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The Kitten and the Mermaid

Rik Spruitenburg

The fluffy white kitten walked along the bluegrass and came to a rock at the edge of the water. She let out a heart-rending meow.

As it so happened, a mermaid heard the cry, and while she avoided the surface world, she could not deny the pitiful sound and swam to investigate.

The mermaid, with her hair the color of the sun, found the kitten on the rock. “Kitten, why are you so sad?”

The kitten replied, “I’ve lost my person, and I am so lonely.” She lowered her head.

The mermaid, her skin white and creamy like vanilla ice cream, felt her heart melt. “I will spend time with you so that you are not lonely.” And the mermaid started to sing.

The kitten purred contently for a minute, but just for a minute.

The mermaid, her scales as green as seaweed, paused her singing. “Is everything okay?”

The kitten replied, “It is good that I am no longer lonely, but now I notice that I am hungry.” She lay down on her rock, which was warm from the sun.

The mermaid left with a splash and returned in a moment. She placed three fish on the rock at the kitten’s paws. The kitten nibbled at the fish, and the mermaid returned to singing.

When the kitten had eaten all the fish, the kitten purred contently for a minute, but just for a minute.

The mermaid, her eyes the color of pirate gold, looked carefully at the kitten. “Is there something else?”

“I had a collection of toys and treasures I had collected. I kept them under the sofa. But now I have nothing.” She looked up at the sky.

The mermaid smiled, and then dove under the surface so smoothly there was no splash worth mentioning. “There, this should be to your liking.” And she placed a crown made from coral upon her furry and fluffy little head. It was a good fit, heavy enough to stay in place, but light enough to wear all the time.

The kitten purred contently for a minute, but just for a minute.

The mermaid, her nails the color of pearls, turned her head at an angle to try and get a better look at the kitten. “What now, Pussycat?” she said, hoping it did not sound like she was out of patience. She was not out of patience, but she was starting to wonder what she had gotten herself into.

“The crown reminds me of my person. As a princess, I have a responsibility to my person. I’m supposed to help her remember when to get up and when to go to bed, and when to go to school and when to brush my hair. She will be lost without me. But I will never see her again, or our blue castle.”

The mermaid looked around at where the kitten sat and saw many wooden and brick houses. “Is it that blue house over there?” she asked, pointing three houses away.

The kitten turned and let out a joyful meow. “Yes, that is it! Oh, thank you mermaid-person. I will never forget your kindness today.”

And the kitten went back to the house and found her person, who then brushed her fur. And the kitten purred contently for a minute, and then a minute more.