

Mimi, Sit!

By C. Jade Wyton

Barbra is relaxing on the couch when her daughter Becky proudly comes in to show her Mimi's new trick.

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'Mimi, sit!'

The sound of Becky's voice echoed through the quiet house, and Barbra hefted a sigh when she heard the playful skittering of the spider-footed mimic rush across the hall towards the stairs.

'No, *wrong!* Not sitting! You're not! Sitting! No! You're *running!*' Becky exclaimed.

Barbra couldn't help but chuckle as she heard the girl's feet rush after Mimi— And then back and forth several times.

*At least Becky would be tuckered out for bed....*

A deep, deep breath, and Barbra stretched out on the couch and covered her eyes with her arm.

*Gods, though, she really didn't like that stupid mimic.*

She knew Ken was right in suggesting they get it for her —she was sure that Becky had spoken more in the six months since getting Mimi than she had in the entire four years before; even making a friend in that stubborn little girl, Katie—but *dear gods*, she did not like that ravenous little monster.

It chewed on everything.

*Everything!*

From door frames to couch cushions to cutlery. That animal put *everything* in its mouth.

And once it had pissed in her shoes.

That was why Barbra had gotten Becky another care book before coming home this time. Hopefully this book would have *something* in it that would help her get that thing under control....

Not that Becky hadn't been trying; she spent every moment she could with Mimi.

It was actually rather sweet....

'Mmmmmmmum!' Becky's voice cried from the lounge room arch, and Barbra turned to look at her daughter and the mimic she held joyfully in her arms.

'Mum! Look! Look! Mum!'

'I'm looking,' Barbra acknowledged. 'What is it, sweetheart?'

Becky held up Mimi, presenting her to Barbra, before placing the mimic on the floor. She backed a few steps away before clearing her throat and raising a finger at her pet. 'Mimi, sit!'

The mimic turned in an excited circle, and then planted its behind firmly on the carpet and chirped.

The breathless sound of joy that escaped Becky as she jumped up and down made Barbra's heart flutter, and she found herself grinning and giving a small

clap.

‘Very good!’ she praised. ‘You’ve both been working so hard!’

‘Yeah! So hard!’ Becky exclaimed. ‘Hard as— As— Hard as hard work!’

‘Yeah!’ Barbra agreed, holding out an arm as her daughter ran over to her and climbed onto her. ‘Ow! Becky, be careful. Watch your knee, sweetie.’

‘Mhm!’ Becky gave a grunt of acknowledgement as she clambered over her mother and settled down on her stomach. ‘Nap! Nap now. Mhm! Mimi! Up!’

‘Oh, no! Mimi, no—’

It was too late; Mimi was already bounding over and climbing up the side of the couch to snuggle into Barbra’s neck.

‘Brrp!’ it chirped, nuzzling as deep as it could into Barbra. ‘Trrp!’

‘*Ough*,’ Barbra groaned as Becky shifted and a knee dug into her gut. ‘Becky, be careful.’

‘Mhm!’ Becky grunted. ‘Mimi loves you.’

‘She does, doesn’t she?’ Barbra chuckled as she moved Becky’s leg out of her stomach.

‘I love you,’ Becky said; a proud note in her voice. Then she buried her face into her mother’s chest. ‘Love love love! You!’

Barbra felt a warm, happy feeling flow through her as she gently pet her daughter’s hair. ‘I love you too, Becky. So, so much. Don’t you ever forget that.’

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