

Untitled

A folded letter slides out from between the notebook's pages:

I had a pet cat named Thomas, a big jet black tomcat I had adopted from the animal rescue shelter when I was about six years old, literally adopted him on the day the shelter had scheduled to put him down. My mother recalls me throwing a massive tantrum and refusing to leave the shelter until I had my Thomas safely in my arms on the back seat of the car. We were near inseparable as Thomas enjoyed roughly twenty more years being the toughest SOB you'd ever met, he would disappear for weeks sometimes months at a time and just as we felt he had finally run out of lives his serious black face would peak in through an open window, regularly returning home nursing a new scar or missing a patch of fur from his mysterious adventures somewhere in the neighbourhood. Every time he came home was at night, he would come through my bedroom window, leap down to the floor, walk across to the edge of my bed then jump on to curl up next to me for a head scratch. Thomas was a big heavy cat that made a distinct impression on the bed when lying down as he pushed the top of his head into the palm of my hand for some affection. When I moved out of my folk's house I traveled a lot so Thomas remained in residence, I missed him especially at night when he wasn't there to curl up on my bed for a head scratch before going to sleep. I would ask my mom about Thomas and she would tell me he'd either been gone for a while or he'd just returned home. Then the inevitable happened, Thomas never came home. I was heartbroken when my mom told me over the phone, Thomas was finally gone. A couple of weeks after hearing about Thomas I returned home to visit my folks. I was asleep in my old room, it was pretty late and the house was quiet when I woke up to hear something leap down to the floor of my bedroom from the open window, walk across to the foot of my bed and jump up. It had jumped onto my bed, took a few steps forward then curled up and lay down. I reached my hand down on top the covers, thinking Thomas may have come home, to scratch his head where I clearly felt pressure push up into the palm of my hand but when I moved my fingers to scratch they didn't make contact with anything. I looked up to see absolutely nothing in the dark but a distinct impression on my bed where I held my empty outstretched hand; I heard a soft familiar purr for a few seconds then nothing. When I switched on the bedside lamp to see if Thomas had returned but there was nothing on the bed with me, I thought about Thomas for moment then went back to sleep. My folks had no other pets living in the house at the time so I believe Thomas in spirit form came home one last time to say goodbye to me.