

The Cat Lady

Communal bathrooms can be one of two things: *shit* or *the* shit. On a good day, the bathrooms are *the* shit! Being a lesbian in a room full of girls who aren't worried about who sees their tatas is pretty much heaven. Nip slips happen on the regular, but when I'm in a hurry to get somewhere, even boobs can't distract me from my frustration.

Today the communal bathrooms are definitely *shit*. Having to wait for forty-three minutes to get in the shower for a full seven minutes is not what I wrote on my to-do-list this morning. Although maybe it was, my roommate Harmony very possibly could have cleaned my little whiteboard before I really got the list set in my brain. When she wants to get really Zen she cleans every surface she can get her hands on and kicks me out of the room for several hours. She began the cleaning process a few minutes before I came in here. Hopefully she'll wait for me to bring my stuff back to the room before she locks the door.

I don't know what she does in there. Her boyfriend Messiah is the only one she ever allows to join her. I just assume they have some sort of mystical sex for hours while listening to "Venus" or "Mary Jane Holland" by Lady Gaga on repeat. Or maybe even Madonna's "Erotica"; that would be fitting. I can imagine Harmony calling herself "Dita" and taking Messiah from behind. This could be an act of badass feminism... or maybe that's just how he likes it. Who am I to judge? As long as my bed is off limits and all the remains are cleaned up, I don't really care what they do.

Just as I was thinking about sneaking into the dark and terrifying cavern that is the boys' bathroom, a girl comes out of one of the shower stalls, leaving it open for me to use. *Praise Aphrodite*. I run past her, slightly bumping her arm, knocking her towel to the ground. "Don't look at me, dyke!" I hear her say, but I'm in too much of a rush to give her even a glance. I strip down and take what is probably the quickest shower in the history of the universe. As I leave the bathroom I notice that it's empty... Yep, it's definitely shit today.

I return to my room to find the door locked; I guess my bathroom adventure was just too long for Harmony to wait for me. I try to listen in on her, only hearing music – possibly Bjork – coming through the door. There is no point knocking, for she won't let me in.

I remember first meeting Harmony at the beginning of our freshman year. We had talked some over the summer, and her excitement over having a lesbian roommate was a one part flattering and three parts creepy. Yet I love her – and her hyper feminist ways – like a sister. She can be pretty inspirational... and sometimes psychotic, but mostly inspirational.

Instead of leaving my little shower caddy by the door to get stolen, I decide to take it with me. I leave my dorm, a small little thing at the very edge of my giant ass college campus. Most hate it because of the long walk to, well, anywhere, but I actually love it! Not because I'm super healthy and love the extra walking, but because of its seclusion. The dorm is right near a big wooded area, one of the first areas of campus I was drawn to. That's where I'm heading now.

The sun is just beginning to fall, my favourite part of the day. It gives the trees creepy ass shadows that seem to clutch each other and everything that comes under them. They give me a sense of belonging.

My mind goes back to Harmony and Messiah and their disgusting lovemaking.

God, what I wouldn't give to see those two in the bottom of a goddamn well. Your peaceful shit gives me hives. Like, please get over yourself. No one cares how Zen you are, and frankly everyone, especially me, wants you to just shut your mouth. Nothing smart comes out of it anyway. Most of the time I'm down for the whole "girl power" thing, but as soon as you say something, I could just split your skull.

Don't even get me started on Messiah. He's a musician, so he thinks he's so damn hot. I'm a lesbian, stop trying to turn me on. It's never going to work.

I just hate my roommate and her boyfriend and my dorm and my school and the whole fucking planet.

The darkness had entirely fallen to earth, the sun far gone. The moon couldn't even be seen because of the grip of the trees. Despite this, due to the many green and yellow dots, I could still make out the shape of the ancient building, an old honor society dorm building. At one time there was a road leading to this beautiful building that was home to the best of the best at the college, but that ended when students began going missing while trying to walk to campus. To keep them safe, the school decided to keep them closer.

As I get closer, I can see the little dots begin to move as my babies come to greet me. The little felines circle and climb on me, all the while pushing me towards the main entrance to the old dorm. The entryway is truly magnificent a sight. The large circling staircase in the center, leading all the way to the top floor, is covered with my furry army, coming to greet me. I set my shower caddy down, only to have one of my chubby babies pick it up and whisk it away down one of the many hallways.

I carefully wale to the staircase, dodging all the cats prowling around my feet. I take each step with care, feeling silk materialize over my shoulders, the flowing, black dress being born as my sweats and t-shirt disappear. I look towards my hands just as the sharp tips of my claws protrude from my fingertips, extending several inches. I turn and grab the rail as I reach the top of the stairs. My eyes glide over my subjects sitting below, a thousand eyes on me.

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It was dark but beautiful. Every star could be seen from here, the closest manmade light at the school, nearly a mile away. I kept my eyes towards the stars. It's not like there was much else to look at anyway; I was lying down in a little clearing in the forest near my school. It was where I came to escape it all – the name-calling, the funny looks, the... It didn't matter. I pushed it all away, but the physical ache I still felt nagged at me, trying to keep it in my mind. I grabbed my little bottle of bourbon to help me with that. I'd rather forget everything, than remember the bad. I took several swigs, feeling the burn in my throat. It didn't take long for the alcohol to knock my 14-year-old to the ground...

Sandpaper rubbed against my nose as claws gripped against my chest. My eyes opened to see a little black kitten; it's green eyes staring into my soul. It purred and rubbed against my cheek. It was honestly the nicest gesture I had received since being sent to this retched school. I scooped up the kitten and slowly stood up, my head pounding relentlessly as I began my trek back to school, kitten in hand.

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They have been missing the taste of student for so long, it was time to give them what they desire. I walk back outside. Thousands of my felines pour out from the old dorm, joining their brothers and sisters outside. I run with them back through the forest toward my dorm. We reach the edge of campus and my army of cats move like shadows over my dear dorm.

Screams slit through the air, sending ripples of pleasure through my body, and I fall to the ground. Yet it wasn't the soft grass I was hoping for. I only feel a thousand knives slice through my clothes and skin, yet the knives in my heart are the ones I notice as I succumb to the darkness.