

Unusual Antics

by Daysi Organes

Something is missing in my circus crew - it just isn't complete. I have the essential needs. I have a lion, a few monkeys, and some dogs and cats. My animals are special. Because I am a one woman crew, they will help me carry my show. You won't find them anywhere because I wound them up myself. There was so much blood, sweat and tears put into that hard work. If I want to prepare for a grand opening, I need everything to be perfect. PERFECT. It's why I do everything myself - create everything myself. If it's not perfect, no one will come... I wonder what it is that I am missing?

I love the Zoo. There is so much potential in this place. I walk around for several hours looking at all the empty shells in the cages. I pass by all the missing "persons" posters down the hallways. How silly! That's not how you spell animals. I stare at the dog printed out in the picture. "Daniel Scorn, Age 12". It says that he went missing after leaving school but that has to be wrong! Dogs don't go to school. Haha! I passed by the other posters. The dog, monkey, lion and finally the missing cat poster. Cat. Cat. A giant cat? Cat? Tiger! That was what I was missing. Silly me. I ran towards the tiger cage. It was beautiful. As I was watching the tiger, I heard a voice. "Look at her stupid outfit. This ain't a circus", the child said. Maybe 17. Just a few years younger than me. He could make for a great cast member! I just love his feisty personality, just like Mr. Tiger here. I danced excitedly. It's all coming together right here in this very place. All the animals were watching me as they took videos and laughed and laughed. They loved me! I couldn't help but cackle as well. I had my eyes set on this tiger here and that child. I needed them both in my cast.

I didn't need to worry about the tiger in the glass cage so I followed the chatty tiger child home instead. The fellow he came with had parted with him so he was alone now. He was smoking in an alley behind the zoo. Perfect!

"Hey there!" He jumped just a little but tried to tough it out.

"Can I help you?" He backed up a little but he was still in range.

"What are you doing?"

"Uh, smoking? Hey, you're that clown girl I saw at the zoo." Oh! He remembers me!

How wonderful.

"That's me! Now, I have an important question for you mister. Do you...like the circus?" I could feel my eyes twitch as I yearned for his answer.

"The circus? Not really. It's full of creepy clowns and they just mistreat animals." "Oh, but you're wrong. See, my circus is just me. I am the only person that works there. Just me and my animal buddies. But, I noticed today that something was missing."

"Okay? What was it?" You.

"A tiger."

"Oh yeah, you were looking at a tiger earlier. Well, good luck with that." He left and muttered a few words. "What a freak", he said. Those repeated words that I hear everytime. I pulled my banana out and shot him in the neck. Pew! Down he goes. Oh, the poor, poor tiger. I dragged his body to the van I parked nearby. Of course, I made sure no one was nearby. I'm not crazy, ya know.

As I drove home, the tiger back there was just roaring and roaring for his life when he woke up. I played the Tusk album by Fleetwood Mac. I listen to it while I do everything. I

arrived at my home, the abandoned circus. It soon won't be abandoned when I finally open up shop. My show will be the best in the world. Now, to get the actual tiger. Hopefully, it won't be too expensive. It was easy making the monkeys and dogs since they were children and in the lion's case, an old man. The only problem might be...all the blood, sweat and tears again?