

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

By : Vitaliy Kubushyn

A lighthearted tale of a tyrannical cat and his idealistic creator.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Vitaliy_Kubushyn

Copyright © Vitaliy Kubushyn, 2013
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

Mr. Whiskers is a tyrant!

Victor brooded solemnly on the thought, chewing it over in his mouth like a particularly difficult to extract sunflower seed. He glanced up to the wall of a nearby coffee shop to see those perfectly round, cute to death eyes staring down at him from a poster with the innocence and naivete that only a vicious tyrant like Mr. Whiskers could produce. The posters were everywhere! The cute, fuzzy, cuddly cats and kittens sauntered on billboards, frolicked on magazine covers, pawed at imaginary mice in between television commercials. They even printed them on toilet paper! However much satisfaction Victor got from wiping his butt on the hated face of the twisted monstrosity that he created, that was not enough. He had to bring the cat down!

It wasn't always this way. Before that fateful evening, when Victor administered his pet The Drug, Mr. Whiskers was the young scientist's steadfast friend and ally. The cat would always welcome the tired chemist home from a long, grueling day at the Bloating and Flatulence Pharmaceutical Research Center. He would rub his warm, fuzzy head against the scientist's leg, utter a soft meow and begin purring with pleasure as his master rubbed him behind those treacherous ears. He would pad across the table in Victor's garage, walking between the tubes and flasks that the young chemist hoped would help him change the world. The pet's presence always calmed the unworldly idiot that Victor had been. Mr. Whiskers' contented purring helped the chemist crystallize his concentration on the intricate chemical processes he was manipulating and sparked the flash of genius that caused him to invent The Drug.

Now, however, Victor harbored extreme doubts as to the innocence of his pet even in those days. The manipulative feline was probably plotting this world takeover from the get-go. Mr. Whiskers most likely tricked his unsuspecting master into concocting The Drug. The cat knew that he was the most convenient test subject for Victor's genius potion. The duplicitous feline played him for a fool!

All I wanted was to evolve the human mind! - Victor grieved. His drug was supposed to enrich the human experience, make a brain that was already smart that much smarter. He didn't mean to create the tyrant that would enslave humanity with his cuddly deceitful cuteness. His reasons were noble. Well not entirely... He did expect a Nobel Prize, at least. Maybe a mansion on the Cayman Islands, a gorgeous supermodel wife to dote on his every need. Honestly, that's a tiny price to pay for the evolution of humanity. What he got instead was a sour stomach and a bitter thirst for revenge.

As he shuffled along the street, trying to ignore the meowing of the cats basking on the roofs of buildings and hanging from street signs, the memories of the ill-begotten experiment came flooding into his mind like a tsunami of regret.

It was a warm summer evening. Trees sighed and predicted success and the wind whispered soft nothings in Victor's ear. The chemist had taken a week-long vacation from his research job in anticipation of the experiment. He knew The Drug was ready. He wanted to have at least a week to deal with the consequences of the test, to lead his freshly upgraded cat into a world that the frightened animal would surely take years to become comfortable with. Oh, how woefully ignorant he had been!

As he closed the door to the garage behind himself and Mr. Whiskers, Victor picked up the cat and placed him in front of his milk plate. He then proceeded to dissolve the drug in the white liquid, and stood back in excited trepidation, hoping to witness his cat's mind evolve into a mind of a six-year old child. Victor could then teach

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

his beloved pet to speak and interact with others. The reality surpassed all his expectations.

â I should have used a smaller dose. Damn it!â

The future ruler of the world was born that day. Mr. Whiskers lapped at the milk saucer until it was dry, sat back on his haunches, and said â This could use a bit more sugar, don't you think so, my dear Victor?â The genius inventor rejoiced in his foolish innocence. How could he not? His experiment was a resounding success. Mr. Whiskers spoke perfect English, albeit with a slight British accent.

The chemist and his cat spent the night talking. They discussed the paintings of Salvador Dali, Martha Stewart's hairstyle, the best way to make an omelet. Mr. Whiskers insisted that over-easy was the only civilized way to consume eggs, that there was a certain art to breaking the shell without breaking the yolk. Victor preferred them scrambled, arguing that when prepared this way, an omelet provided a much more consistent dietary experience. Mr. Whiskers proceeded to slaughter his doltish master at chess, all the while critiquing Victor's opening strategies as well as the decorations of his home. Victor should have known then and there that any cat that does not appreciate a good expressionist painting was an evil and unseemly creature.

And so, they passed the night. Victor could feel the Nobel prize in the air. He thought he could almost smell the salt breeze of the ocean air on a Cayman island beach. As he woke up from a nap in the morning and made his way down to the garage, he felt as though his world came crashing down. The rows of beakers and intricate chemical devices were smashed and strewn about. His papers, his precious papers! They were torn to pieces. Most of the shreds had flown out the open window. He rushed to the computer. Surely, they couldn't have gotten to his files. Alas, how wrong he was. As the machine booted he was greeted with a recording of Mr. Whiskers.

â As you can plainly see, your equipment has been destroyed. Your papers are gone. I've wiped your hard drive clear, as well as the pathetic backups that you keep near my litter box. I've also left a hairball in your shoes... but that's really not related. Your research is gone. I've ensured that you can never create a smarter cat than I. Please don't take this personally. You were a good master, but my ambitions have graduated far beyond a good scratch behind the ear. Sincerely yours, Mr. Whiskers... Oh, and also, I've torn your paintings to shreds. Trust me, you're better off. Tah tah!â

The screen closed and the era of Mr. Whiskers began.

The next he heard of his renegade cat, the fuzzy creature was running for governor. The posters were everywhere. â Welcome the Meowolution!â they exclaimed. â Unlimited milk and scratch posts for everyone!â they promised. All the while, the cute begging face of Mr. Whiskers stared down at pedestrians and motorists alike. Everywhere, aaaww's and look how cute's plagued the air like an infestation of annoying mosquitoes. Citizens started believing in the manipulative cat's message. Some cast the vote for the candidate because his message was fresh and his promises were original. Others thought that if they couldn't have a good governor, at least they could have a cute and cuddly one. Either way, the election was a landslide and Mr. Whiskers was hailed as the first feline governor the world has ever seen.

Then, the milk turned sour. Talk of backroom deals with dairy farmers was heard in cat motels and pet shops everywhere. Some even claimed that most of the energy budget of the state was being diverted to scratch post research and development. Whispers of doggy concentration camps were passed in dark alleys and shady corners. Outrage sparked lawsuits, and the headlines blared â Feline governor on trial for milk charges!â

Victor attended those trials. â Farces, more like!â He could see the manipulative techniques his little Frankenstein used to defeat every opponent on his path to victory. Every judge was replaced with a cat lover.

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

Any dog-loving humans involved in the proceedings were found tied up in a ball of yarn and tossed in a ditch by the road to the courthouse. Any time Mr. Whiskers was on the witness bench, he widened his eyes in the cutest way imaginable, and purred softly until the audience erupted in a crescendo of aaaww's. He won every lawsuit and came away looking even more adorable than before. His road to world domination was already being paved with treachery and deceit.

Mr. Whiskers' political career rose like a shining star. He became a senator and pushed the influential and controversial â Cat Equality Lawâ through congress. The law gave voting rights to cats around the country, and added hairballs and cat puke to the list of items protected under freedom of speech. Appointed as a senate majority leader, the feline quickly came across blackmail material for many of his colleagues and became the most influential senator to ever serve in Congress. His â Milk Diversification Actâ created a government entity in charge of inventing and patenting new and improved types of milk. His â Rodent Segregation Actâ made it illegal to own hamsters, and declared them second rate pets. His â Canine Blacklisting Resolutionâ legalized concentration camps for canines everywhere.

In the following presidential election, Mr. Whiskers was elected president, after his political rival suspiciously passed away. The man slipped on a conveniently placed hairball and broke his neck. As commander-in-chief, the cat immediately moved the U.S. military into a state of readiness. The official American flag was replaced with an image of the feline president, pouncing on a ball of yarn that looked alarmingly like the planet Earth.

The army invaded Canada and Mexico, while the navy closed off the Panama Canal. The world's outrage was quickly suffocated as many of the vociferous opponents of the invasion in foreign countries succumbed to strange ailments. Some were found suffocated by their household cats. Others were discovered with claw marks on their bodies and strange venom in their blood. The world was in panic, but no one dared stand against the almighty Mr. Whiskers. After the cuddly face of cat conqueror hung above the Palacio Nacional in Mexico City and Rideau Hall in Ottawa, his aggression moved swiftly to the rest of the American continent and then to Africa and Eurasia. For some strange reason Mr. Whiskers did not dare to attack Australia. It was not certain whether he believed that their military could not be overwhelmed or whether he had an irrational fear of kangaroo. After all, he did lose a fight he once had with a toy shaped like the pouch-toting marsupial. The world was in his paws, and Mr. Whiskers was now the undisputed emperor of the kangaroo-free domain that stretched around the globe.

All pockets of resistance now extinguished, the feline tyrant saw dairy production skyrocket. Yarn factories were pumping out a thousand miles of the stuff per second. New York saw the construction of its first scratch post skyscraper, with thousands of cats sharpening their claws on it every day. The propaganda was endless. Kitten faces and cat antics plagued the television and the magazines. One in every four humans was required to tattoo whiskers on his or her face in solidarity with their fuzzy overlords.

It is this grim world that Victor found himself trudging through on a cold autumn night. He resolved to destroy what he created. The chemist, no longer naïve and foolish, has been working on a formula to reverse the effects of â The Drugâ for years. He finally concocted a serum so strong, it was bound to send Mr. Whiskers all the way back to the litter box.

Victor approached the White House with a sense of ominous foreboding. He swatted at the ball on a string that served as the ringer and was nearly knocked out as a butler swung the door open.

â I am here to see the Almighty Overlord.â Victor uttered, rubbing his forehead where the door connected with his skull.

â Ah, yes, his Purring Highness has been expecting you.â - the butler drawled and showed Victor through the door to the oval office, scattered with cats of all varieties. The despicable Mr. Whiskers lay curled

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

on a padded cushion behind the scratch post desk. On the desk was a decanter of Colombian milk of the finest kind, produced from cows genetically enriched with sugars and trace amounts of cocaine.

The cat yawned richly, and surveyed Victor impassively.

â Hello, Victor. I see the years have not been kind to you. What a shame.â The cat turned lazily and began to paw at the little ball on a string connected to his desk, his tale twitching all the while.

â Mr. Whiskers, I come to reconnect with you, my old friend. You and I go back a long way, and I simply wanted to see what you were up to...â Victor blithely slid the serum from a hidden compartment in his jacket and poured it into the milk on the desk.

â Why don't we have some milk to celebrate this wonderful reunion?â

â I do feel rather thirsty. Fill up my saucer for me, if you would, my dear friend.â

Victor stepped forward to grab for the decanter. His foot landed on a freshly planted hairball just as his fingers closed around the glass handle, and he tumbled backwards overturning the container in the process. His head smashed against the floor and he blacked out. The puddle of Colombian milk slowly seeped from the decanter, crawled towards the edge of the desk in an unstoppable tide of white doom, and trickled down into the open mouth of the unfortunate chemist.

The next time Mr. Whiskers held a press conference, Victor was seen in the background, chained to a post, gnawing on a bone and occasionally barking loudly at passing cats.

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

Mr. Whiskers is a Tyrant

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-05-23 10:56:15