



The October  
of Caitlyn & Caius

By Kai Nakashima

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There were voices on the sea cliffs. A nonchalant argument not harsh, nor passionate, simply, questioning.

Proceeding in casual tones, they wondered if they had taken the best path, made the right choice, and picked the wisest direction. Shortly, they pondered if they'd been savvy to leave home at all, though, that conflict quickly dissolved; They couldn't deny their happiness.

They were here, together on a journey, and so very pleased to be.

*This was the beginning of an adventurous life.*

They were two cats; both tabbied and olive-eyed, stained with gold. One was a tangerine tabby, all sweet-orange with amber-red stripes, a light belly, and a relaxed, long, stride.

His brother was cocoa-brown, chocolate lines mantled him. He had white slippers and a cool gait.

Both had quiet paws.

They were young, ready, and on their way, carrying down the jasper path, beaten by uncountable years of footsteps made by creatures big and small; it was the only smooth surface in sight, succulent, marbled stone, awaiting the explorer's tread since the dawn of keeping record.

The brothers ambled the top of the sea cliffs where the crowning stones were tall and king-like, craggy, sharp, and tempered by the continuous coastal weather. The various earthen hues and black veins of the rock added interest to the already detailed hike through the ancient castle that stood like a fortress above the sea. It's rises and falls were

complete with balconies, spiral staircases, towers, and crevices fenced by toothy grins, or railed by jagged smiles. Some areas had no safety nets whatsoever.

Some spaces were open like wide eyes, clear to muse the horizon, watching its dazzling display of ever-changing, deepening, and dissipating of a gorgeous, blushing sunset.

But it was not sunset now.

It was broad day. A broad day-light that made all things evident: pigments, textures, sizes, shape; The grandeur of the sea cliffs, hanging like stony gods over the unending, dark, toiling, blue-green that made the earth feel like it did indeed have four corners.

The white caps appeared only near to the cliffs where the monument itself jutted from the ocean, connecting to the vast yonder still yet to be discovered.

The air was clean, crisp, fresh. Sweet salt-spray rolled in on the ocean's misty breath, disappearing with every swelling wave.

The small cats were still descending on careful, delicate, steps. Every twitch, flick, turn of an ear; it all meant something. Tails were held low and relaxed, otherwise flowing muscularly with the feel and direction of the breeze. Gazes greeted to assure, catching luminosity on an olive palette as their bodies zig-zagged the crafty pathway.

At last, they arrived at the scene of a desolate, little wooden rope bridge, promising a more straight-forward trail. Their final decline neared them a thatched roof, lumber-structure, built on a flat that surveyed the emerald sea on one side, and an aquamarine cove on the other.

It was a rustic thing – but of immense quality, boasting years of last on the blustery coast. It held dignity with the additions of strong doors, glass windows, and luxurious garden boxes housing fragrant herbs, and brilliant poppies.

The boys entered the cat-sized bakery with the content sound of a pealing shop bell in their wake. Both stood in curt silence at the admirable, quaintness; Hardwood floors, wood paneled walls, covered in glossy frames and oil paintings of famous felines. There, sat skillfully-carved furniture, intricacies shining in gold or silver metal attachments. The architecture was all in dark, umber woods. The decorations, antiqued, but well-polished.

A glass case of home-made baked goods margined the brothers from a cat behind the counter, a short-haired Himalayan, uneven in her beige, nutmeg, and snow-white patches. Her blue irises raised from a soft glance on the glass by the cafe seating, where the view offered a sneak-peak at the teal lagoon behind the seaside cliffs.

She was also young, her thoughts, pure, it was as if she'd been awaiting them here, forever; it was her family's custom – this modest cafe n' bakery, was but their wholesome hospitality, served up on a platter in the midst of the wild, coastal planes, where wanderers seeked community when the search for meaning became too lonely a call.

She offered a paw at the coffee pot, warm milk, sweet tea. She brought attention to the comforting treats in the case, which had filled the space with familiar smells; primarily cinnamons and of blueberry bagel.

It was very tempting and touching, but the boys were not here to eat, nor had they come just to compliment this cat's beauty, though they still easily had thoughts about it.

They began to tell of their tale so far, the beginning of a long, well-lived nine lives, and about which way to go next.

The lady from behind the counter told them about the area, its factual notes, and its history; There was no need to inform them of the mountain's majesty, for they already knew.

As the boys allowed her knowledge to guide them towards their next trail, they grew excited, but felt no rush – There was no hunger to grapple for the end, yet no yearning to capture this event forever.

It was a perfect now.

A present piece of life inside a timeline that, would *one day* be historical.

It was still only the beginning.

*A very precious moment indeed.*