

## The Owl and the Pussycat

They'd always fancied getting away from it, leaving their hectic city jobs behind them. Marcus was in sales. It seemed he really could sell sand to arabs, he'd just completed a deal to ship some very special sand over to Abu Dhabi as it was precisely the grade and consistency of sand needed for local children to be able to indulge that age old pastime, enjoyed by British children, of building sand castles. Admittedly little Fatima and Abdul wouldn't have to shiver on a bleak British beach with plastic debris all around them in freezing temperatures with a wind howling from the Russian steppes like your average English 6 year olds. However, the concept of English seaside quirkiness had somehow captured the imagination in Arabia and Marcus had stitched up an amazing deal with which he purchased his pea green boat.

Jilly worked in marketing and they had met whilst exploring this concept of the quaintness of English seaside customs and exporting them world wide. She had developed a brilliant link with Arabian Supreme Fisheries, one of the world's mega piscine conglomerates, to set up a range of fish and chip shops, even down to the gherkin. The mushy peas might take a bit longer, as they really were alien to Arab cuisine culture, but given time.....

Well, the outcome was that Marcus and Jilly fell madly in love and decided to sail off into the sunset on their newly acquired yacht. Jilly just loved the way he would strum his small guitar and sing little paeans to her beauty. He just looked such an elegant fowl, not your run of the mill owl. His feathers were fantastically displayed and his body was honed to a low key muscular perfection by his hours spent at the Night Owl Gym.

Their travels continued for a year and a day. They had visited some truly amaaaazing places when they arrived at the land where the bong tree grows. The bong tree was something over which, in years to come, arborealists would gasp with wonder. However, being totally ignorant of flora and fauna, and naturally philistine in outlook, the pair totally overlooked this gem of nature but stood fixated by a pig. I always thought, living in Wiltshire, that pigs were a fairly common phenomena but Marcus and Jilly had been transfixed by the ring on the end of his nose. Marcus decided to clinch a bargain and asked the pig if he was willing to sell for one shilling his ring. Not much preamble there, but sometimes you just have to cut to the chase to reach your goal. Fortunately Piggy agreed, though they had some difficulty getting it off his snout - neither had had much direct porcine contact through their working lives.

They succeeded and were married the next day by a turkey who happened to live on a hill. You may be wondering if this affair was legal. Was the turkey able to conduct such a ceremony, would it be regarded as legitimate? Could an owl actually marry a cat? What on earth would the offspring of such a union look like? Anyway, giddy with joy, our happy couple dined on a weird (and strangely rhyming) combination of mince and quince. Not everyone's idea of a typical wedding feast but then you may have gathered that Marcus and Jilly were no ordinary couple. They ate this feast with an oddly named 'runcible spoon' which does not feature in any dictionary known to man which just confirms my belief that the whole affair is distinctly odd. However, it is pleasing to note that, like any newly wed couple, they enjoyed a dance by the light of the moon, and as Marcus owl embraced his beautiful bride, Jilly cat fairly purred with delight.

That night Marcus's too-wits and too-woos carried an heightened air of delight and exuberance at the magnificence of their love.