

MANIFESTO: CANADA CAT

JEFF

I finally found my opportunity! That little creepy cat Toby Matheson was my 'passageway' out of the stinking ISLE OF HELL! I'd spent GOD knows how long surrounded by molten lava, unable to plan any king of an escape, even an imaginary one in my beautiful head. Mind you, I'm not exaggerating. My head really is beautiful. Many a girls have said that.

Many drop dead gorgeous women were lucky enough to be my 'special ladies' for the night. Of those countless women a good proportion of them were married. That made 'our escapade' even more enjoyable. But some, even after I'd made it clear to them that it was only a 'passing act' fell in love with me. I didn't like that at all! Here they are married and all, having an affair with an incredible guy like 'Jeff' and they expected me to somehow forget all those other women and marry them. Mind you, I never had any pity for them or their foolish husbands.

Any man whose wife cheats on him on a regular basis is just that, 'a fools' fool'. So help me ... I'll never be that stupid!

As Toby Matheson was making his way out of the ISLE OF HELL I picked up the sound of his paws treading away. Naturally, he didn't know that I had an eye and an ear on him. I knew that because he'd appeared in a flash, he'd also leave in a flash. He was inconsiderate to not offer me an escape. Perhaps he thought that I was indeed guilty of raping, or should I say gang-raping Cynthia Corbett.

No way! Neither I, nor my buddies had anything to do with that kind of an act. We gave Cynthia Corbett exactly what she wanted and desired. A handsome jock like 'Jeff' would never stoop down to raping a naive woman. Jeff can have any woman that he ever desires; he's certainly drop dead gorgeous, drop dead handsome, extremely delightful, very superbly cute, multitalented, outrageously athletic, brilliantly intelligent, and extra-ordinarily gifted. Yes, indeed, that's me, Jeff ... the incredible Jeff.

Like a predator on a hunt I stealthily followed Toby to a white cloud roughly a hundred feet high and of the same width. Its bottom touched the ground, but ever so softly. This my friend, made it quite easy for a cat or a human to enter through.

Somehow, the cloud eliminated the horror of the molten lava surrounding my enclosure. It was like it no longer existed. Not that I'm complaining or anything.

As Toby approached the white cloud I made certain not to be too close as to alert him, but at the same time I was desperate to leave the ISLE OF HELL! It was a GODFORSAKEN place that nobody deserved to live in, especially someone like yours truly.

As soon as Toby entered the cloud I counted to three and then entered behind him. The cloud was a gaseous-looking entity that almost appeared to be alive. However, at the moment my mind was fixated on a bigger problem.

Toby walked through the cloud then entered through some kind of a doorway. I froze in anticipation then waited for an entire minute. Meanwhile, the cloud was suspended in time and place. Still, I had to be patient and upbeat. Anything was better than my previous home. This was a horrible home that Cynthia Corbett and Corey Jameson had sent me to. I had big plans for both of them. Each would regret being part of the conspiracy against Jeff.

After waiting for a minute, I hesitatingly entered through the doorway. Not knowing what to expect was enough to give me the jitters.

As soon as I entered the doorway I got the shock of my life! What I saw before my eyes was an endless hallway with

doorways aligned on one side. There was no telling how many doorways were there but the hallway's end was well beyond my scope of vision.

This was the first time that I noticed the shabbiness of my person. It had been ages since I'd used soap, shampoo, or any chemical cleaners on my clothing.

I scanned the hall and then turned around to see the other side of the hallway. I could barely see a change in form. There was something other than doorways in the place I was in. I immediately took the opportunity to investigate the matter.

I slowly walked to the other end of the hallway. Thankfully, I wasn't too far from the first doorway. Otherwise, I would've had to enter another doorway not knowing what to expect.

It took me a short while to arrive at my intended destination. It was the juncture between the first doorway and what appeared to be the inside of a gargantuan medieval castle. Furthermore, I scented food nearby.

I decided to follow my nose to the source of the food. For GOD knows how long I was forced to live on a diet of fruits, veggies, and plant extracts. Thankfully, the food I ate was full of nutrients but not enough for a full-grown man like Jeff. I needed more variety! I craved meat, breads and cereals, dairy products, alcohol, caffeine, sweets, nice clean water, money, freedom, entertainment, and women; tons of women!

As I was walking towards the source of food, I came across a giant restroom on my right. The door was open so I invited myself in.

As soon as I entered the restroom I took notice of a large sink, clean towels, a shower stall, and stacks of toothbrushes, toothpaste, floss containers, shampoo bottles, soap bars, mouthwash, and a giant closet full of all sorts of articles of clothing. Eureka! I'd hit a jackpot!

Although I was famished the feeling of cleanliness and freshness is always comfortable prerequisite to eating. I never liked eating in a state of sweatiness.

I stripped down and then discarded all of my clothing in the waste basket. My clothing was old, ripped, stinky, prison issue. So every time I looked at myself I was reminded that I was a prisoner.

Cynthia Corbett, biggest wench in the world that I'd previously lived in, ensured that I didn't receive a fair trial. The judge was a woman like Cynthia therefore, they conspired against me. I would never forgive any woman for what I had to go through. Mind you, I wasn't going to harm every woman in the world. Not that I could if I wanted to. But, I would certainly

harm those who reminded me of Cynthia, or any of those recalcitrant ones.

I leaped into the shower stall, turned on the water and then enjoyed the shower of my life. Everything went fine for my long shower. I must have taken an hour or so. No pain for me; I wasn't paying for the water bill.

As soon as I finished my shower I dried up, combed my hair, stared at my beautiful reflection in the mirror, combed my hair, and then went to the restroom closet. I chose the best articles of clothing all to my heart's delight. It was then that I took serious notice of the incredible restroom that I was in. Gosh it was as large as an average North American living room!

Furthermore, the paint was 'masculine brown', wall-to-wall carpeting, containing incredibly large sink with polished silver faucets, a large class fridge, and a ceiling fan that prevented mould build-up.

After I'd freshened up I cautiously opened the fridge door. Therein were stacks of bottled water. It was like they were waiting for Jeff to pluck them out. Naturally, I took three bottles, opened each up and then guzzled down the contents. I felt refreshed, but was still very hungry. It was now time to leave the restroom and follow the scent of food.

Not to be a litter bug, I tossed the empty bottles into the waste basket. A passing thought entered my mind: who maintains this place? It was too large and 'polished up' to naturally clean itself. Or, maybe I was in a supernatural palace. Although there were modern amenities and gadgets therein, the basic architecture was that of an old English castle. Mind you, I wasn't complaining. Besides, I was famished. It was now time to eat!

I exited the restroom then, like a bloodhound following a trail I walked towards the scent of food.

Thankfully, it didn't take long for me to find the source. I came by a large dining room with food on 'my table' closest to the entrance. Before my eyes was a plate that contained a fully garnished burger, a giant batch of fries, a bowl of salad, a hefty slice of lemon meringue pie, a small bottle of chocolate milk, a 1 litre bottle of pop, a bowl of sugar, a basket of cream a cup of tea and a large teapot.

I entered what appeared to be a first class dining room; something suited only for successful executives and other big shots.

I approached my table, scanned the area for possible dangers. I mean, look, it could've been some kind of trap. Jeff must always be on the alert. Being so incredibly good-looking, many people have always been envious of me. I don't blame them.

I sat down and then began to eat my delicious food. For some odd reason I felt that someone was watching me. Therefore, I scanned the area but found nothing suspicious. It was then that I assumed it was only my imagination. After all, I'd just left THE ISLE OF HELL. I was there for GOD knows how long.

It took me over a half an hour to finish my meal. Afterwards, I got up and then walked to the restroom.

As soon as I entered the restroom I took a deep breath and then realized my incredible luck. I had it all! This castle was my refuge. But, I certainly couldn't stay inside it continuously for the rest of my life. I had to get out into the real world. Besides, I had to find Cynthia Corbett at all costs! This time I would make her love me. She betrayed my trust, made false accusations, and behaved like a total bitch in court. Before marrying Cynthia I would certainly have to punish her severely for her atrocious misbehaviour.

I brushed, flossed, and then washed my hands and face with soap and water. After drying up with a clean red towel beside me I exited the restroom with the thought of finding an exit ... an exit to the castle. I had to find out where I was. But first, I needed to get a few winks. On my way to the dining room I passed by numerous bedrooms. I took several steps out of the dining room and then entered a large bedroom containing everything that I could ever ask for; a king-sized bed, beautiful wall-to-wall carpeting, chandeliers and three lamps, a large screen television set, stereo system, air conditioning, a study desk, and a large bookshelf containing books from various subjects. I disrobed and then dove right into my bed.

Although there was a clock beside my bed I didn't set the alarm. There was no reason to cut my sleep. I had to rest up for the coming days or years if need be. Finding Cynthia would probably take much work; if I'd only known the future.

I slept like a baby for roughly 14 hours. During my long sleep I had numerous dreams. The theme in each one of them involved Cynthia. At first she resisted me, but in the end she caved in; she fell in love with me.

Upon awakening I decided to roam through the medieval castle. After all, it was to be my sanctuary and secret home. If things ever got bad in one dimension, I could return to the castle and then enter another dimension. This was truly an incredible deal. But would I find Cynthia in one of the dimensions? Or was there something else about this castle that I didn't know? My roaming would enable me to see and hear more of the castle.

I roamed through my floor and then walked to the elevators. After pressing the 'UP' button a flash of fear struck me like a dagger in the heart. If the elevator malfunctioned while I was

in it who would come to my rescue? No way! I turned back and walked to the nearest stairwell.

I ascended one level up and then strolled through the hallway. Like the other floors in the castle it was beautiful but a tad bit different.

I strolled through the floor for roughly half an hour before coming across a large study room. As I entered the study room I took notice of the dozens of bookshelves aligned in straight rows.

I browsed through several books before deciding to read a Dracula novel. I spent several hours engulfed in 'Dracula'. Although I wanted to read a Frankenstein novel there was no time. Besides, I'd already finished one novel. For most people that is more than enough in one sitting.

Now, it was time to leave the castle. But how would I do that. I sat in place for fifteen minutes trying to figure out the answer to that question. Then, eureka! I decided to descend to the lower levels. Most likely, the exit was on the lower levels as in other castles.

I exited the study room and then walked straight to the nearest stairwell. After taking a deep breath I began my descent to the lower floors.

After descending ten floors I decided to check and see where I was at. In all my excitement I forgot to look out of one of the windows.

I briskly walked to a bedroom nearby, entered it, and then approached the window. To my utter shock, I was on the ground floor!

I exited the bedroom and then calculated the shortest route to the exit. I ended up walking through the hallway for a good one hundred yards. That's when I saw the door located in the facade of the castle.

I had to descend ten steps to reach the door. After bracing myself and taking a very deep breath I pushed through the castle door and then took a good look at what was out there.

Before my eyes was a treaded pathway. A light fog engulfed the entire area. But the fact that it was a treaded pathway meant that others have walked it. Indeed, the pathway led to a final destination, perhaps a town or a city.

Just in front of the exit was a dome shaped canopy made of cement. It was several feet long.

Although I wanted to begin my earnest trek I decided to return to re-enter the castle for a few drinks. I was craving booze. It'd been way too long since I had a drink. No doubt, there would be plenty of it in a medieval-like castle.

I entered the castle and then strolled through the hallway. I figured that there was at least one bar on each floor and a supply room in the cellar.

I descended the stairwell cautiously, making sure not to slip. My mind was fixated on booze. And with the memory of booze came the memory of Cynthia. After my buddies and I made love to Cynthia in the fraternity house I thought about her every time I drank. In essence, the booze brought back the memory of that night. If it hadn't been for that little squirt Corey Jameson I'd probably be married to Cynthia. I would've never been imprisoned, and perhaps I would've been a father. Anyway, although I knew that deep down Cynthia loved me I still had to punish her for being a back-stabbing, lying wench. Afterwards, we could tie the knot and live happily ever after.

As I descended the stairwell I began to detect the scent of wine. Each step that I took intensified the scent that much more. Instantly, I became elated!

As soon as I entered the cellar, I took notice of numerous wine bottles aligned in row after row. In addition, there was beer, champagne, wine coolers, and hard liquor in the cellar.

Instantly, I dashed to the wine collection, snatched a couple of bottles of red wine then placed them on my table. Afterwards, I managed to bring back a bottle of champagne, vodka, and gin, three draft beers (in large glasses), a six pack of grape flavoured wine coolers, two chopped up limes, a handful of cherries, peach and apple schnapps, and a 2 litre bottle of caffeinated, diet pop.

As soon as I sat down a disturbing thought entered my mind. It was bad enough that I wasn't drinking with my buddies, but how could I drink all of the booze and the pop in front of me when they were contained in numerous bottles and glasses of draft beer?

I scanned the area with beads of sweat streaming down the sides of my cheeks. That's how badly I needed to drink.

Alas! I found a giant goblet! It was mine for the taking! Although I was getting the shakes, I still managed to bring back the giant goblet to my table.

Afterwards, I poured all of the contents into the goblet, including the limes and cherries, and then carefully rocked the goblet forwards and backwards, making sure that it didn't tip over or fall onto the floor. That would've been a waste!

But before I began my drinking escapade I removed all of my clothes. You see, I've always loved to get drunk in the nude, especially because it has always reminded me of that special evening that my buddies and I had with Cynthia. We were in the nude and ready, until that creepy Corey ruined everything! Even in the castle vengeance was lurking inside my head. I was to

'respond' to Corey's aggressive acts and also to Cynthia's. After putting Cynthia back in her place then we could get married.

I drank for four straight hours; not leaving anything in the goblet, even the skins of the limes!

After finishing my drinking escapade I decided to place my head on 'my table' and close my eyes for a minute or two. Actually, I had no choice in the matter. I closed my eyes then passed out for a good twelve hours, awakening with a throbbing hangover. Mind you, I AM NOT AN ALCHOLIC! I just love to drink; I'm a ravishing drinker.

I grudgingly walked one level and then went straight to the nearest kitchen.

Upon entering the kitchen I walked to the fridge, opened it, and then took out two large bottles of water. Knowing exactly what to do, I guzzled every single drop of water in each bottle.

Thankfully, that was enough to rehydrate me. Living in a fraternity house taught me a thing or two about rehydration and covering my tracks. But not before I ran down the hallway with a throbbing in my bladder. I must've had two or more gallons of liquid therein.

To tell you the truth I almost urinated in my pants; really! Thankfully, I entered one of the restrooms on the floor on time, letting out an unbelievable quantity of urine into the urinal. My bladder was so full its imprint actually bulged out of my clothing. It looked like a giant softball.

After relieving myself and then washing up I decided to leave the castle, but a few seconds later I had a sudden change of heart. There was something about the cellar. But I couldn't quite remember what because I'd boozed my way out of it.

I went back down to the cellar and this time I looked 'beyond' the booze. The cellar was very large but I was under the impression that there was something very valuable therein, or something creepy. What 'it was I certainly had to find out.

I walked through the cellar and scanned the area in the process eventually finding a secret passageway beside a large keg of beer. I squeezed my way around the keg and then pulled what appeared to be a door open.

Behind the door was a cavernous pathway containing two large rooms. One room was on the left, and the other on the right. I decided to enter the room on the right first.

I scanned the area to make sure that there were no traps, bugs, or rats nearby. After realizing that the coast was clear I opened the door leading to the room on the right. As soon as I entered I took notice of an unusual looking machine. In addition, the scent of money was in the air.

I cautiously approached the machine. When I was close enough to read the instructions I got the shock of my life!

**THIS IS A MONEY MAKING MACHINE. JUST TURN
THE DIAL FOR THE EXACT CURRENCY THAT YOU
WANT. DO NOT BE SHY OR AFRAID. THIS MACHINE
IS GUARANTEED TO WORK!**

Instantly, I felt my heart and blood pressure rise. If I wasn't such a fit man I would've died of a heart attack. Money! Money! Money! I had it all!

Thankfully, the machine was small and light; in fact it was the size of a calculator. I didn't need to add ink or paper. At least that appeared to be the case.

I carried the counterfeit machine in my left hand back to the cellar and then gently placed it on the bar counter. Then, I returned to the cavernous pathway. This time I entered the room on the left. Unbeknownst to me I would get the shock of my life.

As soon as I entered the room, which was actually a gigantic chamber of some sort housed countless caskets. Why, I certainly didn't know. Naturally, the curious cat in every human got the better of me.

I slowly approached the nearest casket and then lifted the lid. To my utter shock, I saw what appeared to be a creature like no other that I'd ever seen. It was perhaps seven feet tall, very massive and muscular, with massive claws and canines. This thing, whatever it was, could easily kill Dracula, Frankenstein, Werewolf, or any zombie (fast or slow moving type).

In addition, the monster appeared very menacing and was very ugly. I assumed that it was dead so I closed the lid. I repeated this action a dozen times and each time I found the same thing; a beast/monster. I was confused about how these beings got there.

Anyway, there was no time to ponder about this matter. I had more important matters at hand. Money is a very powerful and hypnotic calling. The drive for money can be so powerful people have killed, maimed, lied, raped, gone to war, and compromised their own integrity to acquire more of it.

After having my fill of ugly monsters I took a deep breath then wondered to myself why their bodies hadn't decomposed. All fleshy beings decompose immediately upon death. If left outdoors and unattended, flies will descend upon the dead individual.

After coming back to my senses I left the room and the chamber. Afterwards, I slowly closed the door, hoping that nobody would ever find it.

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