

Kitty and Axel
Story Nine
Boring

Kitty and Axel are bored. Nothing at all is happening. There's not one plane in the sky; no one has walked past the gate since morning. They are convinced that even the ships at sea are in the doldrums. The most exciting thing all day was Doug doing his Brando imitation, STELLA, be quiet, he said. Stella minds, which is also boring.

Axel is having an interior dialogue to pass the time. She's stretched out on the pavement, her eyes closed. She's keeping track of her resentments—an endless source of interest.

Resentment number one is never having enough treats. Never enough.

Resentment number two is having the wrong kind. Lately they've been healthy with no fat and added wheat grass. Her friends need to be reminded that she's a carnivore. Insult to injury, that's what.

On they go, one after another, same old parade. Axel is bored even more. The usual litany of hurts doesn't give her the righteous satisfaction it has in the past. It's disappointing to say the least. Another resentment on another one, like a double-decker ice cream cone. The Scoop, now there's an idea worth considering, lavender vanilla and strawberry. But her ice cream connection, Liza and Serena, are away camping. Merde.

Kitty goes to sleep in the grass. In her dream she's at the beach. The tide is way out; the sand stretches before her, the pattern of waves imprinted on the hard surface. She's running on the bottom of the sea. The blue sky is undisturbed, and the waves roll in gently. The seals bob in the surf; the pelicans scan the waves. They float with their engines off, looking for the run of fish below.

She's rudely awakened by Axel's barking. Her heart's beating a mile a minute, surely the sky is falling, or we've invaded Iran, something dreadful's happened to cause this terrible racket. Axel, stop it, you've scared me to death.

It's okay Kitty, Axel says. I just had to make something happen.

