

Favorite Feline Friend - NYC Midnight Microfiction Challenge group 37 - 2nd of 55 submissions

Assigned genre: romantic comedy

Assigned action: getting a new pet

Required word: away

Here we sit on the linoleum floor of the pound, kittens in each of our arms. We walked here hand in hand on a whim, brainstorming ways to get out of the house for the evening.

Our desire to elude boredom always leads us down a path of more responsibility. We were tired of sticky Georgia, so we left for Arizona - we heard our whole lives the heat was dry, the least welcoming selling point in human history. We were tired of our jobs, so we quit them for fun - scrambling to pay the bills leaves no idle time in brain or body. We were tired of blank arms, so we got tattoos of each other's initials on a random Monday - the artist lectured us on the decision, and a diatribe delivered via surgically split tongue will make you call it all into question.

Yet we are here, cradling little creatures in our lettered arms, when we could have chosen dinner or even a cooking class, but we chose to make another day memorable.

Watching our new kitties play with a feather on a string, I see us starring in feline theater. Yes, curiosity killed the cat - but what a lovely adventure they get to have. Two little creatures, reaching despite the chase, knowing it's the keep away that's always half the fun.