



Cat Confessions

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Hello, hoomans of the interwebz, my name is Rudolph Valentino, but I just get called Tino for short. Other names of mine are little shit or Turd-meister because instead of doing my business outside in the dirt, I choose to go indoors. I especially like to go into the bedrooms of my hoomans, burrow under their sleeping areas and go there. I do not tell them I have done this, instead, I wait for a while and let them find it for themselves. I usually do this when my hoomans are at work. There is a smaller hooman who shares the house with me and he does not like it when I poo underneath his sleeping area. "Shit mum, shit. Smells like shit," I hear him say. This will not stop me from going inside. To strike fear into my hoomans and show them how vicious and dangerous I am, I bring in half dead birds for them. One hooman in particular screams and won't go near me, and for a while, she cannot bring herself to touch me. I like to catch the birds and then bring them inside so I can kill them in front of my hoomans, to show them I am a dangerous enemy and that they should not call me 'cute' or 'sweet'. I am a killing machine and I will destroy everything the hoomans love. I have two older sisters. One is just like me and her name is Elizabeth Taylor. She does not like me and beats me up on occasion. I hear the two bigger hoomans say that I deserve it. I follow her outside and watch her do her business, peeping on her. This does not influence me to start going toilet outside. When Elizabeth is sleeping I like to run and jump on her, waking her up. She is not impressed when I do that. The hoomans call me guzzle-guts because I vacuum up my food and then steal Elizabeth's food. She does not like when I do this. My other sister is not like me. She is very big and does not meow. Her name is Bea, and sometimes she will let me cuddle up with her and sleep next to her, but most other times she will not allow this to happen. To show my dominance over her I like to hit her when she walks past me or try and steal her non-cat food. She growls at me. One day I will not be scared when she does that to me. To remind the hoomans that I am in charge, I like to eat off their plates. They have better food than I do, so why should I not try and taste it? I like to weave in and out of the legs of the hoomans when they hold plates of food, in the hopes that they will drop it on the floor. I have been successful once, but they told me I was bad and then gave the food to big sister Bea. I was not amused. I do not like the decorating skills of the hoomans, and remind them of this constantly by knocking things over. I do not like it when they put things in the way of my climbing. Nothing will

stop me from jumping up on benches and counters. The two bigger hoomans I live with are ladies. I know this because I like to shove my head down their tops and get a face full of boob. One day I did this and then farted. Hooman was not pleased with me. I smiled. I hear them talk about me a lot. They say I am not smart because I ran into the glass sliding door one day. I also like to lick windows and claw my animal sisters for no reason. But I am smart, I will show them one day how smart I am when I have taken over the world. I do not like this 'water' I keep hearing about. Little hooman was playing in water one day, so I needed to inspect the situation. I fell into the water, I did not like it. I am suspect of this 'water' and try to tell my hoomans to watch out for it, by following them into the shower, but they tell me to get out. My hoomans do not appreciate me. I like to wake my hoomans up early in the morning, when it is still dark, and remind them they have not fed me yet. If I do not remind my hoomans to give me food, they may forget. I must go now, hoomans of the interwebz, my sister Elizabeth is heading outside, I must follow her to see if she is going toilet or not. -Tino.