

Frisbee and the Vacuum

By C. Jade Wyton

A protective and brave mimic defends her owner from the scariest monster of all: the vacuum.

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The vacuum was loud, but Frisbee was louder.

As Jonathan ran the head of the vacuum over his bedroom carpet with a low-but-powerful *urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr* Frisbee responded with her own sharp *GRUFF GAFF ARF BARF GRUFF ARF HAAAAWOOOOOOOOO!*

Jonathan simply chuckled and continued vacuuming, letting his pothos-shaped mimic chase and bite at the vacuum as he went.

She advanced, nipping the vacuum and yipping, and then retreated back a step and bounced around her owner to the other side of the vacuum to try another assault.

*Vacuum! Die! Die! Die!*

‘Careful, girl!’ Jonathan’s tone was humoured, as he turned the vacuum towards his pet and playfully moved towards her. ‘It’s coming for you!’

A vicious squawk came from the potted plant and it bolted sideways and bit at the vacuum from the left.

‘Yeah! Get it! Get it!’ Jonathan encouraged, before the vacuum moved over something small and hard and made a loud *RRRRRRRRRK* as the item was sucked up into the dust barrel.

Frisbee went *nuts* at the noise, barking and yipping and squealing as she bolted from one side of the vacuum to the other.

‘Yeah! Get it! Get its arse!’ Jonathan laughed.

*VACUUM! VACUUM! VACUUM!*

Frisbee barked her displeasure at the loud device, bounding around it bravely as her owner finished the last section of the room.

‘Oh, look at that!’ Jonathan cheered as he stepped on the power of the vacuum to power it down. ‘You won! Yes you did! You beat up that big old mean vacuum! *Yes you did!*’

Puffing herself out, Frisbee beamed with stubborn pride and gave the vacuum one last *yarf* and bite.

Then she shook herself out and calmly retreated to her bed, where she settled down for a nap.

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