

Ferret Envy by Tara Meddaugh

Jyoti: I know you think I murdered your ferret, but—hey, stop crying. You’re gonna make me cry too. And you (starts crying)—know—happens—when—we—both—start—oh! I’m doing it too now...Okay. Okay. What would Zena do?

Julia, your ferret ran away. He did. I know you don’t want to believe me, but I know this, because...well, I saw him. And I was wearing my glasses, so I had 20/20. Or 20/30. I need a new prescription. But I could still see it was Foozu, and he was wearing the yellow rain slicker, not the winter coat you tie dyed for him, so I think he was headed for Seattle.

And, I don’t think we should go after him, Julia. That Payless box wasn’t big enough; you always forgot to feed him, and when you did, it was usually just pebbles and sticks—and I really don’t think ferrets can live on that. Seattle has a lot more to offer Foozu. Food, drinks, warm shelter, intellectual stimulation, perpetual contentment. He deserves that, don’t you think?

I, I know coming in and seeing me with the knife over Foozu’s box makes it look rather strange. But. . . Well. . . You miss him, don’t you? (pause)

I could be your ferret. Don’t dismiss it right away. I’d be a good pet. I like to curl up in small places and I don’t mind rocks and sticks. You could knit me a winter coat, and you don’t even have to tie dye it if you don’t want to. That’s okay with me. Is that okay with you?

I’m gonna just rinse this knife off and throw this little bag away, and then I’ll curl up in my box. I found a new one—a size 11! I’ll wait for you there and you can throw me a ball, okay? Unless, you don’t want me to be your ferret. You don’t need to back away from me. . . Don’t you want me here anymore? If I’m not here, who’s going to sing to you? I know the entire ace-your-audition.com

soundtrack to Sleepless In—don’t be scared—I’ll—but I don’t know where I’m supposed to go, Julia. (pause)

I could follow Foozu. I could—I could go to Seattle. . . . I’ll follow Foozu.

But Julia, when I go, you’ll have to clean off the knife again—I won’t be able to do it. . . . I don’t have a yellow slicker.