

Microwaving the cat

Helen checked the instructions again. In about fifteen languages. Helen only understood one. But it still said nothing about microwaving the cat.

Meanwhile, it was all frizzy, soggy, a dead weight. Maybe thirty minutes had just been too much. Helen'd washed it so carefully. It seemed a pity it hadn't dried out like she wanted.

Helen put on the oven gloves and slowly slid the glass bottom out and onto the kitchen surface. It smelled. Not burnt but a bit crispy like a skirt ironed when damp or when your hair straightening tongs stick and fail to slide away or when you put that lighter to your eyebrow in search of truth. Weighed a ton and stinking to high hell. A soggy mess of dead cat. Maybe she should try defrosting it.

The instructions should be clearer. She glanced through them again. The sheet unfolded into a multitude of nearly marked squares, all unintelligible.

Bit like life itself. She kept unfolding but nobody seemed able to explain it clearly, not even with diagrams.

Helen opened a beer. Had another quick cig. Bit of a headache. Maybe it was time for another of those pills. Not sure what they were for but they gave her a hit. Or maybe just taking them did. Wished her mother would notice. But she was off again with another man, another possible father. Helen had only every wanted one. Somebody blasted his balls off on the couch one day, or behind a car down the gas stations some night. Who knows where or who he had fucked off to.

Helen bit a chip. The television was blaring MTV, some young dudes semi naked trying to get off with each other. She had plenty of choice at school. But deep down, once the sex was over she knew there was little meaning to it all.

They were all cats waiting to be drowned in the microwave. She changed channel just in case.

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