

The Cat Who Barked

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Genre: Young Adult

Chapter 1: The Cat Who Wouldn't Leave

Scene 1: Marcus walks home from school alone, deliberately taking the long route

Marcus adjusted his backpack straps and turned left instead of right at the corner of Maple and Fifth. The long way. Again.

His sneakers scuffed against the sidewalk as he walked, each step eating up another minute before he'd have to open the front door to that silent house. Twenty minutes if he kept this pace. Maybe twenty-five if he stopped at the convenience store and pretended to browse the magazines he'd never buy.

Six months since Dad died, and the house still felt like a mausoleum.

The October air carried the smell of someone's fireplace and dying leaves. Marcus kicked at a pile of them, watching the orange and yellow scatter across the concrete. Mrs. Chen was raking her lawn across the street, the rhythmic scrape of metal tines against grass a sound that belonged to normal life. The life he used to have.

He pulled out his phone. No texts. Riley had stopped asking him to hang out weeks ago, and

Marcus couldn't even blame him. Who wanted to be around the guy whose dad was dead and whose little brother had stopped talking?

A small sound made him glance back.

About twenty feet behind him, an orange tabby sat in the middle of the sidewalk, watching him with unblinking green eyes. Its fur stuck up in tufts, and one ear had a notch missing from its tip. Definitely a stray.

Marcus kept walking.

The soft padding of paws followed.

He stopped. The cat stopped.

"Go home," Marcus said, not bothering to look back. "Shoo."

The padding resumed when he did.

Marcus spun around. "I'm serious. I don't have any food, and I'm not going to pet you or whatever you want."

The cat sat again, tail curling around its paws with perfect composure. A leaf drifted down and landed on its head. The cat didn't even twitch.

"Great," Marcus muttered. "A stalker cat."

He walked faster, cutting through the park where the playground equipment cast long shadows in the late afternoon sun. The swings swayed empty in the breeze, their chains creaking. He used to bring Jamie here, back when Jamie still laughed, still talked, still acted like a regular eight-year-old instead of a ghost haunting their house in superhero pajamas.

Marcus's chest tightened. He pushed the thought away and focused on his footsteps. One foot, then the other. Keep moving. Don't think.

A flash of orange in his peripheral vision.

The cat had somehow gotten ahead of him and now sat directly in his path, blocking the trail exit. Its whiskers twitched.

"You've got to be kidding me." Marcus stepped to the left. The cat mirrored him. He stepped right. So did the cat.

"What do you want?" Marcus's voice came out sharper than he intended. "I told you, I don't have anything for you."

The cat meowed--a rusty sound, like it didn't get much practice--and stood up. It took three deliberate steps toward Marcus, close enough now that he could see the bits of twig caught in its matted fur and a small scratch healing on its nose.

Marcus sighed and crouched down, extending his hand. Maybe if he gave it one pat, it would leave him alone. "Fine. One pet, and then you find someone else to bother, okay?"

The cat bumped its head against his palm, harder than he expected. Its fur was surprisingly soft under the tangles, warm from the sun. A rumbling purr started up, loud enough to hear over the distant traffic.

Something in Marcus's chest loosened, just a fraction.

Then he caught himself. He stood abruptly, wiping his hand on his jeans like he could wipe away the moment of weakness. "That's it. We're done."

He walked away without looking back, but he could feel those green eyes on him the whole way.

****Scene 2: Marcus arrives home to find the cat waiting on his porch****

By the time Marcus reached his street, his house loomed ahead. Same beige siding. Same dark windows. Same car in the driveway that his mom barely drove anymore. The grass needed mowing--he'd add it to his mental list of things that somehow became his responsibility: lawn care, making sure Jamie ate breakfast, signing permission slips with Mom's name when she forgot, pretending everything was fine.

Marcus climbed the three porch steps, fishing his keys from his pocket.

A meow echoed from behind him.

No. No way.

He turned.

The orange tabby sat at the bottom of the steps, looking up at him with an expression that could only be described as triumphant.

"You followed me all the way here?" Marcus's voice cracked with disbelief. "That's got to be at least half a mile!"

The cat meowed again and began washing its paw, completely unconcerned.

Marcus pointed back toward the direction they'd come. "Go. Home. I'm not letting you in."

The cat continued its bath.

"I mean it. You can't stay here."

One ear flicked in his direction, but otherwise, the cat ignored him completely.

Marcus stood there, key in hand, staring down at the most persistent animal he'd ever encountered.

The cat stared back, utterly unbothered, utterly certain.

He unlocked the door and slipped inside--and immediately heard his mother's voice from the kitchen, flat and mechanical.

"Marcus? That you?"

"Yeah, Mom."

Through the screen door, he could still see the orange tabby settling down on the welcome mat, curling into a ball like it had found exactly where it wanted to be.

Marcus dropped his backpack by the door and headed for the kitchen. The house smelled like boiled chicken and nothing else--no garlic, no herbs, no warmth. His mother stood at the stove, stirring a pot with mechanical precision. She wore the same gray cardigan she'd been wearing for three days, her dark hair pulled back in a messy knot. The timer hadn't been set. She was just stirring.

At the kitchen table, Jamie sat hunched over his coloring book, a green crayon gripped in his small fist. He was coloring the sky green. He'd been coloring everything green for two weeks now. Before that, it had been all black.

"How was school?" she asked, her voice distant.

"Fine. Got an A on my chemistry test."

"That's good."

She wouldn't ask to see it. She used to ask to see everything--every test, every assignment, every doodle in the margins. Now the words just floated between them, empty of meaning.

A sharp **bark** erupted from the front porch.

Marcus nearly dropped the glass of water he'd just poured. Jamie's crayon stopped mid-stroke.

Their mother turned from the stove, her wooden spoon dripping onto the linoleum. "What was that?"

"Nothing. Just a--" Marcus started, but another bark cut him off.

His mother moved past him, her slippers shuffling across the floor. She pushed open the screen door and froze.

The orange tabby sat on the welcome mat, tail swishing back and forth across the weathered wood. When it saw her, it barked again--a sound so distinctly canine that Marcus felt his skin prickle with wrongness.

"Marcus." His mother's voice had changed. Something in it shifted, cracked open just slightly.
"There's a cat on our porch."

"I know. It followed me home. I was going to--"

"It's barking."

"Yeah, I noticed that too. It's weird. I'll shoo it away--"

"No." The word came out sharp, immediate. His mother crouched down, and the cat--clearly male, Marcus could see now--immediately trotted forward, pressing his scruffy head against her palm.
"Oh, aren't you sweet? Look at you."

Marcus watched something flicker across her face--surprise at her own reaction, maybe, or desperation for anything that felt like hope.

"Mom, we can't keep a stray cat. We don't know where he's been, if he has diseases--"

"He needs a home." She was scratching behind the cat's ears now, and the thing had the audacity to bark happily, like a dog getting belly rubs. "Don't you, sweetheart? Look how thin he is."

"Mom--"

"We're keeping him." She stood up, cradling the cat against her cardigan. Orange fur was getting all over the gray wool, but she didn't seem to care. "Jamie, come look. We have a cat."

Marcus turned to see his little brother standing in the kitchen doorway, his green crayon still clutched in one hand. Jamie's dark eyes--so much like Dad's--were fixed on the cat with an intensity Marcus hadn't seen in months.

The cat barked.

Jamie's mouth twitched. Not quite a smile, but something. Something that looked almost like interest.

"See?" His mother's voice was bright, brittle, desperate. "He likes it. We'll need food, and a litter box, and--Marcus, can you run to the store? There's money in my purse."

"Mom, this is crazy. That cat is *barking*. Something's wrong with him."

"So?" She looked at him then, really looked at him, and Marcus saw something fierce blazing in her eyes. Something he'd thought had died six months ago in a hospital room that smelled like antiseptic and grief. "So what if he's a little different? We're keeping him."

The cat barked again, and Jamie took three steps closer, his small hand reaching out tentatively.

Marcus felt something tight and hot lodge in his throat. This was insane. The cat was clearly defective, probably sick, definitely *wrong*. But his mother was holding him like he was precious, and Jamie was *moving*, *reaching*, almost *present* for the first time since the funeral.

"Fine," Marcus heard himself say. "What do we need?"

His mother rattled off a list--cat food, litter, a collar--while the orange tabby settled into her arms and barked contentedly at the ceiling.

Jamie's fingers brushed against the cat's tail.

And Marcus wondered what kind of broken creature shows up at exactly the right moment to a house full of broken people.

"We should name him," his mother said, already heading back inside, the cat purring--or was it growling?--against her chest. "What about Whiskers?"

Marcus grabbed his jacket and his mother's purse, trying to ignore the way his chest felt too tight, too full of something he didn't want to name.

Behind him, he heard it: the softest sound, barely a whisper.

Jamie, giggling.

Scene 3: During an awkward dinner, Whiskers barks at the mailman and plays fetch

The dining room felt too large for three people. Marcus sat in his usual spot, pushing chicken and rice around his plate in careful patterns. Mom occupied the chair at the head of the table--Dad's old spot--though she'd lost so much weight these past months that she seemed to disappear into it. Jamie sat across from Marcus, methodically separating his peas from his rice, one green sphere at a time.

The scrape of forks against plates was the only sound.

Marcus cut his chicken into smaller pieces, though he wasn't particularly hungry. The overhead light hummed, a persistent mosquito whine that had started last week. He should probably fix it.

"How was school?" Mom asked, her voice thin as tissue paper.

"Fine." Marcus took a bite of rice. It tasted like cardboard, but then again, everything did lately.

Mom nodded, lifting her fork halfway to her mouth before setting it down again. She'd rearranged the same piece of chicken three times now. Marcus had been counting.

"Jamie?" Mom tried. "Did you have fun in art class today?"

Jamie's fork paused mid-separation. He didn't look up.

The silence stretched like taffy, sticky and uncomfortable. Marcus cleared his throat. "Mrs. Patterson said Jamie's drawing was really good. She hung it up on the--"

A sharp bark shattered the quiet.

All three of them jumped. Marcus's fork clattered against his plate.

Whiskers stood at the dining room window, front paws on the sill, tail rigid. Through the glass, the mailman was visible on the sidewalk, stuffing letters into the Hendersons' mailbox across the street.

"Woof! Woof-woof!"

The sound was unmistakable. Loud, aggressive, territorial. Exactly like a dog protecting its home.

Except it was coming from a cat.

"Did that cat just..." Mom's fork hung suspended in midair.

Whiskers barked again, a deep chest-rumble that no feline throat should produce. His ears were flat against his head, his whole body quivering with the effort.

"Cats don't bark," Marcus said, stating the obvious because someone had to. "That's--that's not possible."

The mailman moved on to the next house. Whiskers watched him go, then dropped from the windowsill with a satisfied chirp, as if he'd successfully defended the territory. He trotted into the dining room, tail high, and sat beside Marcus's chair.

"Maybe he's part dog?" Mom offered weakly.

"That's not how biology works." Marcus stabbed a piece of chicken with more force than necessary.
"He's probably just... I don't know, defective or something."

Whiskers meowed--a normal, cat-like sound this time--and bumped his head against Marcus's leg.

"We should probably take him to a vet," Mom said, though her voice lacked conviction. "Make sure he's healthy."

"Sure. Yeah." Marcus knew neither of them would actually make the appointment. That would require energy, decision-making, the kind of forward momentum their family had lost six months ago.

He crumpled his napkin and tossed it onto his plate. The paper ball bounced, rolled, and fell to the floor.

Whiskers's head snapped toward it.

In one fluid motion, the cat pounced. He grabbed the napkin in his teeth, trotted back to Marcus, and dropped it at his feet. Then he sat, looking up expectantly, his tail sweeping back and forth across

the hardwood floor in wide, enthusiastic arcs.

Like a dog wagging its tail.

Marcus stared. "You have got to be kidding me."

"Did he just..." Mom leaned forward in her chair, actually engaged for the first time in weeks.

"Fetch?"

Whiskers meowed and nudged the napkin closer to Marcus's shoe.

"Throw it again," Mom said.

"I'm not--"

"Marcus, throw it again."

There was something in her voice, a spark of curiosity that Marcus hadn't heard in months. He picked up the napkin, still damp from cat saliva, and tossed it toward the kitchen doorway.

Whiskers shot after it like an orange bullet. His paws skidded on the hardwood as he rounded the corner, and they heard a soft thump as he collided with something. A moment later, he reappeared, napkin clenched proudly in his jaws.

This time, he brought it to Jamie.

Marcus's little brother had stopped separating his peas. He was watching the cat, his eyes wider than Marcus had seen them in half a year. Whiskers dropped the napkin and sat, tail wagging, waiting.

Jamie's hand moved slowly toward the crumpled paper. His fingers closed around it.

Marcus held his breath. Mom had gone completely still.

Jamie picked up the napkin. His arm drew back. For a moment, Marcus thought he might speak, might say something, anything, even just the cat's name.

But Jamie only threw the napkin. It sailed past the kitchen doorway and landed somewhere near the refrigerator.

Whiskers barked once--a happy, playful sound--and bounded after it.

"Well," Mom said softly, and Marcus heard something in her voice he'd almost forgotten. It took him a moment to recognize it: the faint edge of a smile. "That's the strangest cat I've ever seen."

The cat returned, tail wagging like a metronome, and dropped the napkin at Jamie's feet again. This time, when Marcus looked at his little brother, he saw the tiniest upward curve at the corner of Jamie's mouth.

Not quite a smile. But close.

Marcus's chest tightened with something he couldn't name. Hope felt too dangerous, but there it was

anyway, small and stubborn and unwelcome, taking root in the spaces between his ribs.

"He's definitely defective," Marcus muttered, but when Whiskers brought the napkin to him next, he threw it again.

Scene 4: After dinner, Marcus retreats to his room to do homework

Marcus climbed the stairs to his bedroom, the familiar creak of the seventh step announcing his retreat. He closed his door and leaned against it, letting out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding.

His backpack slumped against his desk like an accusation. Chemistry. Calc. AP English. The stack of textbooks seemed to have multiplied since this morning, breeding in the dark corners of his locker. He pulled out his laptop and opened it, the screen's glow washing his face in blue light.

Photosynthesis converts light energy into chemical energy...

The words blurred. He blinked hard, refocused.

...through a process that occurs in chloroplasts...

From downstairs came the muffled sound of his mother's voice. She was on the phone--her "talking to professionals" voice, carefully modulated, each word measured and controlled. Marcus tried to ignore it, but his fingers had stopped typing.

He shouldn't listen. He had three chapters to read, a lab report to finish, college essay revisions that

Ms. Patterson had returned with encouraging comments and way too much red ink.

The floorboards in the hallway amplified sound like a megaphone pointed straight at his room.

"...I understand, Dr. Morrison. Yes, I know it's been six months."

Marcus's hand hovered over his keyboard.

"Jamie's still not... No. Not a single word."

The cursor blinked on his screen. Patient. Waiting. He'd typed half a sentence about cellular respiration and couldn't remember what came next.

"What kind of timeline are we looking at?" His mother's voice had gone thin, stretched tight like wire about to snap.

Marcus stood up, moved to his door. He pressed his palm against the wood, feeling the slight vibration of her words traveling through the bones of the house.

"Residential?" The word cracked. "You mean send him away?"

His chest constricted. The air in his room suddenly felt insufficient, like someone had stolen half the oxygen.

"How soon would... I see. Another month. Six weeks at most."

Marcus sank down, his back against the door, knees pulled up. His chemistry textbook lay open on his desk, pages filled with formulas that made sense, reactions that followed predictable patterns. If only grief worked like that. If only you could balance the equation and solve for x.

"I just don't know if I can..." His mother's voice dissolved into something wordless.

The silence that followed was worse than the crying. Marcus counted the seconds--one, two, three--waiting for her to continue. Downstairs, the old grandfather clock in the hallway ticked its steady rhythm. Dad had wound it every Sunday morning, coffee in one hand, humming off-key.

No one had wound it in months, but somehow it kept ticking.

"All right," his mother said finally, voice scraped hollow. "Yes. I'll watch for the signs you mentioned. Thank you, Dr. Morrison."

The soft click of the phone being set down. Footsteps moving toward the kitchen. The running of water--she'd be washing dishes that were already clean, her hands needing something to do.

Marcus tilted his head back against the door. The ceiling of his room bore the same glow-in-the-dark stars he'd stuck up there in sixth grade. Dad had helped him arrange them in actual constellations, standing on a wobbly chair while Marcus read the positions from a library book.

Six weeks.

The words settled over him like a weight. Six weeks to fix what six months had broken. Six weeks before they took Jamie away to some facility where Marcus couldn't protect him, couldn't make sure

he ate his breakfast or remembered his jacket or--

A soft scratching sound interrupted his spiral.

Marcus opened his eyes. Through the crack at the bottom of his door, he could see an orange paw reaching underneath, flexing and grasping at nothing.

A questioning meow came from the hallway.

Despite everything--the phone call, the deadline hanging over Jamie's head, the homework avalanche waiting to bury him--Marcus felt his mouth twitch. He stood and opened the door.

Whiskers sat in the hallway, tail starting its helicopter motion the moment he saw Marcus. Those green eyes caught the nightlight from Jamie's room, reflecting it back like tiny moons.

"You want in?" Marcus asked.

The cat trotted past him into the room, immediately jumping onto Marcus's bed and settling on the extra pillow like he owned it.

Marcus shook his head and returned to his desk, but the words on the screen still wouldn't come into focus. After a few minutes, he gave up and pulled his tennis shoe off, tossing it weakly across the room.

Whiskers's head snapped up. He bolted after the shoe, grabbed it in his teeth, and brought it back, dropping it at Marcus's feet with a proud meow.

Marcus threw it again.

And again.

And again, until his arm hurt and his vision blurred and he wasn't sure anymore if he was laughing or crying or some mangled combination of both.

Outside his window, the last light bled from the sky, and the glow-in-the-dark stars began their slow awakening overhead.

Scene 5: Marcus goes to check on Jamie before bed and finds him sitting on his bedroom floor with Whiskers

Two hours later, after giving up on chemistry entirely, Marcus stood outside Jamie's door at 9:47 PM, hand hovering over the knob. This was the worst part of every day--the nightly ritual that never changed. He'd knock twice, push the door open to find his little brother sitting cross-legged on the floor, staring at nothing. Sometimes Jamie would look up. Most times he wouldn't. Either way, he never spoke.

Marcus knocked.

"Hey, buddy. Time for bed."

He turned the knob and stepped inside--then froze.

Jamie sat on the carpet in his dinosaur pajamas, but he wasn't staring at nothing. His eyes were fixed on Whiskers, who crouched about three feet away, orange tail swishing back and forth across the blue rug. Not the lazy flick of a cat's tail. The enthusiastic wag of a dog waiting for a command.

"What are you--"

"Shhh." Jamie's hand shot up, palm out.

Marcus's breath caught. His brother had just shushed him. Actually responded to his presence.

Jamie's hand moved to his lap, and Marcus noticed the pile of Legos scattered around him--the set Dad had given him last Christmas, still in its box until tonight. Jamie picked up a red brick and held it up.

Whiskers's ears perked forward.

"Get it," Jamie whispered.

The cat's haunches wiggled. Then he pounced, batting the Lego across the carpet before scooping it up in his mouth and trotting back to Jamie. He dropped it at the boy's feet and sat, tail thumping against the floor.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Jamie's mouth twitched. Not quite a smile, but close--closer than Marcus had seen in six months.

"Good boy," Jamie murmured, stroking the cat's head.

Whiskers leaned into the touch, then suddenly rolled onto his back, paws in the air. His tail continued its dog-like wagging, sweeping back and forth across the carpet.

And then it happened.

A sound Marcus had forgotten existed--high and light and impossibly precious. Jamie laughed. Just a small huff of air, barely more than a breath, but unmistakably a laugh.

Marcus's hand tightened on the doorknob. His chest constricted, every muscle in his body tensing with the desperate need to not move, not breathe, not do anything that might shatter this fragile moment. The hallway light cast his shadow across the threshold, but Jamie didn't seem to notice. His whole world had narrowed to the weird cat doing a perfect impression of a golden retriever.

Jamie picked up another Lego, this time a yellow one. "Sit."

Whiskers rolled upright and sat, tail still wagging.

"Lie down."

The cat flopped onto his belly, chin resting on his paws, green eyes bright and alert.

Jamie's shoulders--which had been hunched up near his ears for months, tight with unspoken grief--relaxed. He reached out with both hands and buried his fingers in Whiskers's fur. The cat started purring, a rumbling sound that filled the quiet bedroom.

"He's weird," Jamie said softly.

Marcus's throat closed up. Words. Actual words, strung together into a sentence.

"Yeah," Marcus managed, his voice rough. "He really is."

Jamie looked up then, and for the first time in forever, his eyes weren't empty. They were present. Focused. Still sad--they'd probably be sad for a long time--but alive in a way they hadn't been since the funeral.

"Can he sleep here tonight?" Jamie asked.

Marcus nodded, not trusting himself to speak again. He watched as Jamie stood, scooped up the cat--who remained completely relaxed in his arms, still purring--and carried him to the bed. Jamie climbed under the covers, and Whiskers curled up against his chest, tail wrapped around himself like a furry orange comma.

"Night, Marcus," Jamie whispered into the cat's fur.

"Night, buddy."

Marcus backed out of the room slowly, pulling the door almost closed. He left it open a crack, the way Jamie liked it, so the hallway light could seep in. Through the gap, he could see his brother's small form under the blankets, one hand resting on the cat's side, rising and falling with each breath.

In the hallway, Marcus leaned against the wall and pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes. His chest felt too full, like something that had been compressed for months was finally expanding. He didn't know if he wanted to laugh or cry or both.

The sound of his mother's footsteps on the stairs made him look up. She stopped when she saw his face.

"Marcus? What's wrong?"

He shook his head, then gestured toward Jamie's door. She moved closer, peering through the crack, and he watched her expression shift--confusion, then understanding, then something that looked like the first real hope either of them had felt in half a year.

She looked at Marcus, eyes shining. "Did he--?"

"He talked," Marcus confirmed. "And he laughed."

His mother's hand flew to her mouth. For a moment, they just stood there in the hallway, neither speaking, both afraid to believe it might mean something. That maybe, just maybe, they weren't losing Jamie after all.

From inside the bedroom came a soft sound--Jamie, humming. Not a song, exactly. Just a gentle noise, the kind of sound that meant contentment. The kind of sound they hadn't heard from him since before.

Marcus's mother reached out and squeezed his shoulder. "That cat," she said softly.

"I know," Marcus replied.

He didn't understand it. Didn't understand how a defective cat who thought he was a dog could reach his brother when nothing else could. But standing there in the dim hallway, listening to Jamie hum while Whiskers purred, Marcus decided understanding didn't matter.

What mattered was that for the first time in six months, his little brother had laughed.

Scene 6: Late that night, Marcus lies awake

The ceiling fan made its familiar clicking sound--once per rotation, always on the second blade. Marcus had been counting the clicks for the past hour. Two hundred and seventeen. Two hundred and eighteen.

His door was open a crack--he'd left it that way after checking on Jamie--and soft sounds drifted through from the hallway. The house settling. His mother's door closing. The distant hum of the refrigerator downstairs.

Marcus rolled onto his side, staring at the strip of light beneath his door. He should be asleep. Tomorrow was Friday, which meant a calculus quiz and a shift at the library after school. But his brain wouldn't quiet, kept replaying Jamie's laugh, the sound of his voice, the way his eyes had looked almost normal for those few minutes.

Six weeks, Dr. Morrison had said. Six weeks before they'd consider residential treatment.

But Jamie had talked tonight. That had to mean something. That had to count.

A shadow moved across the light strip beneath his door. Soft padding footsteps in the hallway.

Marcus sat up. "Whiskers?"

A questioning meow answered him, followed by more padding. The cat must have left Jamie's room.

Marcus got out of bed and opened his door wider. Whiskers sat in the hallway, his tail starting its helicopter motion the moment he saw Marcus. Those green eyes caught the nightlight from Jamie's room, reflecting it back like tiny moons.

"You're supposed to be with Jamie," Marcus whispered.

The cat's tail wagged harder. He stood and trotted into Marcus's room, immediately jumping onto the bed and settling on the extra pillow like he owned it.

Marcus shook his head but didn't have the energy to argue. He climbed back under the covers. Whiskers shifted closer, his warm weight a solid presence against Marcus's side.

"You're weird," Marcus said quietly.

The cat's purr rumbled in response.

"And you're probably going to be a huge pain."

The purr grew louder.

Marcus reached out, his hand finding the soft fur behind Whiskers's ears. The cat leaned into the touch, and his tail gave a contented thump against the mattress.

"One week," Marcus whispered. "We'll see how this goes for one week. But if you're going to stay, you need to keep doing whatever you did tonight. Mom needs reasons to smile. Jamie needs..." He paused, his throat tightening. "Jamie needs something to care about. Something that cares back."

Whiskers butted his head against Marcus's hand, then licked his wrist with a sandpaper tongue.

Marcus found himself almost smiling--a strange, unfamiliar expression that felt rusty on his face. He pulled his hand back and settled deeper into his pillow.

The ceiling fan kept clicking. The refrigerator kept humming. But now there was also the sound of purring, deep and steady and alive.

His father used to say that sometimes the universe sent you exactly what you needed, even if it looked nothing like what you wanted. Marcus had always thought that was the kind of thing adults said to make disappointment sound philosophical. But Dad had believed it. Really believed it.

Marcus closed his eyes. For the first time in months, the darkness didn't feel quite so heavy. It still pressed down on him--grief didn't disappear just because a strange cat showed up--but there was something else now too. Something small and warm and persistently, illogically hopeful.

Whiskers's purr grew louder, and his tail gave one final thump against the pillow.

"Goodnight, Whiskers," Marcus murmured.

The cat's response was to curl tighter against his side, a warm weight that somehow made breathing a little easier.

Tomorrow, Marcus would wake up and make breakfast. He'd check Jamie's backpack and remind Mom about her medication and pretend that everything was fine. But tonight, for the first time in six months, he fell asleep to the sound of purring instead of silence.

And in the morning, when he woke, the cat who barked would still be there.

Chapter 2: A Language Without Words

****Scene 1: Marcus observes from the doorway****

Marcus froze halfway down the stairs, his hand gripping the banister.

The sound coming from the living room wasn't music or television--it was something he hadn't heard in so long he almost didn't recognize it. A soft, rhythmic *thump-thump-thump* of something bouncing across the hardwood floor, followed by the skitter of paws.

He descended the last few steps slowly, carefully, the way you might approach a wild animal you didn't want to startle. The late afternoon sun slanted through the living room windows, turning the dust motes into tiny galaxies of light. The golden beams illuminated Jamie sitting cross-legged on the floor in his oversized gray hoodie, the one he'd been wearing almost every day since--

Marcus pushed the thought away.

The cat had appeared three weeks ago, thin and hungry at the back door. Mom had fed him, expecting him to leave. Instead, he'd stayed, and Jamie--silent, unreachable Jamie--had claimed him.

Now Jamie rolled a red rubber ball across the floor.

Whiskers crouched low, his mismatched eyes--one blue, one green--locked on the ball with laser focus. His hindquarters wiggled, tail swishing back and forth like a dog's. Then he pounced, racing after the ball with an enthusiasm Marcus had never seen in any cat. The animal snatched the ball in his mouth and trotted back to Jamie, dropping it at his feet.

Just like a dog.

Jamie's hand reached out, fingers brushing over Whiskers' orange and white fur. The cat leaned into the touch, purring loud enough for Marcus to hear from the doorway. Then Jamie picked up the ball and rolled it again, this time toward the couch.

Whiskers bolted after it.

And Jamie's shoulders began to shake.

Marcus's breath caught in his throat. For one horrible second, he thought his brother was crying--that this small moment of normalcy had somehow broken him. But then he saw it: the way

Jamie's hand came up to cover his mouth, the way his eyes crinkled at the corners, the way his whole body curved forward.

Jamie was laughing.

No sound came out--it was silent, the way all of Jamie's expressions had been for six months--but it was unmistakably laughter. Real, genuine joy.

Whiskers returned with the ball, but this time he didn't drop it. He sat in front of Jamie, ball clamped in his jaws, tail swishing across the floor. Waiting.

Jamie tugged gently on the ball. Whiskers held firm, a playful glint in his strange eyes. They engaged in a brief tug-of-war, and Jamie's shoulders shook harder with silent giggles. Finally, Whiskers released the ball, and Jamie immediately threw it--not rolled it this time, but actually threw it--toward the hallway.

The cat scrambled after it, claws clicking on the hardwood, and disappeared around the corner.

Marcus realized he was holding his breath. He let it out slowly, afraid that even the smallest sound might shatter whatever magic was happening in this room. The house felt different somehow--lighter, as if a window had been cracked open after months of stale air.

Whiskers came bounding back, ball in mouth, and dropped it at Jamie's feet with an expectant *mrrp* sound. Not a meow--something between a bark and a trill.

Jamie picked up the ball again, and for just a moment, he looked up.

His eyes met Marcus's across the room.

Marcus's heart stuttered. He braced himself for Jamie to shut down, to retreat back into that unreachable place where he'd been living. But Jamie didn't look away. He didn't smile, exactly--that would have been too much, too soon. But something in his expression softened, just a fraction. An acknowledgment. *I see you seeing me.*

Then Jamie turned back to Whiskers and rolled the ball again.

Marcus stayed in the doorway, not daring to move closer, not wanting to become part of the moment and risk disrupting it. He just watched as his little brother played with the cat who barked, both of them strange and broken and somehow finding each other in their brokenness.

Outside, the sun continued its descent, stretching the shadows across the living room floor. Upstairs, Marcus could hear his mother moving around in her bedroom--probably folding laundry, staying busy the way she always did now. The refrigerator hummed in the kitchen. The world kept turning, indifferent and relentless.

But here, in this small pocket of golden light, something had shifted.

Whiskers retrieved the ball one more time, but instead of dropping it, he climbed into Jamie's lap, ball still in his mouth, and began to knead Jamie's legs with his paws. Purring. Jamie's hand came down to rest on the cat's back, fingers disappearing into the orange and white fur.

Marcus backed away from the doorway, letting them have their moment. As he climbed the stairs to

his room, he felt something unfamiliar blooming in his chest--something fragile and tentative that he was afraid to name.

It felt dangerously close to hope.

Scene 2: During dinner, Marcus's mother raises concerns

That evening, the kitchen smelled like burnt garlic bread--again. Marcus poked at the lasagna on his plate, watching the cheese congeal into orange rubber as his mother set down the salad bowl with more force than necessary. The overhead light buzzed, that annoying flicker that Dad had always meant to fix, casting uneven shadows across the scratched wooden table.

Jamie sat across from Marcus, methodically separating his food into distinct piles: pasta in one corner, meat in another, vegetables pushed to the plate's edge. Whiskers sat beneath Jamie's chair, tail wrapped around his paws, waiting with the patience of a dog who knew treats would come.

"He's been spending a lot of time with that cat," Mom said, not quite looking at either of them as she served herself salad. Her voice had that careful quality it always got when she was really talking about something else.

Marcus swallowed a too-hot bite of lasagna. "Yeah. It's good, right? He's been more... active."

"Active." His mother repeated the word like she was testing its weight. She finally looked up, and Marcus saw the purple shadows beneath her eyes, darker than they'd been last week. "He plays with it for hours, Marcus. Yesterday I found him in the garage at ten at night, throwing that tennis ball."

"He's playing, Mom. Isn't that what Dr. Reeves wanted? Engagement?"

Jamie's fork scraped against his plate. He didn't look up, but his shoulders had gone rigid.

Mom set down her fork with a soft clink. "Of course. I just..." She pressed her fingers to her temple, where Marcus knew she got headaches now. "I worry about him getting too attached. It's just a stray, honey. We don't know where it came from, if it has a home, if someone's looking for it."

"Nobody's looking for him." Marcus surprised himself with the sharpness in his voice. "He's been here for three weeks."

"Exactly. Three weeks." His mother's hands were back on her fork, gripping it too tightly. "And in three more weeks, Jamie has his evaluation. For Pinewood."

The name hung in the air like smoke. Pinewood Residential Treatment Center. Marcus had looked it up online--a place two hours away where kids went when regular therapy wasn't enough. Where they lived, away from their families, for months at a time. This was the first time she'd mentioned it in front of them, though Marcus had overheard her on the phone with Dr. Reeves last week.

Jamie's fork clattered to his plate.

"It's just an evaluation, sweetheart," Mom said quickly, reaching toward Jamie. He pulled his hands into his lap before she could touch him. "Just to see what our options are. Dr. Reeves thinks it might be good to explore--"

Jamie pushed back from the table, chair legs shrieking against the linoleum. Whiskers immediately stood, following Jamie's movement with alert eyes.

"Jamie, please sit down. We need to--"

But Jamie was already gone, footsteps pounding up the stairs. A moment later, his bedroom door slammed hard enough to rattle the dishes in the cabinet.

Whiskers remained in the kitchen, looking between Marcus and his mother. Then the cat did something Marcus had never seen a cat do: he whined, a soft, plaintive sound exactly like a worried dog.

Mom's face crumpled for just a second before she caught herself, smoothing her expression back into tired determination. "I'm not the bad guy here, Marcus. I'm trying to help him."

"I know." And he did know. He could see it in the way her hands trembled slightly as she picked up her fork again, in the worry lines that had carved themselves permanently between her eyebrows.
"But maybe Whiskers is helping him too."

"A cat can't replace therapy, Marcus."

"I'm not saying it can. I'm just saying..." He searched for the right words. "Maybe we should see where this goes. Before we make any decisions about Pinewood."

His mother stood abruptly, gathering plates even though no one had finished eating. "You think I want this? You think I want to put my twelve-year-old son in a residential program?" Her voice

cracked on the last word. "But he hasn't spoken in six months, Marcus. Six months. And every doctor, every therapist, they all say the same thing. He needs more intensive--"

She stopped, her back to Marcus, gripping the edge of the sink. When she spoke again, her voice was quieter. "Three weeks. That's all the time we have before the evaluation. I just... I need to see some kind of progress. Something to tell Dr. Reeves that he's getting better here, at home."

Upstairs, a door opened. Footsteps crossed the hallway--Jamie's room to the bathroom. Through it all, Whiskers sat perfectly still in the kitchen doorway, ears swiveled toward the sounds above, keeping watch.

Marcus wanted to tell her. Wanted to say that Jamie was making progress, that there was something happening between him and the cat, something fragile but real. But he'd seen the fear in Jamie's eyes earlier, the way he'd shut down the moment anyone paid too much attention.

"Just give it time," Marcus said finally. "Please."

His mother looked at Whiskers, then at the ceiling, then back at Marcus. When she spoke, her voice carried the weight of every impossible decision she'd had to make since Dad died.

"Three weeks. That's all the time we have."

Scene 3: Marcus hears Jamie's voice for the first time

Two nights later, the calculus problem blurred before Marcus's eyes. He'd been staring at the same equation for ten minutes, his pencil tapping an irregular rhythm against his textbook. Outside his

window, the November sky had deepened to indigo, and the streetlights cast orange pools on the wet pavement below.

He rubbed his eyes and tried again. *If train A leaves the station at--*

A sound stopped him mid-thought.

Marcus's pencil froze above the page. He held his breath, straining to hear past the hum of the refrigerator downstairs, past the distant murmur of the television where his mom was watching something she probably wasn't really seeing.

There. Again.

A voice. Thin as spider silk. Coming from Jamie's room.

Marcus pushed back from his desk slowly, carefully, as if sudden movement might shatter whatever fragile thing was happening across the hall. The hardwood floor creaked under his socks as he crossed to his doorway.

Jamie's door stood half-open, spilling a wedge of lamplight into the hallway. Marcus pressed himself against the wall, just outside the light's reach, and listened.

"Sit."

The word was barely there--less than a whisper, more like the ghost of a whisper. But it was real. It was Jamie's voice, rusty and uncertain, but *his*.

Marcus pressed his hand over his mouth. Six months. It had been six months since he'd heard his brother speak.

"Sit," Jamie said again, a fraction louder this time.

Through the gap in the door, Marcus could see a slice of Jamie's room: the corner of his bed with its rumpled blue comforter, a stack of comic books on the nightstand that hadn't been touched since May, and Jamie himself, cross-legged on the floor.

Whiskers sat before him, tail curled around his paws, head cocked at an angle that seemed almost canine in its attentiveness.

"Good," Jamie breathed. "Good boy."

Marcus leaned his head back against the wall, blinking hard at the ceiling. His mom's therapist voice echoed in his memory: *Everyone heals differently. We can't force him. We just have to be patient.*

They'd been patient. God, they'd been so patient. Through the silence, through the blank stares, through the nights when Jamie's nightmares woke the whole house but he still wouldn't speak about them. His mom had tried everything--grief counselors, art therapy, even a support group for kids who'd lost parents. Jamie had sat through it all like a statue, present but not really there.

And now here he was, talking to a cat who thought he was a dog.

"Let's try again," Jamie said. "Sit."

A soft thump as Whiskers's haunches hit the floor.

"Good. Stay."

Marcus realized his face was wet. He wiped at his cheeks with his sleeve, then carefully, silently, backed away from Jamie's door. His own room felt different when he returned to it--brighter somehow, despite the gathering darkness outside. The calculus problem still waited on his desk, but it seemed less impossible now.

He didn't pick up his pencil. Instead, he sat on the edge of his bed and listened to the murmur of his brother's voice drifting through the wall, teaching a cat to be a dog, finding his own words in the process.

Marcus wouldn't tell anyone. Not yet. This was Jamie's moment, fragile and new, and it needed to be protected. The therapists could wait. His mom could wait. The evaluation could wait. For now, it was enough to know that somewhere inside his silent brother, buried beneath six months of grief, there was still a voice.

And it was coming back.

Scene 4: Marcus and Jamie share a quiet moment

The next afternoon, the floorboard outside Jamie's door creaked--the one Dad had always promised to fix, had even bought the wood putty for one Saturday two years ago. The container was probably still sitting in the garage, unopened.

Marcus avoided it now, placing his foot carefully against the wall where the frame was solid. Through the half-open door, he could see Jamie sitting cross-legged on the carpet. Whiskers sat a few feet away, completely absorbed in attacking his own tail--spinning in tight circles like a fury tornado.

"Sit," Jamie whispered.

The word was so soft it might have been the house settling, might have been the wind against the window. But Marcus heard it clearly this time, recognized it for what it was.

Whiskers continued his tail-chasing expedition, oblivious.

Jamie's shoulders slumped slightly. He reached forward with a small piece of turkey from the sandwich Mom had brought up earlier. "Whiskers. Sit."

A little louder this time. Still barely more than air given shape.

The cat stopped spinning, noticed the turkey, and promptly flopped onto his side, batting at Jamie's hand with his paws--no claws, just the soft pads making contact.

Jamie's laugh was silent, just a shaking of his shoulders, but it was there. Real.

Marcus must have shifted his weight, because the hallway floor groaned beneath him.

Jamie's head whipped around. His eyes went wide, and his mouth snapped shut so fast Marcus

could hear his teeth click together. The turkey fell from his fingers. Fear flashed across his brother's face--the same look he'd had when their aunt had cornered him at the funeral, insisting he needed to "let it out, sweetie, just let it all out."

Every instinct screamed at Marcus to say something, to tell Jamie it was okay, that he could talk, that Marcus wouldn't tell anyone. But the terror in Jamie's eyes made him swallow every word.

Instead, Marcus moved slowly, carefully, like he was approaching a wild animal. He sank down onto the carpet near the door, leaving several feet between them. He pulled his knees up, rested his arms on them, and turned his gaze to Whiskers.

The cat had abandoned the turkey and was now investigating a dust bunny under Jamie's bed with intense concentration.

Marcus didn't look at Jamie. Didn't speak. Just sat there, breathing in the familiar smell of his brother's room--the faint scent of the lavender spray Mom used on the sheets, the mustiness of the stack of comics Jamie hadn't touched in months, something vaguely like grass from the window Jamie always kept cracked open.

The silence stretched between them, but it felt different now. Shared rather than isolating.

Whiskers emerged from under the bed with the dust bunny stuck to his whiskers. He sneezed, shook his head violently, and the gray fluff went flying.

From the corner of his eye, Marcus saw Jamie's shoulders shake again with that soundless laugh.

Marcus counted his own heartbeats. Ten. Twenty. Thirty.

"Down," Jamie whispered.

Marcus kept his breathing even, his posture relaxed, even though his heart was hammering. He didn't react, didn't turn his head. Just existed in this space with his brother.

Whiskers--still standing on all four paws--looked directly at Jamie, meowed once (that strange bark-meow that never got less weird), and promptly jumped onto Jamie's bed.

Marcus had to press his lips together to keep from smiling.

They sat like that for a long time, the three of them, in the dusty afternoon light that filtered through Jamie's window. Outside, a car drove past. Downstairs, the TV murmured--Mom was watching one of her cooking shows. Normal sounds. Safe sounds.

Whiskers kneaded Jamie's comforter with his paws, purring loud enough that Marcus could hear it from where he sat.

And then, so soft it was almost nothing:

"Stay."

Marcus closed his eyes briefly, then opened them again, keeping his gaze on the cat. His throat felt tight, but he didn't move. Didn't react.

Whiskers, naturally, jumped off the bed and trotted over to Marcus, headbutting his knee with enough force to leave a smudge of cat fur on his jeans.

When Marcus finally glanced at Jamie, his brother wasn't looking at him anymore. But the fear had left his face, replaced by something softer. Something that looked almost like relief.

After a few more minutes, Marcus stood quietly and left, closing the door gently behind him. In the hallway, he leaned against the wall and let out a long, shaky breath.

Jamie was talking. Not to people yet, but to Whiskers. It was a start. It was something.

And Marcus would protect it for as long as Jamie needed him to.

Scene 5: Marcus wrestles with keeping the secret

That same night, the ceiling fan traced lazy circles above Marcus's bed, its shadow spinning endlessly in the amber glow from the streetlight outside. He'd been counting rotations for the past twenty minutes--or maybe it was forty. Time felt elastic at 2:47 AM, stretching and compressing like a rubber band pulled too tight.

His phone sat on his chest, rising and falling with each breath. The screen had gone dark three times already, each time after he'd pulled up his mom's contact and typed out half a message before deleting it.

Mom, something happened today

Delete.

Hey, don't freak out but

Delete.

Jamie spoke

His thumb hovered over the send button. Two words. That's all it would take to change everything.

Marcus set the phone on his nightstand and pressed the heels of his palms against his eyes until he saw stars. The house was quiet except for the familiar nighttime symphony--the refrigerator's hum, the settling of old wood, the distant bark of a dog that never seemed to sleep. From down the hall came nothing. Jamie's room was silent, as it had been for six months.

Six months of silence that everyone wanted to fill.

Marcus rolled onto his side, pulling his blanket up to his chin even though the November night was warm for the season. He could still hear Jamie's voice in his mind, that thread-thin whisper: *Sit. Come on, Whiskers. Sit.*

The words had been so quiet Marcus had almost convinced himself he'd imagined them. But he hadn't. They were real, and they were Jamie's, and they were the first crack in the wall his brother had built around himself since Dad's funeral.

His phone buzzed. Marcus grabbed it, pulse jumping--but it was just a notification from some app

he'd forgotten to silence. The bright screen made him squint, and there was his mom's contact info, still pulled up from the last time he'd tried to text her.

She'd be thrilled. She'd cry, probably, the good kind of crying she tried to hide behind her hands. She'd want to tell Dr. Reeves, Jamie's therapist. Maybe they'd adjust his treatment plan. Maybe they'd try to recreate the conditions, encourage more interaction with the cat, turn it into a structured therapeutic intervention.

Marcus's stomach twisted.

He thought about the parade of experts who'd cycled through their lives since May. Dr. Reeves with her gentle voice and careful questions that Jamie answered with shrugs or silence. The grief counselor from the school who'd brought coloring books, as if Jamie were six instead of twelve. The occupational therapist who'd lasted exactly two sessions before Mom quietly cancelled the appointments.

Each one had come with credentials and compassion and absolutely no idea what to do when Jamie simply refused to engage. Each one had made promises about timelines and breakthroughs and healing journeys, using words that sounded important but meant nothing when Jamie still wouldn't speak.

And each one had made Jamie retreat further into himself.

Marcus sat up, shoving his pillow against the headboard. The movement made Whiskers, who'd been curled at the foot of his bed, lift his head with a questioning chirp.

"What do I do?" Marcus whispered to the cat.

Whiskers yawned, showing all his teeth, then settled back down with his tail over his nose. Supremely unconcerned. Asking nothing.

That was it, wasn't it? That was the difference.

Whiskers didn't care if Jamie spoke or stayed silent. The cat didn't have goals for him or timelines or gentle encouragement wrapped in therapeutic techniques. Whiskers just existed in his weird, dog-like way, chasing tennis balls and barking at squirrels and breaking every rule about what a cat should be.

And somehow, that had reached Jamie when nothing else could.

Marcus picked up his phone again. His mom deserved to know. She'd been carrying this weight for six months, watching her younger son disappear into silence while trying to hold everything together. She came home exhausted from double shifts at the hospital, still made dinner, still asked about homework, still knocked on Jamie's door every night to say she loved him even when he didn't answer.

She deserved this small piece of hope.

But Jamie deserved something too. He deserved to find his voice again on his own terms, in his own time, without everyone watching and waiting and hoping so hard it became another kind of pressure.

The three-week deadline loomed in Marcus's mind. The Pinewood evaluation. If Mom knew Jamie

was speaking--even just to the cat--would that be enough to postpone it? Or would she push harder, expecting more progress, faster healing?

Marcus thought about the fear in Jamie's eyes that afternoon when he'd realized Marcus was watching. The way his whole body had tensed, ready to flee back into silence.

Maybe they were both doing it wrong. Maybe there wasn't a right way to do this at all.

The fan kept spinning. The streetlight kept glowing. Whiskers kept sleeping, his small body warm against Marcus's feet.

Marcus opened a new text to his mom. His thumbs moved across the screen:

Everything's okay. Just wanted to say goodnight. Love you.

He hit send before he could second-guess himself.

Three dots appeared immediately--she was awake too, probably doing paperwork or worrying or both. Her response came through:

Love you too, sweetheart. Try to get some sleep.

Marcus set the phone down and slid back under his blanket. He'd made his choice. He'd keep Jamie's secret, at least for now. He'd watch and wait and protect this fragile thing that was growing between his brother and a cat who barked.

Three weeks. They had three weeks before the evaluation. Maybe that would be enough time for Jamie to find more words. Maybe it wouldn't. But Marcus would give him that time, that space, that freedom to heal in his own strange way.

The ceiling fan kept spinning, counting off the seconds until tomorrow, when Marcus would have to hold this secret close and trust that he'd made the right choice.

****Scene 6: A moment of connection****

The next evening, twilight had turned everything purple-gray, that in-between time when the world seemed to hold its breath. Marcus sat on the back porch steps, his geometry homework abandoned beside him, watching Whiskers chase moths in the yard.

The cat was ridiculous. He'd spring straight up, all four paws leaving the ground, his tail spinning like a helicopter blade. He'd miss, land awkwardly, shake himself off with offended dignity, then immediately spot another moth and launch himself skyward again. No strategy. No learning from his mistakes. Just pure, unselfconscious commitment to the chase.

A soft sound escaped Marcus--not quite a laugh, but close. When was the last time he'd felt this light? This present in a moment that wasn't heavy with grief or worry?

Whiskers crashed into the rosebush, emerged with a leaf stuck to his head, and resumed hunting without missing a beat.

"You're an idiot," Marcus said softly, but there was affection in it.

The cat paused mid-stalk, one paw raised, and looked back at him. Those mismatched eyes--one blue, one green--caught the last of the dying light. Then Whiskers sneezed, shook his head, and went back to his moths.

Marcus pulled his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. From inside the house, he could hear the murmur of the television, Mom watching the news the way she did now, trying to stay informed about a world that had kept spinning even when theirs had stopped.

A moth fluttered past Marcus's face, and Whiskers bounded up the porch steps after it, skidding to a halt inches from Marcus's feet. The cat's haunches wiggled as he prepared to pounce, then he launched himself over Marcus's shoulder, crashed into the porch railing, and tumbled back down the steps.

Marcus watched as Whiskers popped back up, completely unbothered, and trotted off after a new target.

The back door creaked open behind him. Marcus turned to see Jamie padding out in his socks, carrying two glasses of lemonade. His little brother sat down beside him without a word, handed him a glass, and stared out at the yard where Whiskers was now stalking a leaf.

They sat in silence, but it was different from the heavy, suffocating silence that usually filled the house. This felt lighter somehow. Shared.

Marcus took a sip of his lemonade. It was too sweet, the way Jamie always made it, but he didn't say anything. The gesture itself was enough--Jamie reaching out in the only way he could right now.

Whiskers pounced on the leaf, shook it violently, then dropped it and walked away with his tail held high, victorious over his imaginary prey.

"He's pretty weird," Jamie said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Marcus's hand tightened on his glass, but he kept his expression neutral, his gaze on the cat. He didn't make a big deal of it. "Yeah," he agreed quietly. "Weirdest cat I've ever seen."

"I like that about him."

"Me too."

The twilight deepened, and fireflies began to blink in the yard. Whiskers immediately began chasing them, his white patches glowing in the gloom, creating his own constellation of chaos and joy.

They sat together in the gathering dark, watching their impossible cat chase impossible lights, and Marcus felt something shift in his chest. Not quite hope--he was still too afraid to name it that. But something close. Something that felt like maybe they'd find their way through this, one whispered word at a time.

"Marcus?" Jamie's voice was so quiet it almost disappeared into the evening air.

"Yeah?"

A long pause. Then: "Thanks. For not... you know."

Marcus understood. Thanks for not making it a big deal. Thanks for not telling Mom. Thanks for not pushing.

"Yeah," Marcus said simply. "I know."

They finished their lemonade in comfortable silence, and when the mosquitoes started biting, they went inside together, Whiskers trotting along behind them like the world's strangest guard dog.

Three weeks until the evaluation. But tonight, that felt like enough time.

Tonight felt like a beginning.

Chapter 3: The Storm

Scene 1: Marcus and Jamie are home alone as dark clouds gather outside

The sky outside the kitchen window had turned the color of a bruise.

Marcus stood at the counter, spreading peanut butter across bread with more force than necessary, watching the clouds roll in like a slow-motion wave. The light had gone strange--that greenish-yellow tint that made everything look slightly unreal, like the world had been dipped in old photographs.

"Mac and cheese or PB&J?" he called over his shoulder.

Jamie sat at the kitchen table, colored pencils scattered in front of him, but he wasn't drawing. His eyes tracked Whiskers as the cat paced back and forth across the linoleum, tail twitching.

"Jamie?"

His brother held up two fingers.

"PB&J it is." Marcus tried to keep his voice light, normal. Like the air outside wasn't pressing down on the house. Like his phone hadn't buzzed ten minutes ago with Mom's apologetic text: *Have to stay late. Emergency C-section. Home by 10. You boys ok?*

He'd texted back a thumbs up emoji, even though something in his stomach had tightened.

Whiskers let out a low, anxious bark--not his usual playful yip, but something deeper, more unsettled. The cat--the strange orange tabby who barked instead of meowing, one of his many oddities--stopped pacing and sat in the middle of the floor, staring at the back door like he could see through it to whatever was coming.

"It's okay, buddy," Marcus said, though the cat's ears remained flat against his head. "Just some rain."

Thunder rumbled in the distance, still far off but unmistakable. The sound rolled across the sky like furniture being dragged across a floor above them.

Whiskers barked again, sharper this time.

Jamie's hand stilled over his paper, gripping a blue pencil so hard his knuckles went white.

Marcus abandoned the sandwiches and crouched down beside Whiskers, running his hand along the cat's back. His muscles were tense beneath the orange fur, his whole body vibrating with nervous energy.

"Hey, it's alright. You've heard thunder before, remember?" Marcus kept his voice soft, the way he did when Jamie woke up from nightmares. "It's just noise. Can't hurt you."

But Whiskers pulled away, resuming his anxious patrol of the kitchen. His paws made soft clicking sounds on the floor. Click-click-click. Pause. Click-click-click.

The light outside dimmed another shade darker. Marcus glanced at the clock on the microwave: 6:47 PM. It shouldn't be this dark yet. Not in late spring.

Another rumble, closer this time. The windows rattled faintly in their frames.

Marcus's phone lit up on the counter. Mom calling.

"Hey," he answered, tucking the phone between his ear and shoulder as he went back to the sandwiches.

"Marcus, honey, how are things there?" His mother's voice had that tight, controlled quality that meant she was worried but trying not to show it. He could hear hospital sounds in the background--beeping machines, distant voices, the squeak of shoes on linoleum.

"We're fine. Making dinner."

"There's a storm coming. A bad one, they're saying. I tried to get someone to cover but--"

"Mom, we're okay. It's just rain." Even as he said it, lightning flickered outside, turning the kitchen white for a split second. He counted silently. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six--

Thunder cracked, loud enough that Jamie flinched.

Whiskers yowled and darted under the table.

"Was that the cat?" his mother asked.

"He's not a fan of storms, I guess."

"Make sure all the windows are closed. And the back door--you know the latch sticks sometimes. Marcus, if it gets really bad--"

"Mom." He tried to sound older than fourteen, tried to sound like someone she could trust with this. "We'll be fine. Jamie and I will watch a movie or something. You focus on work."

A pause. He could almost see her in the hospital hallway, one hand pressed to her forehead, trying to be in two places at once. She'd been doing that a lot since Dad died--stretching herself so thin Marcus worried she might just disappear.

"Okay," she finally said. "But call me if you need anything. Anything at all."

"I will."

"I love you both."

"Love you too."

He hung up and looked at Jamie, who was now under the table with Whiskers, his arms wrapped around the trembling cat. The colored pencils lay abandoned above.

"She says hi," Marcus said, even though she hadn't.

Jamie nodded, his face pressed against Whiskers's fur.

The cat barked again, muffled against Jamie's chest, and Marcus felt something cold settle in his stomach. The same feeling he'd had the night Dad didn't come home. The same feeling he'd had standing in the hospital hallway while doctors used words like "sudden" and "nothing we could do."

He shook his head. It was just a storm. Just weather.

But outside, the wind was picking up, making the trees bend and sway. The first drops of rain hit the window like thrown pebbles.

Marcus grabbed the sandwiches and slid down to sit on the floor beside the table. "Movie time?" he suggested, holding out a plate.

Jamie took it with one hand, keeping the other on Whiskers.

Thunder rolled again, long and low, and the lights flickered once.

Whiskers's bark echoed through the kitchen, sharp with fear, and somewhere in the back of Marcus's mind, a clock started counting down to something he couldn't name yet.

The storm was coming.

Scene 2: When lightning strikes close to the house

By seven o'clock, the storm had arrived in full force.

Marcus stood at the sink, rinsing their plates while rain hammered against the windows like a thousand tiny fists demanding entry. The sandwiches had been eaten in near-silence, Jamie managing only half of his before pushing the plate away.

"You want to pick the movie?" Marcus asked, setting the last plate in the drainer.

Jamie had migrated back to the table, his colored pencils gathered into a neat pile. He shrugged, not looking up.

Whiskers paced figure-eights around Marcus's ankles, his tail twitching with each rumble of distant thunder. The cat had been restless all evening, ears swiveling toward every sound, muscles tensed beneath his orange fur.

"You're okay, buddy," Marcus murmured, reaching down to scratch behind the cat's ears. Whiskers pressed into his hand but didn't settle, his green eyes wide and alert.

The wind rattled the back door in its frame, and somewhere down the street, a trash can clattered across pavement.

Jamie stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor. He gathered the sandwich wrappers and napkins, wadding them into a ball as he headed toward the trash can by the back door.

"I'll take it out," Marcus offered, but Jamie was already twisting the back door handle.

The door swung open, and the storm roared into the kitchen--a blast of wind that sent the napkins on the counter flying and rain that spattered across the tile. Jamie stepped onto the small covered porch, stuffing the trash into the bin just outside.

Thunder growled overhead, closer now. Whiskers stopped pacing and froze, every muscle in his compact body going rigid.

"It's alright," Marcus said, though his own heart had begun to race. He didn't like storms either--hadn't since the night Dad's accident, when rain had turned the roads slick and deadly. But he was fourteen, the older brother. He couldn't show fear.

Jamie slipped back inside, pulling the door shut behind him--or trying to. The wind caught it, and though he yanked it closed, the latch didn't quite catch. The door settled into the frame, looking closed but resting against the jamb with the barest sliver of darkness visible along its edge.

Jamie didn't notice. He was already heading toward the stairs, probably retreating to his room as he did most nights.

"Hey, wait," Marcus called. "Come on, let's watch something together. You can pick."

Jamie paused on the bottom step, considering. After a moment, he nodded and turned back toward the living room.

Marcus smiled, about to follow, when the world went white.

The lightning didn't just flash--it *exploded*, striking something close enough that Marcus felt it in his chest, a percussion that rattled his ribs. The thunder came instantly, no gap for counting distance, a sound so massive it seemed to swallow all other noise. The lights died. The refrigerator's hum cut off. For one heartbeat, everything went silent and dark.

Then Whiskers screamed.

It wasn't a meow or a bark but something primal and terrified, a sound Marcus had never heard from the cat before. In the dim gray light filtering through the windows, he saw Whiskers bolt--an orange blur of pure panic shooting across the kitchen floor.

Straight toward the back door.

"No!" Marcus lunged, his hip slamming into the counter, his hand reaching out. His fingers brushed fur, but Whiskers was already past him, moving with the desperate speed of prey fleeing a predator.

The cat hit the door with his full weight. It swung open--that unlocked door, that barely-latched door--and Whiskers vanished into the storm.

"Whiskers!" Marcus reached the doorway in three strides, rain immediately soaking his face and shirt. The backyard was a chaos of wind-whipped branches and sheets of water. Lightning flashed again, farther away this time, illuminating the fence, the overgrown grass, the neighbor's shed.

No cat.

"Whiskers!" He stepped onto the porch, water already pooling around his socks. "Come back!"

Only the storm answered, wind howling through the trees.

"What happened?" Jamie's voice, sharp with alarm, came from behind him. Marcus turned to see his brother at the kitchen doorway, his face pale in the darkness.

Marcus's throat tightened. "He ran out. The door--it wasn't latched, and the lightning scared him, and he just--" He gestured helplessly at the rain-drenched yard.

Jamie moved forward, his eyes searching the darkness beyond the porch. "We have to find him."

"I will. I'll find him." Marcus grabbed Jamie's shoulder, gently pushing him back toward the kitchen. "You stay here in case he comes back. I'll go look."

But Jamie's face had already begun to crumble, his features twisting in a way Marcus hadn't seen since the funeral. His brother's eyes--Dad's eyes, that same hazel green--filled with something raw and terrible.

"Jamie--"

"I left the door open." His voice cracked, barely audible over the rain. "I didn't close it right. I--"

"It's not your fault," Marcus said quickly, firmly, even though panic clawed at his own chest. "It was an accident. I'll find him, okay? I promise."

Jamie's breath hitched. His hands trembled at his sides.

Then, for the first time in six months, tears spilled down his brother's cheeks.

The sight hit Marcus like a physical blow. Jamie had been silent since the funeral--not just quiet, but completely mute, as if grief had stolen his voice along with their father. He'd stopped talking, stopped crying, stopped showing any emotion beyond a carefully maintained blankness.

But now the dam had broken.

"Hey." Marcus crossed to him, gripping Jamie's shoulders. "Hey, it's okay. I'll find him."

Jamie's mouth worked silently, forming shapes that almost became words. His whole body trembled.

Then, barely audible over the storm, a single word escaped his lips:

"Please."

The sound of Jamie's voice--thin and cracked from disuse, but *there*, real and present--made

Marcus's throat tight. His eyes burned.

"I will." Marcus squeezed his brother's shoulders once more, then released him. "I will. Just--stay inside, okay? Lock the door behind me."

He grabbed his rain jacket from the hook by the door, not bothering to zip it up. As he stepped out into the storm, he heard Jamie behind him, that precious voice speaking again, so quiet Marcus almost missed it:

"Be careful."

Marcus pulled the door shut and plunged into the rain, his brother's first real words in half a year echoing in his ears, driving him forward into the darkness.

Scene 3: Marcus ventures into the violent storm alone

The rain hit Marcus like a wall the moment he stepped off the porch.

Within seconds, his jacket was plastered to his skin, water streaming down his face and into his eyes. He squinted against the deluge, cupping his hands around his mouth.

"Whiskers!" His voice barely carried over the roar of the storm. "Whiskers!"

He started with the obvious places--under the porch, behind the garbage bins, in the gap between their house and the Hendersons' fence. Nothing. Just the relentless drumming of rain on pavement, on roofs, on the leaves that whipped and twisted in the wind.

Lightning split the sky, turning the familiar street into a landscape of harsh shadows and blinding white. Thunder followed immediately--a crack so loud Marcus felt it in his chest. The storm was directly overhead.

"Whiskers!" He jogged toward the Hendersons' house, their motion-sensor light flickering on as he cut across their lawn. The wet grass squelched under his sneakers. "Whiskers! Here, boy!"

Mrs. Henderson's curtains twitched, her face appearing briefly in the window before disappearing again. Marcus didn't care if the neighbors thought he was crazy. He had to find Whiskers. He'd promised Jamie.

He checked behind the Hendersons' trash cans, under their deck stairs. Empty. He moved to the next house, then the next, calling until his throat felt raw. Water poured off his hood. His jeans clung to his legs, heavy and cold.

"Whiskers!" The wind snatched his voice away.

He turned down the alley behind Maple Street, where overflowing gutters sent rivers of water rushing past his feet. A trash can lid clattered and rolled, making him jump. But it wasn't Whiskers. Nothing was Whiskers.

Lightning flashed again, closer this time, illuminating the entire alley in stark detail--the broken fence, the recycling bins, the empty spaces where a small orange cat should be but wasn't.

Marcus stopped walking.

Rain hammered down on his shoulders, his head, soaking through every layer until he couldn't tell where the storm ended and he began. His chest felt tight, like something was trying to claw its way out from the inside.

"Whiskers!" he screamed, but his voice cracked on the word.

He couldn't do this. He couldn't lose something else. He couldn't go back to that house and see Jamie's face--Jamie, who'd finally spoken after six months of silence--and tell him--

The tightness in his chest exploded.

"This isn't fair!" Marcus shouted into the storm. Thunder answered, but he didn't care. "It's not fair! He was supposed to be here! Dad was supposed to--"

His voice broke completely. He bent forward, hands on his knees, rain streaming off his face--or maybe not just rain anymore.

"I'm so tired," he gasped. "I'm so tired of being okay. I'm tired of pretending everything's fine. I'm tired of being strong for everyone when I don't--when I can't--"

Lightning cracked overhead, so bright it hurt.

"I miss him!" Marcus screamed at the sky, at the storm, at the universe that had taken his father and left this gaping hole where a person used to be. "I miss him and it's not getting better and I don't know how to fix it! I don't know how to fix Jamie or Mom or any of this!"

He sank to his knees in a puddle, not caring, letting the rain pour over him while sobs tore from somewhere deep in his gut. Six months of holding it together, of being the strong one, of swallowing down every scream and tear--it all came flooding out at once.

"I can't do this anymore," he whispered. "I can't--"

A sound cut through the storm.

Marcus's head snapped up, water dripping from his chin.

There it was again--faint, almost lost beneath the thunder, but unmistakable.

A bark.

Scene 4: After his breakdown, Marcus hears a familiar bark and finds Whiskers

The sound cut through the rain like a lighthouse beam through fog.

Woof.

Marcus scrambled to his feet, his heart hammering. For a moment, he thought he'd imagined it--that grief had conjured the sound from the storm itself.

Then it came again. *Woof. Woof.*

"Whiskers?" Marcus's voice cracked. He wiped the water from his eyes, trying to pinpoint the direction. "Whiskers!"

The bark was coming from somewhere ahead, near the end of the alley. Marcus ran, his sneakers splashing through puddles that had become small rivers along the curb. Lightning illuminated the street in stark white flashes, and thunder rolled overhead.

"Whiskers! Where are you?"

Woof.

There--the sound was coming from Mrs. Henderson's front yard. Marcus cut across the grass, dropping to his knees on the muddy lawn. He bent down, peering into the darkness beneath the wooden porch.

Two yellow-green eyes stared back at him, reflecting the distant streetlight.

"Hey, buddy," Marcus whispered. "It's okay. It's me."

Whiskers let out a pitiful meow--his normal cat voice, small and frightened. He was pressed against the brick foundation, his orange fur plastered dark against his body, making him look half his normal size. He was shaking.

Marcus stretched his arm under the porch, the rough wood scraping against his shoulder. "Come on, Whiskers. Come here."

The cat didn't move. Another crack of thunder sent him pressing harder against the bricks, and he barked again--that strange, desperate sound that had started all of this.

"I know you're scared," Marcus said, inching forward on his stomach now, mud squelching beneath him. "I'm scared too. But we can't stay out here."

His fingers brushed wet fur. Whiskers flinched but didn't bolt. Marcus moved slowly, carefully, until his hand wrapped around the cat's trembling body. Whiskers let out a weak protest--half meow, half bark--but allowed himself to be pulled forward.

The moment Marcus had him free, he gathered the cat against his chest, curling his body around him protectively. Whiskers was shivering violently, his small heart hammering against Marcus's palm like a trapped bird.

"I've got you," Marcus murmured into the soaked fur. "I've got you."

Whiskers burrowed into Marcus's jacket, claws catching on the fabric. He made a sound Marcus had never heard before--something between a whimper and a purr, broken and uncertain. The cat's whole body was tense, ready to bolt again, but he stayed pressed against Marcus's chest.

Rain continued to pour down around them. Marcus sat there on Mrs. Henderson's lawn, holding the frightened cat, and something shifted inside him.

Whiskers wasn't special because he barked. He wasn't brave or magical or the answer to anything. He was just a scared, confused cat who did something weird when he was frightened--something that didn't make sense, something that marked him as different.

He was broken in his own small way.

Just like Jamie, who'd lost his words.

Just like Marcus, who'd tried so hard to hold everything together that he'd shattered from the inside out.

Just like their family, fractured and strange and nothing like it used to be.

Marcus felt tears mixing with the rain on his cheeks, but they were different now--softer, somehow. Less like drowning and more like release.

"You don't have to be perfect," he whispered to Whiskers, though he wasn't sure if he was talking to the cat or to himself. "You just have to be here."

Whiskers's shivering began to ease. His claws relaxed their grip on Marcus's jacket. And then, impossibly, Marcus felt it--a faint vibration against his chest. A purr, tentative and fragile, but real.

Lightning flashed again, and Whiskers tensed. But he didn't bark this time. He just pressed closer to Marcus, trusting him to be the shelter in the storm.

Marcus stood carefully, cradling the cat in both arms. His legs were unsteady, his whole body exhausted from searching and crying and finally, finally letting go. But he turned toward home, toward the house with the porch light glowing like a beacon through the rain.

Toward Jamie, who was waiting.

"Let's go home," Marcus said.

And he began to walk.

****Scene 5: Marcus returns home to find Jamie waiting at the door****

The porch light blazed like a beacon through the rain-streaked darkness. Marcus trudged up the driveway, his sneakers squelching with every step, Whiskers pressed against his chest beneath his soaked jacket. The cat had stopped shivering, but Marcus could feel the rapid flutter of his heartbeat against his own.

The front door flew open before Marcus reached the steps.

Jamie stood silhouetted in the doorway, his small frame rigid with tension. His eyes locked onto the lump beneath Marcus's jacket, then flew to his brother's face.

"You found him." Jamie's voice cracked, rusty from disuse but unmistakably clear. Words. Real words. "I knew you would."

Marcus froze on the bottom step, rain streaming down his face, unable to tell if the wetness on his cheeks was from the storm or something else entirely. His throat closed around whatever response he'd planned.

Jamie rushed forward, heedless of the rain, and Marcus carefully extracted Whiskers from his

jacket. The cat emerged looking bedraggled and pathetic, his fur plastered to his body in wet spikes. But the moment Jamie's hands touched him, Whiskers let out a soft, questioning bark.

"I'm sorry," Jamie whispered into the cat's fur. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to leave the door open. I was just--I forgot--"

"Hey." Marcus placed his hand on Jamie's shoulder, feeling his brother tremble. "It's okay. He's okay. We're all okay."

Jamie looked up, and his eyes were swimming. "I thought I lost him too."

The words hung between them, heavy with meaning that had nothing to do with a cat.

"Come on," Marcus said gently. "Let's get inside before we all catch pneumonia."

****Scene 6: The family reunites and begins to heal together****

The living room felt smaller somehow, warmer, as Marcus wrapped himself in the old afghan from the back of the couch. Jamie sat cross-legged on the floor with Whiskers in his lap, methodically drying the cat with a towel. Whiskers submitted to the treatment with unusual patience, occasionally letting out a soft bark that made Jamie's lips twitch upward.

Marcus had just finished changing into dry clothes when headlights swept across the front window. Car doors slammed. Their mother burst through the door, her nurse's scrubs rumpled, her hair escaping its ponytail.

"Marcus? Jamie?" Her voice pitched high with worry. "Mrs. Henderson called me--she said you were out in the storm--"

She stopped short, taking in the scene: both boys safe, relatively dry, gathered around the cat.

"I had to find him, Mom." Marcus met her eyes. "Jamie needed--we needed--"

His mother crossed the room in three strides and pulled him into a fierce hug. "You could have been hurt. You should have waited for me. You should have--" Her voice broke. "You should have called."

"I know." Marcus hugged her back, feeling how tightly she was holding on, how scared she'd been.
"I'm sorry."

She pulled back, cupping his face in her hands, studying him like she was checking for injuries. Then she turned to Jamie, who was watching them with wide eyes, still clutching Whiskers.

"Are you okay, baby?"

Jamie nodded. Then, so quietly they almost missed it: "Marcus saved him."

Their mother's breath caught. She sank onto the couch, one hand pressed to her mouth. "Jamie..."

"I can talk," Jamie said, louder now, the words tumbling out like he'd been saving them up. "I just--I couldn't. Not after Dad. Everything felt stuck, and I couldn't make the words come out, and then Whiskers came and he was weird too, and I thought--" He stopped, swallowing hard. "I thought if I lost him, I'd never talk again."

Marcus moved to sit beside his brother on the floor. "You're not going to lose him. Or us. Or anyone else."

"You can't promise that," Jamie said, and the simple truth of it settled over them like a weight.

"No," their mother said softly, joining them on the floor, gathering both boys close. "We can't promise that. But we're here now. All of us. And that's what matters."

Whiskers, apparently tired of being ignored, let out an indignant bark and headbutted Jamie's chin. Despite everything--the fear, the grief, the exhaustion--Jamie laughed. It was a small sound, hesitant, but real.

"He's so weird," Jamie said, scratching behind the cat's ears. Whiskers began to purr, a deep rumbling that filled the quiet spaces between them.

"Dad would have loved him," Marcus said before he could stop himself.

The words should have hurt. Should have brought the familiar crushing weight of loss. Instead, something lighter settled in Marcus's chest--something that felt almost like relief.

Their mother's hand found his. "He really would have. Remember how he always wanted a pet that would 'keep things interesting'?"

"He said boring was the enemy of joy," Jamie added quietly.

"He did say that." Their mother's voice was thick. "Usually right before he did something ridiculous like put food coloring in the pancake batter or hide rubber ducks all over the house."

Marcus felt a smile tugging at his lips despite the tears gathering in his eyes. "The purple pancakes were the worst."

"They were amazing," Jamie protested. "They tasted like regular pancakes but they looked like aliens."

"That's what made them the worst."

"That's what made them the best."

They were arguing, Marcus realized. Actually arguing, like they used to, before everything fell apart. Their mother was crying and laughing at the same time, and Whiskers was purring and occasionally barking for no apparent reason, and somehow it was all exactly right and completely wrong and perfectly imperfect.

"I miss him," Jamie whispered. "Every day. I miss him so much."

"Me too," Marcus said.

"Me too," their mother echoed, pulling them both closer.

They sat like that for a long time, wrapped in blankets and each other, while the storm gradually softened to a gentle rain against the windows. They talked about their father--really talked, sharing

memories both painful and sweet. Jamie told them about the dreams he'd been having, the ones where Dad was still alive and everything was normal. Their mother confessed how she sometimes forgot he was gone, how she'd catch herself setting out four plates instead of three.

Marcus admitted how tired he was of being strong, of holding everything together, of feeling like he had to be the man of the house when he was still just a kid who missed his dad.

"You don't have to be strong all the time," his mother said, smoothing his hair back from his forehead. "That's not your job, sweetheart. We're supposed to take care of each other. All of us."

"Even Whiskers?" Jamie asked, and there was a hint of his old mischief in his voice.

As if on cue, the cat let out a sharp bark, then immediately resumed purring.

"Especially Whiskers," Marcus said, and felt something in his chest unclench. "Even if he doesn't know what he is."

"Maybe he knows exactly what he is," their mother suggested. "Maybe he's just brave enough to be different."

Jamie buried his face in Whiskers's fur. "I'm sorry I stopped talking. I didn't mean to make things harder."

"You didn't make anything harder," their mother assured him. "We all grieve differently. There's no right or wrong way."

"Marcus grieves by trying to fix everything," Jamie said, his voice muffled.

"Jamie grieves by going silent," Marcus countered gently.

"And I grieve by working too much and pretending I'm okay when I'm not," their mother admitted.

"We're all a mess, aren't we?"

"A family of messes," Jamie agreed.

"With a cat who barks," Marcus added.

Whiskers chose that moment to demonstrate, letting out a series of soft barks before settling back into his purr, perfectly content in the center of their broken, healing circle.

Outside, the storm was passing, leaving behind the clean smell of rain and the promise of morning. Inside, the family sat together in the warm glow of the living room lamp, not fixed, not healed, but together. And for now, that was enough.

Marcus looked at his brother, really looked at him, and saw the same grief and fear he'd been carrying alone. But he also saw resilience, and hope, and the beginning of something that might eventually become okay.

"We're going to be all right," he said, and this time, he almost believed it.

Jamie nodded, his hand resting on Whiskers's back. "Yeah. We are."

Their mother kissed the top of each boy's head, holding them close. "Together," she whispered.

"We'll get through this together."

And in that moment, with the storm fading and the cat purring his strange, barking purr, it felt like the truth.