

The Girl and the Tomcat

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The Girl and the Tomcat

There once was a girl.

She felt pretty comfortable surrounded by her friends and family. She was quite good in embarrassing herself though. But she always had a sheltered life and her thoughts were far away from war and other political problems. In general she had no more worries than to pass her next exam safely.

But one worry she had which sometimes kept her away from sleeping. It was the certainty that her biggest fervidness could be her labefaction. DREAMING.

Once she was immersed in her own world it was difficult for her not to drop away in it, like the shiny dewdrops which are falling from the curved leaves. Gleaming when the first shafts of sunlight would cross their surface.

She wondered sometimes if she could hear them dropping, after the trees had jiggled themselves rightly.

In fact of that she thought how wonderful it would be to rush through the treetops, so they just get tousled again. And then, following her emotions, she would get carried away with the wind, which would blow her up into the sky. She would be twittering with some birds which she would pass on her way up. And after bursting through the first cover of clouds, the sunlight would hit her mere outlined body, which suddenly would have taken the shape of a gracious eagle. She would spread her wings, twirling the little extensions at the very ends of the clouds. Then, slowly, she would sail down, back to earth, where the charm on her figure would entirely disappear.

And she looked up into the sky, wondering whether it was real. Then, a cat passed her way to school. She got captivated by its glimmering fur and its soft paws. The amber coloured eyes would put everything around her out of sight. The cat would begin to talk to her 'What are you looking at, little human??' And the girl would answer 'at your beauty, my dearest feline. But I wonder what's behind it...' 'Ignorant human!' then the cat would say offended and would turn its head away, revoking the spell from its

eyes in which the girl's eyes had been in. Confused she would ask 'Did I say something wrong??' and the cat would counter 'Of course I'm no feline! Obviously I am a tomcat! Don't you see that??' So the girl would apologise to the tomcat, but would add, slightly laughing, 'but you behave like one...' And the tomcat would fully turn, so that the girl would only see his back. After a while, the tomcat would begin to curl his tail slightly and then he would no longer resist and look inquisitively at the girl, who would be still standing behind him, watching him intensively. And his head would be twisted strangely while he would be doing this. Amused he would purr and rise and huddle against her legs. Then he pranced away. The high school student looked at her watch and suddenly rushed away. Since then, the tomcat would be following her on her way, accompanying her and making her laugh when she would be gliding through the clouds again. In the wintertime she was sitting in a bus, peering out the window, observing the snowflakes covering the world with a slight hint of white. She was wondering what it would be like to fall down with them as one of them. She would twist a few times, tangled up in the air. She would settle down on a tree and lie there peacefully, watching some pedestrians passing by. And as she would melt she would become spring. And at springtime, the tomcat would come forth behind the chimney, playing around some beautiful coloured flowers and would say 'You were long gone...' The woman, who now would have grown out of some lily, would smile at him and answer 'You didn't seem to miss me.' Whereon the tomcat would lift his tail mortally offended and turn his head away. The woman would bend down to pat him conciliatorily. Then she hastened away to work. And the tomcat would sit in front of the door, where he would wait till the woman would return. One morning she awoke in her bed at the nursing home and she was wondering what she had been doing during the last 80 years. The tomcat would lie at the end of her bed, next to her feet answering her thoughts 'You fed me with your imagination, you entertained me with your thoughts and you were always there for me. I won't forget that.' He would lick his glimmering fur and with a satisfied purr he would stretch out luxuriously. Then he faded and the old woman was staring at the place where he had disappeared. End~