

A FEW HOURS LATER...



*the end*

# Cat Webster in Interview

Cat Webster is visibly alternative. Her hair is in unruly curls, there are necklaces and chains hanging from every limb. In the way that many Zillennials like to dress, her clothes don't quite match. Her language is youthful, and often I have to ask her to repeat without slang terms so I can comprehend her sentences. When we meet in Starbucks on George Street, I have to admit to myself that if there was going to be a person who could handle a relationship with a grey alien, this woman would be it.

In the way that young people do, she offers to buy me a coffee, even though I'll come to learn that she earns very little as a national parks conservation volunteer. I decline, but I learn a little about her generosity in the process. I wonder if she feels bad for the alien, and is with him\* out of pity.

"Grunk is a very attentive guy," she says, sipping on a caramel mocha. "He's not pushy. He really wants to understand humankind." It's an interesting way of describing him. When I saw the alien on his skateboard at Central Park, the way his skin seemed to absorb light so that he was a dark spot practicing pop-shoves until dusk was more than slightly unnerving.

He also wears a thick tie to his job at Starbucks. The very Starbucks that we're in today.

I ask her what drew her to him. "He's different. He doesn't

really know what other women are like, so I can be my whole self around him. When I'm catatonic from mental illness he doesn't know that's like, not a normal thing. It's refreshing.

"He's so candid as well. He doesn't care that complimenting me in front of other people might make them uncomfortable. He'd just as easily compliment them in front of me."

I laugh and tell her that I'd love it if my partner paid me more compliments. Strangely, she doesn't laugh in return. She puts down her mug and asks if I'm okay. I tell her I'm fine and we continue the interview.

"Does he understand human affection? What does an alien want with a human woman?"

Cat sighs. "He's like any other person. Aliens like Grunk want affection just like we do. They're social creatures and they love companionship—or at least this one does."

"And how does he show that companionship?" I ask.

"He likes to put my whole fist in his mouth. He says it's a very strong sign of compatibility in his culture. If my fist fits, it means we're a good match. I just like being close to him so I'm happy to oblige."

I squirm a little at the thought of that leathery, light-absorbent skin in my mouth.

"That seems quite intimate. Would you share more about how you are vulnerable with each other?"

She declines, saying that it's private. She does offer up one



tidbit: He's very communicative, kind, and respectful of her needs.

I ask her if those needs ever conflict with the directives of his Alien Overlords.

"While the Overlords are strict, they are also kind. Their number one directive is peace. If there's one thing people learn after reading this interview, it's that Grunk poses no harm to humanity. Also, he's really hot and his vibe is immaculate."

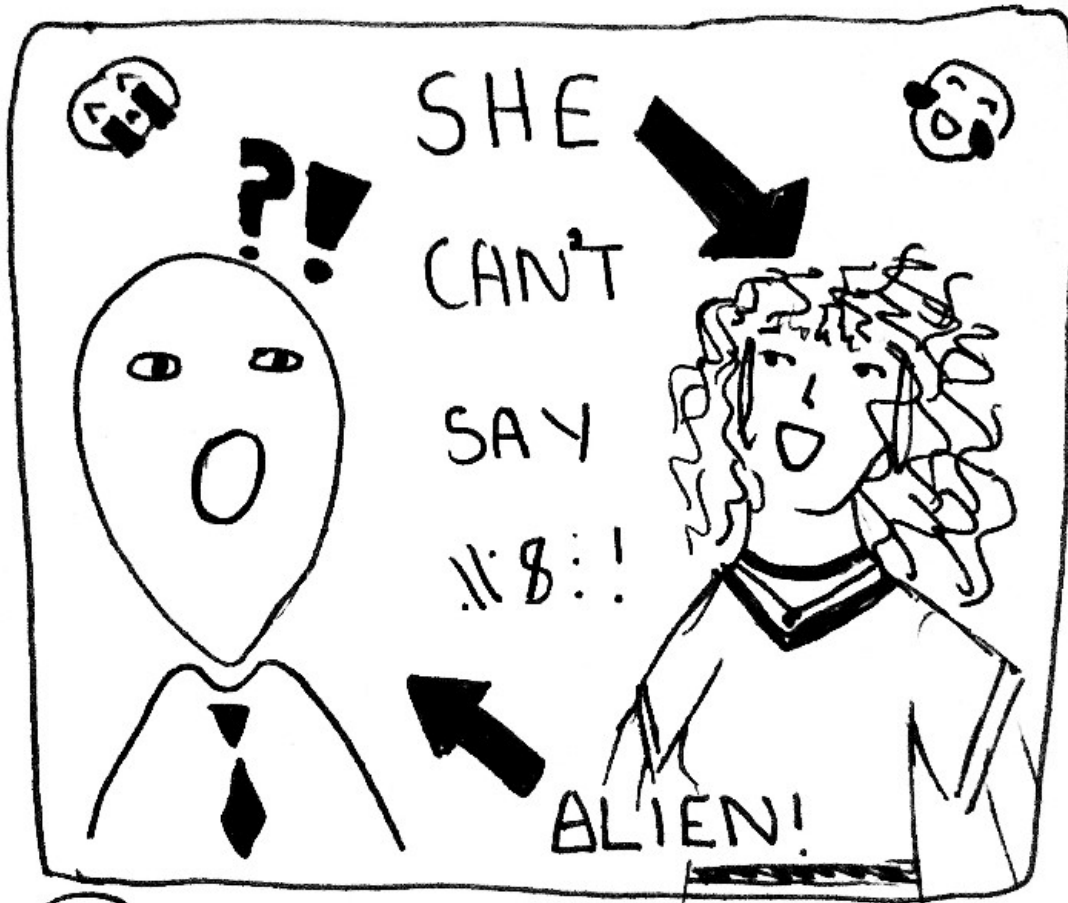
I ask her to explain what an "immaculate vibe" entails, but she says that the "The ones who get it, get it, and the ones who don't, don't." Readers, I expected someone in love with an alien to be incomprehensible, but at times like these, I question my entire career.

As our conversation winds up, I reflect on how life was different before an alien came to Earth. I often wonder what made Grunk choose Sydney to settle. Was it our superior coffee taste? The convenience of a city overrun with Ezy Marts?

Cat finishes her drink and I ask if Grunk has ever vaped. "He doesn't make a habit of it, but if he's been drinking he's not opposed to a puff."

Mystery solved, readers. Mystery solved.



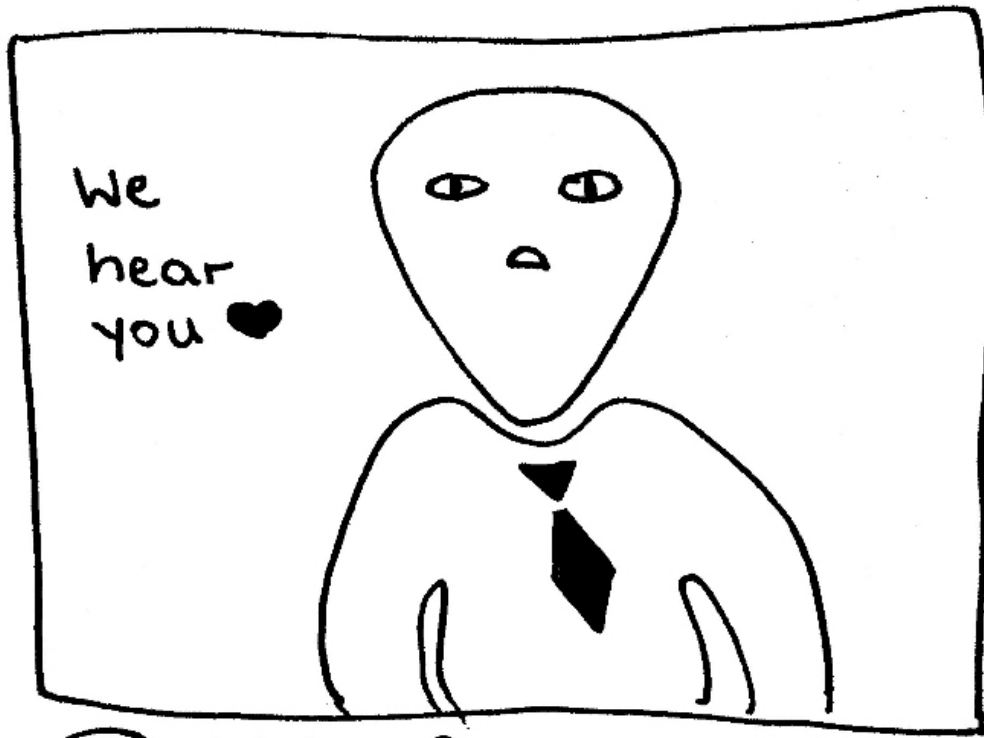


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UNBOXING PR FROM  
OUTER SPACE!!!

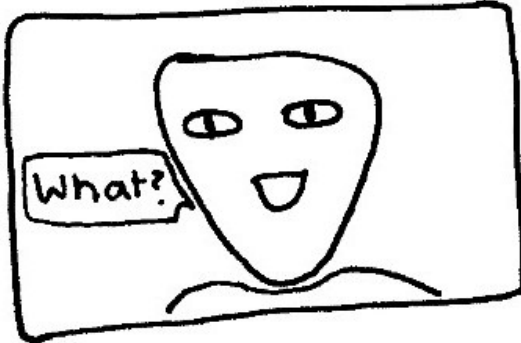
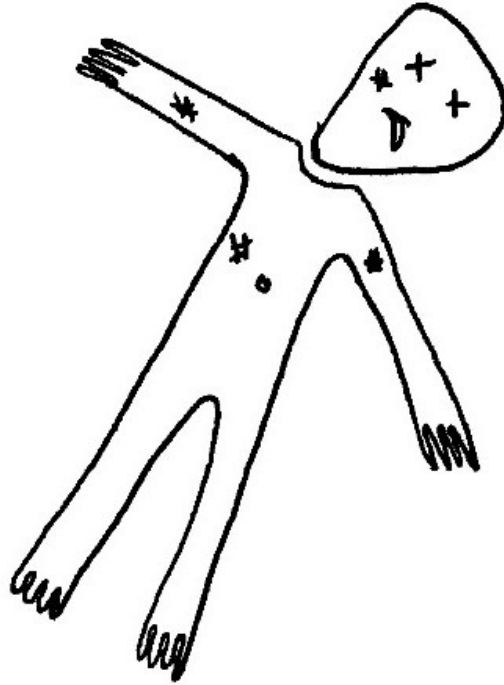
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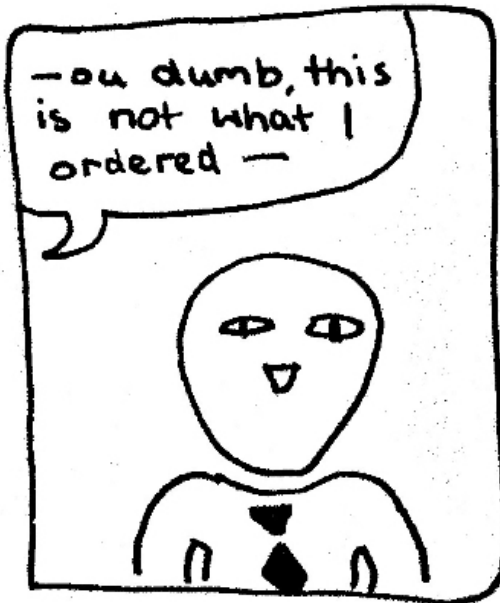
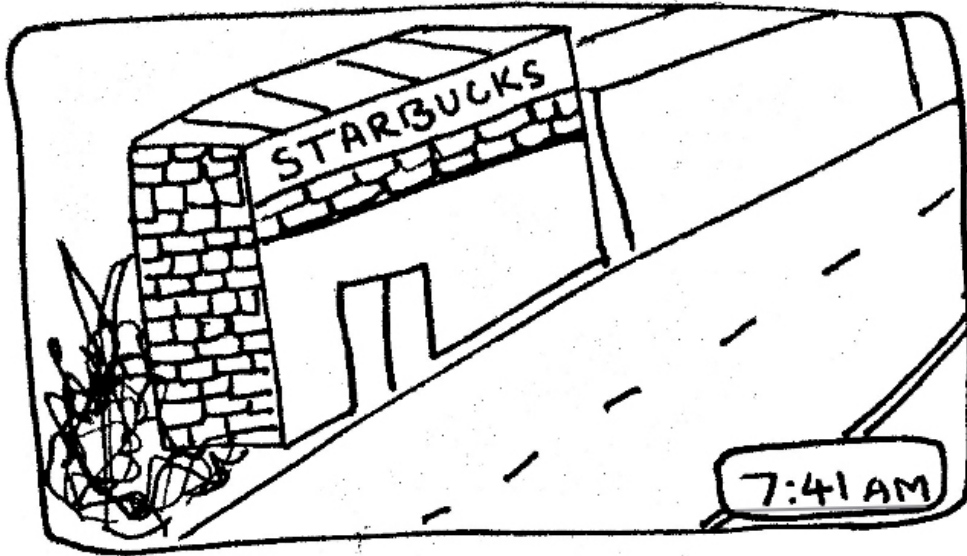
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WHAT THE  
FUCK IS  
THAT??



That's the skin I  
shed this morning!



**@rosiezines**