

POCKET THIS

Jacqui picked up her coat from the dry cleaners. She slipped it on as she walked outside, because the night air was cool. She put her hand in her pocket and to her surprise, she couldn't feel the bottom. As she placed her arm in further, she noticed a cold breeze as a chill riveted up her spine. An eerie growl like the roar of an earthquake, echoed up out of the pocket. Fear struck deep within her soul.

As if statically charged, her hair on the back of her neck stood up. She reached down and tried to grab her leg through the pocket but her body was not there. She couldn't feel anything but the wind chill factor.

Shock twisted her expression as she suddenly started pulling her hand from the pocket. With a whipping jar, her body shakes; her hand grasped by scaly claws. Her jaw begins to tremble and her eyes plead for help.

With blistering speed, her body is wrenched down into the pocket; the cloth expanding and engulfing her entire body. With a flutter, the coat floats to the ground. A wisp of wind ruffles the material on the footpath.

A few seconds later, a limousine tears out sideways around the corner. The tyres screech as if screaming from the torturous forces. The hub cap dislodges and scurries across the tarmac, slamming into the gutter with a bell like ring.

The car bounces up over the gutter onto the footpath and comes to a halt just before it ploughs through the dry cleaner's front window. Instantly, the door bursts open and a suited man with a top-hat darts for the door. With stumbling feet, he trips and bounces off the lino floor, thumping into the counter. The dry cleaner worriedly hurries around the counter, leaning down to the frowning man's aid.

"Sir, are you all right?" he asks.

"Migland the Magnificent is my name, you fool."

As the guy grabs Migland's hand, he pulls but slips. A bunch of hankies tied together start streaming from Migland's sleeve.

"Leave me alone peasant, and get my order. NOW!!"

The dry cleaner navigates around the counter to check the order book. He looks up Migland's name and hands him some clothing. Instantly, Migland checks the neck of the garment to find a name on the tag.

"Who the hell is Jacqui Agorn? And where is my coat?" he screams in a fit of rage.

The dry cleaner stutters and speaks. “Ah uh I’m sorry, I must have given it to a woman just a second ago.”

“YOU WHAT??? YOU IDIOT!!!”

Migland sprints out the door and quickly scans around. His eyes light up with relief at the sight of the coat tumbling in the wind towards his feet. With the love that one would have for a pet Chihuahua, he reaches down to gently embrace the coat. “I’m so sorry Coaty, I never should have let you go. Did you have a nice feed?”

Written by
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