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Cat

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C A T

Holly Carlson

Glowering thunderheads smothered the sky as I watched you follow that damned cat to the roof, and against my strained pleas and protests, you ascended. She was always one step ahead, forever slipping out of your worried reach while the chase led you on, led you up into the fierce wind. Rain began coming down in pregnant drops as you reached the roof, and I saw you working for traction on the rain-slickened tiles when a sudden gust of wind caught you mid-stride, whipping you back to your element. Breathless—

I watched you tumble three stories down, my hands pulling hair and raking flesh as my mind grappled with the fact that you had fallen

and after a three second lifetime—

Hard ground met you with broken bones, bruised organs, and massive hemorrhaging.

The feline held fast to the roof, her slender form curled around the weathervane. She eyed your prone form in the mud and smiled, as if thinking your death in her rescue had been decidedly funny.