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Psychopath in Fur Pyjamas

by Maureen Marsh

She had a bad feeling about the contents of this parcel. Although many hints had been laid. Conversations where the bread crumbs leading to the desired outcome, had been neatly scattered, the parcelling in front of her, bore no resemblance to any possible representation of the desired gift.

The parcel in front of her had an oblong, hard, utilitarian vibe about it, that screamed "I will be useful to you, even if you don't want me!"....She felt sorry for the parcel, as yet unopened, already rejected. Her mind told her that he would likely have brought her some kind of DIY apparatus , perhaps with drill bits. He had brought her a Ratchet crimper for her Birthday gone, needless to say, this had never been used by herself but had indeed come in handy when used by him.

Her hints had been flagrant and many, "Look at that cat cafe, lets go in and admire the pussies!....I think I am ready to have a kitten again!....."Lets go to the rescue centre and check out all the fur babies!

2 years ago Samson was put to sleep after a long battle with cancer. A cat in ginger glory and their very own psychopath in a fur coat.

Christmases spent with their very own psychopath, taking down Christmas trees and killing the decorations were, by definition, special. That Christmas 5 or 6 years ago when they had come back home to the furry psychopath heaving alarmingly on the kitchen floor till 5 inches of Green tinsel erupted from the depth of his bowels and lay innocently amongst a pool of other detritus, and then having re enacted this scene from the exorcist, strolling off casually and unapologetically into the garden to cause havoc on the local wildlife.

Watching him was pure comedy gold, chattering through the window at the birds outside with intense focus or leaping kamikaze like into the air to catch butterflies or perhaps squashing himself as flat as a pancake to crawl under the sofa for god knows what reason. A hundred and one laughs a day that stopped abruptly 2 years ago and then everything was just less funny. A crazy cat lady without a crazy cat. Christmases without a vandal in furry pyjamas. They had both wept uncontrollably for weeks after his passing and vowed never to get a cat again.

This parcel was definitely not a new Samson. She avowed to make generous and appreciative noises whatever it was and with an inner sigh of disappointment ripped the paper off. Underneath the paper was the original box for her Ratchet crimper....surely not another?...opening the box, she saw a smaller box...opening the smaller box...was a collar?...a pink cat collar?

He took the collar out of her confused hand and led her to where the spare room was, before even opening the door she could hear the unmistakable music of a kittens squeak. Opening the door and there was a sacred gift of Devine proportions. Tiny fur covered angel squeaking in plaintive anguish.

Hearts melting.....

Hearts mending....

Christmas has arrived finally xxx