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Mother's Little Legacy

by Gill Kane

“Miss Stephens, please”. The lawyer adjusted his glasses, concern creasing his brow. “Now, let’s start again. There appears to be a problem with your mother’s legacy?”

“Yes, that’s what I’m trying to tell you.”

“You haven’t received the funds?”

“Yes I have, that’s all in order. It’s the other...you know.”

“The other?”

“Yes the devil creature, the furball from hell.”

“Ah”, the lawyer relaxed. “You mean the cat. Yes rather an unusual stipulation. And what seems to be the problem?”

“It’s trying to kill me”.

“Come now, a slight exaggeration I suspect. You do fully understand Miss Stephens that inheritance of the estate is dependent upon you providing a comfortable, loving home for said creature. Any untoward demise would result in your surrender of the estate in favour of the Cats’ Protection League. There is no exception to this clause. Even in the event of the legacy displaying...erm...homicidal tendencies.

"It hates me. My mother hated me. This is her revenge. It's not a cat. It's a satanic fury. She's bequeathed a flying, hissing, spitting, clawing and biting demon. Look!" I proffer my shredded, scarred arms.

He peers at them with some distaste. "Yes, rather unfortunate. Perhaps it's taking time to settle into its new environment. Bereavement is a difficult time for us all".

"There have been other incidents. Injuries and... last week... a death".

"A death. Really Miss Stephens".

"You don't believe me. I don't care. I know what it's done. First the neighbour's baby. Scarred for life, they say, lucky not to lose an eye. Then the paperboy, fortunately only a mild concussion. Old Mr Thomas across the road has never been very steady on his feet, but a broken hip? I ask you. Poor old boy. Probably won't make it out of hospital his son says. I paused, gasping for breath.

"And the death?"

"Yes Molly Perkins. I brought her in to cat sit. A sort of full time carer so I didn't need to see the vicious beast". Anyway a few nights ago I was woken by a loud crash. I found Molly, that dear, sweet young girl, lying at the foot of the stairs. And there it was sitting beside her body, licking its paws and I could swear it smiled at me. An evil smile. Glinting tiger eyes blinking at me, threatening me. So I ran and haven't been home since. But it's found me, tracked me down. And what with the yowling and screeching and scratches on the door, the hotel manager has asked me to leave. I've got nowhere to go.

"Very unfortunate I'm sure Miss Stephens but I'm not entirely aware of how I can help in this situation".

"I want you to fix it. Sort it out".

"And what is it you would have me do, Miss Stephens?"

"What I would have you do Mr Sedgewick is to take the 3 million pounds back, give it to the charity and have that bloody cat put down!"