

Murakami by JesBelle

Some cats live full lives without ever having a name. They are content to eat small prey and scavenged treats from garbage cans. They are satisfied to make love in alleys, raise kittens in barns, and stay away from humans as much as possible. But not every cat. This little cat had been searching for his human for all of his life (a year now!).

He was careful and choosy about this process; not just any human would do. He was a cat of great gifts, and he couldn't just go around bestowing himself anywhere. He had become adept at avoiding the grabby hands of children, the lure of collectors for whom he would just be another addition.

So when he approached the young man in the park, it was with intent. The cat understood that this man was, like himself, not much more than a kitten. He was also, like himself, alone in the big world. But, unlike the cat, the young man was afraid, vibrating with barely contained panic. The cat approached with the intent of sharing his courage with this man, this kindred spirit. The cat would give this man the great gifts of companionship, and affection, and the needs of another to think about.

And the man would give the cat a name.

The name came, later that night, after a day of adventures. It was a beautiful name. It started with the sound his mother had made when she came back to the nest and wanted him to wake up and nurse. It ended with "eeeeeee," the best sound for a human to make when speaking to a cat.

Murakami snuggled down next to Elan, content in the knowledge that he had chosen well.