



Merry Kittsmas

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Animals, Magic, Romance

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It was Kittsmas time once again on Kittopolous; an alien planet about 900 light years away inhabited by glowing, pastel tinted, kitten humanoids. They subsisted on 1 part oxygen and 1 part awesome... no seriously, the less awesome their existence becomes they begin to fade into nonexistence. The process can take anywhere from a month to a year, depending on the severity.

Kittians can live for decades to centuries so long as they lead relevant, happy lives. In the event things turn not so awesome, they'll stop glowing, fade to grey, then clear and then evaporate without a trace. They can also cease to exist if they've tragically run out of their 9 given lives.

Kittsmas was the most joyous time of the year on the small planet of Kittopolous. Not only was it one of the only holidays on the planet, it was celebrated all month long. The local Kittians were in the best of spirits and on their best behavior during this time. There had never even been a death reported during that time due to the high levels of awesomeness in the atmosphere.

It had been a rough year for Kitt'iya Clawless, a beautiful, young, pink hued Kittian. She was struggling to find a new purpose in life and was in the very early stages of nonexistence. She had stopped glowing and had faded to a dull, dusty pink. There was only one thing that could make her glow

again...

She'd been out of work since her family's declawing business went under early in the year. She was from a family of skilled declawers that had been declawing Kittians for centuries. It had been the only skill she was taught so she didn't have many options.

Up until recent years, declawing was tradition on planet Kittopolous; a right of passage of sorts. Traditionally, a Kittian was declawed on the anniversary of their 9th month alive. Once removed, their claws were burned and baked into a cake to be consumed by their family in a celebration called Kitt'stival.

Times were changing and most traditions had become a thing of the past. Nowadays, Kittians were choosing to keep and even decorate their claws in protest, considering it barbaric and inkittane to remove them. Due to these dynamics, conditions had become rather bleak for the Clawless family.

Out of options, Kitt'iya's family chose to marry her off to Kitt'icus Nipsen, a Kittian from a family of wealthy medicinal catnip farmers. Kitt'icus was nice, but very boring and didn't get her like Kitt'imole Fishman; the kitten-next-door. To her, he hung the 9 moons.

Kitt'iya had a mutual crush on Kitt'imole for as long as she could remember. They'd grown up together and were secretly in love. She often wished that the tradition of arranged marriage would go the way of declawing so that they could be together.

Kitt'imole was an artist from a family of fishermen who grew and sold catnip illegally. Only he could give her the awesome, excitement filled life she'd always dreamed of. His family made due but couldn't give her the life she deserved, as far as her parents were concerned. Kitt'icus was clearly the safe, more logical choice.

For reasons unknown and never to be questioned, marriage was only allowed on the planet of Kittapolous during the month of Kittsmas. This caused a dilemma for Kitt'iya, as she was unhappy about her engagement to

Kitt'icus. It was virtually unheard of to not be happy during the month of Kittsmas, yet there she stood.

She felt herself vastly fading more and more as "The Big Day" approached. She showed no excitement as she went wedding dress shopping with her soon to be in-laws and friends. She felt as though she was on autopilot at her own bridal shower. To add insult to injury, her humdrum rehearsal dinner was catered by the Fishman family.

No one seemed to notice or care she was fading away due to the excitement and anticipation of Kittsmas. Even her drab state couldn't dull the jubilation of the holiday, it seemed. She longed for an alternative solution to her somber situation.

"Take my hand, it's not too late." Kitt'imole whispered, just as Kitt'iya was losing hope. "We can take my family's fishing boat and just sail away. I can fish or hunt mice for super, we could live a happy life together."

Kitt'imole said to Kitt'iya, stroking her shoulder gently. For the first time this year, she began to glow her lovely, pastel pink hue again.

"Oh, Kitt'imole! You've begun to fade too!" Kitt'iya cried. Kitt'imole dried her tears with his paw, her pain caused him pain. He'd found purpose in his art and with his family but nothing compared to how he felt about Kitt'iya. He couldn't bare to live in a world without her.

Until that moment, Kitt'iya had become a sad, lackluster gray, approaching the final stages of nonexistence. She'd felt hopeless at the thought of spending eternity with Kitt'icus. Sure, he could provide for her but he could not make her glow like Kitt'imole could. Kitt'icus didn't even seem to care that she was fading away.

"I'll have the boat and supplies ready at the dock just before dusk tomorrow."

"I fear I will be a married kitten by then! It will have to be earlier."

Kitt'iya cried. Flaking on a marriage was punishable by serious Kennel time or banishment to the furthest moon. Kitt'iya loved Kitt'imole to the furthest moon and back but could she really leave it all behind? Could she come to

terms with never seeing her family or friends again?

The stress of it all brought her newly acquired tint of color back down again. She didn't feel heartless enough to leave a kitten at the altar but also couldn't bare the thought of a lifetime with him. She couldn't picture having his kittens, scooping his kitty litter forever or even being a Nipsen. As much as it pained her to leave her comfort zone and disappoint her family, she had to go with her heart.

The Kittmas Day One Parade went off with overwhelming exultance.

The entire planet was decorated extravagantly for the celebration. There wasn't a house or building that wasn't covered in lavish adornment.

Kitt'imole hoped that he could get the supplies onto the boat undetected, but it was being used, to his dismay.

"Kitt'imole, sweetheart, come help us launch fireworks in celebration of Kittsmas and the Nipsen nuptials. We're taking the boat and setting up to launch on the barge." Said the Fishman's. Kitt'imole was devastated, he'd planned to be long gone with Kitt'iyia before the wedding was supposed to begin and long before "Kitt'iclaus" brought Kittsmas Day One gifts.

Fearing Kitt'iyia would think he bailed on her, he tried to convince his parents to do the fireworks tomorrow or later that night. "He'll claw your eyes out if he catches you peeking, he knows when you're awake. He knows when you've been bad or good so be good for goodness sake." His mother sang as she packed the boat with celebratory explosives.

It was tradition that all Kittians be in bed no later than 9pm during Kittsmas; no exceptions. The Kittians of Kittapolous took Kittsmas and Kitt'iclaus exceedingly serious. There was little time left; Kitt'imole had to come up with another plan, one he wasn't proud of. He would have done anything for the love of Kitt'iyia.

Low on time, Kitt'imole ran to the kitchen to whip up a batch of potent catnip brownies for his parents, disguised as a Kittsmas gift. To his delight, they graciously gobbled up the whole pan and promptly fell asleep on the couch. Now was his chance.

Kitt'imole quickly loaded the supplies onto the boat to await his love. It became later and later, Kitt'imole began to worry that Kitt'iyia would change her mind and not show. He felt his poor kitten heart breaking; he was a misty grey hue at that point.

Kitt'iyia had somehow managed to sneak away to pack a small bag. She wouldn't need much as an outlaw so she only packed the necessities. Just as she tried to blend in with the background and slip away with the over-the-top Kittsmas parade, she was spotted by her soon-to-be sister-in-law, Kitt'ison.

"Let's get you all dolled up and in your gown, little darling, it's almost show time!" Kitt'ison squealed as she grabbed Kitt'iyia's paw and lead her to the powder room. A bunch of snoddy kittens and old alley cats cooed over her like she was a delicious canari. They powdered, plucked, pinched and stuffed Kitt'iyia into her futile wedding gown.

She looked in the mirror and felt as ridiculous as a Kittsmas tree or 9 tiered wedding cake. She was covered in sparkles, flowers and bows making it less obvious that she was rapidly fading. All she could think about was poor Kitt'imole and how he probably thought she'd had second thoughts by now. The the thought made her immensely sad, turning her a shade just above clear.

She couldn't get a moment to herself to think of a plan B. Everywhere she went she was greeted by displaced wedding guests, gushing family members or Kitt'ison waving a glass of mimosa in her face. She planned to ask for just a moment to herself and then sneak out the powder room window.

Alas! She made it through the window, snatched off her flower crown and made a run for it. It took a while before her poor, tunnel visioned mind could realise she was being held by the waste. She'd jumped out the window into the best man's arms and had been running in place for quite a spell.

"Hold on there little miss, I got ya! That would have most certainly been a nasty spill there. Let's get you back on in the house." Said Kitt'icus's

cousin and best man at their looming wedding. Kitt'iyā was carried back into the house like a newborn kitten. She was so down at that point, she was almost crystal clear.

“How do I get myself out of this mess? Maybe I should just make it clear that I will never marry Kitt'icus.” Kitt'iyā thought to herself trying to remain hopeful that she would see Kitt'imole again. All she could think of was his face and how sad he must be by now.

As everyone was stuffing into limos outside of the Nipsen estate, Kitt'iyā desperately scanned the area for an escape route. Fortunately, there were a number of Kittians crowding the area after the parade. Kitt'iyā planned to swiftly slip into the mass, the only problem was she stuck out like a sore paw in that giant, preposterous cake of a dress.

Kitt'iyā swiftly crept into a limo, slipped out of her dress and wrapped herself in Nana Kitt'ilou's black pashmina. She quietly slipped out of the other door, crawled on paws and knees and tried to disappear into the sea of Kittians.

“There she is! Over there in that crowd!” Exclaimed the flower girl. She somehow spotted Kitt'iyā making a run for it from a few yards away. “Uh oh, looks like someone had too many mimosas.” Said Kitt'ison in a mocking voice, chasing Kitt'iyā down and leading her back to the limos.

“No, stop it! Let me go!” Kitt'iyā cried. Somehow, somehow, she had to break free of Kitt'ison's Kung Fu like grip. “I need to run home, I forgot my “Something Blue”, I cannot get married without it!” Kitt'iyā heard herself lie but was impressed with the outcome. “This just might work.” She thought almost out loud.

“We'll have someone go get it for you. You can't be late for your own wedding!” Kitt'ison vehemently insisted. “I'll be fast, just let me go!” Kitt'iyā said forcefully snatching away from Kitt'ison, kicking off her kitten heels and running as fast as her paws could carry her. Nothing could stop her now.

Kitt'iyā reached the dock just moments before dusk. The boat was there waiting but Kitt'imole was nowhere in sight. “Kitt'imole! Kitt'imole, my

love, where are you!” Kitt’iya shouted, climbing aboard and frantically searching for him. She spotted a pile of clothing on the floor of the dock; she feared the worst.

“Oh, Kitt’imole, no! No! I got here as fast as I could! I’m so sorry I’m late!” She fell to the floor sobbing and cradling his clothing in her arms. The pain was just too unbearable for her, how could she go on without him? She looked down at her liquid clear paws as they began to turn to mist. She closed her eyes and began to blow away in the wind.

“Kitt’iya! I’m here, where are you, my love?” Kitt’imole said boarding the boat, desperately searching for her. He spotted her clothing in mid air, surrounded by a vague twinkle. He called her name repeatedly but she could not hear him, she was too far gone at that point. He dropped to his knees and prayed to the Kitten Gods, even offering the 7 lives he had left for her return.

Just as he had begun to lose hope and fade into mist as well, he heard Kitt’iya say his name in a mellifluous voice. She was glowing her lovely pink glow again. He floated toward her embrace. They both, miraculously, returned to existence in a slow, strobe-like motion.

“You’re here, Kitt’imole! How is that possible? I found your clothes on the floor, I thought you’d left me.” Kitt’iya cried, touching Kitt’imole’s face to be sure she wasn’t dreaming.

“I would never leave you, my love. My Dad’s just a messy house boat keeper.” He answered; they both laughed happily.

Just as they were getting lost in the moment, they were brought back to reality by the roar of angry wedding guest. They were bombarded by the mob, with questions they didn’t have answers for. They knew they had a lot of explaining to do and owed answers but where would they even begin?

Just as things were getting heated, the anchor began to aweigh and the boat took off. Puzzled, Kitt’iya and Kitt’imole looked around to see who was spiriting them away. Suddenly, Kitt’imole’s parents emerged, just as the boat was safely away from the dock.

“You don’t need to explain your actions, we understand, we always have. Be free, we love you!” Kitt’imole’s parents exclaimed as they strapped on life jackets, jumped from the boat and swam to shore. “Don’t worry, we’ll take care of everything, farewell!” They said as they blew kisses and waved. Kitt’imole and Kitt’iya held paws and stared up at the moons and stars; they were together, alas. They both were glowing bright at the joyous thought of a lifetime together. Maybe they would return to their hometown someday, maybe not. All that mattered was that they had each other; the world was at their paw tips. It was the merriest Kittsmas yet.

The End

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