



Cat Among The Pigeons

by Paul Hunter

The alien squatted squarely between the washing machine and sink.

George eyed it suspiciously.

But the alien didn't blink.

No-one would tell George what to do or what to think.

They had clubbed together to buy this gift.

If only they had known it would cause such a rift.

All he needed to fulfil his role.

Was a plastic plug or a plastic bowl.

White and shiny with button shaped eyes.

The kitchen alien he'd come to despise.

'Oh come on Dad - it'll be a big help'.

But he'd rather swim in a sea of kelp!

Why did they think that new was always better?

They'd forgotten that George was never a trend setter.

'But Dad this will save you lots of time'.

'To do what?' said George. 'Commit a crime?'

By washing his dishes just as he wishes.

The soapy water soothes his bones.

What will be next – mobile phones?