

The blazing sun bore upon my bare back as I stared my opponent down. He dare'nt a glance at me, and gazed outwardly, innocently, in the opposite direction - seemingly oblivious to the oncoming onslaught of my assault. But I knew he was aware of my presence. The wind began to pick up, leaves skirting around our battlefield... The stage was set. I coiled my body like a spring, poised to strike. He wouldn't even see it coming. All he would experience was his warm crimson blood escaping from his supple feathered body as I plunged my claws into his jugular. It's meow or never, I have to pounce meow-

"Meow!"

"MR. KIBBLES! What the *meow!* I'm in hunting mode right now!... Aww you see that? You see that? It flew away! Damnable pigeon." I shouted at the cat next to me. Then I turned to watch my prey, an obscenely obese pigeon who keeps frequenting MY garden, fly away... UNSCATHED.... once again.

"Gosh darnit Mr. Kibbles! What have I ever done to you to deserve this?"

"Meow!"

"Wh-why I am quite offended by that comment! I did not use your litterbox while drunk on catnip! You fiend! How dare you ever insinuate me in one of your fantastical daydreams." Mr. Kibbles smiled innocently at me and twitched her whiskers playfully.

"Don't even think for a second that you can pacify me as you do the owners! I'm a cat too - I'm immune to our immense adore-ability!"

Mr. Kibbles held her head up high, strutting away. Who does she think she is? A pedigree? We're just simple Tabbies, and she should be more accommodating to my hunting time. It's always the same! The big ball in the sky is right above our home, and this pigeon always comes to, I don't know, eat the grass in MY garden; constantly wearing this shit-eating grin. And Mr. Kibbles never fails to foil my elaborate plans. I say, I swear she is doing this on pawpose.

I mean, sometimes she can be just so-

“Meow meowww!” Mr. Kibbles chimed, glancing at me, then dashing under the metal structure that our owners told us to never go under.

“Follow you?! Kibbles! We aren't allowed out of the house!” She turned around, then waved her tail mockingly at me, then continued to dash away until she was out of view. I dared a glance at the house and, deeming it safe since the owners were out, gave chase to Mr. Kibbles. Oh, when I cat-ch you...

“Mr. Kibbles! Hold for me! Wait!” I called to her, as she ran onto a sidewalk. The next thing I knew, she was gone. Disappeared into the mass of gigantic metal contraptions that was what the masters called 'the road'. Wait, what manner of devilry had whisk-ed her away? Then I saw her, past the road, meowing at me, mocking me, challenging me. I stopped in my tracks. A shiver ran down my tail. I eyed the metal devils closely and deemed that it was certain death to dash through.

But... Then who would get back Mr. Kibbles? Who would retrieve her? What would the masters say? Who would I meow with till the night comes and swallows us up? Ah. Me. The responsibility is always mine. For I am Mrs. Kibbles, and proud dammit.

As the humans say, here goes everything. I put my right paw out, shivering. Then I sprinted.

“MEAHHHHHHH!”

Are-are my whiskers still there? I-I can feel my tail! Great lord of catnip I'm alive! I- Why are all the cars... gone? They seem to be worshipping a red light.

Thank you, sir red light. You have done me a good deed this day. One day shall I return the favour... But for now, Mr. Kibbles – “GET THE HELL BACK HERE!” We both ducked into an alleyway, and then she began to scale the walls by climbing dumpsters and windows and

big box fans. I watched in awe as her supple and agile body soared through the sky towards the heavens, disappearing onto a roof. Once again I was presented a daunting task. Perhaps I should go back...

“MEOW!”

... What could she possibly want to show me so much? Okay fine Mr. Kibbles... you win. I followed her route, albeit much less effortlessly, and eventually I found myself nearer to her, after many almost failed jumps. I don't understand why humans believe we always land on our feet. It's not a trait all cats have it just seems that way because most cats train in it. They spend years and years jumping off platforms for no apparent reason, but they are training to always land on their feet. But not I. I'm afraid of heights.

An acrophobic cat. Most cats are acrobatic and I'm just a walking irony.

But overcome my fear must I.

LEAP OF FAITH!

I leapt. I touched down! I am on the roof! Wow this is an accomplishment. I never thought I-I would be able to do this!

“Meow!”

“Hah! I don't need you to be proud of me! I am quite aware that I am amazing.”

“Meow!”

“For me? You did this to help me overcome my fear? Aww Mr. Kibbles!” I walked closer to her, paw raised, bringing my paw hard onto her head, smacking her.

“There had to be a better way than making me die almost twice. I’ve only got seven of those mind you!” I lectured. Frankly, it was fun. Death-defyingly so however, and she could have given me a warning at least!

“*Meow...*” She whimpered, then fell into a slump and walked away. She then turned to face the sunset.

“*Meow!*”

“So this is what you wanted to show me... Magnificent...” The orange ball that was yellow this morning now looked like a gigantic sanguine ball of yarn. It stretched out its thread through the city and painted it with a warm hue. It was beautiful. Something I have never seen from the ground.

“Thanks, Mr. Kibbles.”

“*Meow!*”

She smiled, then leaned on my shoulder. We both slept that night on the roof, the masters shouting at us once we returned. But hey, I thought it was worth it. But I swear one day this cat is just going to kill me. Her adventures always result in bad things and I always have to follow her, but I guess it's fine for meow.

Since she’s my mate.