

Story #1: The Cat Ate His Fingers

Terry Mulligan was a good boy, who always did his homework, and cleaned his room. But, nevertheless, one day the cat ate his fingers. Ate them clean off. Down to the nubs. Terry had nothing left but otter paws for hands. His dreams of becoming a pianist were gone, as were his fantasies of becoming a world famous typist.

Why did the cat do this? Why would a nice calico cat like Mr. Pitters eat a young boy’s fingers clean off? Because they tasted like cat food.

You see, although Terry was a good boy, by all accounts a very very good boy. A boy who almost never did anything wrong, or disobeyed his parents... not ever. But, for all his good qualities, Terry would often forget to wash his hands. All the sorted socks and put away toys in the world wouldn’t make a difference for poor Terry. All the scrubbed behind ears, all the made beds, all the “A+” test papers, all the rosy cheeked smiles at kisses from Aunt Rita, wouldn’t amount to a hill of beans for Terry now. Now that his fingers had been chewed off by his calico cat, Mr. Pitters.

It was late on a Sunday night. After Terry had gone to church in the morning. Dressed so nicely and sat so politely though the whole service. Helped his mother with lunch. Mowed the lawn. Did all of his homework; Spanish, Algebra, Trigonometry, History of Sharp Things, and Gym. After all of this, a perfect day, a wonderful performance by a model of good behavior, and a example for all of us, even after all this... Terry forgot to wash his hands.

So, late that night, as Terry snoozed and dreamed about tigers with flippers, and talking bellybuttons, Mr. Pitters crept into his room. Drawn by the smell of cat food on the tips of Terry’s, soon to be gone, fingers, Mr. Pitters sneaked and crept through the shadows and the moonlight. Straight up to Terry’s soft pink fingers.

Mr. Pitters started with the pinky finger. A test nibble. A snack. A small crunch. Tasted good to Mr. Pitters. The Carnivorous Calico Cat. Crunch. Nibble. Crunch crunch.... gulp. One by one, all ten fingers, down the throat and to the furry belly of one naughty kitty cat.

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Ten years later, Terry still won't wash his hands... but really now, what would be the point? Ha ha. Point. What would be the point... Terry can't point.