

This is a story about a woman in her 40s, a very querulous one, hard-working and an alcohol lover. Let us start with the description of her apartment: she lives in a studio, a very well designed, very well furnished and expensively looking. She is the only person living there, however she doesn't live alone and she definitely doesn't feel lonely, as there is a male in her home and that is a black cat, named Jack. Her apartment is always very clean and tidy, as she spends little time at home, usually only nights (and sometimes evenings) to have some rest, and it looks as if it's new, because even though she bought it a year ago, it is still uninhabited. Most of her time the woman spends at work, I don't know what exactly she does, but she is some sort of a boss in an office and she earns a considerable amount of money, it can be considered so by her attitude to money, sometimes she is nonchalant about them. This woman is very well-loved by people. At first sight she is very open, debonair and easy to talk to. She is always ready to listen to everybody and has some unexplainable charm, which makes her the person, who can be trusted. She is good-looking, not a written beauty, but pretty with interesting face features and a fair figure. Looking at her one could definitely say that she is a hedonism supporter. But that's only at first sight, in fact she is very different. When she's alone, not surrounded by people, she is not happy. When she is at home, she is lugubrious, silent, calm. She is candid, the person she actually is. No pretense of ideality, no fake smiles, no masks. And at such times, I think, she is the most beautiful person, the real beauty, at least to me, because I am the only one, who sees her like that. I am Jack. I am her one and only male.

That's actually the thing I never understood about people. Why are you always so pretentious, so untrue? We, the cats, are different, and we have a much more easier life. We sleep, eat, and sometimes come up to our people, when we lack some tenderness and love. When people lack love, they suffer, they don't come up to other people and don't take their love, they complain, they cry, they drink. Stupid. We, the cats, always show our attitude to each other or to the people other than ours, and you, you trick each other, you play with the emotions of others and you lie a lot. I don't understand you, neither does my owner. And I think I know why, she is not a person, she is a cat. That's why we get on well with each other. Yes, she must be a cat. I love her.