

Sample from WereKitty
by
Dan McLaughlin © 2013

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Chapter 1
Kitty

God, she was so dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. My so-called best friend. Sklar Cady Hamilton AKA Little Miss Stab In The Back. Little Miss I Am Your Best Friend Forever. Little Miss Talking To The Very Evil Grace Nicholson, my worst enemy in the whole entire world. And laughing like, "aren't we so cute." And she knows that I hate the Very Most Evil Grace Nicholson sooooo much, and she is talking to her like she is her friend or something.

Well fine.

You can have each other. You DESERVE each other. Fine. Good riddance. Just wait. Just you wait little Miss Sklar Cady Hamilton. Just wait till it's that time of the month when I change. And you change. Ha. Then you'll be sorry. When you are turned into a WereSquirrel and I am turned into a WereKitty and I...

And I...

Play with a ball of sting.

God! I HATE being a WereKitty.

Why can't I be something cool like a wolf or a horse or an eagle?

Then I could just tear apart that little traitor WereSquirrel. God, I hate her. Always flicking her tail. Chatting with everyone. "Oh, look at me! Chat chat chat chat chat." Always perfect at cheerleading. Being tossed higher than anyone else. Perfect balance. Never falling.

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And when I fall the best anyone can say is that I always land on my feet.

God, I hate hate hate her.

Chapter 2

Leona

Here I am at the supermarket, gathering food for my pride.

Just another day in the life of the suburban WereLioness. Here they are: Cocoa Puffs.

Kitty likes them so don't glare at me lady, and then sniff and look away. Not when I could take you down with one swipe of my...

Leona, calm down. Smile at the lady and move past her.

“Excuse me,” Leona.

And this is the move outta my way ‘Excuse me’ in the Move-It-Lady-Or-I-Will-Snap-Your-Spine-Like-A-Twig sense of ‘Excuse me.’

“Oh, sorry,” Lady.

“My daughter still likes them,” Leona.

Not that's any of your business.

“Daughter and husband here,” Lady.

Oh, she wasn't glaring. Sames. So hard to read. So be nice.

“I think my husband is not above sneaking a bowl late at night when he thinks no one will notice himself,” Leona.

“I, of course, as far removed from such refined sugar temptations myself,” Lady, laughing.

“Of course, me too. Well, here's to peace in the kingdom,”
Leona.

“Sorry, healthy breakfast,” Lady.

“Sorry, Dr.,” Leona.

“Oz,” Both.

(Sounds of two ladies laughing.)

“Have a nice day,” Leona.

“You too,” Lady.

Well, she wasn't such a bitch after all. OK, let's see: Cereal, bread, juice, juice boxes... What kind am I supposed to get? God, look at them all. Trader Joe's Reduced Calorie... That can't be right. They're for cheerleading. Adam and Eve's Very Berry, no; Capri Sun Roaring Waters, if it were up to me, that would be the choice, but it's not my call. Oh, give me a break, it's just juice, but if I get the wrong kind Fred will just freak.

Oh wait, Minute Maid Mixed Berry. The happy face made of fruit. That looks familiar. Way to track down the wild juice box brand, Leona. So was it Mixed Berry or Apple Juice? Oh Christ run down and caught, just get 4 cases of each and if Fred's head explodes, then it just explodes. It'll be good for him. He needs to learn to lighten up about stuff.

What else? Cereal, bread, juice, juice boxes. Got the meat, Mommy's feel good juice.

Sorry, Dr. Oz.

Oh yeah, fruit and I'm outta here.

Doesn't look like that many people in line. Maybe I'll pop over and get some of those nice muffins.

Chapter 3

Kitty

(Sounds of Kitty and Sklar (all past transgressions having been forgiven if not forgotten) entering the house through garage/service porch and ending up in the kitchen. Sounds of backpacks being thrown down on marble countertop island.)

“Hi Mom, we’re home,” Kitty. (Shouting across the house.)

“Hey kids, there are some snacks in the kitchen,” Leona.

Well, duh. Of course there are snacks in the kitchen. It’s the kitchen. There are always snacks in the kitchen.

“Thanks, Mom,” Kitty.

“Thanks, Mrs. Taylor,” Sklar.

“So what did you learn at school today?” Leona.

“Nothing,” Kitty.

Like always.

“Nothing?” Leona.

“Nothing interesting,” Kitty

Jenny Myers was wearing some cool shinny lip-gloss. I wonder when Mom will let me...

“Well maybe tomorrow. How was your geometry test?” Leona.

“MOTHER! Fine,” Kitty.

I think I got my name right.

“Did you remember what your Father told you?” Leona.

“MOTHER YES I DID. OK? IT WAS FINE,” Kitty.

Leave me alone, Mother.

“OK, Kitty, I love you,” Leona.

God, she is so lame sometimes.

“My Mom, sorry,” Kitty.

“She’s OK,” Sklar.

“Love you too Mom,” Kitty. (Said as if part of a routine)

I’m hungry.

(Pause. Sound of opening Tupperware.)

What?

“MOM!!!! What are these?” Kitty.

WHAT are these things?!?!?!?!?!?

“Snacks honey, healthy ones for a change,” Leona.

“BUT what is it? It looks gross,” Kitty.

“It’s a crunchy banana. Kitty,” Leona.

“It’s a gross banana,” Sklar. (Under her breath.)

“Shhhhhh, Sklar,” Kitty (Sounds of girls giggling.)

“I found the recipe on the Internet. It’s just a banana that’s been cut in half, dipped in orange juice, and then rolled on corn flakes.”

“Corn flakes? Were we out of Cocoa Puffs? Why didn’t you get any Cocoa Puffs?” Kitty.

“No, honey it’s supposed to be healthy. Try it honey, it’s fun,” Leona.

“No, it’s gross,” Kitty.

It’s disgusting.

“It looks like a banana that someone barfed all over.” Sklar.
(Under her breath, again.)

“Ewwwwwwww. Gross,” Kitty and Sklar. (Sounds of girls giggling.)

Sklar picks it up between two fingers.

“Ewwwwwwwwwwww,” Sklar. (Sounds of more girls giggling.)

“You eat it,” Sklar.

Sklar waves banana in general direction of Kitty.

“No, you eat it,” Kitty.

Kitty pushes Sklar’s hand, holding banana towards Sklar.

“No, you eat it,” Sklar.

Sklar waves banana back at Kitty.

“I’m not going to eat it, it’s gross,” Kitty.

Pushes banana holding hand away, again.

“Scared of a banana?” Sklar.

Banana back.

“No it’s just gross,” Kitty.

Banana back.

“Well if you’re too much a scaredy cat...” Sklar.

Banana back.

“Am not!” Kitty.

Banana back.

“Scaredy kitty,” Sklar

“Am not,” Kitty.

“Poor little scaredy kitty,” Sklar.

Banana forgotten.

“I am so not,” Kitty.

“So prove it and eat it, or are you just a poor little scaredy kitty?”
Sklar.

“Well...you squirrels will eat anything!” Kitty. (Sound of Kitty
puffing put her cheeks.)

“Prove it or are you a scaredy kitty? Scaredy kitty afraid of a
banana. Poor little biddy kitty cat,” Sklar.

“Give me that banana, you oversized chipmunk,” Kitty.

Kitty lunges towards banana.

“Have to catch me first,” Sklar. (Sounds of girls running in
circles around the kitchen, giggling.)

WereKitty

“What are you girls up to in there?” Leona.

(Sounds of running coming to a stop. Sounds of panting and giggling.)

“Nothing, Mom,” Kitty.

“Nothing, Mrs. Taylor,” Sklar. (Sounds of two girls giggling.)

“Thanks for the treats, Mrs. Taylor.” Sklar.

“Yeah Mom, thanks for the treats,” Kitty. (Giggling.)

“You’re welcome girls,” Leona.

I suppose I should clean up the Corn Flakes that fell on the floor.

“Did you see that lip gloss that Jenny was wearing?” Sklar.

“It was so cute,” Kitty.

(Corn Flakes forgotten.)

Chapter 4

Fred

Fred was running late and cruising looking for a goddamn place to park. He really should not even be doing this, but here he was. So find a place to park the damn car, so he can get this done. God, he hated downtown. Too much traffic. Too many cars. Too many one-way streets. And the construction. It's a goddamn recession. If things were so bad, why were all these people working construction downtown, jamming up the goddamn streets?

Nothing was where he remembered it.

And he was talking to himself in the third person. Good thing I'm not nervous.

Fuck.

All my shortcuts halfway remembered now one-way streets or clocked by those concrete things blocking off lanes of traffic. Since when was 5th a only one lane? You used to be able to zip across on it.

Fuck.

And that bozo that wants to make a left ahead.

Damn it buddy, why didn't you run the light the cycle before if you knew you were going to make a left, instead of stopping like a goddamn Boy Scout on the yellow? Now, no one but you will get through on this cycle.

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Asshole.

Some people are just rude. Some people just never think about anyone but themselves. Go straight one block ahead and make a right, asshole. It is basic geometry. Go around the freaking block. In the amount of time you have sat at this light you could have gone around the freaking block, and the rest of us could be well into the, well next block.

God, I hate downtown. This was a stupid idea.

Oh man, look at that. You don't even bother to edge into the intersection so that someone else could get around you. No. You sit behind the crosswalk line, waiting for the light to turn yellow before you will go. And be the only person to make it through the intersection.

Asshole.

Damn it. There is a no left hand turn sign right there. Right there, in plain English. No left turn. No left turn. Damn it I'm going to honk my horn. Leonora hates it when I use my horn. The horn is not a sign of aggression. It is merely a form of communication. And Leonora is not in the freaking car.

(Sound of HONK HONK.)

It is communicating THAT YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE.

(Sound of HONK HONK.)

Move it buddy. Move it damn it. No left turn between 4 and 6 pm. It's after 4:00 asshole. Move it. Got places to go. Got places to go.

Oh fine. Swell, the next car is making a left too? And you just turned on your turn signal?

(Sound of HONK HONK, hand hitting steering wheel.)

Asshole.

Oh please, just shoot me now. God, I hate this radio station. Who cares about the Lakers bench? Last year they were a bunch of thugs. God, and the way they say everything at least 4 times. The problem with the Lakers is their bench. The bench for the Lakers just isn't getting the job done. The bench comes in, and they do nothing. Can you believe how the Lakers' bench has been doing? The one thing that has me concerned about the Lakers is their bench. The other night, against Charlotte, the bench scored just 13 points, and that, friends, is not getting the job done. You take Steve Blake and his 6 points out of that and you got a reserve group that has a lot more questions marks than answers at this point in the season. And if they are going to make a serious run in the playoffs, then they are simply going to have to do better, get more production out of their bench. Kobe just can't play 34-36 minutes a night and then expect him to have anything when the postseason rolls around. So it's clear the Lakers have to do better off the bench.

Bla Bla Bla.

Then they get a caller who agrees with them. Then they repeat each other. Then they restate everything as a rhetorical question. What is the one thing this Laker team needs? It's better performance from the bench, without a doubt. Then they ask it as a rhetorical question with sarcasm as if the answer could be anything else. Like is there any doubt that the number one weakness of the Lakers is their bench?

Then they promise they will get to all the people have been waiting on hold as they cut to commercials.

When they get back.

More often than not, they never get back to the callers.

But at least they aren't talking politics.

God, I hate politics on the radio. And it's because of politics I have to listen to sports talk radio. Sound and fury signifying nothing beats sound and fury when some idiot is talking about something that could actually effect me.

Like what anyone says on talk radio has any impact at all on how the team actually plays. It's not like someone on the Lakers says, like, you know, the blowhards on the radio ARE right, we do need more production out of our bench. That's a great idea, let's do that! Get the coach on the phone and tell him to get some more production from the bench. Like now! Yeah, let's do the bench thing against New York tonight. Good work, guys. Thank God we got fans who call in.

And what does it matter anyways? Why the passion? I mean they call these programs and make these pronouncements like it fucking matters. Like it could possibly have any impact on reality. Like they are the freaking owners or something. Using first personal plural pronouns like it's appropriate. "We" need." "We" don't need, pal. "They" need. "They" need a bench. "You" need to learn to fucking drive in the city. C'mon already.

(Sound of honk honk.)

When no one cares what you think and you have absolutely no influence on what happens in the realm of sports.

Who cares how the Laker bench is doing? Who cares how the Lakers are doing? It's all a game. Guys in shorts shooting hoops. They don't know who I am. They don't know who Larry from Wilmington is. Who you are is the cosmic scheme of things, and how much you care has absolutely no impact on who wins the Lakers-Sun game this Friday night.

At least it distracts from the other crap going on. All that sound and fury, in the end it doesn't mean anything. So you can just listen and get outraged and worked up and in the end, so what?

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Morality plays without any consequences.

Oh, traffic is moving. Swell. I might make it after all. Swell.

To find out what happens next, please [purchase a copy of this book on amazon](#) for less than \$10.

Chapter 5

Kitty

God, I hate geometry. I hate hate hate geometry homework. Hate hate hate it. Lines and boxes. Angles. Obtuse. Obtuse is right. You just know how far away something is; you don't have to calculate it. Either you can jump there and "play" with the cute little mouse, or you can't. You don't have to get out your protractor and compass and a squared it all out. Geometry is so stupid; I'm never going to have to use this stuff anyways. I mean it's not like there are any new pyramids that need their height calculated. You just look and know.

Show your work. Show your work. You just know the answer.

I do like my mechanical pencil though. It is soooooo cute. I like making the lead go in and out. In and out. Out and in. It is so smooth. I like the way it feels in my fingers. I like the gooey rubber of the eraser. I like the little metal thing that you can use it to attach to your pocket, but who would like ever do that? That looks totally like a geek. And not a cute geek like in the movies, but just a lame geek. But I do like how it feels. It is so smooth and cool. A regular pencil is smooth and a little warmer. But this metal catchy thing is smooth and cool

Where is Daddy? He usually helps me with my geometry. Why isn't he answering his cell?

"MOM, where's DADDY?" Kitty. (Shouting across the house.)

"He's out, honey," Leona.

I'm not stupid, Mother.

"Yeah but where?" Kitty.

"I dunno, honey. I think mentioned that he had some work thing he had to stay late for," Leona.

“But his cell isn’t working,” Kitty.

“Well I dunno honey, maybe he’s in a meeting and he turned it off,” Leona.

“Well I need help with my homework,” Kitty.

“Can I help?” Leona.

Oh please.

“It is GEOMERTY, Mother,” Kitty.

“Well, did you look in the textbook?” Leona.

Oh please, MOTHER.

“I DID that MOTHER, ALREADY, and it is not there. I need Daddy,” Kitty.

“Did you try the Internet?” Leona.

MOTHER! God!

“MOTHER, we have to show our work and Mrs. Jackson subscribes to EVERYTHING,” Kitty.

Please, Mother.

“Well, can you call Sklar?” Leona.

Is she being stupid on purpose for some reason?

“MOTHER, Sklar is even worse at geometry than I am. I need Daddy,” Kitty.

“Well, your Father is not available, so you’re going to have to figure it out yourself,” Leona.

Like, I haven't already figured THAT out myself, thank you very much.

“Fine. So now I am going to fail geometry and Daddy will hate me. I hate you. Are you happy now?” Kitty

HA!

“You are not going to fail geometry, and your father will never hate you. I, on the other hand...” Leona.

“MOTHER!” Kitty.

This is serious.

“Just kidding, Kitty kiddo,” Leona.

So.

“But where is he?” Kitty.

“He’s not here, honey,” Leona.

I KNOW that, so

“Well, when will he be here?” Kitty.

“I dunno know, kiddo, just do the best you can,” Leona.

“Mother, I am NOT happy,” Kitty.

Not one bit.

“I know that honey. Thank you for sharing,” Leona.

AAARRRRGHHHHHHHH!

“AAARRRRGHHHHHHHH!” Kitty.

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