

Adrian was not persuaded by this argument, "Tristan, that ferret is a destructive little machine, it will tear apart the carpet or make a nest in the walls like some... like a termite colony."

The boy went to gather up the polecat but it snapped viciously at his fingers and bounced off into a shadowy region under the cluttered bookcase. Adrian instantly pursued it but it was too late, the creature had merged into the rich depths of ripped carpet and shredded paper bits. The beast's lair was an almost impenetrable fortress, a bandit's den filled with stolen pens and cell phones, remote controls and other essential personal items. The gap between



spilled coffee, stolen p



he coffee was in a
delicately printed porcelain
cup and it was spilled all over the table.

That
bastard child
had been scrawling
onto Adrian's first edition
copy of *Shakespearian Fairy
Tales*, and the animal, some sort of
terrible mating of rat and snake was slithering
and chattering up and down the couch cushions.
"I thought I told you to keep that thing in its cage," Adrian
snapped at the placid boy.
"Taco wanted to come out. He doesn't want to be trapped
there, he gets bored."