

Jeb's Dilemma

By: Michelle Bowser

Introduction

When I was 16, I placed an ad in the tri-state area Wanted pages for some car parts. I got a call, a collect call, from a man deep in the hills of West Virginia. He said that he had a whole car he didn't want to bother parting out, and would let me have it real cheap if I would come and get it. After some negotiating, I was able to persuade my Dad and a friend of his to help me out. The deal was, Dad and I would pay for the car and take the parts we needed and his buddy would keep the body of the car and all leftover parts as payment for hauling it out of the windy hills.

It was 1991 and since the instant communication of the internet had yet to take over the world, things came to wild, wonderful West Virginia a bit late. Things like, The Satanic Panic that had all but died away in the rest of the country a few years earlier. Apparently it was just getting started in these particular hills and the car we bought that day would be forever referred to as “The Devil Car” between my Dad and his friend thanks to a gang of near toothless hillbillies and their leader—a fat, bald man in a wife beater t-shirt and bib overalls named Bubba, whom I overheard utter the most incredible explanation for not killing a cat.

“No. Can’t sacrifice one of Aida’s cats. I hate the woman, but I gotta have respect for her. She’s the mother of my kids. Gotta respect her. Nope, can’t sacrifice one of Aida’s cats.”

For years, this line would pop into my head at random times and I would think, “How the hell does one get themselves to a point in their life where they can utter a line like that?”

Finally it haunted me to the point where I just had to sit down and figure it out.

And what you are about to read is the only reasonable explanation I could come up with.

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It stared at him like a cat stalking a mouse, its once bright yellow paint faded by time and moonlight. The few teeth that young Jeb still had in his mouth chattered as he slowly swung the flashlight beam over the crumpled Firebird decal on the hood. He wondered, not for the first time, if it was really true that you could still see the blood stains that supposedly covered the interior.

Though he was now sixteen, and grandson of the greatest junk man Moss Gulley, West Virginia had ever known, Jebediah Gilbert was still too scared to go up to that Firebird and look inside for himself.

“C’mon Jeb,” Bubba said in obvious irritation.

The flashlight caught a glimpse of silver above the hood. Jeb had never been able to figure out how the dashboard had come to be sticking out of the windshield.

“C’mon! I done told you Jeb. All those stories about the dead haunting their cars ain’t true. We just told ya that so you wouldn’t try followin’ us at night.” Bubba spit impatiently.

Finally, Jeb had been deemed old enough and worthy enough to follow his cousin Bubba and the other older boys to their secret meetings out behind the junkyard.

Jeb laughed nervously. “I know that, Bubba. I just really like looking at them machine turned dashes in them old Fire Chickens.”

“Uh-huh,” Bubba replied flatly as he took a few lumbering steps toward Jeb and put his hand on the young boy’s shoulder.

“Listen Jeb. After tonight you ain’t never got to be scared of nothin’.” Then Bubba turned and began waddling up the rows of cars again.

Jeb thought it would be great not to have to fear anything anymore. He was tired of being pushed around by the other kids, and these silly fears that made him afraid of the ghosts in the junkyard. Who ever heard of a man afraid of a junkyard? Especially the grandson of a famous junkman.

Jeb took one last look at the Firebird. Through the window he thought he saw eyes looking back at him, green and slitted in the dark.

He took off after Bubba and the other boys as fast as his chicken-thin legs would carry him. He told himself it was to catch up with the others, but deep down he knew it was really just to get away from that spooky, yellow Firebird and its ghosts.

They continued through the back of the yard to where the oldest cars were. Here the trees were thickest and some grew right up through the bodies of the cars themselves. Jeb had never been this far into the yard before. After they passed the last rusty shell, they stopped at a wall of what looked like impenetrable vegetation. Bubba reached out and pulled back some branches to expose a new path cleverly hidden by some branches. Jeb followed Bubba and the other boys through a little jungle tunnel until they came out into a clearing.

The first thing Jeb noticed was the fire pit in the middle. It gave off just enough light for him to notice the black robed and hooded figures dotting the clearing and the

cinder blocks with an old barn plank laid across them just beyond the pit. It kind of reminded him of the church altar. Only darker.

Bubba picked up two robes lying on the ground near the pit. He handed one to Jeb and put the other on himself. Jeb squirmed into his as he was led behind the altar.

Puffing himself up importantly, Bubba addressed the small crowd in a booming voice.

“Brothers! I will now introduce to you our newest initiate, Jeb.” He swung his arm toward Jeb without looking and clipped him in the jaw, wiping the goofy grin that had appeared at the mention of the young idiot’s own name.

“Y’all know him,” Bubba continued. “Do any of ya think Jeb not worthy of serving our master?”

In the silence that followed, the sudden mewling howl of a cat sent chills up and down Jeb’s spine. Bubba looked around in annoyance for the offending feline.

When no human offered protest to his question he continued, “Okay then boys. Show him who you are.”

One by one around the clearing hoods came off. Jeb was anxious, but not really surprised at what he saw. His older brothers Cletus and Cecil were there. His cousins, Bobby and Merle. Ed from school, his oldest brother/cousin Jesse and three other older boys he’d seen around town before.

“Jeb,” Bubba drawled, putting a hand on the boys shoulder, “we all, and by we all, I mean us here. We all get what we want, whenever we want it and no one messes with us, right?”

Jeb nodded enthusiastically. It was true after all. Merle had a brand new pick'em up truck and Ed had just inherited the town's only gas station when his Pa drowned himself in the local swimming hole. Even his brother Cletus had just moved into a brand new double-wide with two sisters. Rumor was they had a garden tub and shared one bedroom.

“Do you know why we get what we want Jeb?”

Jeb scrunched his eyes in thought for a minute and then shook his head.

“It's 'cause we worship power,” Bubba whispered in his face. “True power. Our master is more powerful than even God himself.”

Jeb had never had any real use for God, church just being another place to get into trouble, but he had always heard that God created everything and therefore was all powerful. He was having a hard time trying to figure out what could be more powerful than all powerful.

His mind went back to the time Rev. Higgs had punished him for throwing rocks at a cat in the church parking lot. That was first time Rev. Higgs had told Jeb that Jeb belonged to the Devil. Rev. Higgs was always telling Jeb that he belonged to the Devil.

Bubba noticed Jeb's mind wandering and smacked him in the back of the head. Jeb refocused his eyes on the older boy.

“Now Jeb, do you know who our master is?” Bubba asked patiently.

The younger cousin scrunched his face up in consternation. Bubba sighed and Jeb just shrugged his shoulders. Bubba spoke slowly so as to be sure that Jeb would understand him.

“It’s okay Jeb. If you accept our Lord and Master as yours, then you won’t be stupid anymore. He gives power and he can even give your brain power.

“Wow.” Jeb really wanted brain power.

Bubba turned so that he stood directly in front of Jeb and puffed himself up again.

“Our master,” he said quietly, “is none other than Satan, The Devil himself!”

The Devil! thought Jeb. Well that explains it. He would be the only one who could be more powerful than God.

Jeb thought about all the times the Rev. Higgs had told him that he belonged to the Devil and he wondered what Rev. Higgs would think if he saw him now standing amongst the Devil’s worshipers. He thought it might be fate.

Bubba turned Jeb around until he was facing another robed figure. This one wasn’t very tall and still had his face hidden beneath the hood.

“This is our leader,” said Bubba, gesturing to the unknown man.

Jeb watched apprehensively as the leader pulled back the cowl to reveal his face.

Confusion hit Jeb like a sack of potatoes to the gut.

“Rev. Higgs!” he cried.

The reverend chuckled. “It’s nice to see you, boy,” he said. “I always knew you were right for service to his dark majesty, ever since I caught you throwing rocks at that cat in the church parking lot.”

The statement brought a laugh from the other boys, but just confused Jeb. Rev. Higgs was supposed to be a man of God. And Jeb had been punished for throwing rocks at the cat. Thinking was not helping him understand one bit and Jeb just looked at Rev. Higgs stupidly. “I thought you was God’s man?”

“Ha-ha my boy. Of course I am. Satan IS the real God. He’s the one with the power.”

“Uuuuuuh... but...” Jeb was even more confused now.

“My boy,” the Reverend whispered conspiratorially. “Why do you think Satan is known as the liar and the deceiver?”

“Yeah,” Jeb said slowly as understanding penetrated his brain. “That makes sense.”

The Reverend smiled.

“See, young Jeb,” he said kindly, “the master has already taken you in and is giving you the power to perceive things you never could before.”

Jeb was elated. Those were big words, and yet he had understood exactly what Rev. Higgs meant.

The rest of the night Jeb reveled in his new-found mental powers. Reverend Higgs encouraged him to mingle with the other boys. At first he wasn’t very comfortable, feeling like a third wheel, or that he was butting in on their conversations. But he was fascinated as they talked of power. Power over others. The power of false promises and broken vows. The power of lies and deceit in all its forms, and he was able to grasp everything they talked about. Even when they used big words.

Jeb was so proud of himself, he just had to tell Rev. Higgs about it.

“I’m proud of you too, boy,” said the Reverend slyly. “This is surely a sign that His Evil Majesty has blessed you and wants you to become a great demon in his minion horde!”

“Wow!” said Jeb. “A demon in an onion horde.” He didn’t know exactly what that those words meant, but it sounded so cool and his new dark begotten brain powers allowed him to perceive that this was the answer to all his desires.

The Reverend Higgs looked at Jeb seriously.

“Are you ready to commit yourself fully to His Unholy Majesty’s cause?”

“Yes! Yes!” Jeb squealed and jumped like a little kid. More big words he didn’t know but understood. Wow, he thought. If this new brain power was just a taste of what being in an onion horde from Hell was like, just imagine what he’d be able to do once properly committed.

“Good, good,” said Reverend Higgs. “But you must be prepared to make a sacrifice.”

“What? What?” Jeb asked eagerly.

“You must come here in one week and bring a cat with you. Then you must sacrifice it to our master upon the altar.”

Well that’s easy enough, thought Jeb. Then he remembered that it was only easy now that the Devil himself had blessed him with super brain powers.

“I will! I will!” Jeb assured the Reverend.

“Good my son. Good.” The Reverend patted him on the shoulder and the party continued.

Jeb spent the next week trying to put all the advice he had gotten from his fellow Devil worshipers to good use in getting his way.

He beat up several guys at the pool hall when they told him to wait his turn. It was easy to kick ass now that he knew there was no way he could lose being one of Satan's onions.

He lied to his mom about getting a job and convinced her to give him money so he could have lunch in town for his first pretend work week.

He stole some candy bars from the local convenience store without getting caught this time.

He vandalized the laundry mat with soap and toilet paper.

He threw smoke bombs into an open office window at the Sheriff's Department.

He even used his new-found mental abilities to get something right on *Jeopardy*, stunning his entire family at dinner that night.

But Jeb wasn't the only one causing chaos that week. His fellow minions couldn't let themselves be outdone by a newbie who thought he was an onion. So, they set an abandoned barn at the Taylor farm on fire, which then spread to the hayfield and headed for town, causing a huge panic. While everyone was off fighting the fire they sneaked back into town and toilet-papered the church and the streetlight. The only streetlight. No one was ever caught but there were rumors. And after the toilet paper devastation at the church, the phrase, "Devil-worshiper" began to pepper those rumors.

The Reverend Higgs, taking full advantage of these rumors, promised a special evening sermon (with collection plate) on how to protect yourself from the Devil. Some parishioners talked of calling in the state police, But the Reverend cautioned them that Earthly police were not equipped to fight this battle. Only divine guidance and protection from the Lord would help.

In the meantime, Jeb had been keeping his eye out for a stray cat, but hadn't been able to catch one. He told himself he didn't really want a stray anyhow. He was sure that sacrificing someone's beloved pet would gain him more favor with the Dark Master.

Jeb decided that if he was going to take someone's pet, he better do it just before he made his way back to the secret clearing for the sacrifice. Otherwise, he might be caught with it and found out. Jeb smiled and congratulated himself on being so clever. It was, after all, the cleverest thought he had ever had.

So, on the evening of his initiation, Jeb found himself crouching in the grass across the road from a dumpy, dull silver trailer that belonged to his cousin Bubba's ex-girlfriend Aida. Bubba was always complaining about what a fat, nagging bitch she was, so he figured it would please Bubba if he took one of her cats. Plus her trailer was the last house before the junkyard.

Aida had plenty of cats. There were cats lounging on the porch, cats rolling underneath the porch, cats stretching on the front lawn and cats generally wandering all over the place.

Jeb tried to catch a few that were wandering in the yard near the road by chasing after them, but they just hissed and ran away. Under the porch he saw a pretty calico nursing a litter of kittens. Jeb thought it would be real easy to grab a nursing kitten, and run, but then he remembered that Reverend Higgs had specifically used the word cat, not kitten and mentally patted himself on the back for realizing the difference.

Then he noticed there was an orange and white tom sleeping on the bottom porch step. As he crept closer to it, the tom opened one eye. Jeb tentatively reached out a hand and patted it on the head.

“Nice Kitty,” he whispered.

The tom just stretched a little and yawned before going back to sleep. This must have been one of the lucky ones Aida actually bothered paying attention to on a regular basis.

Jeb watched it sleep for a moment then stared off into space wondering what it would be like when he took its life for Satan later that night. There would be lots of lightning and wind with Satan’s power flowing into and around him. Demons would howl and the Earth would shake. Just like in that *Highlander* movie.

Jeb smiled and looked back at the purring tom who had relaxed his other eye shut.

It never saw Jeb take his shirt off and grab each end like a net. The shirt came down over the sleeping pile of fur and Jeb took off running with a growling ball of flannel under his arm.

He raced into the junkyard and saw Bubba a few rows back. He started yelling at the top of his lungs, “Bubba! Bubba! I got the cat Bubba!”

Bubba looked up from the old clunker in the yard he had been casually inspecting and smiled.

“Good work Jeb. Let’s see it.”

Jeb hugged the squirming, rowing thing tightly to his body with one hand while he carefully pulled a cloth end back from the feline’s head with his free hand.

It hissed at them, ears flat and eyes blazing.

“What do ya think?” asked Jeb.

Bubba stared patiently at Jeb for a second before sighing. “That’s one of Aida’s cats ain’t it?”

Jeb nodded proudly with a big, simple grin on his face.

Bubba shook his head and puffed himself up.

“No,” he said firmly while shaking his head. “Can’t sacrifice one of Aida’s cats. I hate the woman, but I gotta have respect for her. She’s the mother of my kids. Gotta respect her. Nope, can’t sacrifice one of Aida’s cats.”

Jeb thought he was going to cry.

The struggling tom sensed Jeb’s dilemma and took the opportunity to bite him on the thumb. Jeb dropped the flannel mess and it took off for home dragging the shirt along, stuck in one of its claws.

“Better hurry up and find another one,” Bubba drawled.

Jeb looked up at the sky. It would be dark soon. He was about to accuse Bubba of trying to sabotage him because he was jealous of his new-found brain powers but something clicked in his head that stopped him.

Bubba was a real onion. Jeb wouldn’t be one until he sacrificed a cat. The Devil had given him a small taste of the power he could have. Now, in order to keep that power, he would have to prove himself with a sacrifice. Then he would have *all* the power and it would be his to keep.

Jeb took off running towards town. The sun was beginning to set, and Jeb was worried that he would not be able to get into town, grab a cat, and make it back before the ceremony at full dark. What if he didn’t make it? Then what? Would they give him another chance? What if he showed up late? Would they still let him join? Jeb began to really worry now as he pounded the dirt-packed road as hard as his boots would let him.

He'd pissed off so many people in town last week that without the Dark Master's power and protection he'd be worse off than he had ever been before in his miserable life.

A pain in his side slowed him down and he stopped to catch his breath. Standing along the roadside panting, he thought he saw something move in the tall grass off to his right. It was moving toward the road right in front of him and he stood stock still waiting to see what it was.

A beautiful, slender cat popped daintily out of the weeds and onto the road in front of him. She gracefully danced in a circle and then trotted towards Jeb with a delicate meow.

Jeb stared at her in awe. Her coat was all black except for a curious orange spot on her back. The spot was oval shaped and centered right in the middle of her spine.

Jeb bent down near the road and held out his hand. The pretty cat sniffed at his fingers and he grabbed her by the scruff of the neck with his other hand. She made no protest while he ran back to the junkyard with her in his arms.

Jeb was very pleased with himself. Judging by her tame nature, she was surely someone's pet and Jeb was sure that the Dark Master had just been testing him earlier with Bubba's refusal to see if he would give up and go home or go find himself another sacrifice. Since he had passed the test by going to look for another cat, the Dark Master had made sure this one crossed his path.

He walked into the junkyard with his prize and found Bubba still standing by the same old clunker he was before, but now some of the other boys who also served the Dark Master were standing with him.

Jeb proudly displayed his catch for them. They all began commenting at once.

“Wow that’s a neat lookin’ meower.”

“Look at that orange spot.”

“The Master will like that.”

“Maybe you’ll be favored by him.”

Of course I’m favored, Jeb thought. That’s why the Master sent me this cat after testing my worth.

They all started down the path between the rusting hulks of the yard to their secret meeting place.

Even though Jeb was surrounded by so many others and seemingly sure in his favor with the devil, he still felt uneasy going through the yard. Especially when he passed by the old yellow Firebird. He told himself it was just another test and that soon the only fear in his life would be other people’s fear.

Fear of him.

Maybe after the fear was gone, he would go back and see if there really were blood stains that could still be seen inside that car.

Jeb made it to the clearing and immediately forgot his fear when he saw Reverend Higgs behind the cinder block and barn wood altar.

This time the altar was decorated with inverted pentagrams and crosses crudely drawn on small plaques of wood. There were several lit black candles strewn haphazardly around it and in the middle was a switchblade knife. Jeb showed the still friendly and subdued cat to Reverend Higgs who, as predicted, remarked on its great quality as a sacrifice due to the unusual spot on its back. The praise went right to Jeb’s head and resolved any wavering doubts about his favored status.

The boys put their robes on and the Reverend signaled for them to take their places around the clearing. Reverend Higgs stood on one side of the altar and Jeb, still holding the docile cat, stood on the other.

“My Dark Master,” intoned the Reverend, “come and join us this night.” As the reverend continued his evil prayer, Jeb’s attention began to wander. He couldn’t help himself. He became lost in his fantasies of what it would be like when he had the full power due to him after his sacrifice.

He saw himself surrounded by skinny girls who had all their teeth. He was in a brand new double-wide with a nice new pick’em up truck in the driveway. The other boys of the group were clipping his hedges, mowing his lawn and washing his new pick’em up truck. Even Reverend Higgs was helping with a weed whacker in the backyard.

Jeb was shaken from his daydream with the realization that Reverend Higgs had stopped talking. Everyone was looking at him and the still contently purring feline in his arms.

He knew what they were waiting for.

Jeb put the cat on the altar and Reverend Higgs grabbed it with both of his hands to make sure it didn’t get away.

The cat finally looked a little annoyed but stayed still. Jeb picked up the switchblade. He had trouble activating the switch and eventually Bubba, rolling his eyes, had to step in and release it for him.

Jeb smiled sickly and giggled a little as he plunged the blade into the cat’s gut. The feeling of the power flowing into him was wonderful. It was accompanied by flashing

lights and screaming voices. Just like he imagined it would be. Just like in the *Highlander* movie.

Suddenly, Jeb felt himself pushed. He landed in some bushes, the knife falling from his hands before the power transfer was complete.

Being thrown into the bushes like that made Jeb extremely angry, and he thought that one of the other boys must be trying to steal his power. Then he peered out through the leaves and saw that the only people in the clearing now were wearing state trooper uniforms and the only flashes of lightening were coming from the roofs of patrol cars.

Somewhere in the seventh layer of Hell, The Devil himself heard the now familiar squeal of a dying cat. It's soul hurtled directly towards him in his office.

POOF

A black cat with a curious orange spot on its back appeared on the desk in front of him and mewed.

“Not another one! Damn kids and their dead cats! The Fire Palace is full to tripping as it is!” shrieked the Dark Lord as he got up to pace while rubbing his temples and complaining to his head Imp.

“I mean really? What the hell am I supposed to do with a dead cat?”

The Imp shook his pointy head. “Amateurs, my Lord.”

“Ya got that right. I need my minions to head up governments and run corporations. Preach divisive religion. Work on Wall Street. Those things can help me

create the pain and suffering that keeps these fiery halls filled with damned souls. Not cats! What the hell do they think I can do with a dead cat?"

The cat meowed.

The Imp shrugged.

Satan began to pace again.

"You know what I am going to do?" he asked the Imp.

"What my Lord?" The Imp dutifully asked.

Satan pet his new cat on the head as he laughingly told the Imp of his plan.

Jeb sat huddled and shaking in his leaf prison. Through the branches he watched as most of his fellow Devil worshipers (including Reverend Higgs) were handcuffed and put into patrol cars.

Some of his brothers had obviously run into the bushes as well, because officers were searching through them methodically.

Jeb didn't know how he would be able to escape. If he moved, the noise would give him away. However, if he stayed still, they would eventually discover him.

He tried using his great mind powers to think of a way out, but nothing came to him. If only he could have completed the initiation ceremony. Surely those screams and lights weren't *all* from the police. Surely some of it was from him receiving power.

Wasn't it?

The cops were getting closer and he knew it would only be moments before he was discovered. Jeb did the only thing he could think of. He called on his Dark Master to give him a way to hide from the police. After all, he was the Favored One and he *had* sacrificed the cat. He began making his plea repeatedly to the devil.

He was into his third or fourth whining request when the foliage around him parted and the biggest man in a police uniform Jeb had ever seen looked down at him.

Jeb wailed like a baby. He didn't want to go to jail.

The giant cop just frowned and let the branches go swinging back into place.

"No one's in there," he heard the cop report.

Not in there? But he looked right at me, Jeb thought.

That's when he noticed that not only had the cop been huge, but all the leaves and branches were enormous too. And the light. It had been so dark in here before, but now he could see almost perfectly with nothing more than the half-moon light filtering in through the leaves.

The Dark Master had answered! Jeb had been shrunk so small that the cop had not even seen him. He was still laughing to himself when he looked up and saw two large green and slitted eyes glowing over him.

He panicked and began to run away on all four of his legs. FOUR?! He thought. He spared a glance back at his own body, and saw that he had a naked tail protruding from a brown, furred body.

He realized that the Master must have turned him into a mouse to hide him and he instinctively knew those green eyes belonged to a cat. A hungry, stalking cat. Frightened, he made his little legs scurry faster as he burst out from the bushes and into the junkyard

behind it. He was too scared of the cat to remember his usual fear of the junkyard. Surely he could find a small space in one of the old cars to hide.

Up ahead, he spied the back of a hulk sunk to its fenders in the earth. There was a hole where a taillight used to be and Jeb hurried inside, only to see green, glowing eyes waiting for him on the other side. He quickly backed out and ran on.

Now the green eyes were running along beside him. Toying with him.

He kept running in and out of small spaces. A rusting Edsel tailpipe, the seat springs of a Fairlane, across the rotting floorboards of a Mustang. Then off into another patch of grass. All the while, green eyes stalking him.

Adrenalin pushed Jeb's scabbling little legs through a rusty hole and into the body of another decaying denizen of the yard. He looked around but didn't see any green eyes, so he ran underneath a seat belt strap.

He tried to think of what to do next. His little heart was pounding so hard that he was afraid it was going to explode. He would have to plead again with his Master for help. He needed to be a human again. But first he would have to catch his breath and compose himself. It wouldn't do any good to go to the Master a cowering supplicant again. The Dark Master respected strength.

Thankful for the absence of green eyes, Jeb looked around to see how safe of a hiding space he was in. He hadn't noticed what kind of car he had run into, but he did see now that he was between a door and a bucket seat. If the Master was going to make him human again, then he had better get up into the seat where there would be room for his whole body after the change. As he crawled and scabbled his way up the upholstery, he noticed a lot of broken glass and dark spots on the floor in the moonlight. When he

finally made it up into the seat, he noticed that the racing bucket had dark spots on it too. He moved a little closer to the spots and sniffed. The smell was familiar but he couldn't place it. Now that he was closer though, Jeb noticed that the spots were actually stains. Dark stains like...blood!

Jeb's rodent heart was now hammering in his ears and he looked up to see a mangled mess above him so twisted that the car's once shiny machine turned dashboard was actually sticking *out* of the windshield.

It was the yellow Firebird of Jeb's nightmares. He was still staring up at the dash in horrid disbelief when the green eyes came into view.

He saw the huge paw come toward him, but being frozen in terror he could only let himself be knocked over. Dazed and with his back legs hurting, he discovered that he could not move them. Jeb began to drag himself across the seat with his aching front legs, all the while pleading to his Master. Why wasn't The Dark Master answering him? When he got to the edge of the seat he looked down upon the cat who was now waiting on the floor patiently for him to suffer a bit more. As he looked across the cat's body, he realized in guilty horror that the Master would not be helping him. He was not the Chosen One after all. The cat was black with a strange, orange spot on its back. He sobbed quietly as the cat picked him up in her mouth and ever so slowly began to squeeze the life out of his body. Not enough to kill him at first. Just enough to make the blood drip down and stain the upholstery.

