

THE AMAZING TALE OF CASEY THE CAT AND DEVON THE SUNBEAR

by knackroller & calamasilime

The cat commonly called Casey was of a creamy black colour. Definitely black, but when observed from a certain angle, the glossy sheen made it almost grayish and seemingly creamy enough to devour, like Devon's ambrosia¹. Not that Devon was anything near that shade; in fact, he loathed to be referred to as anything but golden, like the highland English honey he practically lived on, and the divine mythical Sunbear that was his namesake. Suffice to say, the two were rarely seen apart from each other, yet never conspicuously allowing any undue inference to be made regarding their relationship, racial, special², raucous, spatial or otherwise. On most days, Casey purred perched on the top shelf, whilst Devon lounged lazily on the duvet top. It was a symbiotism that, from the viewpoint of an undiscerning observer, was quite as unfathomable as the fanaticisms of the feminine populace. The perfect specimen of which lay in close proximity, for she was the prime owner, materna animal, stuffed or barkable. Today's tale begins on the fateful day when Casey decided to tie a kink into a knot from her tail.

Early the next morning, before³ the hour of eight had struck, Casey yawned a hundred grimaces and leapt down the ledge to the lowest level of the shelf, her eyes instinctively inquiring the mail-slot for his master's correspondence or the odd parcel. Once, a mysterious purple packet had popped in out of nowhere, and the wondrous aroma wafted and whisked⁴ in almost immediately. With a missed sniff of disappointment, she gave a customary cursory nod to the bear, still buried beneath the bundles of clothing and other undescrivable undergarments. That was when she noticed the torturous soul staring through the misted pane, anguish and grief clearly⁵ painted on its powerful paws. It noticed something but said nothing; not swaying but silently gnashing its teeth on the mesmerised mind of the curious cat. Casey, remembering that felines are resistant to fear, glanced back furtively at her mistress, still soundly in slumber; Sainsbury's jar of honey glistened in the glare of the sun, not sweating a gel. She swiftly swung back her gaze, but the Shih-Tzu was gone.

Notes to the reader:

¹ only Devon knows how to make it so creamy

² as in of a species

³ originally ere

⁴ strong clue to its contents

⁵ pain clearly seen through the misted pane