

Marta Green

MARTY

loser winner

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Marty. Loser winner

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Аннотация

Here is kind story about miracles, magic creatures, friendship and brave kitten who found the most important thing in his life...

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Marty. lozer winner.

«Marty, you are a kitten, and everyone loves cheerful kittens! So, why aren't you playing with others?» Mother-cat rested on the sunny beat-up trunk of a fallen tree, dangled her paws, and looked sadly at her son.

Marty looked up at her with his blue eyes. He wished he could answer but he did not know what. It is not that he did not want to have fun; it just did not work out somehow. When others jumped and somersaulted, chasing flies, all he wanted to do was run to his favorite glade and listen to the gurgling of water among stones in the fast brook... He wondered where it rushes.

Besides, Marty liked the fact that his glade was on a high hill that overlooked the whole new world he knew nothing about yet.

«I have a feeling», Marty started climbing up. «I have a feeling I must go somewhere...» A couple of times his paws failed him but he managed to climb up and make himself comfortable next to his mum.

«Sonny, where must you go? You are my little day-dreamer but now it's time to grow up. Kittens are born to live next to people, make them laugh by their playing and purr sweetly. Stop running to that glade. Let's go home, and tomorrow you will start acting like a normal kitten, or people will not take you.» Mother got up, stretched herself, jumped down gracefully and disappeared in the grass.

Marty grew quiet and kept sitting on the old tree trunk, looking at the dark clouds that were approaching from afar, hiding the sunlight. He knew everyone thought he was strange, and some of them even laughed at him.

«I guess I really am small for this huge world... Mum's right. Tomorrow when I get up I'll start acting like everyone else. Goodbye, my little glade, maybe one day I will come here with my human.» He got up and began walking the trunk carefully to jump down and go home.

Meanwhile, dark clouds crawled closer and the first big drops already started falling. They grew in numbers so quick that in a minute it was raining cats and dogs. Marty had hardly thought that the trunk of the fallen tree could grow soft under the rain when he heard a crack under his paws, lost his balance, and fell into the darkness in a mere of a second.

Marty realized he was inside the trunk that was hollow and already started filling up with rainy water.

«I should get out as soon as possible.» He thought and splashed in water with all his might, having no idea what else he could do. Water caught him up and carried him somewhere; the darkness began to clear and together with a bubbling stream Marty shot out to the grass, skated down and found himself in the stream he used to watch.

«I guess now I can tell where it rushes.» Marty was not scared at all, on the contrary: light pleasant excitement embraced his little heart. He calmed down and entrusted to the flow, rowing

occasionally with his paws to avoid collision with the rocks.

Rain stopped, the skies cleared, and Marty saw he was approaching a large lake, surrounded by oddly-shaped rocks that were gleaming white. A rainbow was shining over the lake and it had as twisted and odd shape as the rocks while the highest rock was adorned with a beautiful waterfall.

«So, this is where your home is.» Marty said to the stream admiringly. At this very moment water rose above the ground and rushed to the rainbow. Taken by surprise, Marty closed his eyes but opened them in a moment to see he was sliding along the colorful waves of the rainbow. It was so funny and pleasant but also dizzying, being new to this experience. At the end of his exciting journey the traveler landed softly on the sandy shore of the lake.



Marty looked around – everything was calm and beautiful. And even though he could not see anyone he felt he had been watched.

Suddenly, smooth surface of the lake began rippling and a wave appeared close to the shore. Marty opened his eyes wider and kept looking at what was going on, trying to capture every moment. At some moment he realized water was shaped into a silhouette that began walking towards him. The figure had a smooth elongated body and reminded fish that Marty used to see in the stream, only bigger and with sharp fins and tail that looked like flat rocks. The creature now dived then jumped elegantly, reflecting the sunshine.

«Hello, Marty. I have been waiting for you for a long time.»
The stranger came close enough for Marty to see two small kind eyes that reflected an image of a small striped kitten...

«Who are you and how do you know my name?» Marty was pleasantly surprised.

«My name is Yujesh. I know you and I also know you've been looking for one thing.»

«I have.» Marty sighed and touched water with his paw. «But I don't know what exactly.»

«Look.» Yujesh pointed at the waterfall that cascaded grandly and beautifully from the high rock.

«Wow!» Marty hushed watching the waterfall being shaped into a huge clock – round and with numbers but without pointers for some reason.

«This is a special clock, Marty. It determines the direction of the path.»

«How's that? I don't understand.» Although Marty was curious he also felt uneasy a little bit and suddenly wanted to get back to his mum.

«It will come to its full shape in a moment but then start dripping down drop by drop. Tomorrow, when the sun hides behind the rocks the last drop will fall, leaving no trace of the clock. By that time you will have to perform a feat and then you will find what you've been looking for. But if you fail you will remain a small strange kitten, roaming the woods in search of his home.

«But how can I? I'm...» Marty did not have a chance to finish. Strong wind whirled the sand and then Marty himself so that he could not see anything.

In a few moments Marty felt his paws touched soft cool grass. He hoped he would open his eyes and see his own glade. But it did not happen.

Marty found himself in a completely unfamiliar place...

He was surrounded and closely watched by creatures he had never seen before. Some of them even pulled him at his ears or tail, as if trying to understand why he needed those things. These strangers were bigger than Marty, had round heads and elongated bodies of golden color. Instead of legs they had sparkling whirlpools, while at their backs Marty saw white wings. They also had four thin paws and a couple of big eyes.

«Who are you?» The most serious of them looked cautiously at the newcomer.

«I'm Marty the kitten, I was talking to Yujesh when wind came and...»

«Oh, Yujesh! I see! Well, hello, friend. We are the qifards. Let's go – we will show you our glade.

Marty did not understand anything but obediently followed the qifards that whirled around merrily and watched him curiously. He watched them back with the same interest. Looking around, he noticed a qifard who looked different from the rest. She was smaller, had long eyelashes framing her big eyes and her white wings were lowered a little; instead of a sparkling whirlpool

she had a small flicker that looked like a small sun. She was not flying along like everyone else; she hopped on her flicker and was now approaching Marty.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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