

# Rescue Cat - Written By Will Snow

## Chapter Nine

At 4:30 AM the following day, Bill opened his tired eyes and was startled into full wakefulness by the sight of Cosmo lying on the pillow next to him and intently staring at him. "God! What are you doing? Give a person some space!" Cosmo seemed mightily amused and lightly jumped from the bed. "*Come now, human, time to start a new day.*" As Bill watched Cosmo haughtily saunter out of the room and got out of bed, he felt slightly out of sorts. Something was different today, but he couldn't grasp what it was. After several moments of fruitless rumination, he shrugged his shoulders and headed downstairs to begin his morning ritual.

Hours later, after working out and walking over to the smoothie shop for his morning breakfast, Bill started towards his car to head back home but stopped before he got in. He looked around for a moment and quieted his mind. He felt the cool pre-sunrise air and heard the city slowly stirring to wakefulness. Looking down the street past PCH, he felt a strange tug on his essence and headed down to the beach.

Though he lived less than a mile from the ocean, he hadn't set foot in it for years. There had been a time when he couldn't get enough of the sand and surf, but that was in his life before. At this time of the morning, the only sounds were the hungry squawking of gulls and the rhythmic sound of the waves rolling onto the shore. As he scanned the horizon, Bill saw a pod of dolphins playing in the distance

and a few surfers sitting on their boards, patiently waiting for a wave to ride. For a moment, he was reminded of the beauty of the charming and artistic Southern California beach town that had captured his heart many years ago but no longer existed except in stories.

How deeply he yearned for that simpler time. The loss was like a cold stone in his heart, and his breath caught momentarily. He cast the thought aside, removed his shoes and socks, and walked barefoot in the calm surf through the gray mist. After a time, he stopped and gazed out at the restless ocean. He was dizzy and light-headed and felt an urgent pressure to do something, to say something. After several minutes of enduring this silent tension, he shook his head. There was nothing left to do and nothing worth saying anymore. He turned away from the ocean and slowly trudged back to his car.