

The Legend of the Wildcat

by Jacob Ritter

Kenny awoke suddenly from a brief nap. He had no idea where he was, but only for a moment. Soon it came back to him. He was in the locker room. It was game day. He had been waiting for this day all his life. Even though he had just become the mascot for his school's basketball team a few months ago, he felt like he was always meant to do this, to be the mascot. He felt as if this were his destiny, the path planned out for him before he was even born. The school's team was the St. Lukes wildcats, and he was the man in the wildcat suit. Today was one of the biggest games of the season. He had to do his best. He had to be the best wildcat mascot ever.

At the time of his awakening, he was already fully clothes in the wildcat attire, except for his head. He grabbed the wildcat head and walked over to the mirror. Before he donned the head of the ferocious beast, he looked at himself in the mirror. His skin was pale, he was very skinny, and his eyes were red and strained, he was a mess. But that would all go away soon. He dramatically put on the wildcat head. Now he was no longer a man, but instead a wildcat.

He began marching out of the locker room. He heard the screams of the audience cheering on the team. He felt a massive surge of adrenaline. He pranced out onto the court and danced around. He flailed all over the place, he waved his arms, he shook his tail. He screamed the chant of the wildcats, which he made up as he went along.

"Go go Wildcats! We are Wildcats, the other team are... un-wild cats! Yeah! Oh yeah! Um... compared to our wildness, you're very tame! Compared to our awesomness, you're very lame! Boo-yah!" Kenny screamed.

The crowd was unimpressed. In fact, they even started to boo. Kenny had to fix this. He did more wild gestures, more crazy things. He roared like a beast, he pranced and galloped like an animal, he mimicked licking his fur like a wild cat would do. This only made the crowd boo more. Kenny watched in terror as all the people he had gone to school with booed and mocked him. Jack, Sam, Joe, Bob, they all laughed. Kimberly, Thomas, Justin, Gumbo, they all booed. All these kids, destroying the wildcat spirit. Kenny shed a single tear. Then he ran. Away from the court, outside the gym, away from school campus, miles away from town, all while still being fully clothed in the Wildcat uniform.

His confidence was at an all time low. He planned to go live in the wilderness and mountains. There he could fully embrace his inner wildcat, his inner beast. He could be what he always wanted to be, on the inside.

One day later he was in the heart of the wild. While he was walking around he saw a wild mountain lion. Kenny smiled. Now it was the time to dominate. To prove himself as the superior wildcat. Kenny was ready to challenge this wildcat to a duel, and win. Then he'd finally regain some confidence in himself.

Kenny roared a mighty roar, he prepared his body for a deadly pounce. The wildcat stared back at him. Kenny full on charged at the wildcat, ready for blood. Kenny got closer and closer to the mighty wildcat. Each step he took filled him with more excitement, more glee, more adrenaline. This was it, he thought. Two wildcats were about to clash, him and the beast. Closer he got. He was almost there, so... very... close.

The wildcat instantly and brutally murdered Kenny. He tore him limb from limb and ate almost all his flesh, Kenny was found two days later by a random homeless man. The cops were informed. A funeral was held. Two people showed up. The school grieved for him, but soon moved on. He was replaced by another Wildcat mascot. The general consensus among students was that this Wildcat was much better. Kenny was eventually forgotten by all. He was only a distant, faded memory for even those who were close to him. Kenny, the wildest of the Wildcats, had been forgotten,

7 Millennia Later

All humanity was dead. All life was dead, except for one creature: the wildcat that killed Kenny. The majestic wildcat approached the grave of Kenny and bowed its head in respect. It saw Kenny as a worthy opponent. When all of humanity had forgotten Kenny the Wildcat, at least a fellow wildcat, had remembered him.