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Bliss

Monica Logan
Concordia University - Portland

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Monica Logan

My dreams replay the life I used to enjoy, as if reality was the false one.

It's Saturday. I know it's Saturday because my mom hasn't lightly knocked on my door to softly call my name for school. Instead, the rising sun snuck through my vertical blinds to heat the blue and pink quilt on my bed. Wet sandpaper tickles my chin and cheek. His mostly orange face greets me. Bright mossy-green eyes look excited and curious, asking me, "What fun shall we have today?!" My hand sneaks out from under my heated burrito of blankets, scratching his furry forehead. Still tired, I shut my eyes and put my hand on the cool underside of my pillow. Peaches decides it's time to go back to sleep for a few more minutes, so he plops right next to my pillow and gradually falls asleep. The cream walls of my room seem to breathe lavender, soothing both of us in our attempts to snooze. I rub my feet together, trying to get warm again. Peaches sees it and can't resist being playful. He attacks the moving quilt. I move again, not wanting to be trapped by chubby cat. He then decides the best way to keep it from happening again is to just lay on top of it. I lose the game.

After a few moments of still peace and quiet, my tummy will be silent no more. The sugary-maple scents are too enticing to resist. I withdraw my feet from under my fat feline. I pet him one more time before I stroll to the door and open it. He follows me down the hall, constantly looking up to make sure I remember he's still beside me. I walk with him to the kitchen. Dad made waffles, so I sit at the table eating mine with yogurt and fruit on top, just like him. Peaches disappears to enjoy his own food. After breakfast, we go to the living room to watch all our favorite shows. Once I'm comfortably seated, Peaches springs up to unwind in my lap, both of us full and satisfied. My hand instinctually glides on the top of his soft head, past his fluffy ears, and down his slightly boney back. He paws and purrs in

my lap, a good sign he is as happy as I am.

The next moment, the world has changed. I have changed.

Scratch Scratch. LET ME IN! Pleaaaaaaasssssseeeeeee! My carrot-colored triangular ears extend fully up when I hear, Click! Staring with grassy eyes at the slowly ajar door, I hold my breath to break into a dramatic run. My whiskers can fit! I race inside, finally. I look up at her face, walking next to her. I want her to run her hand over my fur and tell me I'm a good kitty. I want to sit and flex and relax my claws. "Come on, Peaches," she says sweetly. Her face looks really scrunchy all of a sudden. We sit in a large chair. Me purring almost as loud as she is talking. "I'm so sorry to leave you for a while, I'm going off to college! Are you going to be okay without me?" I don't really hear what she is saying, but I understand how tenderly she scratches my chin, my favorite thing. I stretch out my rough tongue to lick up the sweet orbs falling from her cheeks.

My life has changed again, only this time. The room is dark. Quiet. The memory floods back to me.

My mom's voice over the phone was comforting as usual when I called her late that night. All of a sudden, she paused, taking a deep breath. "Now, Moni," she started, as I heard tears start to well into her cool emerald eyes. "I have to tell you..." I felt my own eyes commencing the typical drowning. "I'm so sorry, Moni." Another pause. "It's Peaches," she continued, barely audible through the weeping, "He died on Tuesday." I couldn't breathe. My cat. My amazing, cute, loving, funny cat. My already wet eyes flowed uncontrollably. "He was hit by a car." I wept, openly. "Moni, are you ok?" It was impossible to respond. "Monica, please answer me, are you going to be alright?"

The hurricane in my heart is too loud for words. My shattered core completely still.