

The Fact That My Cat is Voting for Donald Trump Has Me Very Worried About the State of our Nation

I didn't even know my cat was a Republican, let alone a proponent of fascism. She's always been a loving lap cat with an appreciation for cult comedy and good hole in the wall Chinese. Now, she's like my racist uncle Terry, except covered in soft, supple fur. You think you really know someone, then suddenly they're wearing a tiny cat baseball cap emblazoned with, "Make CatMerica Great Again," and espousing views of hatred and extremism.

I began to question everything. What else didn't I know? Is she even actually Jewish? Does she secretly hate it when I cradle her like a baby and dance around the apartment singing King George's part in Hamilton?

The first time I saw her wearing a, "Washington D.C. You're Fired!" T-shirt, I thought it was a joke. I even said, "Ha. Ha. That shirt's hilarious." And not just because miniature cat clothing is inherently comical, I truly thought it was satirical commentary. Then I started to notice more little things. The NRA sticker that suddenly appeared on the inside of her litter box. How the TV was sometimes turned to Fox News when I got home.

When I confronted her, she vehemently meowed a whole spiel on how we need a leader who can run the country like a business and fire the incompetent people. When I jokingly said, "Is Trump going to fire ISIS?" she just licked her anus and pretended not to hear me.

One afternoon in April, after we'd both been day drinking, we got into a heated debate. She said, "The Mexicans are stealing our jobs," and I said, "You're telling me you want to landscape the yard, because if that's the case, here you go!" then I pretended to hand her a rake. Then we both laughed because she's an indoor cat and the whole thing's kind of ironic.

The night Trump cinched the presumptive nomination in Indiana and it became clear the hilarious joke of his candidacy had a punchline that could last four to eight years, shit got real.

When I brought home a bunch of, "I'm with Hillary" buttons, she just locked eyes with me and knocked them off the counter one by one.

On Cinco de Mayo, I invited a few friends from book club over. Rather than participating in our guacamole off, she just stared at me evilly from atop the refrigerator wearing her mini

sombrero and Trump 2016 button. After everyone left she eventually came down and sat on my lap like and we watched Kimmy Schmidt like nothing had happened.

During the GOP Convention, I gleefully posted Melania's pirated speech to all my social feeds and jovially tagged her. She didn't comment, just Snapchatted me a story of her urinating on our CB2 loveseat. Which was expensive as shit. When I called her out, she said that's what cats do when they're subjected to emotional torture and stress.

We both gleaned delight from small victories. When Clinton won a debate, I taped a Hillary poster to her cat tower that said, "See you in the oval office!" When Trump won, she molded one her regurgitated hairballs into a toupee and paraded around the apartment.

I'd say, "You know that dissolving Obama Care doesn't mean they're going to get rid of veterinarians right?" And she'd just vindictively throw up on the new Moroccan rug.

After one particularly contentious debate on gun control, I came home from work to discover she'd used her Fresh Step to draw a line dividing the apartment. At dinnertime I smugly put her cat food on my side just to see what she would do. She acted indifferent, but then retaliated by cracking open one of my fancy beers, then didn't even drink it.

When October hit, I threatened to lock her in the basement on voting day, but then couldn't follow through. As we trotted off to our polling stations I yelled over my shoulder, "If Trump wins I'm moving to Canada, so good luck paying the rent and scooping your own shit!" But we both knew she'd come with me.