

Antennas To Heaven "The True Tale Of Felix Mankins"

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The first day he knew he was special it was 1986. Even though his mam had told him to stay away from those bins, and to keep out of that dirty alley, he was still perched there. Rocking. Yet when he fell when it toppled and he was supposed to go with it he landed perfectly on his feet. Silently. Now, he didn't have fur or anything like that. He had an opposable thumb and looked no different to you or me. He liked milk and fish and things like that, but then so do most people. Yet he knew he was special. He knew he was a cat.

But when the sun went down he would wander out into the streets alone. And there, lightly padding around naked, he was the best cat there ever was. He stole leftovers from rubbish bins. He chased sparrow after sparrow and searched nests. He sat on rooftops and called out into the night. And if he ever crossed paths with a stray dog, there would only be one winner. It was like some great balance in nature. Not one of his pride ever challenged him. He was the biggest. The smartest. The strongest. He was the King...

But he didn't become a superhero. He didn't use his powers to fight crime. Essentially he looked upon the feline population as we do on each other. He strove to be the best. So when he left school he took an ordinary job. He probably served you fast food. He probably made those copies you read this morning. And when nobody was looking he would lick the back of his hand. And scratch the corner of his furniture. All the time he wore this smirk. This knowing smirk, because he knew he could balance on a fence better than you. And hell, if he wanted cream, he could just buy it.

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