It was always there.

IT HAD A NAME but it didn't always stick. I chalked this up to me being a bit of a space cadet as a child, hence why it went by a different time every time I saw *it*. It was one of those days when *it* showed up. I can still vividly recall the day *it* came into my life because it was a warm, muggy Monday afternoon near the tail end of June. Spider-Man 2 had just hit the big screen, and all the kids in my neighbourhood flocked to the nearest theatre. I was on my bed when *it* happened. I heard a smattering of approaching footsteps, a peal of percussion against the floor that stopped abruptly in front of me. I look up, only to see a black cat.