

EXTRACT FROM A TWISTED MIND



The child crept slowly towards the marmalade cat sprawled on top of the garden wall. “Here, kitty, kitty,” the child coaxed. The cat ignored the child, choosing instead to meticulously groom its front paw. Satisfied it stretched and meowed contentedly.

The child moved closer. “Come here, kitty, that’s a good cat.” Inches away now, heart racing, eyes glistening with excitement, the child raised the knife above its head. This was going to be fun, much more fun than killing birds and frogs.

Suddenly the silence of the afternoon was broken.

“Darling, tea’s ready,” the woman in the doorway of the house said. “Hurry up. You don’t want it to get cold.”

Startled, the child turned to face Mother, silently cursing at the interruption. The distraction had only been for a fleeting second, but it was long enough for the cat to leap down from the wall and make its escape into the lane. The child glared at Mother. It was her fault the cat got away. Someday she’d be made to pay dearly for that.

The child sulkily replaced the knife in the hiding place beneath one of the trees. Killing the cat was a pleasure that would have to wait for another day.

“Coming, Mother,” the child said, running towards the house. “What’s for tea?”