

Spitting Bourbon

by: Vixyy Fox

John read the very first words of the story and spit his bourbon all over the garage floor. He then laughed himself silly, noting that, when you laugh when sipping, your bourbon spurts out your nose, and it hurts.

“Why’d he do that?” Hazel asked Rutherford. They were both cats, and semi-attached as household members of John’s family.

“I’m not really sure,” Rutherford replied with a slow stretch. “Damned rude of him to wake me like that. I was having quite the nap. It’s probably something to do with that supplement his missus is having him take.”

“Supplement?”

“Some sort of ‘good for what ails you’ vitamin. It smells a bit like dog poop.”

As they watched, the old truck driver set his glass on the table next to his lawn chair. Rubbing his nose between thumb and forefinger, he muttered a few well-worn truck driving words meaning to rise for a refill of his glass, when he looked back to the laptop screen, and began laughing again. It was more of a chortle actually, with mumbled words about a crazy old Fox being as unhinged as he was.

Hazel blinked, and then rolled onto her back, hoping for a tummy rub as he passed to where the ice and whiskey resided. She was not disappointed.

“You are such a ‘speak’,” Rutherford told her with a look. The word was cat for ‘suck up’ and said with the eyes.

“I am,” she admitted, “And will say so willingly, but even so, I am tossed if I understand people even a little bit.”

“As am I,” replied her counterpart. “Catnip seems to do nothing for them, though I like it a lot, and what he sips at... have you ever tasted it?”

I smelled it once,” she replied, rolling back over onto her belly. “It stinks like paint. I think if I sipped it, I would spit it out too.”

Cats, you see, have no sense of cost, and so the waste of expensive whisky over oddly funny words was not something they’d bother discussing. Catnip, however, was a different story. One never wasted such an enjoyable thing by spitting it out... funny words or otherwise.