



Clarissa Tumbledown

Oh it was a terrible sight. Not five minutes earlier my dear husband had turned in. I was alone downstairs with my knitting. The house was warm, but then I felt a queer chill. It shook me as if a wandering spirit had stepped right through me.

“Cyril,” I called. But he was asleep, I should expect. Or ignoring me. There were no open windows or doors, yet I felt this strange chill. Like a sudden draught.

As I stepped into the kitchen to dampen the lamps, I saw it. It wasn't so tall, yet against the flame cast an oddly-long shadow along the wall. I should say it was LIKE A LARGE CAT, but with the features of a rat. All POINTY FACE AND TEETH.

It had the most unusual teeth and LARGE EARS. Round ears. I didn't see a tail, but it must have had one. Vermin for sure.

But it was so big. FAT. I swear it chuckled as if laughing. Mocking me. Its teeth appeared to chatter. It was really quite strange. BIG, SHINY TEETH that just chattered. The sound of the teeth hammering together was chilling. It was covered in STRIPED FUR and sat up on its haunches. Its front legs angled as if begging. But oh it laughed. I shivered and shook like a leaf, but I dared not move it. So I simply shut the door and retired. Cyril was snoring and I'm sure I didn't sleep a wink.

The next morning it was nowhere to be seen. What it could have been, the Lord will only know.

