

BYE, BYE KITTY



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## CHAPTER 1



Sherry went to the kitchen to get her cocoa. The cold air brought on by the arrival of the snow gave Sherry goosebumps. Sherry liked to keep the house warm during the winter. Part of the reason was that she was no longer alone. Sherry had a baby now and a small dog named Scruffy.

The house felt full since her long-time cat, Diva, had also returned to her that night. Sherry could no longer care for the cat after it grew beyond the norm. The last time Sherry saw Diva, the cat weighed 60 pounds, which was quite large.

Tonight, when she opened the door for Diva, it seemed that Diva had added twenty pounds to her body mass. A loud thump occurred, sounding like something was knocked over upstairs. The baby was crying loudly.

Sherry walked upstairs, gradually making creaking sounds on the floorboard. Sherry kept sipping on her cocoa.

As Sherry entered the room to check on the baby, she could see that the baby carriage had been knocked over.

Sherry then felt a terrible feeling filter its way through her body. She flicked the light switch on, then moved around to the baby's

cradle and saw Diva chewing on something viciously with blood dripping all over her lips.



"No! Get away from my baby!" Sherry ran towards the cat.

*2 years prior*

The streets were muddy as usual when Ryan pulled into the parking lot. After a hard day as a garbage man, Ryan felt the tiring effects of a long night shift. As Ryan walked towards his apartment building, he saw a familiar figure.

The cat Jinx had predominantly silver fur and white feet and sat on the lawn looking down at Ryan. Jinx had yellow eyeballs and black pupils.

Ryan waved at the cat as he walked through his apartment door. Ryan opened the door and opened the mail he had left on the table from the previous day.

Ryan is a stocky, brown-skinned man with powerful biceps and triceps from his job and working out at the gym. Ryan is 6 feet tall and has been regarded as handsome his whole life. Before he goes to sleep, Ryan looks at a picture of his family or what used to be his family.

The image displays a hot summer day at Disney in Florida. Ryan's son Tommy has a fake pirate gun in his hand and a black eye patch covering his left eye. Ryan's wife, Lisa, has Tommy in her arms and grins from ear to ear. Ryan reexamines the picture and notices how hard he is smiling.

Ryan remembers that he hasn't had a moment of genuine joy in a long time. His relationship with Lisa had its ups and downs, but too many outside forces, which no longer mattered to Ryan,

affected their relationship. Finances and ego were the culprits of this split.

As Ryan woke for his late-night shift, he grabbed some sandwich meat from the refrigerator to make a sandwich. He then took some milk out of the fridge, a day past due, because he didn't want to risk using old dairy.

The last time that happened, he got sick and couldn't eat for three days. He slowly poured the food into a bowl, walked outside, and placed it before Jinx. Jinx raised his eyes slowly and then lurched upon the bowl ferociously.

The cat lapped the milk up with his tongue like a spoon. Jinx then raised his eyes to acknowledge Ryan and returned to attacking the bowl.

As Ryan entered the garage at the trash facility, he encountered his boss, Bill.

"I see you can't read your watch, boy," Bill said.

"You better improve in that area or next time, yo ass going to be clocking out as soon as you get in."

"I'm sorry, Bill, I didn't mean any disrespect," said Ryan.

Bill just picked up his bag of potato chips, put his big right hand inside it, brought it to his mouth, and started munching. Bill is a rather large black man with glasses.

His belly hangs over his belt, his height is nearly 6 ft 5, and his shoulders are vast. Bill has made it his duty to give opportunities to people who are down on their luck. Firing people has always been the last option for him.

Ryan happily meets up with his team of workers, with whom he has worked for the past 5 years.

Larry is a small, chiseled man, standing around 5 ft 9, with a six-pack, a well-toned physique, and small dreads. His charisma and charm have always been both a benefit and a detriment, as they have often led to trouble.

Benny, the other team member, is a tall, skinny, light-skinned kid with a dumb sense of humor. He is generally regarded as a pretty boy who is reckless and often acts before thinking. Benny is the team's youngest member.

Benny begins to brag about the women he met at a local go-go spot in DC called The Legend.



"Dem hos was all over me, folks," Benny said.

"They were grabbing all over my steel; they know what time it is," he boasted.

Larry looked at Benny and shook his head, "Man, shut yourself up. Wasn't no hoes trying to talk to yo broke ass"



Ryan pulled into the parking lot of Anderson's Pharmaceuticals. This location always had a lot of trash. Ryan noticed a large number of cats eating items out of the trash. They seemed to be twice as large as the average-sized cat. The cats were chewing and eviscerating the garbage.

Benny yelled, "Get the fuck out of the way, ya pussy, we got work to do,"

Larry and Benny get out and start grabbing the loose trash bags that are not in the container, while Ryan uses the crane from the truck to raise the trash container and empty it into the car.

As Ryan and his crew left the lot, Larry spotted a cat pinning a Labrador mutt on the ground with its mouth. "You guys see that shit?" Larry said.



The cat then ripped back and exposed the insides of the dog's throat. The guts and blood bubbled out as the large cat then began to gnaw on the dog's stomach.

"I ain't ever seen a cat do that to a dog," Benny said.

Ryan stares.

"That must be a cougar; look at the size of that motherfucka," Ryan told them.

"Hey, Benny, call the police," Ryan looked at Benny

"I don't talk to the police," Benny raised his hand and shook his head.

Larry rubbed his forehead and shook his head.

"This ain't snitching fool, that's a dangerous animal," Larry spoke to Benny like he was speaking to a high school kid.

John receives a call from the dispatcher regarding a big cat on the loose in the upper Marlboro area of Maryland. John was getting his one-dollar bills ready for the strip club that night. He had planned on meeting a stripper named Versace that night.

John imagined himself, quote on quote, "making it rain."

He laughed at the thought.

John went out with Versace over the weekend. They had been seeing each other for two months, and he was enjoying the relationship.

Versace had a knack for making John feel unique and essential, something no other woman had truly made him feel. A part of John wondered if she was able to do this because of the practice she gets at doing this while stripping for other men.

John drives to the area and notices a dog on the side of the road missing its belly and neck. Sharply pointed ears are peeping from the shadows of the woods. John raises his flashlight to reveal the feline's yellow eyes. The sight of the large yellow eyes startles John. The cat arches its back and begins to hiss.

John pulls out his gun and removes the safety.

"I'm not playing with you," says John.

The shadowy figure comes running out of the woods. The only thing John can see discreetly is the eyes of the animal. John fires five shots and drops the feline.

John called dispatch and requested that the road department pick up both carcasses. He removed his flashlight from his belt and ran it down the animal's frame.

While glancing over the animal, John believes it is a cat. The fur does not resemble the coat of a cougar, and the cat does not

look like a cougar. The head is shaped distinctly like a typical domesticated cat.

John looks at the animal closely and says, "Fella, you look like a house cat on roids; what the hell are you?"

## CHAPTER 2

Meanwhile, at Anderson's Pharmaceuticals.



"There is something wrong with this package." James begins to examine the test results on animals and notices that the cats in the sample are two-thirds larger.

James tries to find a reason or rationale for why the cats are larger. James is a physicist and has been overseeing the testing of animals regarding the package that will be delivered.

Jenny, James' assistant, has dissected some cats and noticed an interesting pattern: larger cats have larger organs and repaired sexual organs.

"It seems unusual that this package is making the cats grow larger and repairing their bodies. Half of these animals were neutered and spayed, and they have regrown their sexual organs. Their gestation is around 21 days, the same as that of rats. This is amazing," she says.

None of the other animals had this side effect.

"How large are they?" James asked.

Jenny picked up the chart and winced at the numbers. "On average, the cats have gained fifty percent of additional weight of muscle and mass," Jenny reported.

James giggles.

"So, it's just 8 pounds on average, that's nothing special," said James.

"This package is essential; a couple of large cats that got their balls back will not delay this package," James said.

Jenny scratched her head and gasped, "We never did any long-term trials to test the effects on them; the trial period was just 15 days,"

James was now slightly annoyed.

"I'm sure the weight gain is probably just a result of it possibly slowing down their metabolism or allowing them to process protein more efficiently. No big deal," said James in a matter-of-fact tone.

James noticed that Jenny was getting nervous, he walked towards her and then said, "Look here, in 2 years, we're going to be sending out another package, so if we find that this goes any further, we can look into making adjustments to it so there won't be any side effects going forward."

Jenny then began to lean against the wall. "Well, are you going to tell the board about the effect?"

James is now agitated, and his skin is turning pink.

"Listen, that board doesn't give two shits about no damn cats. Their only concern is the bottom line. This will be the last time we have this conversation this month," he snarled.

James felt lucky that his company had secured the government contract to develop an air-dispersing product for the environment. If the product reduced the effects of solar rays on the climate, a fortune could be made.

James walks back into his office and begins to contemplate and remember how much time he has spent creating this package to be dispersed. The rate of people contracting cancer continues to rise and will peak at an astronomical rate if the package is not delivered.

The planet's atmosphere can no longer filter the sun's rays. Some scientists claim that this is caused by pollution, while others argue that it occurs naturally.

The radiation will reach a perilous period in the next 10 years. The radiation will cause over 50 percent of the country and world population to be riddled with cancer, and will continue to rise after 10 years. There is an agreement between the world powers to keep this world problem a secret. Chaos was feared to occur if the truth were to be discovered.



James looks out the window to see a jet flying in the sky. The plane is moving fast and has a sizeable grey trail following it. James then grins. The package has been designed to be dispersed in the jets' trails. The Jets offer the perfect cover for releasing these packages.



When observing jets from the ground, the grey funnels appear to most as just a product of the jet's speed. The truth would be out if regular planes or crop-dusting planes were used. James begins to say to himself that people must continue living their everyday lives. Let the people who actually can solve this issue worry about it, he thinks.

## CHAPTER 3



*1 year later*

Ryan begins to walk outside and notices the cat, Jinx. Jinx is in his usual position, sitting down, gazing in the open, and licking his paws on the lawn. Ryan puts a bowl of milk in front of Jinx's face.

Jinx's muscles flex, and he stands up. Jinx can finish off the bowl of milk in seconds. Jinx looks like an Incredible Hulk version of his former self.



Jinx's chest has widened and no longer has soft, cuddly fat. The fat has been replaced with a large muscle mass protruding off his chest. The legs are now filled with large, tight circles that connect like mountains.

*This cat must weigh at least 70 pounds now, Ryan thought.*

Jinx still has the same habits and continues to act like a house cat.

The cat's owner, Samantha, grew up on a farm, and her parents still live there. Samantha has been lucky to have such a connection. They can send Samantha weekly beef stipends.

All household cats worldwide are now six times their standard size. Regarding physique, they now resemble the size of female leopards in Africa.

Cat owners in the United States have been advised on the news to take their cats to animal shelters to be euthanized if they do not have the means to care for them.

Unfortunately, due to a struggling economy, many cat owners decided to release their cats into the wild. The cats now require 6 to 7 pounds of meat to facilitate their diet.

Some wildlife experts and conservationists have raised concerns about the cats becoming feral. However, these fears were not considered a pressing matter since the economy continued to decline.

After a few months, the cats had decimated the wildlife population, bringing the deer to the brink of extinction. The cats have grown desperate, hunting bears in packs and even attacking farms for their cattle. The recent bold attacks on farms have caused an outcry from farmers.

The value and worth of one cow are considerable. On the high end, the most a cow has ever gone for is 170,000 in an auction.

On the low end, it can cost between \$800 and \$ 2,000, which can be considered a substantial amount, especially considering the current economic struggles.

John was called to attend a meeting for farmers in the upper-Maryland area to ensure the situation didn't escalate into violence. Some members of PETA have been boycotting the treatment of cats and have advocated for cats to be left alone or relocated to another area.



John walks into the meeting tentatively. He has heard of all the farmers' anger since they have lost large cattle to the cats.

At this point, John hopes the men don't do anything drastic. One farmer, wearing a green hat, whom the locals call Smitty,

approaches to discuss the issues the cat's presence in the wilderness has caused him.

"These cats are ravenous; they have killed half of my cows. They used to sneak into my barn at night, but now they are attacking the cows in broad daylight on the pasture. It is about time we put an end to these damn cats before they begin to wipe out our entire beef supply."



Smitty glances around the room, making eye contact with each person.

"I tried to be civil and use traps, but these cats just walked around them; they all went straight for the cattle. I am probably

going to have to file for bankruptcy soon if we don't kill these motherfucking cats."

A PETA member steps forward, has a long ponytail, and yells, "They are God's creatures too, and they used to be our pets before they started growing large. If nature intended these cats to eat our cows, we should eat more vegetables. Humans don't need meat to live."



Members of the crowd begin to yell obscenities at the member from PETA.

One member of the audience, a man in his forties with a medium build, got up and yelled at the member from PETA, "Why do you care about a stupid ass cat more than people?"

They're just filthy animals. They don't contribute anything to us."

Another audience member in his mid-thirties rose from his seat. "In Asia, they eat the cats. Maybe we can try to process their meat,"

Then a woman rose; her name was Maggie. "People in the US don't eat cats or their pets, but we could try to sell their cute fur and make jackets since they are so much larger now and in abundance. It would be cheap to generate, plus we could charge a fortune," said Maggie.

Maggie seemed nervous; her eyes widened as she pulled out her notes.

Maggie made eye contact with a man in the back of the room. "Hit the lights," said Maggie.

The audience was surprised and looked dumbfounded.

John found his chair too comfortable and fell asleep. The audience let out many oohs when the lights came down, and John was woken up.

Jazz music began to play. Four women then walked out with large cat fur jackets and bikinis. Each item of fur had a different, unique color and pattern. The women wearing the jackets were

diverse and attractive. John was now at full attention and even winked at one of the models.



Maggie was no longer nervous and apprehensive. Maggie now felt she had the room's attention, and the models seemed to give her idea a better standing amongst the audience.

Maggie started conducting a PowerPoint presentation. The focus of the PowerPoint presentation was on the marketing and the target audience.

Maggie wanted to target the urban market and give the fur a name that would appeal to it.



"Ladies and gentlemen, the fur will be called Esotica, which is Italian for exotic. We will seek out popular ladies in hip hop and some of the more risqué pop artists, send them the brand for free, and pay them to wear it while they go out. The target audience will be the urban markets. The research we used and have followed concludes that members of populations from lower-income areas tend to have less sympathy for animals and pets than people from higher-income areas. Since these animals are already wild and abundant, the profit margin will be extremely high," said Maggie.

The lights came back on, and the audience went wild. Chants of "Sign me up!" were repeated.

Maggie started passing out some of the jackets to random audience members. The women in the audience happily wore the jackets as the men cheered them on.

The PETA members in the room jumped up and were enraged. They could not believe what they were witnessing. The PETA member with the long ponytail turned bright red.

The PETA member stood up and pointed at the crowd, "You people are pure filth and evil. I will fight this with every molecule in my body. I won't let you get away with treating the cats this way," said the PETA Member.

The crowd is booing hard and yelling all kinds of expletives at the PETA members.

Smitty stands up and motions to the crowd for them to calm down and says, "I was unsure about him at first. But now, I know he loves pussy".



The crowd burst out in laughter.

Smitty's face then turns stern; he puts his head down and then brings his head back up and says, "Tomorrow I'm going out there to kill all the pussy in the woods. We're going to take back our God damn country from these damn cats."

Jerome, a local exterminator, says, "We need to start preparing traps for these creatures. Hunting them could be a problem because these animals grew up with people. They might not behave like normal animals."

Rick, a retired keeper for large cats at the zoo, stands up and says, "Jerome is right. We need to use traps. Hunting them with guns will put us in vulnerable positions. Cats of this size can be

hard to track and can elude us, even more than larger cats, because of their ability to hide in various places."

Rick then wiped his glasses.

"Another thing you all should be wary of is that the cat's familiarity with people may make them more dangerous than your average wild animal because they won't have any fear of you," Rick said.

Smitty then blurts out, "We ain't afraid of pussy like you. "

The crowd stands and cheers, Smitty.

Smitty then glances left to right at the crowd and says, "Men, tomorrow is C-Day. Hunters all over the country have decided to kill all of those cats that are in the wild. We must do our part in Maryland. You all rest up because tomorrow will be the last day to say hello to the kitty cats."

## CHAPTER 4



When John arrives at Smitty's farm at 6 a.m., a little over 1,000 men have arrived. John finds the men to be very loud and obnoxious. John usually wouldn't participate with such a group, but he does have a hunter's license. With all the shenanigans at the meeting, John figures he needs to keep an eye on C-Day in Maryland.



All the men are wearing bright hunter jackets. They also wear colorful, flamboyant cat fur vests in different patterns and colors. John has never been particularly passionate about animal rights, but finds the vests somewhat obnoxious and unnecessary.

Smitty is wearing a black and white striped vest and is moving about with pride. The men walk through a clearing in the woods.

The air is cool, which is perfect for the hunt. It is autumn air; the leaves are brown and red everywhere, and many are scattered about the ground.

As the men walk through the forest, crunchy leaves can be heard clearly. John wonders if the group can sneak up on any cats with all the noise they are making.

Maggie even came along for the trip. Maggie was wearing a provocative vest with a solid red color and black spots.

Smitty notices three cats chewing and feasting on a deer. Smitty puts one finger in the air and then brings it to his mouth, motioning for everyone to be quiet. Smitty aims at the cats, and then all the men set their aim on the three cats. The loud group has become silent.



John wonders why the cats did not hear this loud group coming. They must have been very hungry or not used to being hunted. John then sets his aim also.

Smitty fires a shot, and then the whole group starts shooting at will in a loud, jumbled fashion. The men fired multiple shots before actually hitting the targets. Bullets hit the trees, ground, branches, and eventually the cats.

The cats have dozens of bullets in them. The group walks over to the cats. The cats are relatively large, weighing at least 70 to 80 pounds.

Smitty picks up one of the cats with pride. Then, looking at Maggie, "I want you to make a coat of this one for me. I have a lot of pretty ladies who would like to fit into some fur that looks like this," said Smitty.

Maggie looks at the cat in disgust.

"Yeah, the cat had a nice coat until you made Swiss cheese out of it. All the patching would take work. We can repair it, but let's try to put just one bullet in the other cats that come around, fellas, please," said Maggie.

Smitty calls in his son Jimbo, who is in his early twenties. Smitty picks up the cat and then hands the cat over to Jimbo,

"Take this cat and gut it so we can eat some of its meat, and then skin it so a jacket can be made; I will radio you to come to meet us when I get a good location."

Jumbo reluctantly picks up the cat. "I don't want to miss any of the action, pop. Can we leave the cat here and return to get me later?"

Smitty looks at Jimbo, "Boy! Just do what the fuck I tell you." He spoke sternly.

The group decides to split into four groups. Smitty takes his group, and they notice five cats retreating downhill into a valley.

Smitty and the other men began shooting and following the cats down the valley. The shots missed everything, and the men howled and yelled as they attempted to chase down the cats.

Smitty feels the adrenaline race through him. He now has the energy of the chase. This is what he lives for. To Smitty, nothing is more of an expression of manhood than the hunt and dragging back what you kill.

Smitty envisions killing the cat with the gray fur and black stripes. That cat's hide would look incredible on its wall. As Smitty enters the valley's edge, another vision comes to mind. Smitty envisions getting a taxidermist to prepare and stuff the cat. Smitty would have the cat standing ten feet from the

entrance of his door and in the window on display for everyone to see, which would be a fine kill.

The men bunch up and begin to descend into the valley. Once they reach the bottom, they see two cats next to the bottom of the hill.

Smitty says, "We got these pussies trapped now; let them have it."

Cats then rain down from the trees on top of the men. The cats pounce on the men's shoulders and lead with their heads. The cats stretch their mouths out on the men's necks and drag them down.



The men began firing and panicking, shooting the cats and each other in their fear. One of the men shoots a bullet in the head of the cat that is on its back. The cat's head explodes on top of the man.

Smitty dodges a cat by making a quick step to the right. He then fires his rifle into the cat. Smitty fires his rifle at will at the cats, but they keep coming. Smitty and the remaining standing men began to retreat, firing while trying to run backward.

Some men try to shoot the cats on top of the men on the ground. Some of the shots the men fired at the cats also hit the men on the ground.

Smitty aims and fires his shotgun at a cat on top of one of the men. Smitty recognizes him in the group as Lawrence; he then grabs the man by the wrist and tries to pull him as he fires shots.

Lawrence is missing his eye. It looks like it was scratched out. The man that Smitty grabbed has scratches all over his face, and his mouth has even been torn, filled with blood. Other cats around the forest close in on the men from the opposite direction.

One of the cats reaches Smitty from behind. Smitty turns too late. The cat claws his hand and bites into his arm. Smitty squeals at a high pitch and lets go of the man he was trying to

drag. Smitty's squeal excites the cat, taking a bite out of Smitty's right ear.

"Stop it. Get away!" Smitty yells.

Smitty tries to run, but the cat lurches and clamps onto Smitty's hamstring. The cat reaches its paw in front of Smitty and tries to pull him down. The cat then tears into the flesh of both of Smitty's calves and continues to pull down on Smitty.

Smitty's shoulder is now in the cat's mouth. The cat uses all its strength to tear into Smitty's shoulder and bring him down. The cat weaves through the trees as it pulls Smitty into a descent in the valley.

Smitty tries to get his bearings and grabs at the ground as the gray-striped cat pulls on him. It is to no avail.



This cat is strong, and Smitty's right arm, which is his strong hand, is injured. Smitty reaches to grasp items on the ground, picking up stones, leaves, and sticks, but nothing holds. The cat stops pulling on Smitty, allows Smitty to try to crawl away from him for ten yards, and then drags Smitty back to where he started. The cat's eyes grow while watching Smitty crawl.

Smitty looks back and can see the menace of the cat's large, oval green eyes. The cat's eyes seem to pierce right through Smitty. Smitty then gets dragged back again by the gray-stripped cat. Smitty attempts to grab onto the leaves with his left hand, but again, it proves pointless.

The cat begins to lick his lips and watches Smitty intensely. Smitty decides to wait to see if the cat will go away.



Smitty waves his left hand to see if the cat will move or grab him, but the cat watches. Smitty starts rolling around, gets covered with leaves, and then stops. Smitty looks behind to see if the cat is still watching him. Smitty starts moving again, further from the cat. The leaves are going into his mouth and are all over his face.

Smitty suddenly gets up and starts running with a bad limp. Smitty is not looking back anymore. His left leg hurts, but Smitty grits his teeth to continue to run.

As Smitty gets further away, a feeling of hope enters him; maybe, just maybe, he can get away, which is what Smitty begins to tell himself. Smitty hears the crack of a stick behind him. Smitty looks back to see the gray, striped cat behind him. This makes Smitty stop in his tracks. He looks back and notices that the cat has stopped, too.

Smitty begins to hobble some more, then gets a glimmer of the cat in his peripheral vision on his right side. The cat is now beside him, staring at him with piercing green eyes. Smitty stops. He is panting very hard and is soaked in his sweat now.

Smitty is exhausted but realizes that this cat is merely playing with him and has no intention of letting him get away. Smitty looks deeply into the cat's eye.

"You intend to eat me, don't you?" he asks the cat.

The cat looks directly at Smitty and hisses. Then, it licks its lips with its long tongue.

Smitty then puts his head down. "Well, I'm not going to make it easy for you," he says.

Smitty then jumps on the cat, grabs the cat by its left arm around the neck, and then bites into the cat's face and rips pieces of its cheek out. Smitty can taste the salt in the cat's blood.

The cat lets out a howl, quickly maneuvers around Smitty, and drags Smitty down by his neck. The cat has grown tired of the game and pounces on Smitty's chest.

In any other scenario, the cat would be considered beautiful. To Smitty, however, the cat is terrifying. Smitty's fear was brought to a high point by the game the cat had played. Smitty feels resolute that he chose to fight rather than flee, but the cat is on top of him now and has the full advantage.



The cat looks into Smitty's eyes, licks all around its mouth, and starts munching on Smitty's face. The cat tears into his face piece by piece.

Smitty's high-pitched screams are muffled by the cat chewing on Smitty's mouth. Smitty can taste his blood and flesh as the cat chews into his mouth. The cat bites Smitty's neck and begins wrangling and shaking him like a rag doll. The cat flips Smitty back and forth and then puts Smitty on his back again.

Smitty, now deformed, whispers, "Please, kitty."

The cat then bites into Smitty's neck and rips out a large slab of flesh.

Smitty is dead.

## CHAPTER 5



Maggie is still running. She has been running since the cats got the upper hand and dragged the men to the ground. Her adrenaline is racing, and she is moving faster than she ever thought she could.

Tears are running down her face, and her nose is running. She moves, jumping over logs, hoping to reach a group. She has almost forgotten that she has a rifle in her hands.

Maggie starts to slow down to catch her breath. She puts her hands on her knees and tries to breathe in deeply. The air is not coming into her lungs; her heartbeat is too fast. Maggie then hears some leaves crackle. Maggie looks up and can see the shadow of a cat behind some trees.

Maggie aims the rifle at the figure and fires a couple of shots.



"Boom Boom!" The rifle sounds.

Maggie relaxes a bit. The cat has retreated. Maggie then hears loud hisses and immediately turns around to discover three cats. These cats are large, weighing at least 85 pounds. She attempts to lift the gun to shoot and gets off a shot. The cats are too fast.

The first cat to reach Maggie has all-black fur. The cat knocks over Maggie immediately.

The other two large cats attacked Maggie's legs; they were colored brown, and the other was spotted grey and white. The black cat claws at Maggie's face and repeatedly punches Maggie with its claw. The other two cats are biting and clawing at her legs. The cats then huddle together and stand over Maggie side by side. Maggie remains still for a moment, then moves her shoulder slightly.

The brown cat instantly punches Maggie with its claws three times. Maggie lets out a howl, and the cats begin to meow loudly.

The cats are now fixed on Maggie, and she is unsure what to do. If she remains still, the cats will stay still, but when she moves, they attack. Maggie notices the rifle is within her reach.

Maggie grips the dirt and envisions grabbing the gun and shooting all of the cats. The cats then begin to hiss. Maggie remains still. Maggie thinks about the fact that the cats have already wounded her and have been involved in killing people.

Maggie determines that these cats intend to have fun with her until they are ready to eat her. She takes her palm, clutches the ground tightly, and then silently counts to three in her head.

Maggie lurches off the ground and reaches for the rifle. The gray, white, and spotted cat claws Maggie's ankle. Maggie pulls the gun towards her chest and fires a shot into the head of the grey-spotted cat. The cat's head explodes, and the blood from the cat lands directly on the face of the brown cat.

The brown cat is startled, and Maggie fires another shot into its chest. The brown cat falls over onto the leaves' faces first.

Maggie moves to the right to shoot the black cat, but the cat has already bitten her neck. The cat has half of Maggie's neck in her mouth. The cat starts wrangling Maggie back and forth. Maggie can feel the pain from the cat's puncture to her neck with its fangs. The pain is unbearable.

Maggie takes the rifle, swings it back into the face of the cat, and knocks the cat a couple of feet away. Maggie then aims quickly at the cat and shoots off the cat's front right leg. The cat lies on its back, soaked with its blood. Maggie then stands and shoots the cat in the face, splattering its guts all over the fall leaves.

Maggie looks down at her body, which is covered with cat claw marks and bites. Maggie walks and realizes that the cat has severely cut her ankle. Maggie tries to hobble and has difficulty concentrating. She is very dizzy. She looks at her chest and can see it covered with blood. Maggie touches her neck to feel the blood pouring out of her torn neck.

Maggie then collapses.

Maggie starts losing consciousness and goes in and out. When she comes into consciousness again, she can see two cats standing over her. Maggie loses consciousness again. When she regains consciousness, she can see and feel the cat injecting fangs into her neck; the other cat is now chewing into her belly. Maggie goes out of consciousness again, but this time, remains unconscious.

Everything has gone dark for Maggie.

Smitty's group is gone.

.....



"May-day, May-day, John, have you heard from Smitty?"  
Jerome asks over the radio.

John says, "I heard a lot of shooting sounded like they killed a lot of cats."

Jerome says, "Yeah, I heard the shots too, but I haven't heard from any of those guys."

Jerome and his group go over to where Smitty is supposed to be.

They can see two cats hovering over something as they enter the area.

Rick stares and asks, "Is that a person?"

Jerome pulls a rifle, aims it toward the cats, and fires. The shot misses; the other men shoot and hit one of the cats, and the other cat retreats and runs away.

The men walk upon the body and can see the carcass of the person. The flesh and face have been removed. Jerome notices the fur coat around the carcass and recognizes it belongs to Maggie. Jerome then looks at the boots and determines they are feminine.



Jerome lifts the carcass's foot and holds the boot. "This is definitely Maggie. What the fuck is going on?"

Two men in Jerome's group get ahead of the group and start to descend into the valley. The men see bushels of cats eating and can hear the chewing and ripping of flesh as they eat the men from Smitty's group. The sound of the ripping sends chills down the back of the two men.

"Oh my God, they're eating them," says Rick.

They pull out their rifles and begin firing into a mob of cats. The cats scatter. The other men ahead of Jerome run toward the large mob of cats. They are engaging the cats and firing at them as they scatter about. The cats have learned to run and stop to

ruin the hunters' aim. The running and pausing give many of the men outstanding aiming issues. The cats begin to scatter towards the men.

Jerome has kept his distance as he fires multiple rounds.

"Don't let them flank us!" yells Jerome.

He starts backing up as the cats engulf the first batch of men. The men's throats are gashed with the cat's fangs and claws.

Rick tells the other men to retreat, "Shoot while backing away, don't turn your backs on these mother fuckers".

Some of the men didn't heed the advice and ran away with their backs facing the cats; the cats jumped on the necks of the men and clawed out their backs.

Rick and Jerome keep shooting with the other men, and the group is bunched together. The group continues to fire shots as they leave the valley. The cats stop pursuing them.

Jerome and Rick's group have lost two-thirds of their men. The members of John's group want to go to the valley and get payback.

Rick tells the men, "It is dark now, and cats can see in the dark; they would have a major advantage if we went out there now."

John tells the men, "We will wait till the morning."

Jerome wipes his eyes, trying to hold back tears, "They are eating them though, man. They're eating them to the bone."

John picks up his rifle.

"Well, if the cats are gluttons and full, they will be easier targets," says John.

Rick scratches his head

"We should call the police," he suggests.

John nods his head, "Hunting man-eating animals is different than pursuing and capturing criminals." says John.

John felt better about not having to tell a woman in person that they were now a widow; Smitty was divorced.

John had a rough time speaking. John began to wonder what they were going to tell the other family members whose husbands and fathers died today while hunting.

A plan to take on the cats did not come easy to John. They had firepower, but the cats were physically superior to them regarding speed, agility, and their ability to climb.

This usually wouldn't cause an issue because most animals run away at the sound of gunfire and people, no matter their size. The house cats know people too well. They understand what we

are physically capable of and that we will generally be easier prey to capture compared to hunting for a deer or dealing with a bull.

The morning takes forever to come. It's getting close to winter in the late fall season. There is a mighty wind blowing and pulling the leaves.

John had an idea.

John gathers the men to tell them his plan, "Alright, fellas, we have already figured out that we don't want these cats to get too close to us. Right now, the wind is blowing east. The Valley of the Cats is in the east. We need to burn this forest at the edge of the valley."

"So, you want to burn the whole forest?" Rick asks

John then says, "At this point, I don't give a fuck".

Jerome clutches his rifle, "Won't that attract firefighters?"

John nods, "Nah, it will take them a while to get out here and for someone to report it."

John escorts the men at the edge of the valley. John tells the men to spread the gasoline and to not make any noise while doing so.

The cat's bellies are full of all the human flesh they have eaten. They are fast asleep in the early morning. They roll about lazily,

remembering that they used to be house cats and not having a care in the world.

Smoke begins to fester slowly through the valley. The cats do not notice the smoke and fall deeper into their sleep. The flames slowly descend into the valley, riding on the backs of the wind.

The flames get greedy, grabbing bulks of leaves in their paths, and fully engulf some trees. The speed of the fire picks up. The cats feel uncomfortable from the rising heat in the valley but have not woken up.



One lone cat that greedily split away from the group because he didn't want to share a fat leg of human flesh lies asleep. The leg is now to the bone. Flames circle the cat. The cat is lying in a pile of dead leaves. The dead, dry leaves catch fire instantly and first interact with the cat's tale. The cat wakes and lets out a howl of pain that causes some cats to wake.

The cat wrestles through the leaves and becomes even more engulfed in the flames. The cat is on fire now and runs screaming towards the other cats. All of the cats are awake now. The cats head towards the edge of the valley.



The flames surround the cats now, and they can do nothing. Kittens seem to emerge out of nowhere. Scattering about, running, and meowing as they catch on fire.

John then realizes this engagement and conflict are merely about the cats defending the kittens.

*Damn, if only Smitty had gone another direction, all of this shit could have been avoided, John thought.*

John recognizes that the cats are now man-eaters and will forever have a taste for human flesh. All of the cats need to be put down, even the kittens.

Some cats become consumed by the fire and die while moving frantically. The cats then run towards the trees. The cats scurry through the trees and navigate through the flames. The cats then went to the clearing at the edge of the valley.



John yells, "Fire! Kill them all!"

As they move into the clearing, the men shoot in unison and rain gunshots upon the cats. The bullets pierce through the cats.

The cats drop like flies. Some of the cats try to leap through the fire and get burned. One cat gets through and is on fire. The cat takes off running at a fantastic speed.



The smell of the burning cats is terrible. Some men are adulated and enjoy the suffering they see the cats going through. The cats no longer have any trees to grab onto or scatter around. The cats are all in the transparent and open space. The fire is now engulfing them. The wind to the east was very dependable. It was the most significant factor in helping them eliminate the cats.

John understands that the man could have faced the same predicament if the wind had changed directions. John begins to fear that the wind may change direction and orders the men to leave the area. The burning fire and the howling cats can be heard from long distances.

A siren is heard coming in their direction. The fire department is coming to put out the fire. John begins to acknowledge that there will be many questions about what transpired here. The skeletons of the people and cats will paint a very dark picture.



*There will be many wild stories about what happened here, thought John.*

After John gets back to the farm, there are wild news reports on the television surfacing all over the country of groups and packs of hunters turning up dead or missing after hunting the feral cats.

## CHAPTER 6



Some estimates were as high as thousands in terms of human deaths. Worse yet, the country is already heavily in debt from various overseas wars and does not have enough funds to pay the National Guard or other groups to hunt them down.

A known hunter, Willie James, comes on television and is interviewed by a local newscaster, Sheila Smith.

Sheila takes her microphone and extends it toward Willie, "Mr. James, what is going on here in the woods, and why are there so many problems in hunting down the feral cats?"

Willie licks his lips.



"Cats can be very elusive when they want to be. They can hear people in large packs from far distances while awake, and their sense of smell is 14 times stronger than that of humans. Their vision is also much better than ours, giving them a significant advantage after the sun goes down. Most hunters are not as good at hunting as they used to be.

They all wear deodorant, aftershave, soap, and shampoo in their hair. So, the cats can smell us coming a mile away with the right wind. These hunters are accustomed to hunting game that

doesn't attack, such as deer. Carnivores, such as bears, wolves, and now the rather large cougars, are unfamiliar with human beings' smells or sounds.

These animals can detect them but generally view them as foreign. The main problem is that a regular group with fewer than six people is in danger when hunting for these cats. The cats can tell how large their group is by how much noise they make from far distances, so they attack in packs when the group is of that size.

If it's a group of 20 people or more, the cats generally stay away or retreat from them unless there is a geographical advantage or the people are close to their den or nest area. In those cases, that can be too many cats for the hunters to deal with at one time, and if the cats are within 10 yards before they attack, they will generally have the advantage," he explained.

Sheila shakes her head nervously, "So if the man-eaters aren't found in the wild and hunted down, what else is there to be done?"

Willie grabs his chin, looking like he was in deep thought; then he said, "That's the dilemma; the truth is that a human or hunter will see the man-eater again because once a cat becomes a man-eater, they will indeed seek humans out to eat them again in a short time."

Sheila then asks, "What about the population of the cats in the wild?"

Willie holds his rifle, "These cats are producing at a crazy rate. Their reproduction rates are now the same as household pests."

*One year later.*

It is February, the last month that DC has to worry about seeing snow. Winter is in the air, and the city expects 20 inches of snow. Masses of people are going to pick up their children and kids from school. The grocery stores have been flooded. The city of the District of Columbia remembers the last time there was a snowstorm of this magnitude.

The whole town was under lock and key; no one could do anything productive. All work that mattered stopped, and the highways could not be accessed.



The buses stopped running, and the Metro trains stopped running. There was no movement in the city. People in DC were primarily restricted to staying in their homes and neighborhoods.

The city's budget for salt trucks and plows is relatively low compared to northern cities. Any precipitation of more than a foot of snow will cause chaos in the town.

Lisa, Ryan's ex, tries to grab some of the last items in the grocery store before picking up their son.

Lisa had a furlough day from the DC government. Today, she was not feeling so bad about having it. While in the grocery store, Lisa grabbed a bunch of canned food items and pasta.

*This should last a while if the city cannot plow out the snow. This should last the whole week, is what Lisa thinks to herself.*



The grocery store is frantic; lines are reaching back into the aisles of food. Lisa looks up to see a short, fat lady arguing about her food stamps and what she is supposed to be able to get.

She hated it when the diva food stamp ladies got in line. They always take all day and make a scene about what they are supposed to have and how the store is trying to cheat them. Patience is what Lisa keeps telling herself.

Finally, Lisa reached the register and began to smile because when she looked behind her, she could see that the lines were now 5 times longer and beyond the end of the aisles.

Lisa happily walks out of the store, grateful to be free from the rush of shoppers. The snow has started to fall lightly. There is an inch of snow on the ground.

Lisa looks into the sky, "I need to hurry,"

Lisa noticed significant claw marks and footprints in the snow as she got to her apartment. Lisa believes this to be a large dog or someone walking their large cat.

The city's people with large household cats must follow the new ordinance. Cats are no longer allowed to be loose by themselves. They must be accompanied by an owner at all times; otherwise, they will be deemed or considered wild and can be shot on-site. Cats now have a bad reputation because of the deaths when humans tried to hunt them.

Many animal rights groups have fought hard to portray an image of helpless cats doing what is necessary to survive in the wild. The animal rights groups claim that none of those deaths would have occurred if the people had not chosen to hunt them. The animal rights groups have suggested that cats are returning to their initial stage before domestication.

Animal rights groups such as PETA have long urged and argued that animals should not be made into pets, and that cats and dogs are generally being held captive by humans. The continued argument and campaign slogan they have posted around the metros and billboards show large household cats with chains on.

Lisa walks by the billboards and feels disgusted.



Lisa glares at the billboard, "Everybody feels they can compare their struggle to slavery, I swear," she thinks to herself.

It was noon during the day, and the snow had begun to fall much harder than earlier. There are now 3 inches on the ground.

Lisa decided to pick up her son Tommy from school before the snow got too high. Lisa approaches the school and presses the doorbell to be buzzed in. Lunchtime has just begun, and the students are at recess.

The guard behind the buzzer waves at Lisa behind the window and then lets her in. Lisa is quite well acquainted with the guard, Charles Jackson. Charles always has lame pickup lines for her when he sees her.



Lisa tries to prepare her mind for something random that Charles may do as she walks by.

"How are you doing, Mr. Jackson?" Says Lisa.

Charles picks up his newspaper and smiles, "Since you called me Mr. Jackson, I guess you're ready for my nasty side now," says Charles; he then winks at Lisa.

Lisa's eyes go up, "Oh my Lord," she says.

*This fool took it back to the pleasure principle,* Lisa thought.

Lisa quickly walks to Tommy's classroom. Lisa walks into the school and finds Ms. Stephens making scribbles on the kids' papers.



Ms. Stephens finishes putting a happy face on one of the kids' papers. Ms. Stephens has a bandage on the side of her face. Lisa stared at the bandage.

"Pooh, what happened to you, Ms. Stephens?" said Lisa.

Ms. Stephens takes a deep breath, "Don't tell anybody this, girl, because this is supposed to be private, but you know Robert?"

Lisa nodded her head. "Why, of course,"

Ms. Stephens's eyes get wide, "Robert came in one day and had bruises and tears all up and down his back and legs; the boy looked like a runaway slave, so I called CPS; CPS snatched the boy up, and his momma stopped receiving checks for him, you know that heifer came up here and tried to get in my face," she says to Lisa.

Lisa was excited and ready to hear more of the story. "So what do you do?" she asked.

Ms. Stephens blushes, "Well, you know I have been doing that kickboxing class for the last two years, so I went Ham on that ass; with her background, I know ain't nobody going to believe her story."

Lisa nodded. "Serves her right,"

Ms. Stephens stared out the window. "Oh my God," she gasped.

## CHAPTER 7



Lisa and Ms. Stephens looked out the window and saw a large cat on the recess grounds.



All the young students looked and pointed at the cat.

"Ooh, a Kitty, it's so pretty," a child cooed.

Ms. Stephens runs into the hall and yells, "Chaaaarlees!  
Chaaaarles! Chaaaarles!!"

Charles puts down the newspaper.

"What the hell is going on, lady?" he looks at Ms. Stephens like she has gone crazy.

"There's a big cat outside."

Charles grabs his bat and heads out the door; Ms. Stephens and Lisa follow. Lisa sees a large pack of cats far in the distance walking down the sidewalk. Lisa can spot Tommy in a bright Redskins snowsuit. Lisa grabbed Tommy, picked him up, sat him on her shoulder, and ran off the playground.

The cat on the playground has reddish brown spotted white fur. The cat lunges at a little girl and bites her on the shoulder. The red cat cannot taste flesh or blood because of the thickness of the snowsuit. The red cat is locked on the shoulder and flings the little girl back and forth like a rag doll.



Charles hits the cat in the back with the bat. The cat howls, releases the girl briefly, and then bites down on the shoulder. Ms. Stephens pulls out a large pair of scissors from her waist and then stabs the cat in the head on the side of her mouth. The cat howls; Charles then takes his bat and hits the cat squarely on its skull, and the cat drops to the ground.

All the teachers yell for the kids to come together and go inside the school. Charles sees the cats coming, and so does Ms.

Stephens. Some of the kids are now overcome with fear and are unable to move.

Ms. Stephens yells at the students authoritatively, "Jimmy, Jerome, Tasha, Billy, Tracy, Keisha, hurry up now and get back into the school! Don't make me repeat it!"

The kids scatter and start running towards the pack of students, trying to get in. Twelve cats have now entered the playground and run directly toward the students.

Charles hits the lead cat in the throat area. This pushes the cat back, and the cat starts hissing loudly; Charles tightens his grip on the bat.

"Anytime," says Charles.

Ms. Stephens has noticed that Kerry and Jerry are over by the slide.

Kerry and Jerry happen to be twins. Ms. Stephens reaches the slide, Jerry pulls on Kerry's leg, Kerry gets stuck on the slide, and the hood gets stuck on a nail. Ms. Stephens goes inside the tunnel of the slide, abs Kerry's hood, and yanks it out of the nail.

Ms. Stephens gets the students to run toward the school entrance.

A large white cat with brown spots comes running towards the twins. The white cat leaps in the air and stretches out its claws. Ms. Stephens runs in front of the twins and braces for impact.

The cat lands on Ms. Stephens and gets stabbed by Ms. Stephens's scissors. The white cat then bites onto Ms. Stephens's neck and wrangles her.



The blood from the cat's bite drips out of its mouth. Ms. Stephens repeatedly stabs the cat in its belly. The cat's white fur is drenched with its blood, and Ms. Stephens's Ms. Stephens's body is covered with claw marks, and the bite mark on her neck

is engulfed with blood. The cat has stopped moving and lies flat on Ms. Stephens's.

Ms. Stephens looks up to see the twins. The twins are inside the school, and a teacher at the door yells for Charles to hurry and get in. Charles is swinging his bat from left to right.



The gym teacher, Edward, and a 4th-grade teacher, Melissa, lay dead. The cats came in too fast for the kids to enter the building. Charles looks back to see Ms. Stephens dead on the ground.

Charles has been able to kill three cats directly with his bat. Seven cats have now approached Charles. Charles glances at one of the teachers and motions for them to close the doors with his hand. The cats come forward. Charles swings repetitively,

hitting and cracking skulls. The cats become too much for him. One of the cats can claw its right Achilles tendon.

Charles leans on the bat like a cane to gain balance. Charles then picks up the bat in his hand and chokes up on it for leverage. One cat leaps high in the air towards Charles's face. Charles swats it down. Another cat attacks Charles from the ground. Charles makes a complex, wild swing and makes contact.



A brown cat bites Charles's neck over his left shoulder. Charles screams, whimpers, and hits the cat over the head with the bat. Another cat attacks Charles from the side of his bat and bites into his shoulder.

Two cats come from the north and south directions for Charles. Charles gets wrestled to the ground. The cats began to eat into him.

The teacher behind the school doors yells at the students, "Look away, children, stop looking in the window, get back to task."

One of the 5th-grade teachers tries to call the police.

"The lines are busy; these cats must be attacking all over," she says out loud.

Lisa and Tommy make their way to the Metro. Lisa is breathing and sweating profusely. Lisa jogs down the left side of the stairs with Tommy in her hand, past the people descending the escalator.



All Lisa could think about now was getting home and lying on the bed. Lisa is exhausted.

As Lisa crosses her smart card past the Metro gate, she thinks about Ms. Stephens, Charles, and the other kids. She silently prays for their safety.

There is water everywhere. The Metro station is overflowing with men, women, and children getting off work and school early to beat the snow—a large herd of cats wanders by the Metro station.

Many people see the cats coming and running in the opposite direction. The snow is several inches deep, and footprints are visible in the snow.

The footprints make the cats curious. The cats trace the footsteps with their paws and lick them, eventually leading them to the escalators. The cats creep down the escalator.



A little girl with braids and a beret, holding her mom's hand, yells, "Look at all the Kitties," as they descend the escalator.

The people on the escalator run down the steps toward the gateway. Masses of people run to the entrance gates and crash

into each other. The people in the front try to hop over the gates. The cats have come down the escalators and run towards the trapped people, waiting to get over the gate. The people farthest from the gate scream as they see cats running towards them. The cats crash into the people.

The cats mauled the people stuck behind the gates. The hungry cats claw at their faces and necks and bite the people all over their bodies as they take them to the ground. The cats jump over the gates and run down the escalators towards the platforms.

Lisa and Tommy have made their way to the end of the platform.

"Mummy, why were they cats in the playground, and why did everyone run away?" Tommy tries to ask Lisa questions about his classmates and why the cats entered the playground area.

Lisa ignored him and heard yelling and screams coming from the top floor.

Lisa then sees people trampling each other to get down the escalator—the lights on the platform flash red. Lisa could see the light coming from the train as it emerged from the tunnel. Lisa grabbed Tommy closely and shielded him in case the train was too late.

"Lord, please hurry," said Lisa.

## CHAPTER 8



Multiple cats are running down into the masses. The cat's claw attacks all the people running with their backs towards them.

The cries and screams from the men, women, and children are now in unison. The octaves have blended.

The two trains approached from opposite directions. As soon as the doors opened, the passengers on the train and the conductor heard the screams of the people. The conductor then peered out from his surveillance and saw the nightmare of people being chewed upon by the cats. The conductor is in shock.



A vast mass of screaming people and children enters the train doors. Some people fall and get trampled by the others. The conductor tries to close the doors, but the cats run towards them and start taking out people in the rear of the pack, which is bunched up to enter the train.

As the train doors close, screams cry out, and the people plead to have the conductor open the doors. The train doors are stuck on the people's arms and legs.

The conductors on both sides pull off with the train; the people stuck in the doors yell for help. As the train pulled into the tunnel, the other passengers pulled the people stuck in the doors onto the train.



Lisa is crying uncontrollably now; Tommy appears to be in a state of shock. The train pulls into the next station, L'Enfant Plaza. Crowds of people are running on the tracks, and cats are everywhere.



The conductor slows the trains to a complete stop with the doors closed. The conductor sees groups of people on the tracks being attacked by cats, and some people are running up and down the tracks to escape the cats.

Adults and teenagers run in every direction, trying to flee from the cats. Some people rush to the train doors and beg for them to open. There are too many cats this time. The conductor is sure some cats will get in if he opens the doors.



Loud gunshots were fired.

Five Metro security officers and their dogs run down the escalators, firing and shooting some of the cats. Cats from the balcony leap down onto the officers.

The German shepherd fights the cats fiercely and bites the tails of the cats that have gotten on some of the officers. The guards are wounded and covered with scratches and claw marks, but

the dog has bought them enough time to recover; all five officers can put bullets into the cats before they cause deadly damage.

The cats in the plaza all start coming to the officers. Bunches of cats on the tracks jump on the train platform and rush the officers.



The officers are losing ground; as they try to reload, one of the cats can get one of the officers from behind and bite into the

officer's shooting arm. The officer howls in pain and tries to remove the grip of the cat's bite while still shooting the gun.

The German Shepard crashes into the cat and sends the cat soaring in the air onto the tracks. The officers notice a group of cats on top of the train; the cats leap off the train and onto the platform.

The officers fired gunshots in the direction of the cats leaping from the train and hit the window of the front car of the train. One of the shots hits the conductor's car and badly cracks the glass.



In unison, a couple of the cats look out the window and pause; then, suddenly, they rush to the train's first car. The conductor sets the train in motion and looks down at the people on the track.

The conductor believes that the large cracks in the glass covering him and the glass at the front of the car have made them vulnerable. He begins to cry and sets the train in full motion.

The conductor runs over cats by the dozens, and many people are on the tracks, badly wounded by the cats. The conductor can hear cries for help and loud screaming as he runs over them.

The people on the tracks put their hands out and try to wave the train away, but the conductor keeps rolling over them.

The bones and blood squirting from the crushed corpses make a terrible sound—the blood splatters on the front of the train. The train rolls by the officers, and a large group of cats leaps onto the men from the top of the platform, finally engulfing the group—the cops' screams from the platform echo through the train.

Lisa and the other passengers on the train shake their heads as they see the cats feasting on the police as they ride by. The conductor finally clears the platform and enters the tunnel. The conductor tries to tell him that the people on the tracks are wounded and already going to be eaten or killed by the cats.

The conductor sees a train ahead of him stopped in the middle of the next station, Waterfront. The conductor slams the brakes and slides into the next train at a slow speed. The train's crash causes the conductor's cracked window to shatter.



The conductor jumps through the window and tries to make a run across the train tracks. Two cats in the front car jump out of the window and chase after the conductor. The conductor reaches the platform and runs toward the escalators.

The conductor then looks up to see two cats at the top of the escalator. The conductor stops and looks behind him. The cats stop and slowly walk towards him.



The conductor senses that his doom is near. He runs and jumps onto the tracks and tries to run towards the tunnel, towards the next station. The cats allow the conductor to have a lead.

They stay in the same spot for three seconds, and then all four of them jump onto the tracks and run after the conductor. The conductor is about 10 yards from entering the darkness of the tunnel when he feels his legs taken out from under him by the cat's paws.

The cats start pawing and clawing the conductor in the face and chest. The conductor cries out for them to stop. Two cats claw at the conductor's ankles and sever the Achilles tendon. The cats leave the conductor in the middle of the tracks, bloodied and injured. The conductor remains on the ground, whimpering and crying in pain.

Lisa pulls out her cell phone to call the police. The line is busy. Another passenger told Lisa that the police were probably getting many calls.

The chances of getting through to get assistance are slim. Lisa then calls her sister, Sherry.

Sherry picks up her phone.

"Girl, what's going on?" says Sherry.

Lisa holds Tommy in her arms. "These cats are killing people," said Lisa.

Sherry grabs the phone and brings it closer to her ear, "What you mean tats are killing people? My tattoos ain't never hurt me; I see Diva, my cat, at the front door. I haven't seen her in a year since I let her go."

Sherry walks to the door; Diva has blood around her mouth. Sherry assumes the Diva must have eaten a bird or a squirrel.

Lisa loses the reception on the phone with Sherry.

"Lisa, you still there, Lisa, Lisa, I don't tell that girl about getting them cheap ass phones," Sherry says.

Sherry opens the door to let Diva in and grabs a towel to wipe around Diva's mouth.



Lisa then decides to call Ryan.

## CHAPTER 9



Ryan is on the Suitland Parkway with his crew. Ryan notices four missed calls on his phone.

He picked it up and noticed that it was Lisa. Ryan doesn't want to call her back.

*What does this lady want? I sent her the last check for Tommy's School; Ryan thought she probably wanted to annoy me.*

"I will call her back when I am ready to deal with her bullshit," Ryan said to himself.



The snow is coming down rapidly. It is a full-fledged blizzard. An accident has caused the traffic to halt. There is no movement, stuck in the same spot for twenty minutes; horns blast in anger. The accident occurred when a woman in an SUV truck tried to avoid a deer on the road and slid while going around a curve.

A man driving a Honda Accord then slid directly into the man. A teenager riding a Dodge had his music blasting and was smoking weed; this gave the teenager slow reactions; he then crashed right into the back of the Honda.

One by one, the passengers leave their cars and yell obscenities at each other.

"Bitch you don't know how to drive," the dope head said.

The lady looks into his eyes and says, "Nigga you high as shit; you, you better have insurance," says the lady driving the SUV.

The man in the Honda looks at him and then the lady and says, "Come on now, you know he ain't got no damn insurance."

The lady pulls out her cell phone and calls the police regarding the accident.

A cat hops on top of the SUV and looks directly at the back of the woman in it.



The cat's yellow eyes are staring at the woman's neck. The cat curls its back and reveals the sharp muscles in its front and hind legs. The woman continues to complain on the phone, and then slowly turns around. As soon as the woman sees the figure of the cat, the cat leaps upon her.



The cat then maneuvers to the back of the woman and then rips her clothes off. The cat is lying next to the woman, with its paw underneath and its right paw holding her in place. The cat sinks its teeth into the woman's neck.



The woman lets out a high-pitched scream and begins to shiver. The cat bites harder as the woman shakes uncontrollably.

The dope head and the man in the Honda see five cats directly behind the woman.



The men try to run back into their wrecked cars, but the cats run off. The man in the Honda runs for the woods and meets a hungry pack of cats that pounce on him.

The cats have now piled upon the man. All can hear screams from the woods and the tearing of flesh. The dope head runs over the median and tries to make it across the two-way road on the opposite side to avoid the cats.

A white Mustang hits the dope head. The car was traveling less than 35 mph due to the snow. The car slowed down enough to inflict damage but not kill.

Another car, a blue Pathfinder, blasted into the rear of the white Mustang at around 42mph. There have been accidents in both directions of the Suitland Parkway.



The traffic is at a standstill. Three cats creep slowly toward the injured dope head.

The dope head opens his eyes to see the cats creeping towards him. The dope head screams, which only seems to excite the cats. They continue to creep towards the dope head. The cats are on

top of the dope head now, chewing and mauling the dope head as he screams and hollers from the pain.

The passengers in the car are stuck. The passengers in the front who can see the cats eating the people are terrified. Cats are now coming from both directions.

Blood drenched one of the cats' faces. The cat walked towards the cars. The cat stood on its hind legs and then leaned on a car. The passengers in the car shifted to the opposite end of the vehicle. The cat looked at the people in the car, licking the blood off its face and paws.



The cat begins to lean on the window with both its paws. The window pops in. The cat falls through the window clumsily, turns its head, and starts hissing. The cat then digs its claws into the teenage girl's thigh. The girl squeals in pain. The cat then bites the girl's neck—a squirt of blood splatters over the seat as the cat bites.

The girl's father grabs the cat's head, pulls the cat's head towards him, and punches it in the face. The father then grabs his keys and punches the cat in the eyes. The cat lets out a howl and then curls up in the car.

Ryan can see cats attacking people in the cars in front of him, "We've got to get the fuck up out of here," Ryan said.

Luckily, the garbage truck stops between the intersections. Ryan drove the car to the right.

As Ryan was about to go forward down the other street, Willie said he saw five cats coming up behind the truck. The cats were coming to join in the feast.

Ryan backed the truck up quickly in the snow at the intersection until he heard some bumps and loud meows coming from the back.

Ryan drove forward to leave the remains of the five cats crushed by the truck in the white snow.

Ryan grabs the phone and calls Lisa. Lisa picked up the phone.

"You okay?" asked Ryan.

Lisa yelled, "No thanks to you. Tommy and I are stuck at the Anacostia Metro on the train. Where have you been? I've been calling you,"



Ryan grabs the phone closer to her ear, "Is Tommy alright? That's what I want to know. I ain't got time for your other shit," says Ryan.

Lisa looks at Tommy, "He's fine; there are cats all around, and can you call the police? Nobody is picking up the line."

Ryan clutches the phone, "I'm going to have to get you. These cats have taken over the city. These cops won't come for you for days. Don't worry, I'm going to get you."

Lisa holds Tommy.

"Please hurry," says Lisa as they hang up.

Sherry stares at her cat, which is eating and covered with blood. "Get away from my baby!" yells Sherry.

Sherry grabs a pen from the dresser and then stabs the cat. Diva hisses but doesn't come forward. Sherry has bumped her phone and dialed Lisa.

Lisa picks up the phone, "Are you okay, Sherry?" says Lisa.

Sherry is unable to hear Lisa. "You killed my baby!" says Sherry. Sherry attacks Diva and stabs Diva over and over again with the pen. Diva then claws Sherry's stomach and backs away. Sherry then runs forward and grabs Diva's neck.

Sherry raises her hand high and stabs Diva in the face and eyes. Diva lay on the floor with blood coming out of his head. Sherry cries out loud and screams at the top of her lungs.

Sherry then hears crying and looks to the corner of the room. Sherry sees an object wrapped in a blanket. Sherry runs across the room to pick up the object. Sherry holds the object to her face; it is her baby. Relief flows through Sherry's body.

Sherry lies down with the baby and cries, "I thought I lost you, I thought I was all alone," says Sherry while crying.



Sherry then stands up with the baby, walks over to the crib, and looks at the object next to the crib.

The dog had its stomach ripped out. The dog's guts lay on the ground. Sherry felt sad and relieved at the same time.

Sherry then heard Lisa's voice on the phone.

"Hello," Sherry calls.

Lisa clutched the phone, "Are you okay? Did Diva attack you?" asked Lisa.

## CHAPTER 10



Benny introduces his friends to his cousin Jax. Jax is a husky brown man who walks around at 6 feet 1. Benny tells Jax that they need some guns.

Jax is smoking a Cuban cigar and puts his hand out and says, "Where's my money nigga? You still owe me money for that car payment I helped you with."

Benny says, "You always bringing up debts cuz we supposed to be family."

Jax looks at them and says, "Who got my money?"

Ryan looks at Jax's shelves and notices autographed baseball cards.

Jax tells him, "Yo, I know you heard of my collection from Benny, right?"

Jax looks at him and says, "Yeah, I have heard what you are willing to offer me."

"I will give you an autographed Jackie Robinson and Willie Mayes. My Daddy gave me these cards, and I want whatever I need."

You can carry whatever you want for those two cards."



Ryan grabs the shotgun and two revolvers. Larry grabs an assault rifle and two pistols. Benny holds an ozzee and two revolvers.

"The metros are not running anymore. We've got to get to the Navy Yard." Ryan said

"Traffic is bad everywhere," says Benny.

"How are we going to get to the Navy Yard?"

Ryan tells the guys. "Get some flashlights; we might have to walk a few miles to get to them."

Benny says, "Nah, we ain't got to do that. I got some old bikes at the crib at my house."

Larry looks at Benny and says, "You mean your momma's house?"

"Man, fuck you!" Benny replies.



The guys take their bikes and make their way to the Metro. The pandemonium outside is incredible. They hear screams all around. Two cats approach the group.

Ryan clicks back the shotgun and fires into one of the cats. The cat's guts splatter all over the other cat. The other cat then runs away.

Benny bursts out in laughter. Larry and Ryan look at Benny and then shake their heads.

They then continue on their way to the Metro. As they arrive at the Metro, they notice two cats eating away at an older woman.



Benny pulls out the oozy and sprays the cats down, splattering their blood in all directions.



He then looks at Larry and Ryan and smiles. Larry says the men continue walking down the escalator with a bike.

As they come down the escalator, they see one cat sleeping with blood on its mouth and paws. Benny shoots the cat with a pistol—two cats on the rail run through the tunnel.

The group climbs down from the platform, holding their bikes, and begins riding in the tunnel.

Benny grabs his nose with one hand, "It smells like shit in here," he says.

Larry glances at Benny, "What you expect, fool. That's the sweet smell of cat piss,"

Ryan tries to cover his mouth. The tunnels are dark; all the men have their flashlights on their bikes so they can see where they are going.



A cat sleeping at the side of the tunnel wakes up to the sound of the bikes riding by. The men have ridden past the cat. The cat starts running after the group of men. Ryan hears something trailing them and looks back. Ryan then points his flashlight backward; the light captures the brown cat running towards them with its mouth open.

The cat leaps onto Benny, removing him from his bike. Larry and Ryan squeeze the brakes on their bikes. Ryan flicks the flashlight, looking for the cat. The cat clenches its muscles, preparing to pounce on Benny. Ryan loses track of the cat as it leaps for Benny.

Ryan takes a blind shot in the dark. Then brings the light and can see Benny. Benny raises his arm, extends his fist, and raises his thumb to let the men know he is okay. Ryan then brings the light on the cat. The cat had a bullet hole in the middle of its head.

Larry looked at Ryan.

"Damn, that was a great shot, " he tapped Larry's back.

Ryan sarcastically nodded on, "Been practicing,"

Benny kicked the bike. "I don't think we need to ride the bikes anymore."

Larry shook his head. "You think?" he said, smiling.

The men left the bikes on the trails and continued walking. The men left the bikes and kept walking along the tracks. Larry kept pointing at the third rail.

"Don't touch the third rail," he kept reminding everyone.

The men walk through another Metro station. Ryan sticks his finger in the air and brings it to his mouth.

When the men try to creep along the track, a cat on the next floor walks by the escalator. The cat slowly tries to descend on the escalator but keeps getting taken back up by it. The cat becomes utterly confused and begins to hiss.

Benny starts giggling. Larry motions for Benny to be quiet. The cat then motions to the descending escalator on the right. Another cat follows; multiple cats are motioning toward the stairwell. The cat sits perfectly still as it descends. Another cat follows.

Ryan looks at Benny and then says, "Spray 'em."

Benny smiles and then clicks back on the oozy and starts shooting. The shots are loud; Benny shoots for about 3 seconds.

The cats on the escalators are now a mass of bloody guts and fur, dripping up and down the escalators.

The men enter the next tunnel. They travel slowly. Ryan looks at the men and tells them to stay alert. As the men approach the

end of the tunnel, they see a large pack of cats eating and mauling people all over the top of the rails. Ryan looks at the cats and motions for the men to return to the tunnel.

The men are now within ten yards of the cats. In unison, the cats turn around and seem stunned; the men have walked directly at them.

Ryan says, "On the count of 3".

Benny yells out "3".

Benny sprays the cats, and the other men follow.

Ryan takes out two or three cats at a time with his shotgun at his range. The cats retreat and start running back past the cars.

Benny shoots crossways toward the cats and tries to eliminate their retreat. A couple of the cats get pinned on the third rail and get electrocuted. The other cats that are touching them get electrocuted, also. The smell is unbearable.

Benny starts laughing, "It smells like Jimmy Jong's in here now."

Larry yells at Benny, "Boy, shut up and keep shooting."

Some cats try to approach the men, but their weapons are too powerful.

Ryan's shotgun rips apart the cat's bodies as they run towards the men. The cats stop testing the men and are now on a full retreat.

Lisa and the people on the train ran out of the emergency exit.

Ryan tells the people to follow him. He then jogs up the stairs; he spots two cats coming at him, and then cocks his shotgun and blasts the cats ' bodies back 10 ft.

Ryan shoots two other cats.

"Come up the escalator. Go to the top and wait there for me."  
Ryan yelled to the people.

Larry and Benny have run out of their heavy artillery and are now shooting with pistols. The cats are getting closer and are beginning to test Larry and Benny.



Ryan runs down the escalator and falls into step next to the men. Ryan has six shells left. Ryan fires each one and cocks the shotgun back. Ryan fires all six of the shots and then motions to run upstairs.

The men run up the escalators and move their legs, skipping two steps at a time. The men continue to run up the long escalator. The escalator has to be at least 60 yards long.

Larry keeps looking back. The men get halfway up the escalator. Larry then sees two cats running from the platforms.

The two cats have now stepped onto the escalator. Larry pulls out his pistol and shoots both cats in the chest, one after another.

After that, Ryan gets back up the stairs. The men meet with the group.

Benny looks at the group and says, "We need to get moving. "

The group walks onto the street and along the snow-covered sidewalk.

Twenty people are in the group: a couple of teenagers, young girls with long, straight weaves, some with braids, young teenage males wearing skinny jeans and braids, an older male in a suit, a nurse, and a few older ladies.



## CHAPTER 11



One of the older men in the group notices a dog kennel. He looks at Ryan and says that would be a good place to lay low.

Ryan looks at the group and nods to go in. Benny leads the group through the kennel.



The group enters the kitchen. Larry notices that there is a shadow behind a door halfway open. Larry yells for the person to come from behind the door. A young white woman in her 20s appears from behind the closet.



“My name is Lauren, and I am a veterinarian.” The woman says.

Larry notices a sign in the back of a room that seems to be a warning sign.

“Why were you hiding?” Larry asked.

“All the information on the news made me worried, they are terrible,” she replied.

"I am here by myself, and they are saying that the cats are attacking everyone; they say they are attacking the vulnerable first, then everyone else," said Lauren.

Benny wipes his eyes, "Who are they attacking?"

Lauren tries to control her crying. "They are targeting schools and the elderly. Cats are reported raiding schools and elderly homes,"

Ryan shakes his head.

"Is anybody doing anything about it?" asks Ryan.

Lauren tells the group that police were scattered all over the city, but the snowfall has thwarted their ability to operate and prevent the cats.

Lauren even mentions that the 295 highway towards Maine Avenue was a battleground.

Larry held his hand over his face, "Folks, if that area is invested with them, then we shouldn't expect to see a lot of police in this area for a while. That is a priority area. I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but I don't think we are a priority."

Lisa covered Larry's mouth, shook her head, and whispered, "These people don't need to hear that; they are already scared enough."

Benny looks at several signs to keep out.

Benny then looks at Lauren and asks, "What is that sign for?".

Lauren then lets the group know that their facility received a large group of dogs from a dogfight ring at a farm about a month ago.

Lauren says they have been trying to retrain many dogs to get new owners.

Lauren tells the group they should start putting some dogs to sleep this week. Generally, the pit bulls are unable to be rehabilitated.

Lauren has two favorite dogs that she likes the most. One of the dogs she likes is called Snobby.



Snobby is a large, strong, powerful Rottweiler. The dog has a large head. The dog has muscles bulging through its chest, front legs, and hind legs. The dog always keeps its head up and prances when it walks.

Her other favorite dog was a brown pit bull she called Disney Land. Lauren describes the dog as being the silliest and most personable of the dogs. All of the other dogs gravitate towards these two dogs.

Ryan and their group settle down and feel safe in the kennel.

"Is there food in here?" Benny asked.

Lauren says, "We have lots of meat, beef, and dog food designed to feed most dogs. The group sits down and enjoys their meal.

Lisa and her son Tommy see cats pulling people towards the middle of the street.



A spotted cat holds a young girl down.

The cats held down many young and older adults in the street. The girl cries out for someone to help her.

Lisa yelled out, "We have got to do something. Please, someone, do something."

Ryan looks down, checks his ammo, and then looks outside.

He then yells at the guys and asks how much they have left.

Larry yells back, "We got a couple of clips, nowhere near enough to free all those people. If we attack these cats with our ammo, we will get eaten up."

Benny says, "I don't think we should press our luck; those cats may attack us and all of you in this facility."

Many people in the group are reluctant to intervene. There are arguments between the old and the young regarding how to help the people there. Older people want to help, but younger people generally want to stay in.

Ryan looks at the group and says, "Look here, this isn't your decision. We strapped, so we'll decide what needs to be done."

The yells and the screams are now deafening.

Ryan looks at the dog cages. He then looks at Lauren and asks whether she can control the dogs.

Lauren asks, "In what manner do you want me to control them?"

Ryan asks, "If we released those dogs out there, what would happen?"

Lauren tells Ryan, "These dogs are bred to fight and be confrontational with other dogs and animals."

Ryan asks, "So if we send the dogs out there and come out later with them, do you think they would attack us?"

Lauren thinks.

"I doubt it, but you may want to establish some type of positive relationship with them."

You and the other men need to give these dogs some bacon treats to establish your scent as you pass the food to them, so they remember and look upon you as a friend.

Ryan and his friends follow the sound advice.

Lauren sets up and removes a lot of meat from the refrigerator. Lauren places the beef in the hallway to lead the dogs outside.

Lauren then ties the meat to the door outside. Lauren advises the group to hide behind the opposite door so the dogs can't get distracted on their way out.

Lauren opens the gate; the dogs then blast through, eating the meat left for them.

The dogs find their way outside and eat the beef ferociously tied to the door.

Ryan and the guys wait and look through the window next to the door.

Benny asks Ryan, "What are they waiting for?"

Ryan looks at Benny calmly, "I count 60 cats out there, and we are low on bullets; there is too much open land out there; if we were to challenge those cats while they have food, they would attack us with no mercy, and then have us pinned down in the same manner as they have those people outside."

Ryan continues to look through the window, "At this point, we move when the dogs are ready."

A young girl in a purple snow jacket cries out for help. The spotted grey cat is shaking the girl like a rag doll. The girl tries to escape, but the cat puts its claws on the girl's leg, and the girl cries loudly.

Snobby stops eating the meat on the door. Snobby turns around to see a large mob of cats. Snobby saunters toward the large group of cats.

Each step leaves a distinct footprint in the snow. The cat stops shaking and badgering the girl when it notices Snobby coming towards it.

Snobby gets 5 yards away from the cat and then slowly opens his mouth to reveal his teeth. Snobby then starts a low growl. The other cats quickly band behind the gray-spotted cat.



Snobby continues his growl and becomes louder. Snobby's mouth starts salivating, and his growl becomes very loud. The cats have not advanced towards Snobby but are beginning to hiss. Disneyland and the other dogs started walking towards Snobby. Snobby's growl was now at full pitch.

The other dogs were now growling loudly. Snobby started clenching the large muscles in his chest. All the animals on both sides had their backs arched, ready to attack.

Snobby stops growling and then stares at the gray cat. The cat slightly tilts its head to the left. Snobby then lurches at the gray cat and bites the cat on the neck. All the dogs and cats then attack each other.

Ryan and the men shoot the arriving cats, trying to join the fight. The men spread out and shot and killed many cats.

The people that the cats were holding were running in the opposite direction. The cats are focusing their attention on the threat of the dogs. The dogs seem to have an experience advantage over the cats in combat.



Snobby and Disneyland are tearing through the necks of the cats and then moving on to the rest.

Benny runs to the corner and shoots the cats that are retreating. As he turns the corner, his head gets hit with a bat.

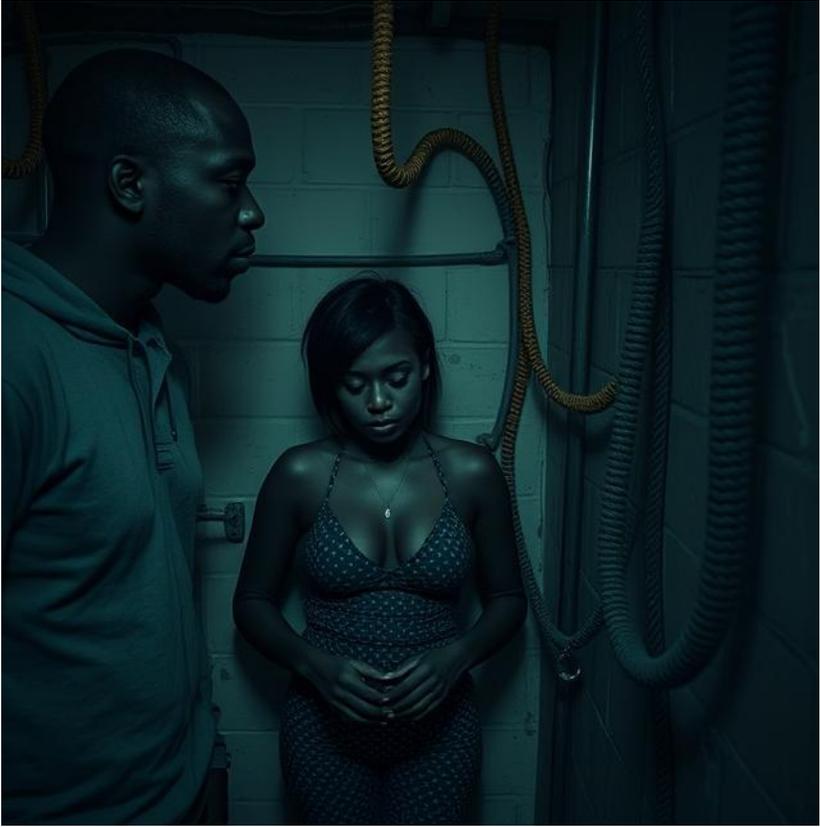


## CHAPTER 12



Benny wakes up with a major headache in a dark room. As he tries to maneuver, he notices that his hands are chained.

Benny then pulls at the chains to test the strength of them. Benny surveys the room and notices a young, attractive girl. The girl has a blatant lace front weave.



Benny stares at the girl, "What are we doing in here?" He asks.

"Hello friends, I have been waiting on you all to wake up." The old woman said.

Benny looks at the woman and asks, "Are you going to let us go? We didn't do anything wrong."

The old lady stares at Benny and says, "You killed one of my family."

Benny shakes abruptly. "Lady those cats are eating people, you think a stupid ass cat is more important than a person?"

The old lady's eyes get huge and she says, "My Cats are all I got, they're the most important to me, and you will be punished for your misdeeds."

Benny gasps, then says, "Bitch, you crazy as fuck,"

The lady pauses, then motions slowly towards Benny. I have had enough of your mouth. She grabs Benny's right hand and puts Benny's finger through a Cigar cutter.

"Wait," says Benny.

"Please stop," pleads Benny.

The old lady smiles and then presses down on the cutter. Benny's fingers go off with a snap, crackle, and crunch.

Benny yells loudly, "Ahhhh! You fucking bitch, I'm going to get you for this."

The old lady then motions towards the girl.

The girl screams and pleads, "Not another finger, please, no".

Benny notices that the girl has two fingers missing on the left hand and one on the right hand. The old lady takes another finger to the sounds of screams.

The old lady then pulls out her car lighter and says, "I forgot, and I can't allow you guys to bleed out." The lady then cauterizes both of their wounds to the sounds of screams.

The Old lady's laughter at the pain she is inflicting seems to hurt Benny's pride even more. Benny then recognizes that this lady is experiencing some pleasure regarding the torture.

The old lady has a large smile and then leaves the door. Benny can hear the lady at the door. The Old lady says, "Here, Kitty, Benny can listen to the two cats chewing on their treats.

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Ryan talks to the people in the group at the kennel. "Did any of you see where Benny went?"

The little girl then motions to a side street. I saw him chase after one of the kittens.

"You guys think some cats got him?" Larry said.

Ryan takes a deep breath; we know that the cats tend to play around with some of their prey before they do what they do. He left his hat here.

Lauren looks at Ryan, "I want you to take Droopy with you," Lauren says. After he smells the hat, he will start going in that direction,"

Ensure you reinforce the smell by putting the hat into his nose. Ryan takes Droopy by the leash and heads out the door with Larry.

Droopy walks through the snow anxiously.

Ryan lets Droopy lead him. Droopy takes the men to a side street.

Larry looks at the area, and it all seems to blend in. Snow covers everything. Droopy leads the men to a housing project. The housing project covers multiple cats. They spread through the area, meowing and nibbling on dead human prey.

The cats have dragged the bones into one large pile in front of the apartments.

Ryan and the men are hiding behind a large ice cream truck. Ryan looks into the bones to see if Benny's body is in the pile. Ryan hopes that Benny is in the building. The men don't have nearly enough ammunition to take on the cats in this open space.

Ryan then notices a stump covered with snow across the street from the cats. It looks to be a hydrant.

Ryan looks at Larry. "We need to get a hose."

Benny has awakened in pain to the sound of the old lady opening the creaking door.

Benny is still feeling hazy. "What the fuck do you want, lady?" says Benny.



The old lady looks at Benny and smiles, "Don't worry, you don't look quite ripe enough yet. But I will take another treat for my kitties."

The old lady then smacks Benny's face with her hand and grabs his hand.

Benny tries to pull away to the old lady's amusement. The old lady takes the pinky away from Benny's other hand.

Benny cries out, "I'm going to kill you, bitch! That's a mother fucking promise!"

The old lady then stares at the young girl and walks towards her, beginning to smell the girl.

The old lady nods her head. "Yep, you smell good and ripe, you are ready," she says.

The old lady then removes the girl from the room and carries the girl on her back. The old lady sits the girl in a chair.

The young girl is nervous and begs for her life, "Please don't kill me, you can let me go, I promise I won't tell anybody what you did."

The old lady laughs, "You're right, you're not going to tell anybody anything."

The old lady pulls out a machete and starts sawing at the girl's ankle.



The young girl cries out loud in a high-pitched voice, "Aaaaahhh!"

The old lady continues to stare at the girl's foot. The young girl's screams send a shiver of excitement through the old lady's body.

The old lady finally saw through the ankle, causing the foot to fall directly onto the floor.

The girl has passed out. The old lady wants to prolong the girl's pleasure of getting a reaction from her, so she uses a hot pan off the stove to stop the blood.

The pain causes the girl to wake and yell in agony. The girl then passes out again.

The young girl wakes. As she gets up, she initially forgets where she is and what is happening. She hopes to be back home in her bed. She then sees two large cats fighting over something. Her eyes are still hazy. Her eyes begin to clear, and then she looks at the bone and notices some flesh still on it. She looks closer and sees a pattern on the nails.

"Oh my God, that's my foot," the young girl cries.

The old lady comes out of the kitchen, looks at the cats, and then at the girl. "By the way, who did your nails? They look fantastic," the old lady says.

## CHAPTER 13



Ryan and Benny arrive from the hardware store. Ryan goes over the plan again and tries to visualize the positive outcome. The cats by the building are not too active. They appear to be at rest and look sluggish.

The human meat must still be digesting in the cat's stomach, which is a thought that crosses Ryan's mind.

Ryan takes out the clip in his gun to count how many shots he has left. I'm going to have to make this count, thinks Ryan.

Ryan looks at Larry, "You ready to do this?"

Larry nods his head, lacking enthusiasm.

"I'm straight," he says.

Ryan tells Larry that they will move out at the count of 3.

Ryan clutches the gun against his chest, "1," he says.

Larry's adrenaline is high, and he clutches the hose and wrench in his hands very tightly.

Ryan looks at the pack of cats and tries to identify which one is the leader and which one he should kill first.

Ryan notices that all the cats tend to gravitate towards the large black one with yellow eyes. "2," Ryan said again.



Larry adjusts his footing to ensure he doesn't slip or fall when they run out.

Ryan looks up at the sky and makes a silent prayer, "3." he runs out.

He aims his pistol immediately at the black cat and fires a shot into the beast's chest. The cats are stunned. Ryan then fires two shots into the legs of some cats.

Larry makes his way to the hydrant and starts using the wrench to open it. The cold air and snow have tightly rusted the hydrant's cap.

Larry is pushing on the cap with all his might to get it turning. The cold, hard water pours out of the hydrant and onto the snow.

The cats are now in a standoff, and Ryan is staring directly at him. Ryan hoped the cats would leave, but they are aggressive and seem to have marked this area as their new home.

Ryan fires another shot into the pack of Cats. The cats inch closer to Ryan, no longer disturbed by the fact that he has a gun and is shooting.

Ryan puts his gun at another cat and aims for the head, "Hurry yo ass up Larry cuz these cats are about to eat are our ass,"

Larry tightens the hose, gets to the front of it, and lets it rip into the pack of cats stalking Ryan.



Larry makes it a point to hit the cats hard in the face with the hose, spraying them with cold, icy water. The cats start fleeing and running in opposite directions, wet from the hose that Larry sprayed.

Ryan then returned to grab Droopy and put Benny's hat on the dog's face. Droopy led Ryan into the apartment across the street from the hydrant.

Some of the people in the apartment heard the gunshots and came to thank Ryan for removing the cats.

Ryan let Droopy smell the doors, but Droopy kept walking past each door.

Larry enjoyed hitting cats with the cold water from the hydrant. They have fully backed off now.

Ryan takes Droopy into the apartment.

Droopy led Ryan into the apartment across the street from the hydrant. Some of the people in the apartment heard the gunshots and came to thank Ryan for removing the cats.

Luckily, it's a smaller building with just 10 different units. Droopy leads Ryan past the doors; they proceed up the stairs and then reach the last door at the end of the hall. Ryan can get a whiff of cat urine. Cats are either in this condo or have been in this condo.

Ryan backs up, runs, and puts his shoulder into the door. The lock pops off the door.



Two cats look at Ryan, their mouths covered in blood. The cats both have blood all over their lips. One of the cats has long, bloody remnants protruding from its mouth.

Ryan shoots the cat in the middle of its head. Ryan then fires a shot into the chest of the other cat, which drops to the ground immediately.

The old lady comes running out of the kitchen.

"Nooo, you killed my Kitties, you monster," the old lady says.

The old lady grabs a knife and tries to stab Ryan. The old lady brings the knife from over the top of her head and tries to strike at Ryan's chest.

Ryan grabs the old lady on her wrist and throws an overhand right. Ryan knocked out the old lady; she lay on the floor with one tooth beside her and blood protruding out of her mouth.

Ryan sees the keys around the old lady's waistband and snatches them off her.

Benny has heard the gunshots and begins to yell and scream, "I'm in here; help me, please." Says Benny.

Ryan struggles to find the right key to open the door. After several attempts, Ryan is finally able to enter.

After Ryan gets in, he notices the wraps on his missing fingers.

"What the Hell is going on in here?" Ryan says.

Benny yells, "Just get me the fuck out of here, man."

Benny was watching the key the old lady used to unlock the young girl from her chains.

He tells Ryan to give him the keys. Benny motions fast to turn the locks. He then drops the chains. The men walk out of the room.

"Where's the old lady?" says Ryan.



The old lady runs at the men with her shovel. She makes a significant whooping motion and hits Ryan in the head. Ryan hits the ground fast.

Benny grabs the shovel and punches the old lady in the stomach. Benny then punches the old lady in the face. The old lady falls to the ground.

Benny straddles the old lady and begins to punch the old lady repetitively, "You chopped my fingers, you bitch," says Benny.

Benny sees the glare from the knife that the old lady dropped on the floor. Benny then grabs the knife and sits on the lady's chest so she can't move. He holds her foot and starts sawing it. Benny laughs uncontrollably as he saws through the old lady's ankle.

The Old lady cries in pain and begs Benny to stop. The screaming awakens Ryan out of his brief slumber. The Old lady's foot is now completely off. Benny then grabs one of the pans from the oven.

Benny sees one of the pans in the oven; another foot is in the pan, burnt with the freshly painted nails he remembers seeing on the girl. On the stovetop is a pot of boiling water with a hand with freshly painted nails protruding out of it.

Benny grabs the pan off the stovetop and dumps the food into the sink. Benny then uses the pan to cauterize the ankle; the old lady screams and howls in agony.

The Old lady then closes her eyes and lies flat. She has passed out.

Ryan is now on his feet. "We need to go now."

Benny looks down at the old lady and then at the two fingers missing from his hand. "She does not get off so easily," he says.

Benny grabs the old lady and puts her over her shoulder. The old lady is hitting and biting him as he is taking her down the steps.

Ryan is disgusted.

"What are you doing, Benny?" he asks him.

Benny looks back at Ryan, "We need an exit strategy, as too many cats are in this area."

Ryan and Benny walk to the middle of the street.

Larry keeps on spraying cats that he sees inching toward their perimeter.

Larry tells the men what has occurred since they were in the building, "I have been spraying cats left and right since you guys went into the building; they are going to be on top of us quick as soon as I leave the hose, who da fuck is that?"

Benny tosses the old lady on the ground; Benny smiles and says, "This is our exit strategy."

He then stabs her on the side of her stomach to draw blood.  
"Let's go, fellas," says Benny.

Larry is bewildered; he looks at Benny in disbelief at what he has just done.

Ryan gives Larry a stern look. "Let's go."

The men start running out of the area.

The Old lady is behind the men, yelling, "Don't leave me like this; these Kitties are going to eat me like this."

Benny looks back, "That's the fucking point," he says.

The men continue running. Cats are running towards the men.

The men stop, and Ryan balls up his fist. "Get ready," Ryan says.

The cats continue running by the men until they reach the old lady. The old lady's blood is trickling all over the snow. She continues to hop in an attempt to get back into the apartment. One of the cats jumps right on top of the old lady's back and begins digging its claws into her. The old lady immediately falls over.

The old lady tries to push the cat away. Multiple cats have flanked the old lady.

The old lady cries, "No, Kitties, please don't,"



The cats converge on the old lady; the cats cover her whole body. The sound of screams intertwines with the tearing of the old lady's flesh. The cats then stop eating the old lady. A large cougar comes from the opposite end of the street. The men are still running.

Larry looks back, "Guys. Do you see that shit?"

The men look back while running.

Ryan is running with the dog in his hand. As he looks back to see the large 800-pound cat, Ryan's heart pumps out of his chest. Ryan tells the guys to run faster.



Ryan and the Men return to the kennel.

A news report comes on, telling everyone to remain indoors. Tylenol and some generic drug companies have lent their supply of Acetaminophen for planes and crop dusters to drop the drug out of the sky.

The news report says it's going to be the equivalent of one to two pills being dropped in the city for the next 48 hours.

Larry asks Lauren why the government is dropping Tylenol in selected cities.

Lauren pulls a list from the shelf, "Tylenol or Acetaminophen is toxic and poisonous to cats. The ingestion of one pill will kill an average-sized cat. I am unsure if they're going to have enough of the drug to dump in the volume necessary. The new reports say people should stay inside their residences for 48 hours.



The news cameras show Willie James hunting for cougars in the woods of California. Willie James is carrying a high-powered rifle that appears to have special features. Willie looks at the camera, "These cougars are much more dangerous than they ever were before; these cats are now the same size or larger than Lions and tigers used to be," says Willie James.

Willie continues to walk through a forest and seems to notice something. Willie points his gun in the direction of the sound and starts firing automatic shells in that direction. Willie goes behind bushes and trees while the cameraman follows him. A large cougar is on the ground, halfway dead.

The cameraman is stunned. "How did you know?" the cameraman asked.

Willie wipes the sweat off his face, "When you hunt the way I hunt, you've got to use more than just your eyes; you have to use all your senses. I was able to smell the cat, then I emptied the shells in the direction," says Willie. Willie then fires four shots into the cat's back: "These cats are too large and athletic to ask questions first before shooting."

Larry stares at the television, "That's a bad motherfucker right there, 'cause we just ran from the one we saw,"

Benny has been sedated and is sleeping on a table in the kennel.

Lisa tries to ask Ryan about what happened to Benny.

Ryan stares at Lisa, "It's too crazy to explain."

Ryan then taps Lauren on the shoulder, "Do we have enough food to stay here for the next 48 hours?"

Lauren tells Ryan that they have enough food to survive for several days, as long as they don't mind eating food labeled as dog food.

A loud sound comes from outside; the group goes to the window to look. The plane disperses a considerable white substance throughout the air. The cats are walking in the street. The large cougar is ahead of the cat as it walks. Ryan looks at the animal and thanks God for this animal not being around the night before.

With their small firepower, the animal would have gone straight through their group. The cougar leaves large paw prints in the snow as it walks.

Ryan then gets weird and wonders if this animal or the cougars are leading the cats back into the city.

Lauren thinks similar thoughts to Ryan's and begins to wonder whether the cat's intelligence has improved with its size, since its head is now more prominent.