Problem Child



...one new cat

I know I've been in the shit-house before with her because, hell, the very day I moved in she hid her pot in her King James Bible and then further brother-proofed the house with her other activities like selling the Vespa so I won't break my fool neck, like I haven't been riding a bike all my adult life, but the best part was the official posting of the rules, the most important of which was written in big black marker that there were to be no loose women allowed in her house, so now I can't bring anyone home because I don't really know if a woman is loose until I take her for a spin, so I'm stuck here making mischief all day long without any creative outlet whatsoever; that is where the IOUs come in cause I need a way to make reparations for my misdeeds, none of which were evil intentioned, hell they just sort of happened, like the IOU I left her for one new frying pan and one new fire extinguisher is directly related to my skill in the kitchen, and the IOU I left her for one new screen door was on account of an accident with my foot and some Schlitz Malt liquor, and the IOU I left her owing one new bottle of baby oil was due to an experiment I was performing, so I've left promises of repayment, IOUs, each and every time, but this one will be a lot harder to explain, IOU...

- Lockie Hunter

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