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50 Dollars to Kill Your Cat

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50 Dollars to Kill Your Cat

For Vader

Siera E. Martinez

It's Sunday and you keep peeing everywhere. Why the hell are vets closed on Sundays? STOP licking your private parts, it's freaking me out. They say that's a sign. And that I'm wasting time googling your symptoms. But what the hell am I actually supposed to do? It's *Sunday!*

You know the only emergency clinic open will cost me ninety-five bucks for just an examination, not including all the stuff they're going to tack on. Do you know how much? I just cleaned your vomit two minutes ago, and now I have to clean up piss before it stains the floor and stinks up the house and I don't have money to keep paying your hospital bills, I am just this close. . . to getting you put down. The stress of your pain is actually more frustrating and horrifying than the possibility of depleting my vacation funds: I owe Tia five hundred, I owe two -hundred-forty in taxes. Oh! I'm going to miss the way you made bread on my knee, the way you ignored me all day, but came running to my bed when you knew I needed love, to conk your head against mine and charm the depression out of this system. You were always the first to give me attention, the first to just know.

Maybe I shouldn't go on that trip to Mexico.