

Story #14: The Angry Carpet

Nick Mulligan never picked up his toys. They piled up and piled up all over the living room floor. Toy bikes with no wheels, plastic dogs melted by matches, Slinkys and monkeys, bottles of bubbles, and jars full of fungus, toys upon toys.

Nick claimed that he had too many toys to put them all away. By the time he'd finish putting them away, it would be time to take them out to play with again. A waste of time, really. So, he let them sit out. Let them grow dusty on the Carpet, get stepped on by his brothers and sisters, chewed on by Mr. Pitters, and kicked around the house by everyone else.

He had a small army man named Gerald who held a bazooka, and had a part-time job as a runway model. This isn't relevant to the story, but interesting nonetheless.

The Carpet grew angry.

Carpets need sunlight, and the feel of dirty feet on them to be happy. They need natural dirt from the garden, they need to have grape soda spilled directly on them. They need to have air, and not be covered completely with toys.

The Carpet grew angry.

It was a beige deep-pile plush carpet, and it had been in the Mulligan family for years. It had put up with it's share of toys, and had even tolerated when Mr. Mulligan bought that oriental rug that covered the Carpet for years.

The oriental rug had pictures of Roman soldiers marching up a hill in France stitched into the design. It burned up when Uncle Lew dropped his cigar on it one day. The Carpet, fire-resistant, didn't burn.

The Carpet had been with the family longer than most of the children. And the Carpet was being mistreated, and was growing angry.

In the midnight moonlight the Carpet began to eat Nick’s toys as revenge. A Matchbox car here, a balsa wood airplane there, sometimes a tank, sometimes a toy gun. The Carpet would eat the toys with its soft furry teeth.

“Flurunch. Flurunch. Flurunch.”

Nick didn’t notice. He’d just bring out more toys. For every toy that the Carpet would eat at night Nick would bring out two more when the morning came.

Nick began to run out of toys. But the Carpet had begun to develop an appetite... not just for toys. For anything and everything. Any crumb that would fall on the floor. Any lost bird that would stumble its way into the house. Nick’s Dad’s wallet.

And one day... Nick’s Mom.

All because he didn’t clean up his toys. Now he had no more toys, and no more Mother to buy him any more.

But, the Carpet seems happy now.