

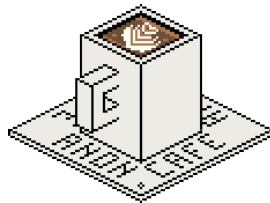


Traveller and Genet

The Story of Two Frens

by Anons

A Hot Cup of Tea is Advised Alongside This Book

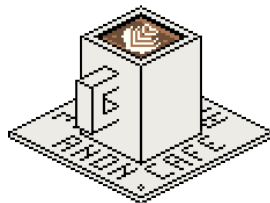


anon.cafe production

Name	Traveller and Genet
writer	Anons
cover art	Anon
translation	word filter
copyrights	Public domain
press location	my basement
communication	www.anon.cafe/comfy/

press

- First press by Anon at 05/09/2021 (without word filter)
- Second press by Anon at 05/09/2021 (with word filter)
- Third press by Anon at 12/20/2021 (with word filter)



anon.cafe production

Traveler and Genet

Once upon a time there was a mighty tree waving in the wind. Up in the tree lay a sleeping genet. It was the summer of the year 1540 when a young traveller wandered to the tree to rest under its shade. The Traveller took out his journal and wrote:

"This mighty tree stood here before i was born, i wish i could travel back in time and see what this tree has been throught before."

The sleeping genet was roused from slumber and climed down the tree and saw The Traveller sitting under the tree, the genet slowly approached the traveller without the Traveller's notice. The curios genet jumped upon the traveller's shoulder, who thusly won a new companion.

"Good grief, is a wild beast attacking me?" exclaimed the startled young man. The traveller calmed down when he realised that it was just a genet that landed on him.

"Nay, The Genet came not to harm the stranger, but to see from where he came and where he's going."

"Whence art thou from, traveller" asked the genet with a calm and kind voice.

"How is it that you speak the lanugage of man", the traveller questioned with a startled voice.

"Oh,... I don't know! I've never thought about it. But do tell, where do you come from?." Replied the cat.

"My, aren't you a strange creature! What curious residents this land has! I've come from far away beyond the mountains, and I am headed for the sunset!"

"Berry well, traveller, I will join thee on thy journey."

The traveller picked up his bags and recommenced his journey with his new companion.

After three days of walking through the grasslands, the pair saw a village in the distance.

As they approached, they could see the villagers gathered in a nearby field, singing and dancing amongst the myriad tents and stalls - clearly a festival was underway! "Let us see what the occasion is for such an event," they thought, "and get our fill of food and drink too!"

They entered upon the village, and the villagers quickly took notice of the rare visitors.

The mood changed.

The sound of song and dance became quiet.

"I perceive that there is something strange happening in that village", said the genet to the traveller.

"Greetings! We have come from far away, and we are seeking provision, and perhaps a place to stay the night!" spoke the traveller to the gathered townspeople. The people stood looking at the visitors, and whispers were heard among the crowd.

The genet upon the travellers shoulder whispered in his ear: "I do not like it here, let us leave this place soon."

Then, a fat man came forth from among the crowd and uttered something in a strange language.

"Ah, this must be the mayor," the traveller thought.

"Genet, do you know what he's saying?"

"The man has introduced himself as a man of great importance - a wealthy merchant of great power and influence - and bids us welcome, though I wonder where the village elders are"

Before the traveller could respond, the man stepped aside to reveal a carriage filled with various fanciful goods; the reason for the crowd's silent gathering thus became clear.

Pots, plates, daggers, swords, helmets, garments, spices, cups, lamps, jewelry, carpets, pillows, bottles, hats, and shoes, which the merchant was showing to the townspeople, were the centre of the crowd's attention.

The crowd's attention was warranted; for while the traveller had spent many years on his journey and seen so many wondrous things, there were still so many items strange and foreign to him packed amongst the merchant's wares.

The merchant lifted up his voice and explained the legendary origins of this magnificent treasure in an obscure and ancient tongue, the genet translated to his friend the traveller, thus:

"Olivarius is my name, and I once again bring you the finest wares from occident and orient - for unbeatable prices!"

Traveler was amazed by the goods Olivarius sold but he was more amazed by the merchant than anything.

He looked in his satchel, but found he had no money left.

"We cannot afford these products, we cannot even afford to eat!" lamented the traveller to Genet.

Suddenly, the genet had an idea.

"Don't you think these people would pay a fortune to hear a Genet talk, sing even?" the Genet whispered to Traveler's ear.

A smile appeared on traveller's face. What a brilliant idea!

The traveller stepped up onto a barrel, genet climbed high on his head and began to sing:

"Do you want to hear my fantasy, I will tell you if you fancy, ooooooooooooooh it is to shipost on comfy "

The people quickly turned to wonder at the source of the noise which interrupted

the fat merchant.

The whole world seemed to have frozen; whether it was in fear or amazement the traveller could not tell.

The genet finished her song, and the crowd erupted in cheers.

Glad that the villagers had taken kindly to the singing genet, the traveller breathed a sigh of relief - he had heard tales of villages being less than friendly to curiosities from foreign lands.

Then, Olivarius approached and said, "I will buy this beast off you, I will pay any price!"

"I -" the traveller began, pausing because he thought that for a brief moment Olivarius' eyes flickered with a hunger and greed most worrying.

Even though they didn't have much of a friendship, Traveller knew the Cat wasn't something he could trade, Cat was a companion.

"I'm sorry but it is not my place nor would I be interested in selling my companion"

"Rather, take both of us in, provide us food, a place to sleep and a share of wealth, and we will be at your service," replied the Traveller.

Olivarius furrowed his brow, thinking the proposition over, before finally saying: "Very well, Traveller, you and your pet are invited for supper in my house, you two may also stay for the night".

That evening, the Traveller and Genet rode to Olivarius' house on his carriage. Carriage was full of merchant's goods it was far more luxurious than travelling on foot too, Traveller relaxed while Genet was not happy with the outcome of the village, he didn't like this village altogether.

When they arrived, they saw that the merchant's house was much bigger than the other houses in the village.

"By the way, you two, I've never asked you your names!" said Olivarius. "I am Olivarius, the wealthiest man this land knows. And who are you?"

"I am Genet the genet," said the Genet.

"... My name...?", the traveller wondered to himself.

Before he could answer, the carriage came to a halt and a young girl came running out of the house, arms outstretched and looking thoroughly overjoyed to see the return of Olivarius.

It was the daughter of the great merchant, she ran into the arms of her father while her mother and merchant's wife was standing at the door with a joyous smile on her face.

"Come father, follow me!" she said as she dragged him away by the hand, whilst the traveller and Genet looked on, bemused.

"Ah, you've brought guests" the smiling wife said to Olivarius. "Come in you two, load off those heavy bags and make yourself at home!"

Neither of the pair had ever seen a house like it, so grandiose and impressive!

Traveller reclined on a big leather sofa while the little girl played with Genet.

Olivarius sat down across from Traveller and said: "Well now,... let's get to business, shall we?"

"I ask of you a favour, traveller - would you be willing to deliver some parcels to an old friend in Alavaris, a hamlet some distance north of here?"

"Give me only a donkey and a carriage, and some provision for the journey, and I will happily do what you ask."

"Your request is granted - on the condition that your little friend stays here at our home until you return. It should be no more than a week of travel, and I will

provide her eberrything she wants.”

”Berry well, I shall leave by daybreak tomorrow. I trust you will take good care of Genet.”

In his heart the traveller worried about leaving his friend with this strange family, but he trusted Genet would know to look after himself.

Traveller and Genet went to sleep in the same room, merchant's guest room was bigger than any room Traveller slept in, the small bed -for merchant- was big enough for 3 person and half, carpet that occupied most of floor was softer than cotton, ”It will be one good night” Traveller whispered then went to bed to sleep. He awoke at daybreak, and after a hearty breakfast generously cooked by Olivarius' wife and double checking eberrything was in order, he left for Alavaris.

The parcel was quite heavy, and took up much of the space on the carriage.

Thankfully, Olivarius gave the Traveller one of his strongest asses to pull it, and he managed to travel north quickly.

The journey north was pleasant, and though the Traveller was used to journeying alone he did wish that Genet was there to accompany him.

Meanwhile, Genet was having trouble getting used to living in a human household. Suddenly, there was a mighty earthquake that was felt throughout the whole land, such earthquake has not been experienced since the great drought of 1423.

A large crack opened in the earth and nearly swallowed the traveller.

Olivarius' precious porcelain fell to the floor! Only a few from his rare collection survived.

After the earthquake was over, the people of the village all gathered to rebuild and clean up the mess.

Traveller was shocked by how fast things happened, his cargo was damaged and he didn't know how Olivarius would react if he knew the cargo was damaged but he was scared of the consequences on him and Genet,

the first problem he faced, however, was how he was going to get to Alavaris now that the road had become impassable.

he started walking alongside the giant crack after picking the broken goods, he walked till midnight but crack seemed endless.

After he couldn't reach the end of the crack, he stepped off his donkey and decided to rest for the night.

Morning came, and in Olivarius' house, another large crash was heard: While playing around, Genet had knocked one of Olivarius' remaining expensive vases to the floor.

Genet quickly hid, before an enraged Olivarius stormed into the room.

Then, Genet overheard him say something truly shocking:

”That blasted cat!”, the merchant seethed. ”Ah well, now that I've gotten rid of that dimwit, I'll get this beast to sing for me! She'll be a moneymaker!”

And with that he stormed out of the room, muttering profanities.

Genet couldn't believe what her big ears just heard.

After an uncomfortable night, Traveller found the road to still be impassable and so returned back the way he came, crestfallen and disappointed in himself.

While Traveller was walking back to Olivarius, Genet was running away from Olivarius, he knew where Traveller could be so he ran after him.

”Where is it?!” Olivarius shouted in rage after having woken up to Genet missing.

”Chase it! Hunt it down! Get the townsfolk together, I want that cat!”

Out to the marketplace he went, and raised his voice: ”O people! A dangerous animal is loose, whoever wants to protect our children, band together and capture it!”

Genet soon encountered a problem - some of the villagers were blocking the only route out of the village towards the Traveller; whatever would the Genet do? Genet knew she had to avoid being spotted - the village was surrounded by a high wood fence, how would she get out?

Clearly she needed a distraction - and she had just the idea!

Arching her back and clenching her throat with both of her front paws, she coughed up a furball.

Carefully, she threw it out onto the road in front of the villagers and retreated.

"Hey! That darn cotton pickin cat gotta be hiding somewhere over there!", they said to each other.

Villagers came rushing towards the road in hopes of encircling Genet but it was too late - Genet had escaped from the village and was heading down the path the Traveller had took!

On her way to the traveller, Genet found the tree where she first met the traveller. "If only I knew what way the traveller took" wept Genet.

In a strange manner, the mighty tree's trunk and branches turned into solid gold and its leaves into the purest silver which were glistening in the glorious sunlight.

A calm voice came from the mighty tree saying: "Wherefore weepest thou, friend?".

"My friend, the one whom I met in your shade..." Genet sobbed, "He's in trouble and I don't know where he is!"

"Fear not, little Genet, for your friend is along the road that leads from Alavaris to the small village you have come from"

On hearing this, the cat thanked the tree and headed back toward the village; careful to avoid anyone spotting her.

It was then that the Traveller made it back to the village once again, riding on Olivarius' donkey and his cargo still in tow.

He was not alone, however, as 3 old people followed behind him - though advanced in age they didn't seem to show it; being able to keep up with the pace of the cart.

Traveller made it back to Olivarius' house and encountered his wife, who hadn't known about her husband's sinister plans.

"Greetings! The earthquake made the road north impassable. I could not reach Alavaris and deliver the parcel. Where is your husband?" said the Traveller.

She opened her mouth to respond but nothing came, instead replaced with shock at seeing the Traveller's elderly companions.

They stood between the traveller and Olivarius' wife and spoke:

"This is the end of Olivarius' wicked schemes, for he has wronged many in the land and sought to conspire against us, the village elders"

This was the moment Olivarius returned to his house, surprised at the scene which was unfolding there.

"Hark!" The elders pointed in accusation toward the merchant as he stood with his mouth agape, "You shall be made to pay for your transgressions Olivarius!"

Swiftly, Olivarius drew one of his fancy swords. "None of you can touch me! I am the mightiest man in this land!"

Olivarius charged toward one of the elders!

Elders didn't act against the Merchant till the fat man was one step away from elders, one that was closest to Olivarius said;

"Behind you!" Olivarius had no time to heed the warning before Genet jumped on his head!

Right after Genet jumped on Olivarius, Traveller charged to merchant and started strangling Olivarius, Traveller's years as a mercenary was finally paying off.

Olivarius' wife, seeing her husband being attacked, ran to Traveller and stabbed

him in the back with a kitchen knife; he fell to the ground next to the fat man. Olivarius attempted to hit Genet with his sword, but instead he struck himself; he likewise fell to the ground.

The fight had died down with the two injured men on the ground, it was then that they noticed the droves of villagers who had come to witness the scene.

Genet was licking the Traveller's wound, who had been struck in the shoulder, while the merchant's wife tended to her husband.

The elders climbed up on Traveller's carriage and addressed the crowd:

"Hear us, oh people of the village: we your elders have returned from exile to end this vile man's opportunistic stranglehold on our beloved home, and to once again take our place guiding you to walk the paths of righteousness so that you may be one day glorified in the Eternal Light!"

Genet was licking Traveller's scar as elders talk, it wasn't a deep cut by any means but it was big enough scar to render Traveller unconscious.

The merchant sat up, blood all over his head, the wife was crying and barely knew what to do.

She slowly dragged him into the house and locked the door.

Traveller woke up 2 days later, his scar mostly healed, Genet sleeping on his stomach, he hugged the Genet gently then said;

"Genet! What happened? Where is Olivarius?" Traveller could not move his arm due to his injury. Genet told him what happened:

"After you pass out elders put Olivarius on trial and found him guilty of conspiring against the Queen of chaos, he is 6 feet under with her wife now. We have so many to cat-" Traveller's stomach growled, startling the genet "lets get you a meal first" Genet said with a smirk on her face.

After Genet made him a big BBQ, Traveller eventually recovered. Now that Olivarius was dead, Genet and Traveller could move into his former house, where the elders asked them to care for his daughter.

Genet continued to sing many beautiful songs, and became a sensation among the villagers, and the pair enjoyed their new rich lifestyle.

Then they lived happily ever after.

THE END