



The Little black Cat follows her Dream

A small black cat with shiny, spiky fur, big green eyes, and a tail which stuck straight up towards the sky lived with her family in an old house beside a river. This little cat had a special dream; she wanted to see the world on the other side of the river.

One day the little black cat turned her back towards her home and her nose towards the rising sun and walked out into the wide world. Before long she came to the rivers edge. It was not a very big river, but to the little black cat it seemed really, really wide. Along its banks grew tall reeds. The little cat walked along the river bank until she came to a clearing between the reeds. She dipped her paw cautiously into the water; it felt wet and yucky. She shook her paw, and padded backwards and forwards along the water's edge. She knew without a doubt that she must cross to the other side of the river; but how? Backwards and forwards she padded, wishing and thinking.

She heard a snuffling rustling sound in the grass, and out waddled a wombat. "Excuse me Mr. Wombat" said the little black cat "I have a great desire to cross this river; can you show me how"?

"Of course" said the wombat "that's easy". Lumps of earth flew in all directions as the wombat burrowed down into the soil under the river with his strong claws. Soon he had completely disappeared. After a while a pile of earth began to form on the other side of the river, and the wombat climbed out, shaking the dirt from his fur.

"You were right" he called; "It's definitely better on this side of the river; just dig".

The little black cat looked at her small soft velvet paws, and sadly shook her head. She continued walking backwards and forwards along the river bank.

Suddenly there was a crashing sound in the bushes, and a large horse came stomping down to the river to drink. His feet were as big as saucers and his head was in the sky.

Taking a deep breath, the little cat called out to him as loudly as she could "Excuse me Mr. Horse, I have a great desire to cross this river, and I wonder if you could show me how?"

"That's easy" said the horse, and he waded into the river. The water rose up to his hips, and soon he was on the other side. He plunged back through the river, and walked away into the bushes. "Nothing to it" he neighed. No, thought the little black cat, nothing to it if you're as big as a horse, and she padded backwards and forwards along the river bank, wishing and thinking.

Then a shadow fell over her as a large eagle with fierce golden eyes and a sharp beak landed at the water's edge and began to drink.

"Excuse me Mr. Eagle" said the little black cat once more; "I have a great desire to cross this river; can you show me how?"

"Like this" said the eagle spreading his large wings and lifting off the ground. Over the river he flew, rising higher and higher until he disappeared behind a mountain.

The little black cat looked up at the wide sky and felt very small, but she knew without a doubt that she wanted to cross the river.

Suddenly she felt someone watching her, and turned to find a large ginger cat lying in the sun and licking his paws.

Oh well, thought the little black cat, here I go again! "Excuse me Mr. Ginger Cat, I have a great desire to cross to the other side of the river; can you show me how?" "No", answered the ginger cat; "I can't show you, but I can tell you... swim!"

"Swim?" cried the little black cat "the water is wet and yucky and cats can't swim". "It is wet and yucky" agreed the ginger cat, "but all animals can swim, and if you have a great desire, you can do it".

"Show me" said the little black cat. "I can't" replied the ginger cat, licking his paws, "I haven't got the great desire - that's the most important thing. "Of course you could always forget about it."

No way! thought the little black cat; but I wonder if the ginger cat is right and all animals can swim? She thought of her dream, took a deep breath, and jumped into the water.

It was wet and yucky and very cold; it closed over her head and she began to panic and struggle. Then a strange thing happened. Her four paws began to move all by themselves; backwards and forwards they paddled, easily and strongly. Her head rose above the surface; she sneezed the water out of her nose and opened her eyes. Soon her feet touched the muddy bottom, and in no time she was lying in the sun on the other side of the river.

What an amazing thing is a great desire, she thought. I really can swim across the river. I wonder what else I can do.

She looked up at the mountain in the distance. The sun was setting behind its peak; gold and crimson clouds streamed out around it. The little black cat thought it the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She knew without a doubt that she would climb the peak and watch the sun set. She shook the water from her fur, turned her back towards the river and her nose towards the setting sun.

On the other side of the river the ginger cat stretched lazily and trotted back the way he had come. Well how cool was that, he thought; cats really can swim!

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