

A Christmas Tale

by evntho

My Aunt, the only one I had, who repeatedly reminded me of that fact, called me from the top of the stairs, *Fetch me my flip flops love.* Then leaning over the banister, her Christmas waist making the wood swoon and creak, a warning sign if there ever was one. The sound was similar to that of a small squeaky squirrel, and for our brown tabby Todd resting sideways below, as always he did, but deaf as he always was, had no chance at all, for it was then that she fell like a sack of flour in her floral one piece dress. Todd the tabby, who liked that spot on account of there being a heater right against the wall, died warm at least, at last, for he was in cat years a Hundred and Twenty years old.

