

Spookie the Cat

By Marla J. Deaton

Spookie the cat,
Alone she sat,
Plotting and planning her own demise
How cleverly she schemed,
At least to her it seemed,
As madness crept into her eyes

A familiar cat,
In her witches hat,
Receiving instructions under the moonlight's glare.
She said with a hissss,
I have a plan that won't miss,
As she delighted in her new snare

But through the house,
Walked a little mouse,
Who loved Spookie with all her might.
Spookie was her friend,
At least she liked to pretend
Perhaps she was not very bright.

But determined each day,
Spookie continued to prey,
On the mouse, her prized possession
Spookie loved to toy,
Using her affections as a ploy,
Until the quest became her obsession

"She only wants her way,"
The other mice would say,
But Spookie didn't give them a thought.
Till she started to yell,
When her own trap shut on her tail,
Cause she never thought she'd get caught.

You see the little mouse got wise,
To Spookie's endless lies,
And gave up on who she wanted Spookie to be.
So she tripped the switch,
On the new trap which,
She said, "I know it was meant for me."

In exquisite pain,
Poor Spookie went insane,
With no one to answer her plea
"It didn't have to be this way,"
The mouse would say,
"But I guess it is better you than me."