

REAL ESTATE AUCTION Investment Property

6505 WISTERIA DRIVE, CHARLOTTE, NC
(Just off South Blvd.)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9 • 12:00 NOON

Auction location Ramada Inn, Woodlawn Road, Charlotte, NC



Property is 2 acres
(per tax records)
Zoned A500
Contains residential
structure which needs
repairs of 3,090 total sq. ft.,
4 bedrooms,
1.5 baths, built in 1941

**Property has tax value of \$645,200, will be sold for
the best and highest bid over \$200,000.**

**Please call for showing: Gail Marshall
704-362-3288 (office) or 704-491-5127 (cell)**

TERMS:

Property is sold "as is-where is." \$20,000 down payment
(non-refundable) by certified funds, closing within 30 days.
10% buyer's premium.

REAL ESTATE AUCTION

3121 AUBURN AVENUE, CHARLOTTE, NC
SUNDAY, AUG. 6 • 2:00 PM

**Beautiful, completely renovated
1,298 sq. ft. brick traditional style home,
built in 1952 with all the charm of the
wonderful homes in Sedgefield.**

Master bath with garden tub and stained glass
window, kitchen completely renovated,
hardwood floors throughout, fenced back yard,
deck, 3 bedrooms, 2 full baths,
10' x 12' storage building.

**This home has been masterfully renovated
and is a must see!**



OPEN HOUSE: SUNDAY, JULY 30, 2:00-4:00 PM

TERMS: Property is sold "as is-where is." \$10,000 down payment (non-refundable)
on sale day by certified funds, closing within 30 days. 10% buyer's premium.

Auctions by Marshall, Inc.

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704-362-3288 • ncfl 7364

www.auctionsbymarshall.com

OPINION

Editor's Note

by David Moore

People and their pets



In the office where *Q-Notes* is published resides perhaps one of the sweetest and most playful cats I've ever encountered.

He came into our life via Associate Editor David Stout and Stout's Great Aunt Veer, who lives in Lexington, N.C.

As the story goes the little grey kitten was one of a rather sizable litter that belonged to a cat that lived at a neighbor's house. The neighbor had several dogs and apparently the mother cat wasn't comfortable with the kittens in that environment — so she moved them to someplace less complicated (Great Aunt Veer's).

"There were five, all cute, but when he walked out of the box I knew he was the one," says Stout. "He had some kind of charisma about him. Aunt Veer laughed and said 'He's a little troublemaker, always getting into something. Figures you'd pick him.'"

Stout encountered the kitten on a few occasions before the staff eventually came to the decision that it was time for a mascot.

He also picked out the kitten's name — Oscar Wildecats — after the cartoon character in the "Queer Duck" series.

He was absolutely tiny when I first laid eyes on him — but in the year he's lived with us, he's come to be very large, thick and muscular. His shiny, multi-colored grey coat has retained the softness it had when he was still a kitten.

In the morning he'll greet you by following you around, rubbing against your legs and talking in soft little meows. Then he'll jump to lightening speed and dash around the office like a cat possessed, oftentimes coming to rest atop a stack of papers that immediately slide out from underneath him, spilling him back on to the floor.

His favorite pastimes include drinking anybody's water but his own, stealing peppermint candy from the bowl in reception area and throwing it around the room, rubbing his face profusely against hairy chins, tipping over garbage cans, trying to climb artificial office shrubbery and plopping himself down squarely in the center of the conference table during staff meetings. Right this moment he's sitting across from me on the sofa in my office staring directly at me and probably wondering what kind of trouble he can get into next. On deadline weekends when I'm in the office alone, he's a great friend to have around.

Our little animal friends have such short life spans. It can be very painful, too, when you lose one. My partner's little old Maltese named Chip — I've written about him a few times here — passed away a couple of months ago. He was sick and old, but he struggled so hard to hang on. He finally got to the point where he couldn't even lift his head up off the couch and we had to stand him up so he could eat or do whatever was necessary.

My partner couldn't handle it — so I finally volunteered to take him to the vet to have him "put to sleep" as they used to say (as opposed to "put down," which somehow seems a bit more callous to me). I stayed with him

until the very end, when he just slumped over next to my body, as though he had fallen asleep.

I thought I would be okay with it because he came into my life along with my partner and I always thought of him as "my boyfriend's dog." But in the end, I felt quite differently.

I've never been particularly weepy — it takes a lot to get me that way — but as I was driving away from the vet's office I was overcome with such grief that I couldn't stop crying. I had to pull over to the side of the road to try and get control of my emotions. "Why can't I stop crying?" I screamed to myself, as I looked at the empty seat beside me where the little dog had sat, breathing heavily, less than thirty minutes before.

When it suddenly struck me that I must've looked like a scene out of some bad sitcom I was finally able to get a grip — but I still miss the muttering little old fellow. Even if he was a bit grumpy at times — he was always happily wagging his tail when I came through the door at the end of the day.

A few weeks would pass before we adopted another dog — she's a small rescue mix puppy we named Betty. Probably Jack Russell Terrier, Cocker Spaniel and Italian Greyhound with some Chihuahua thrown in for good measure.

She's extremely affectionate, very polite and when she goes outside she's energetic beyond belief. Even though it's like looking at King Kong playing with Naomi Watts, she gets along famously with our neighbor's Labrador. He runs to fetch a ball and she runs circles around and under him as he moves, frequently nipping at his heels and ankles and ears and face. He seems to love every minute of it.

Our cat seems to like the dog, too. She doesn't automatically hiss at her like she did the Maltese. But he had a tendency to be a bit aggressive at times. With Betty it's all fun and games. She'll dance around in front of the cat, jumping forwards and then back and trying oh-so-hard to convince her to play. It's nothing short of slapstick when Betty tries to sneak up behind Midge for a quick butt sniff. That's where Midge draws the line — she'll turn around and growl (one of those deep guttural "mmrrooww" sounds) and hop off as quickly as her three legs will carry her, hissing as she goes. Betty will jump backwards and dash off in the opposite direction before taking a flying leap onto the couch. Then she'll immediately assume what we've come to call the Jackal pose. She stretches out her legs directly in front of her body perfectly straight and side-by-side and perks up her massive pointy dumbo-sized ears from the relaxed floppy position to full attention. She usually sits that way for a few minutes looking rather accomplished about her recent achievement with the cat.

Take a look at our special "People and their Pets" section this issue. I think you'll enjoy reading about the many different kinds of animals queers in the Carolinas like to have as their pets. ▀

