

Pumped up Kitten

Marcie walked down the street in her black boots that made her footsteps have a sort of clunking sound to them. She wore ripped pants, a beanie, a crop top, and a sort of fishnet looking overshirt. She had a chain with a lock around her neck and dark makeup.

As Marcie turned the corner on the street a man bumped into her. Instead of saying something remotely related to “sorry” he just muttered “fucking emo” and kept walking. Marcie looked back at the man walking away and simply stuck her third fingers up; as a sort of silent retaliation.

As she walked by the next aly way she heard a tiny “mew”. Marcie turned to see the tiniest kitten she had ever seen. She bent down to the small creature to extend her hand to it. The kitten sniffed her hand for a few seconds and then headbutted her hand. “Aww aren’t you just the cutest little thing.” Marcie looked around the aly. “Where’s your momma?” There was no momma cat in sight, not even any other kittens. “She’s not coming back for you is she?” Marcie knew it was not unheard of for animals to abandon their smallest child because they are less likely to make it anyways.

With this in mind she scooped up the little kitten and held it close to her body. The kitten simply nuzzled itself into her arms and began to purr. It was a pleasant sensation, and Marcie could not help but to put a smile on her face. As she walked back home she stopped by a pet store and walked to the cat section. She picked up some necessities like kitten formula, a bottle, a flea collar, a water bowl, and a toy. When she went to buy her items the cashier looked at the tiny fluff ball in her arms. “Aw, looks like it really likes you!” Marcie smiled with a hint of embarrassment. “I suppose so.” She paid for her items and began to walk home, kitten in one arm, supplies in the other.

When Marcie got home she jiggled her keys into the door and opened it; she walked inside and shut the door. The kitten peaked its head up in curiosity, surveying its new surroundings. She set the kitten on the floor and sat beside it. She took the collar out and fastened it around the small animal's neck gently and then patted its head. The girl looked at the tiny gray kitten with blue eyes. "I think I'll name you Smokey." The kitten purred, as if to sound its approval of the name it had been given. "You like that?" Marcie chuckled. She took out the feather on a string she had bought in the store and began to play with her new companion. The kitten jumped and batted at the feather with amusement. "I'm really glad I found you, Smokey, I can already tell we will be best friends." Smokey headbutted her leg compastionatly. "We both just needed a friend, didn't we?" The cat flopped over and looked at her with its crystal blue eyes and seemed to smile at her. "I'll take that as a yes."