

DAILY Actor

GLASSHEART by Reina Hardy

I can't find my cat.

Yes, that's all. I happen to really frickin 'like my cat, OK? I happen to be worried about him, and his whereabouts, and the fact that he, my only friend, might be freezing to death, also, I haven't slept for 30 hours, in which I've been either driving in the middle of a horizontal sleet, or performing hard physical labor in the middle of a horizontal sleet and, you know, I haven't had much time to attend to my emotional needs which I usually do by petting something furry, so if I'm not in a good place right now, if you're saying that I'm overreacting to something as trivial as the misplacement of a cat, kindly excuse this hysterical female, but yes, that is all.