

FINDING KEVIN by Jane Miller

A PET SHOP CLOSE TO CLOSING TIME. JULIA ENTERS.

JULIA: Hi. Thank God, you're still open. I've got 5 minutes. Almost literally 5 minutes and I need a fish. A clownfish. Like Nemo? In the movie? The thing is.....It's my anniversary and my husband is planning something really special. I think maybe super special. Like even a surprise trip to Europe special and I just killed his clownfish.

Accidentally.

And so if he comes home and he finds that I've killed Kevin...That was the fish's name...He's not going to want to take me to the pub for a parma and a pot let alone to Paris. Did I mention that I think he's planning to take me to Paris?

So I need a clownfish. And the complicating factor is that it can't just be any clownfish. Kevin was big. Actually...Look. Look here.

(TAKES OUT HER PHONE)

I took this photo. See. He was big. And very orange. I mean it's hard to tell from the picture because Socrates, my cat, had just had a bit of a chew on his head at that point but you get the gist..... He originally had two eyes. That's Socrates's tail in the background there.

I don't think you can blame Socrates completely. He's a cat and cats eat fish. It's their thing but if he's said to me once he's said it to me a thousand times..."Don't leave the lid off the fish tank when the cat's in". My husband's said that...Not Socrates. Anyway. Anyway. I was cleaning around the tank and I must have knocked the lid and next thing I know I'm wrestling around the floor trying to get Socrates to release Kevin. But it was too late. And I couldn't get a good grip on his tail and so then I had to piece him back together so I could get the photo to show you and he was like a slippery jigsaw puzzle. It wasn't easy.

So if you could just find a fish that looks like Kevin, I can pop him in the tank and have my surprise anniversary gift and he'll be none the wiser. And the thing is...I deserve it. I mean he's my husband and I love him but he has literally a million quirks. Not like everyone says "oh he's got a million quirks". There are literally a million little endearing idiosyncrasies. Kevin is just one of them.

He can't read books that other people have read first. So that pretty much lets out any visits to the library or second-hand bookstores. If you buy him a book for his birthday, you can't flick through it first to have a browse. Because he knows. Somehow he always knows.

And he can't flush the toilet. Won't touch the button. I have to do it. Do you know what that's like? I can tell you it causes quite the conversation at social engagements when I have to duck into the loo after him.

I think I deserve that trip to Paris. I think I've paid for it with sweat, blood and devotion. For five long years. So I'd really appreciate it if you'd just stick your hand in that tank and pull out another Kevin.

ASAP! Pronto! Now!

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