

Time
R.F. Tripp

The cat decided to run away. He'd had it. He'd go back on the road. It had been years. He missed it.

It was OK, being fed and all. Pampered. He had to leave though. It was too much. He needed less.

He'd start at morning, after she let him out, after she'd fed him. Eat a lot. Extra. Then go. He'd stay off the streets, cut across the yards, avoid his own, fight when necessary. Dogs would be no problem—stupid animals. And if need be he could always let a human feed him if eating off the land became difficult.

He'd head at a diagonal to the sun, toward the hills (he sensed there were hills). Get away from the humans, the yards. He'd find a place and paint it, mark the trees, call it his own. There was still some fight left in him. It would be hard. He was soft. The journey would harden him though, like before, when he was captured...when he let himself be captured. It had been too easy, to stay. Too much had been lost. He never imagined.