

There's a monster who lives under my bed.

It rattles, and gnaws. It crashes and bumps.

Mum says nothings there, but still I plead

Until Dad comes to peek, and seems to agree,

For all he can see are the fuzzy dust bunnies.

But, I know it's real, with thick orange fur.

And purple horns upon its head,

I saw when it ran past me in a blur!

Its feet are so big, they bounce my bed.

I squeeze my eyes tighter for fear of what I'll hear.

Then I try to pull the covers closer,

For if a toe or finger stick out,

He'll nibble them with his snout.

I bounce in my bed, and try not to shout.

I thump and I bump, it makes a big crash,

And Dad comes running in a flash.

He's not very happy, his eyes are quite cross.

He says I should be sleeping, not flailing out.

No more shouting and whining, or crashing about.

There's no monsters lurking in this room,

Nor in the whole house, he cries with a boom.

I point with a finger, as I see something run past,

I fear for my father, who's looking harassed.

Daddy, I cry, it's behind you now!

He jumps in the air as we hear a meow.

He wipes his brow, and I start to wriggle

Together we sit on my bed and giggle.

T'was only our cat, ol' cat Tinkey Purrito.

Who purrs his loud rumbly throaty sound,

Quite content, now that we've all settled down.



Writing this silly piece of poetry was quite the challenge. Poetry is not something I generally dabble in writing. I read it, in fact it used to be the way I started each day with my children. We'd read a selection from whatever poetry book we were working our way through that year. Sometimes, they'd read a piece to me, one of their top favorites being [Too Many Daves](#).

I enjoy poetry that tends to sing, even if none of the words truly rhyme, but I confess that aside from one long poem I wrote a good many years ago I've rarely dabbled with attempting to write it. So why, you ask, did I write this nonsense piece and then share it here on my small corner of the internet?

It was a challenge. Really, that's the most simplistic answer I can provide. You see, my current manuscript is off in the hands of my willing Beta Readers, who are making my heart skip with joy each time they send feedback my way. But it also means that what I spent 6-8 hours a day writing away on is not at my disposal, and I needed some ideas to draw myself out of the storybook world I'd been residing in.

I found 30 days worth of writing prompts on [The Plottery's Instagram Account](#), and decided to pick and choose ones that would suit me. I also snagged a few of the [prompts from May](#) to fill out the calendar in a way that seemed, at the time, rather appealing. I wrote them all down on the small blocks of the calendar in my writing planner, and then I promptly put them away to deal with some edits that Beta Readers and Editors were sending me.

And then, I rather suddenly found myself all caught up and with nothing to write. Not writing is quite painful for me, and tends to make me a rather moody person. So, I scanned the prompts and picked one that seemed fun and interesting. I sat down and wrote a few stanzas before laughing myself silly. The noise alerted the others in the home that now might be a great time to crash the writing nook and rope me into a game, or three. And I went, rather willingly I'm unashamed to say.

When I settled in at my desk this week, I looked over what I'd written. It was still absolutely ridiculous, but I decided with a little tapering of the giggles I could work with it. So I did. And while I still find the entire piece absolutely hilarious, and I'm not at all sure I mean that in the good sense of the word, I still thought I'd share it.

I confess that each time I see the name Tinky Purrito I'm torn between fits of laughter, and memories of the naughty kitten in the [Skippyjon Jones books](#) my children used to get a good giggle out of. If you've never heard Skippyjon Jones in [audio fashion](#), you really must indulge, the narrator uses a fantastic accent that just makes the entire story that much funnier.

Now, if you're wondering if the name Tinky Purrito stems from anything, it does not. I originally named the cat Tom, but it seemed ever so mundane for a cat. And, I figured any cat prowling around causing such a fuss as this one did, deserved a much better name. So, I did exactly what my kids would have told me, and I hit up the ol' search engine for "funny cat names".

I chose two names because I felt that the particular line I was writing needed the extra syllables. And thus, Tinky Purriot was born. It was only in the aftermath of trying to perfect my Skippyjon Jones accent did I actually realize that one could think I meant stinky burrito.

Which of course, set off another fit of laughter. All I can say is that I hope you chuckled, at least a little, while reading all the antics that ol' Tinky Purrito caused.

The Reluctant Author
