

Fairy-Tail
Requital of Favour
From A Cat
(On-gaeshi Of A Cat)

Written
By

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Beginning of the story

I was born in the mud. I was hungry and shaking in the cold mud. I looked around, "Where's my mom?" but she was nowhere to be found. I kept calling out to my mom as loudly as I could. If I leave here longer, I will die.

That's when a little girl spotted me and picked me up from the mud. I was a little scared, but I was relieved to see the gentle smile of the girl. The girl grabbed me and started running quickly. I was brought to a girl's house. The girl's grandmother came out and was surprised at first when she saw me, but she gently picked me up and immediately took me to the bathroom, which was shaking with mud. I don't remember much about what happened after that. But I slept peacefully in a soft, warm towel as if I were burrowing into my mother's belly.

I am on a bullet express called the Shinkansen to an unknown land. I slept and moved around in the warm chest of the grandma and enjoyed my first trip. The land I arrived on was the city of Hiroshima. I don't know how far Hiroshima is from the land where I was picked up, but I think I was more excited than worried about what was about to happen.

I have arrived at a new home. It seems that the grandma intends to leave me with the younger daughter who lives in Hiroshima. The house was a small hospital. My grandma's daughter and her husband lived on the second floor of the hospital. It seems that the grandma was talking about something with her daughter, but I don't really know. At night, the doctor at the hospital came up. This elderly man is likely to be the husband of the daughter. They didn't have children, and I became their first child. I don't have any memories of my cat's mom, so I don't really know how to relate to my new mom or dad. But my parents watched over me happily as I played innocently. And after receiving my parents' name, I was named "Milin".

Sequel of Tail

I was able to spend every day carefree. Mom gently gave me milk and Dad gave me in warm hands. One year flew by. One day, dad and mom brought a kitten. The Kitten's ancestors are a venerable family living in the United States and he is a boy master from the family. Perhaps because my parents didn't want me to bully the new kitten, he was looking down at me from the penthouse in a splendid two-story mansion from the beginning.

I greeted him over the fence. The boy master was well bred and behaved elegantly. Because he seemed such haughty, I sometimes wanted to meddle in his attitude. Eventually, my parents did think I was not bullying him, so they let him out of the mansion, and I was able to play with each other. Even so, I was offended by his insouciant behavior, and sometimes I would punish him with cat punches.

The boy master became named Rakkoring. It is said that this name was also derived from the names of his parents. The name Rakkoring is a bit long, so we call him Racchi for short. Racchi became familiar to me as my little brother, playing in the cat tower and lying on the tower's observation deck and enjoying the view from the bay window of the parent's bedroom. Sometimes I gloomed Racchi's head to show affection. However, Racchi sometimes shows an attitude that it is natural for me to gloom Racchi's body and head cleanly, which makes me nervous.

Subsequent Tail

As I entered puberty, I became more and more active. Even if it is my first time to see the person, I rubbing his/her feet in a friendly manner to express my affinity. On the other hand, I'm easy to get angry and adventurous, such as jumping in as soon as my bedroom door opens and looking down at the world below through my favorite bay window. When I hear someone on the street notice me by the window and say "there is a cat", I feel a little proud and want them to see my even more magnificent figure with pride. I have other bad habits. It is a nail sharpening and biting habit. It is tempting to leave nail marks on the white wallpaper and wooden pillars of our house. I can't describe how good I felt at that time. Every time, my mother scolds me badly, but I can't stop it. Latch always looks at me with a stunned face. Also, my bite habit didn't subside enough to ruin toilet paper, and I even punched a hole in my dad's precious clothes. When I saw that my father was so disappointed due to the hole, I felt really sorry and hid in the corner of the room in my own way. When the chewing habit subsided a little, the habit of vomiting came out this time. It doesn't matter where or when, I vomit what I eat. I don't know if it's spiting hairballs or eating too much, but I'm not doing it on purpose to annoy my parents. Every time, mom or dad shouts, "Milin!" They call my name roughly, puts away what I vomited with a disgruntled face.

Ratch has a relaxed and self-sufficient attitude and exudes the style of a boy master, but I don't mind how I am estimated because I am a child of mud. Ratch suddenly surprises me by tricking me and chases me around like a bad kid as I run here and there. At such times, my beautiful tail is shyly puffed up like a raccoon. Sometimes I show the dignity of an old sister cat and drive Ratch to punish him, but Ratch is not sorry and seems to enjoy to be a playmate.

Tail on Birth of Daughter

A cute girl was born in this house. For the first time, I noticed that even a human child is as cute as a kitten. Mom was busy raising the daughter, but the house was filled with more joyful and lively voices than ever, and both I and Ratch felt really happy. Dad comes upstairs after work at the hospital. Dad seems a little awkward because he is a little old for the age of a father with a baby daughter, but he always has a happy smile on his face.

Drawn by the baby's cheerful crying, I looked into the cradle. When I look at cute baby, I wonder how wonderful it would be if I could have a baby too. Even human baby is so cute, so I think cat baby must be even cuter. In order not to play pranks on the baby but to watch gently, I firmly taught what I observe to Ratch. But Ratch forgot this caution and one day jumped on the baby and scratched the baby's arm with his nails. The naughty Ratch was also depressed, and he shrank back for a while and crouched in the corner. The little lady came to Ratch and comforted him, saying, "I'll forgive you." There are still scars on her arm, but since this incident, Ratch has become a loyal ally of the little princess.

It's this and that, but we've had a happy time. Even though every day is not replaceable, my mom is trying hard every day to start something new. In addition to studying nursing, she studies until late at night in the treatment room at the back of the medical examination room to improve her English more. On his days off from work, dad holds family concerts in the loft and performs his own compositions. The songs my dad makes are perfect for me to fall asleep, so I'm looking forward to the concert. The little lady is growing from a pretty baby to a beautiful girl. She is an active and very beautiful young lady. She sometimes plays with me and Ratch. And she prepares my favorite snack jelly. Ratch is still living a relaxed and young master life, but when he feels like it, he provokes me into a three-dimensional sports day where we run from the living room to the loft. I get angry at the persistence of the Ratch

and run around with my raccoon tail, and finally cling to the ceiling beam pillar as if I would climb up to the top, and I get frustrated and claw it, so my mom and dad are angry with me again.

Ashamed Tail

I loved sleeping on the beams overhanging the loft, over the stairs leading up from the first to the second floor. There is an atrium from the loft on the third floor to the first floor, and there is warm sunlight from the skylight, making it a paradise for cats. Ratch didn't come here as expected, and it was just my own place.

As usual, I slept comfortably on this beam, but suddenly a firing pillar rose from my eyes and I heard sounds of my jaw shattering. I fell off the beam and hit my face badly on the stairs. At first, I didn't know what had happened. I felt the warm liquid flowing out of my nose and mouth, and I knew I was in a miserable state. In such a case, the cat's manners hide in the shadows to heal the injury, but the blood does not stop from the nose and mouth. Dad noticed something was wrong with me and flew over. Soon my mom will come and worry about my wounds. Every time I breathe, air leaks from my nose and blood gushes out. I felt the extraordinary and prepared myself. But Mom immediately took me to the veterinary clinic. The first veterinarian said appropriately, "I will have surgery on the torn palate in a few days, so you will be watching the cat at home until then." Mom thought that if I stayed like this for a few days, I would die without water or food, so she took me to another animal hospital. They said they couldn't operate on my injuries. But the second veterinarian looked for a hospital that could perform the surgery. Mom hurriedly took me to the cat hospital. The veterinarian there immediately decided to perform the surgery. Thanks to my veterinarian, he saved my life. I'm really grateful for that. When I was injured and sprinkled blood on the floor, even Ratch was worried about me.

Tail of On-gaeshi (Requital of Favour)

Every day when there seemed to be nothing but surely something happened, I have been enjoying myself with this family. In the morning, until the daughter go to her kindergarten, behaving at her own pace, busy mom, who is struggling with time, has a volcanic eruption, sparks from her eyes and steam from her nose, and it is very dangerous to approach mom at such a time, so Ratch and I decide to watch and wait in the corner. When the young lady and mom go out, the living room is as quiet as if you were at the end of the universe. I doze off a little on a comfortable carpet or on my dad's lap. Ratch likes the cat tower on the loft and sleeps on the tower's observation deck. When dad leaves for work in the morning, there comes a peaceful time for the cat alone until noon. When dad returns from the medical examination at lunchtime, mom prepares lunch and cleans up the laundry and estimates results of psychological examination. Dad dozes off while watching his favorite suspense drama, so I rest on his lap. In the evening, the daughter also comes home and mom is preparing dinner, but sometimes I beg and get snacks from mom or daughter. Whenever I'm feeling good, Ratch sniffs out and disturbs me. Ratch is really a stingy cat. At night, I rest on my dad's sleeping lap. At that time, with the feeling of "Thank you for your hard work", I will massage dad's thighs. Ratch also sleeps in his father's bed, but he doesn't seem to care of dad.

One day, while these happy days were going on, the daughter contracted a terrible disease. Fortunately, the daughter's symptoms were mild, but I thought it would be severe if she passed it on to her father and mother. Dad was old and worried about getting seriously ill. I was also worried that if mom got sick, I would not be able to take care of the daughter and other family members, and the whole family would be in tragedy. This infectious disease has spread all over the world, and many people have died. I heard that we cats could also be infected. Such a nasty

disease has entered our home. I've had a lot of worries in the past, but I've never had a disaster for my whole family.

For the first time in my life, I made a request to God. "Please help this family, and cure her illness as soon as possible. Please protect my father and mother from getting sick. If you can grant my wishes, I don't want my life. Please help this family."

Maybe my wish came true, and the daughter became more and more cheerful, and both dad and mom were able to live without getting sick. God granted my request. Instead, with a promise to God, I couldn't eat and just vomited. I became emaciated and emaciated. But I was happy. I received deep affection from everyone in my family. I am grateful. God saved me, who was destined to die in the mud without knowing the joy of living. I was injured many times, but I never became crippled. When I fell down and was seriously injured, it was no wonder that I died, but I survived with the support of his family's love. My life has been saved many times thanks to my family. Now is the time for me to repay this favor. Thanks, folks. I am happy.

The Last Tail

After Mom's extraordinary efforts, the whole family is ready to leave for Canada. Mom went to college in Vancouver to work as a senior nurse in Canada. Mom has prepared all the steps for moving to Canada by herself, so she feels a great deal of responsibility and is prone to frustration with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety. Dad is worried about whether he will be able to bear the mental and physical burden of moving due to his advanced age. While the daughter is looking forward to moving abroad, she feels lonely away from her familiar friends. I have moved from Shiga to Hiroshima, but I have no idea what it is like to move to Canada or what kind of life awaits me. The younger brother Ratch seems to be worried about anything with an attitude of no concern.

Today is the day of our departure from Japan. People related to the Rakkoring family gathered to see us off. Ratch and I were crammed into a small cage, locked in the dark trunk room of the car, so nervous that we couldn't even speak. As a characteristic of the cat family, I do not originally hate dark and narrow places, but this time it is somewhat strange. We were rocked by the car for about an hour, and when we arrived somewhere, we were put on something like a weight gauge, put a luggage tag on the cage, and carried on a conveyor belt. The cage was then wrapped around with a net and pushed into a dark room on the belly of the plane. We are next to each other, but Ratch couldn't say a word whether he is also scared in the cage.

After a silent moment, a deafening roar began. I didn't know what was going on outside, so I crouched down and leaned back to cover my ears, which I could hear even better, and endured the fear while holding back. Ratch may look as the same, but I can't afford to worry about him. Suddenly, my feet were pulled by a strong force, and my body slid and pressed against the wall of the cage. I felt like my body was floating in the air. How much time has passed, the roar continues, but the body has stabilized in the cage.

I don't care as much as at first if I've gotten used to the roar. I feel drowsy and try a cat-sleep which is specialty of my tribe, but soon I am woken up by vibrations. Meanwhile, the roar finally stopped.

Many people are waiting around the conveyor belt at the baggage claim area, but I can't see my mom, dad, or daughter. Have we been abandoned? When I look at the cage of Ratch, he is still trembling and crouching like a small bird. I called out, but he only replied, "Wow."

Finally, my mother came to pick me up, and I was relieved for a short time, but this time I was put on a bigger plane. I was a little used to it on the first flight, but now I feel like I'm being squeezed into that dark little room for a much longer time. The darkness, the roar, the vibrations, the dryness all made me feel so anxious that I almost fainted. I endured this long and difficult times before arriving in Vancouver.

The house in Vancouver is smaller than in Hiroshima, and I don't have to worry about being chased around by Ratch. We first set out exploring this house. I smelled everywhere to see if there were any suspicious smells left. If there leaves an odor of other cats, we should be vigilant. Apparently there is no dangerous smell. I found a good hiding place on the second floor.

On the evening of our arrival, a woman from Hiroshima, who has lived in a neighbor city of Vancouver for nearly 40 years, asked about our family. When she returned home to Hiroshima 4 years ago, she visited dad's clinic office. Since she lives near Vancouver, she and mom became very close. She came to visit us with groceries and so on. Ratch seemed to greet her early. I fell asleep in the secret room on the second floor, which was a hidden shed outside of the wall blocked by a bed, and I stumbled upon this place while exploring. The hidden shed was dark and a perfect space for me. When I was there, I was tired from the trip and fell asleep unknowingly.

In order for mom to get a Canadian driver's license, mom promised to meet the woman at the train station who

was asked to create the necessary documents. Since it was her first time in the city, she had no idea where the subway station was, so the lady friend proposed to drive mom to that place. When they were about to leave, my parents and the daughter noticed at the moment that I was not there, and there was a big uproar. My family thought that I was an adventurous cat and wanted to jump out right away, so I came out when the door opened. So the whole family, except for Ratch, searched the neighborhood. It was a cold evening, and the sun was setting early. "Milin, Milin," a call rang out in the neighborhood. A Nikkei woman who lives in the neighborhood also checked the security camera to see if she could see any of the cats.

In the end, Milin was not found. Dad and Mom had a gloomy feeling. I spent the flight safely which my parents were worried about if I could endure, nevertheless just on the day when I arrived at my land of resident, I disappeared suddenly, and it was understandable that my family was terribly confused. Even though I was from a stray background, I had no real stray experience, so my parents seemed to guess that it was difficult to survive in a strange land, and they felt pessimistic that I would not be able to live for long.

After receiving the documents at the station, the daughter wanted to eat hamburger steaks, so the friend drove at night looking for a restaurant, but she couldn't find a good restaurant, so my family eventually came back. My parents were planning to start a new life in Vancouver with a family of three persons and two cats, so it was unthinkable that one of our loved family would be missing from that first day. The family gathered at a bedroom of the 2nd floor and talked about milin with a sigh. At that moment, I jumped out from under the bed and Dad let out a surprised cry. And the whole family cried out in surprise and delight. I was more stunned at what everyone was so surprised and delighted about.

My family didn't know there was a hidden shed, so they searched me and couldn't find me. However, this event

seems to have reaffirmed the importance of family. If even one family member is missing, the authentic family is lost. It was a moment when I realized that the love of each family member is irreplaceable, that the aggregation of love called family nurtures the love of each family member, and that the love of each member enriches the love of the whole family.

I, Milin, have caused many problems, but I realized that I am an important member of the Rakkoring family. Therefore, I thought that I should not forget that I am not only there, but also with my family. I am a small cat, but I can be proud that people and cats are equally important in my family. I kmeow! Done.