

Dot The Cat

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with Audio Drama Feed



Part 1

Deep ash clouds start to form slumbered over this quaint city, it was once a lively little town filled with rushing cars bumper to bumper over the streets and heavy foot traffic of busy business folk along the sidewalk during the mornings. Now has slowed down to an occasional zooming car here and there, and perhaps a droning teenager on these strange device's humans called "phone" stepping by as late-night claimed this dull Wednesday curfew. But now that the rain drizzled into a downpour it became even less of either activity. Sure, you would see an occasional passer-by cursing about the unpredictable sudden stormy weather. Or a car swinging by in a rushed manner as usual. But no one is quite as bitter about anything water related than this slender yet dignified cat that has claimed shelter under this well-known flower shop's canopy. In a mystical way, Dot was the name given to this feline that everyone in this town has agreed to claim for this stray. You can easily tell it was a simple name to pick by a small white heart-shaped marking on her nose. And what's worse, as the storm brewed on, so did her chances for a quick snack from any passer-bys.

"How lucky these creatures are, carrying a small roof around." Mewed the drenched feline, quickly licking at her clumped-up fur in hopes to dry off. "If only I could be able to carry my own little roof, I bet I wouldn't be as cold and wet like a dog in the mud!" After what seemed like hours the stormy weather finally let up just a bit, leaving little muddy puddles along the cobblestoned streets. Fresh dew and musk of the rain lingered in the air; the black silhouette kitten stood up to stretch. "A cat can only dream of such pleasantries, opposable thumbs would be

interesting.” She began to skitter around peering by a large window where ‘Dot the Town Stray’ claimed as her temporary home. It was a quaint restaurant owned by a small family, which consisted of an old elder lady, a small child, and a burly but soft-spoken man. Which dot has each uniquely named them “Wrinkles, Runt and Big Thing. At least they’re nice and dry.” Suddenly a shrill voice belt out from the small store “ME-MAW ME-MAW DOT HAS CAME BACK! Don’t scare us like that! Silly cat, you should’ve stayed here when it stormed.” Scoffed the runt, picking up Dot despite her still wet attire the poor stray could only mew in light protest. “Now now little one don’t be so rough to the dear, she must’ve been so scared and hungry.” A large metal bowl filled with milk and fish paste appeared in front of the once annoyed but now attentive stray. “Finally! I thought I was going to starve! Come to MAMA!” Dot mewed happily, chowing down with no care for dignity anymore.

~ Intermission Music ~

“Me-maw. Are you sure we can’t keep her?” Sighed the child, watching in amusement at the stray kitten that’s literally engulfing the meal seemingly in one gulp. “Sorry my child. She is not to be owned nor claimed, for she belongs to the townsfolk around here.” The child huffed, crossing her arms, not in defiance but more in disbelief. “But WHHHHHHHY-” She whined before a deep voice spoke up behind her. “Because my love, she’s not a normal cat to be owned.” Both the elder lady and child turned their gaze to a very muscular and superbly built man. “Yes, she’s what we call cursed. Every owner or previous owner before even our time tried to own such a black cat. And every time it ended in a devious disaster. From famine to poverty or even death.” The child gasped and turned back over to the elder, as she only slowly nodded

“Yes child, the folklore of generations spoke of how black cats only emit the most unfortunate aura even once have worked with witches and other unspeakable evil entities. So, in respect we can feed, play or even pet black kittens such as Dot, but we must NEVER keep her as our own, or anyone for that fact. Otherwise, we’ll fall ill or perhaps much worse.” The child opened her mouth to speak on how absurd that even was to believe some gossip from the town. But Dot sat up licking her chops, giving out a satisfied soft mew. “That was delicious, but wow you guys are SO obnoxious, with all this mumble human garbage can’t I eat in peace next time.” She scowled, standing up from her little paws before trotting off into the night with her tail high. Up, up, up onto the rooftop of the cafe is where her actual hide out is. Containing a tattered pink hoodie as the bed and a bunch of old rags from other clothing and materials drawn over by an abandoned laundry line for curtains, this was the stray life. The bright moon glowed along with the stars that Dot only but gazed in hope. “If only. I was a human, just for a minute maybe life wouldn’t be so hard.” Her little frame cuddle under the fuzzy clothed hoodie “All of my 9 lives for just a human life, please.” And as if sleep possessed her, she drifted off to sleep.

Quietly the birds fluttered about and singed out their usual woes or warning around the city, and instead of the gentle morning sun. Dot experienced a very dark, striped fuzzy blob from her sleepy view. “Ahn.. AHHHH-” Was the only thing this poor kitten could utter until a very large, roundly shaped Maine coon purred under the now smushed black cat. “Good Tuna Tiny! Get off you’re going to suffocate Dot!” Hissed another feline who was on the other side of the makeshift bed, which was a one-eyed orange tabby “But Loidd her bed is always so comfortable I’m sure

she doesn't mind sharing the space little~" Purred Tiny, as all you can see were two black fleeting paws comically flailing and whisking about. "What's there to share you big oaf!? Her 9 lives too? GET ON UP!" Loid groaned bunting his head frantically at the round coon's back. Eventually Tiny sighed and like a beach ball rolled off, earning a big gasp from now a not-dying black stray. "Sweet Koi! I-I think I saw like eight me's but like in the clouds...!" Her gaze stares off up to the sky, just to be sure those other hers aren't actually there. Before hunching up lower back into a big 'C' as she bared her fangs with a very dangerous lowly yowl. "HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU NUMSKULLS MY SPACE HERE IS MY TERRITORY MORONS!?" Quickly Loids lowered his ears and upper body, just to jump back at the yowl with his only fearful look from the single eye, while Tiny scampered right behind the other cat. "L-Listen Dot we've tried to call you...!" Shakily mewed Tiny as Loid took his turn speaking up a bit "But we didn't hear a response and the storm last night. Had us a bit worried Dot, we were just going to leave before SOMEONE had to over welcome the stay...!"