sincerity, I then placed both of my paws on her cheeks keeping continuous eye contact.

That's when I heard a horrible banging against the glass door. It was so intense we both turned to face it at the same time.

It was Sharon. She was pounding on the glass door. She looked like she was pissed off!

Gosh, I'd forgotten about Sharon and my melting ice cream cone.

"Jody, please go back to Sharon. We can continue our conversation at a later time. Please, remember your promise. Nobody in the whole world can even know that I have a secret."

"Jody, baby! You have to return to me! I'm your best friend in the whole world, remember?"

I said goodbye to Stephanie then left McDonalds. Sharon and I went back upstairs.

Meanwhile, I was anxious about returning to Stephanie. I was very worried about her.

"Jody, you left me upstairs all by myself! The people sitting nearby were laughing and mocking me. They saw what you did to me. You left and didn't want to come back!

Jody, what went on with you two? Were you girls talking about me? Or did you talk about a secret?"

"Sharon, I'm very sorry for taking so long. Stephanie wasn't feeling too well. I think she was coming down with the flu or something. That's why I took so long.

Anyway, she invited me to eat with her. So I accepted."

"What about me? Didn't it occur to you that I was upstairs holding two ice cream cones, waiting for my best friend in the whole world?"

Jody, I forbid you to speak to that little witch again! I don't want you to think about her either.

Another thing, Jody I'm not sick! I just want to have you to myself. I want to love you forever. And I want you to love me forever."

As soon as we sat down I leaped up onto Sharon's chest then kissed her on the cheek. Afterwards, I embraced her.

She got the message. I wasn't going to speak to Stephanie again. Or was I?

"Jody, we have a special bond between us. Please don't break it. We must always stick together. Who knows, we may have to leave this dimension forever. Would you like to leave it alone, without me?"

I certainly won't want to leave this dimension without you. Please don't break my heart again."

Sharon and I chatted for thirty minutes before deciding to leave. In case you're wondering, Sharon ate both ice cream cones. It was her way of punishing me.

WHAT A LIFE!

Sharon and I decided to walk home. We knew exactly where to go because our home address was indicated in her driver's license. We couldn't wait to get home.

Sharon and I descended to the second floor then walked towards Canadian Tire then turned right.

As soon as we exited Alexis Nihon Plaza we began our serious trek back home. It was still sunny and warm outside. In fact, we had several more hours of daylight left.

As we walked home I noticed that people were staring at us. Something didn't seem quite right. However, I kept quiet for the time being. I didn't want to alarm Sharon.

We got onto Sherbrooke Street then headed west for several blocks before walking up a steep hill. With each step we took our hearts raced even faster. We wanted to see our new home!

Roughly fifteen minutes later we arrived at our apartment complex. The facade was absolutely stunning! Furthermore, a

professional looking doorman was standing in front of the building ready to open the door for anyone who wanted to enter the building.

"Jody, no matter what happens, whenever we enter a dimension, we must be filthy rich.

Jody, I'm not a money sucking vampire! I just want to enjoy life as a wealthy woman."

"I know, Sharon! I feel the same way. I can't be poor. I want to be filthy rich. I want to eat the best foods the world can offer me. I want to live in a large, comfortable, clean, first class home in a decent neighbourhood."

We approached the building wearing enthusiastic grins on our faces. We couldn't wait to see our first class apartments.

"Good afternoon girls! It's been three whole days since I've seen either of you. Where have you girls been?"

Instantly, Sharon and I realized that we'd had a history in this particular dimension. Actually, it worked for the better.

"Jody and I have been a bit busy. You know the story; shopping, eating, walking, thinking about our money."

The doorman opened the door for us then motioned us to enter.

As soon as we entered our apartment complex I took notice of the utter beauty and lavishness of the interior. There were expensive-looking portraits, chandeliers, wall-to-wall carpeting, beautiful pain, expensive furniture, and a beautiful spring near the manager's office.

Sharon and I walked to the elevator, pressed the 'UP' button then waited patiently.

A short while later we entered the elevator. Sharon pressed the number eight button then grinned at me. I grinned back at her.

We were at our door in a jiffy! Our apartment was #805. The door handle looked like it was worth a hundred dollars. The door was made of expensive wood; the kind that's illegally exported from a third world country. Anyhow, I had no time to ponder about that subject. With more important things at hand, I leaped back to reality.

As soon as Sharon and I entered our apartment we almost passed out!

Gosh our apartment looked like it was suitable for a prince or even a king! Mind you, we weren't complaining.

"Jody, let's take a tour of our beautiful apartment!"

"This is the most awesome apartment in the whole world! Sharon, I love living in Canada! I don't want to ever leave!"

"Jody, before you get carried away with living in Canada, remember we're not 'normal-living-people'! We're inter-dimensional travellers."

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