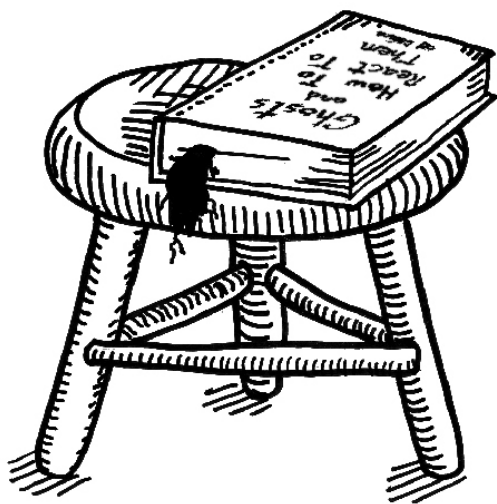


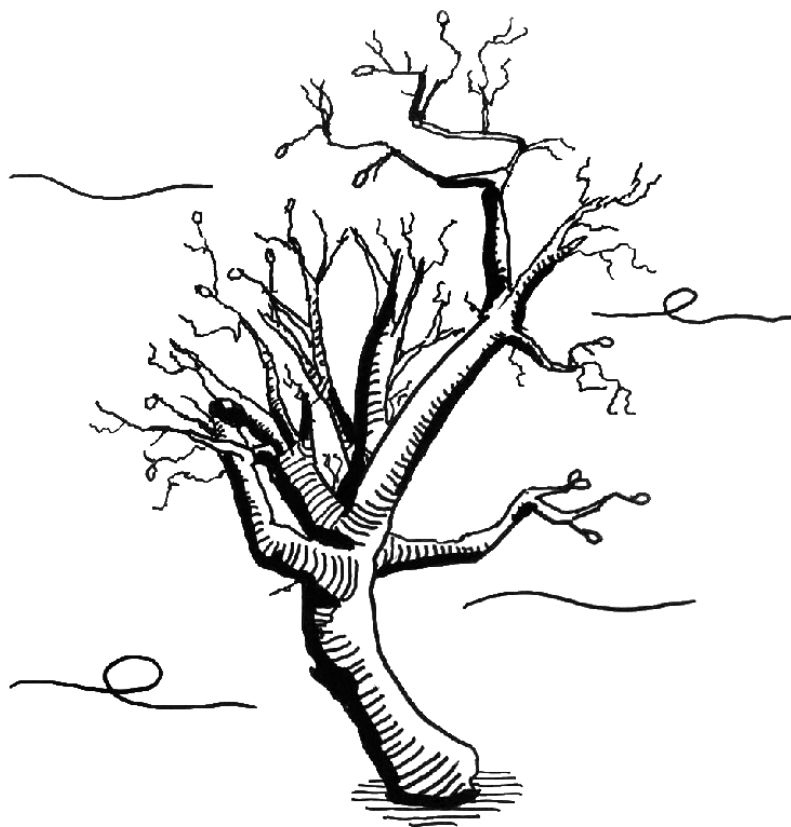
The
Pursuant Monument



By
Ian Burnette

The
Pursuant Monument

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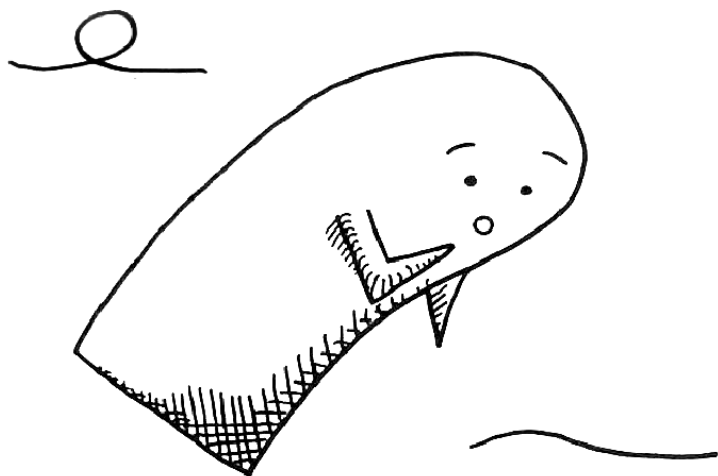


Prologue

The tree felt a chill as a ghost
passed through it,

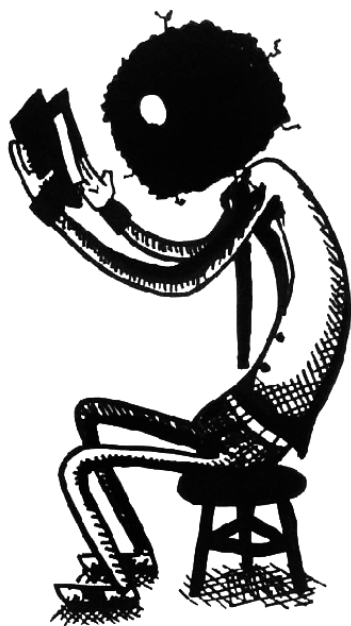


but, as it was a hot day, the tree
relished it.

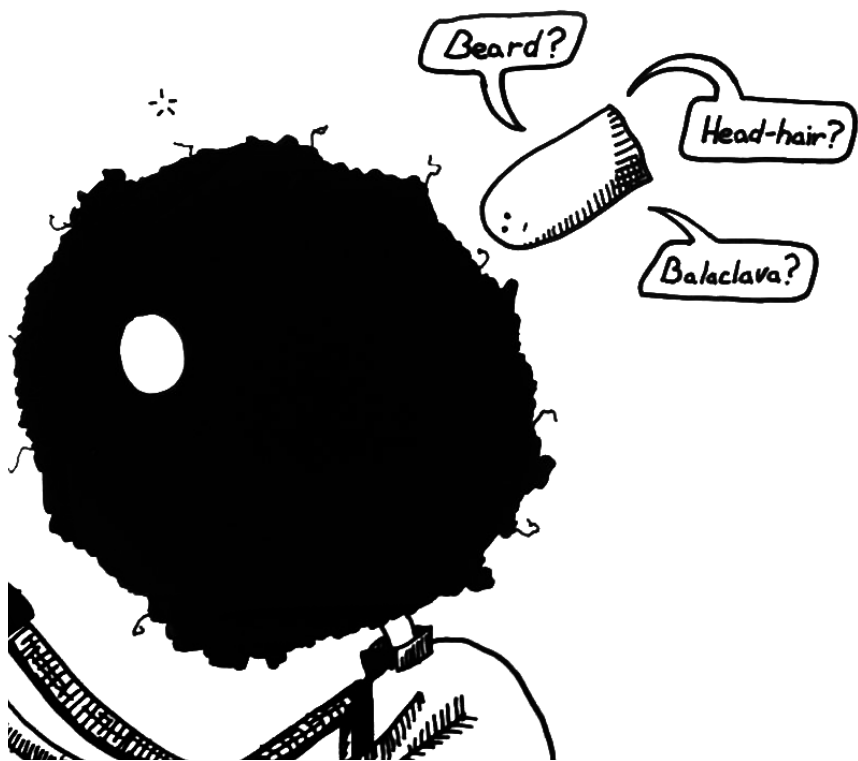


Chapter 1

Oblivious to the tree's request,
the ghost came upon a
perplexing individual



whose head was fully obscured
by a tangled hair-mass.



Chapter 2

When she took a closer look,



the stranger discovered her
inspection,

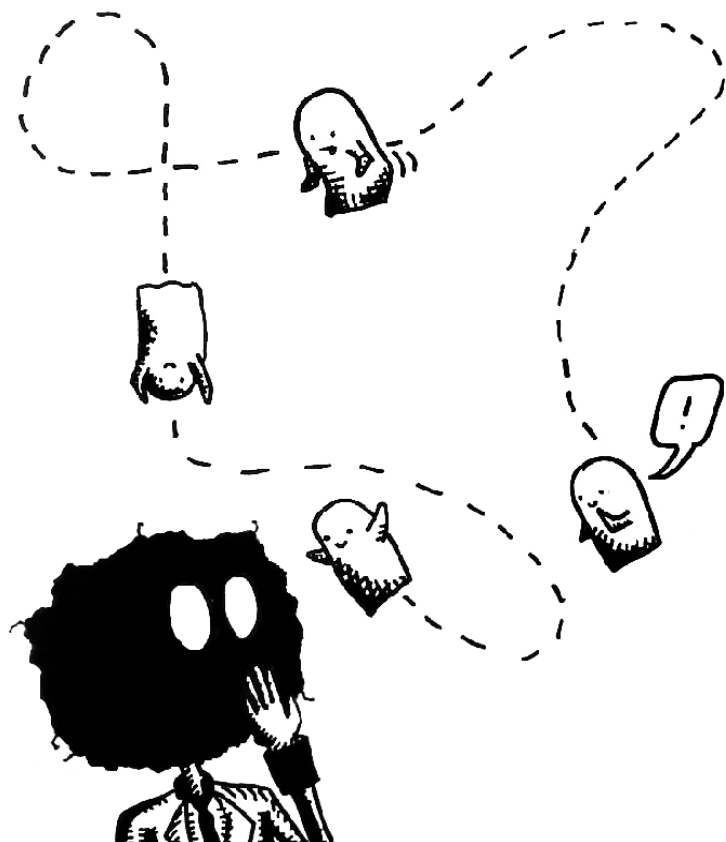


and the stool was lost.

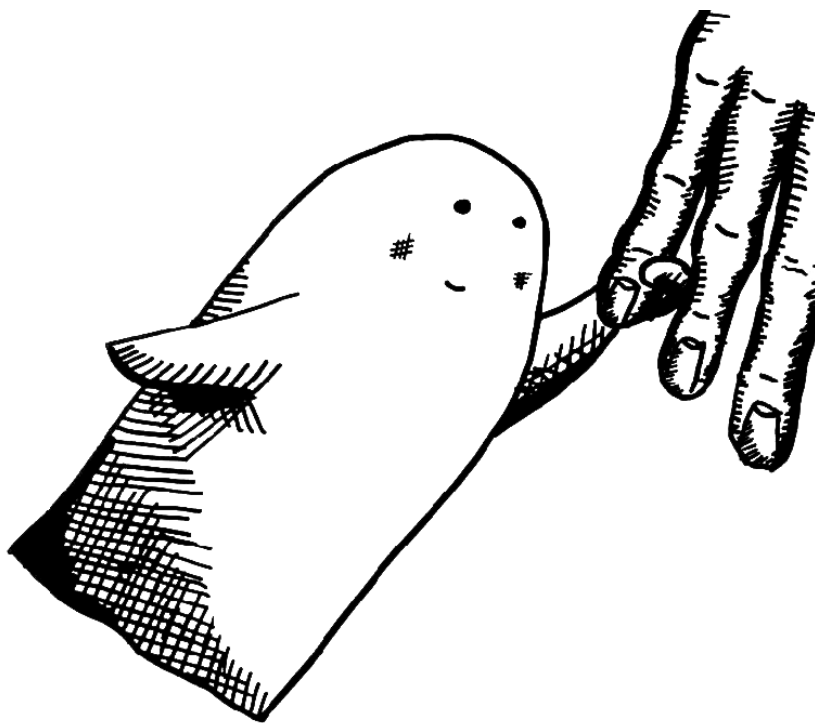


Chapter 3

The hirsute personage invited
the ghost to tea,



and the ghost, preferring coffee
but not saying so, acquiesced
joyfully

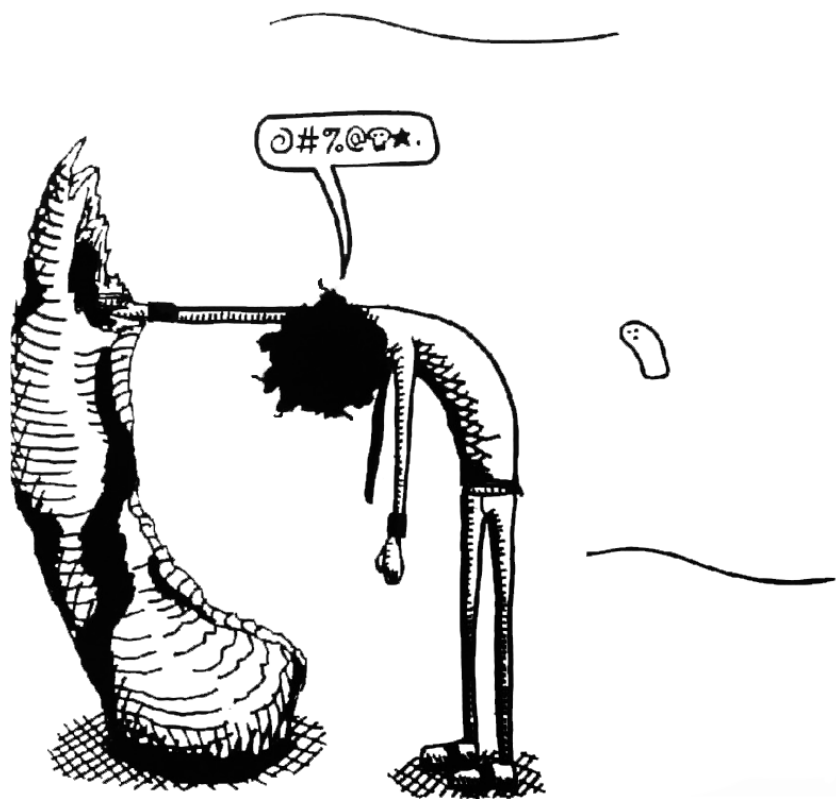


and took hold of a nearby
appendage while the other led
the way.



Chapter 4

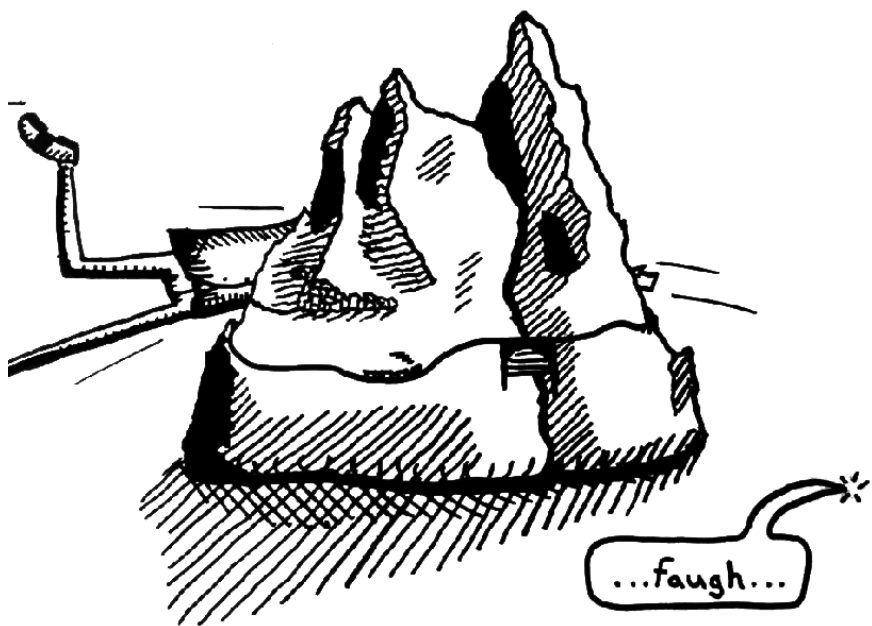
In a sudden windstorm, the way
was lost.



The stranger blamed their
misfortune on chronic cursing,

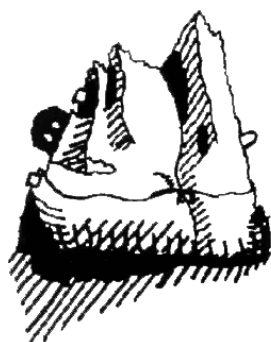


but the ghost attributed their
plight to the gravestone
relentlessly haunting her.



Chapter 5

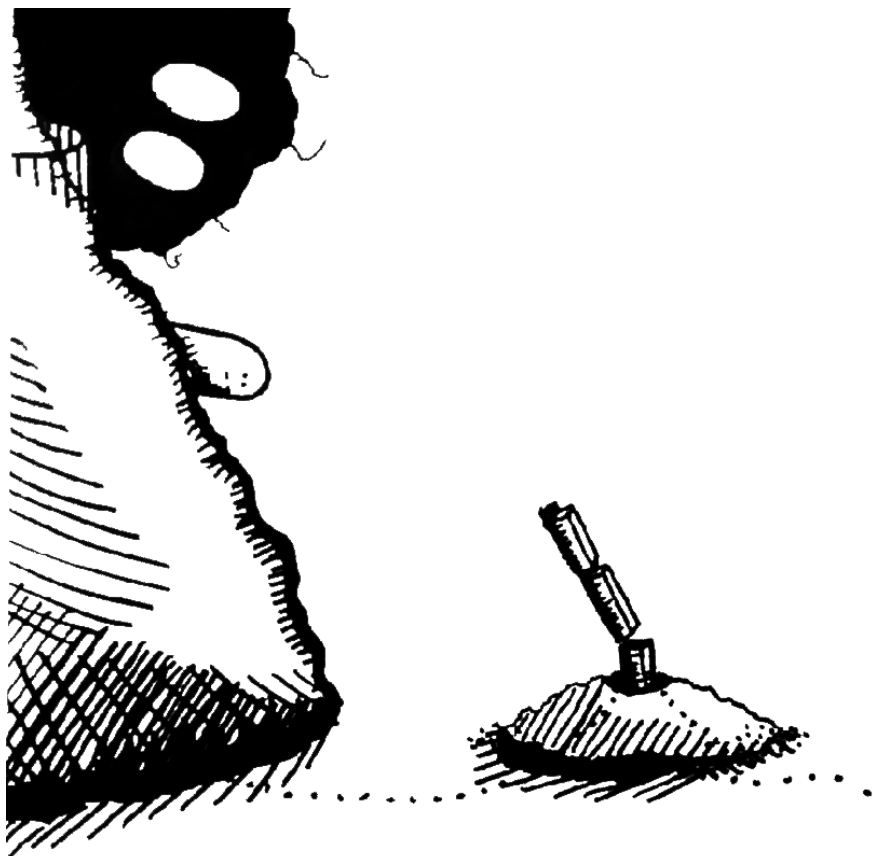
Hearing an indeterminate noise,
the pair sequestered themselves
behind a model mountain



and saw the selfsame memorial
slab stalk past.



The model train derailed in
fright,



but, fortunately, vanished
soundlessly down an anthill.

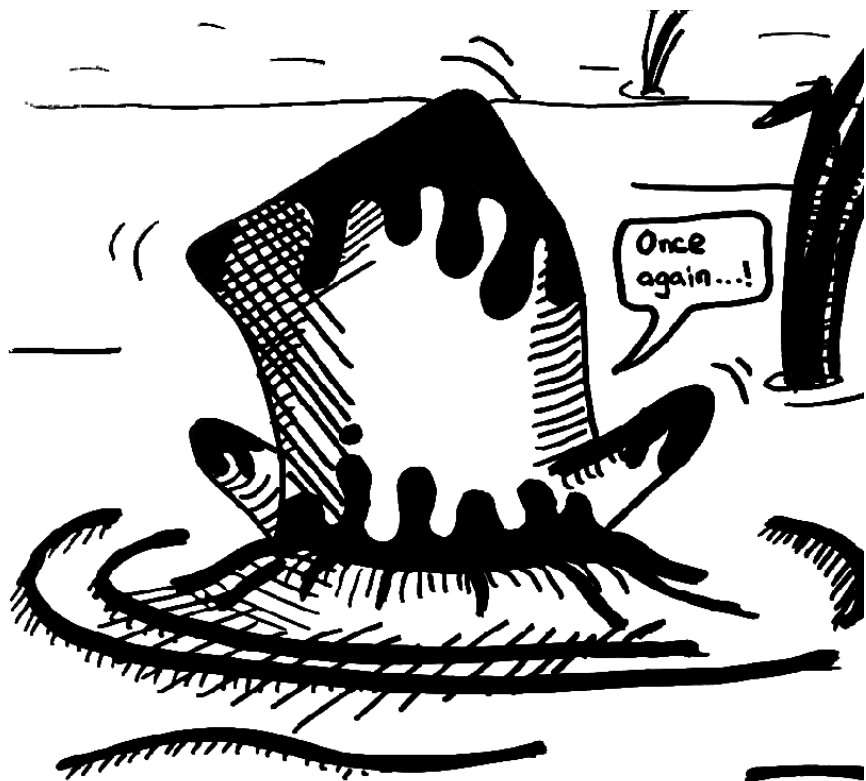


Chapter 6

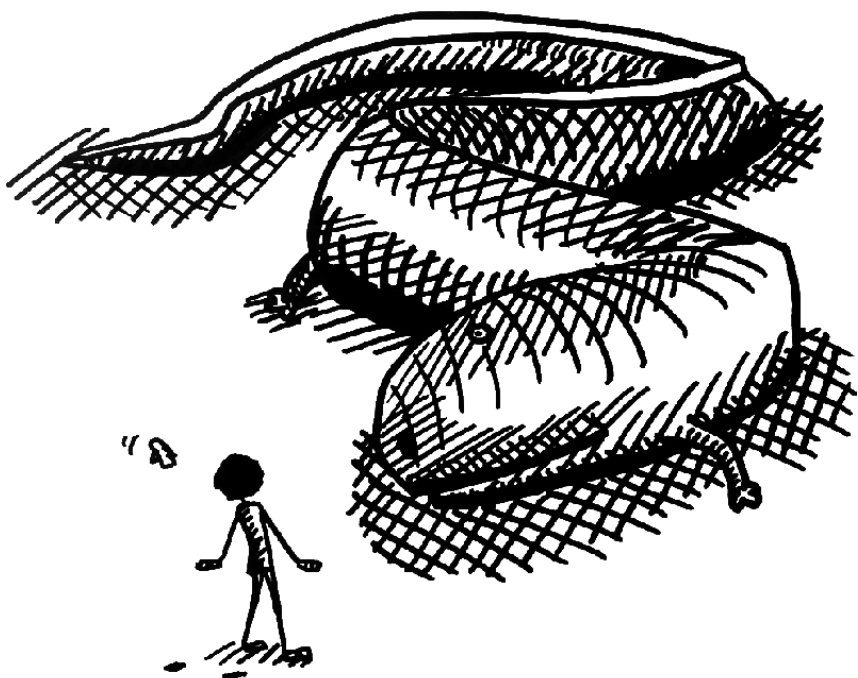
Escaping notice, they passed into a bog, each accumulating a layer of mud,



leading one of them to fantasize
about hip-high wading boots



while the other bemoaned her
careless flight skills.

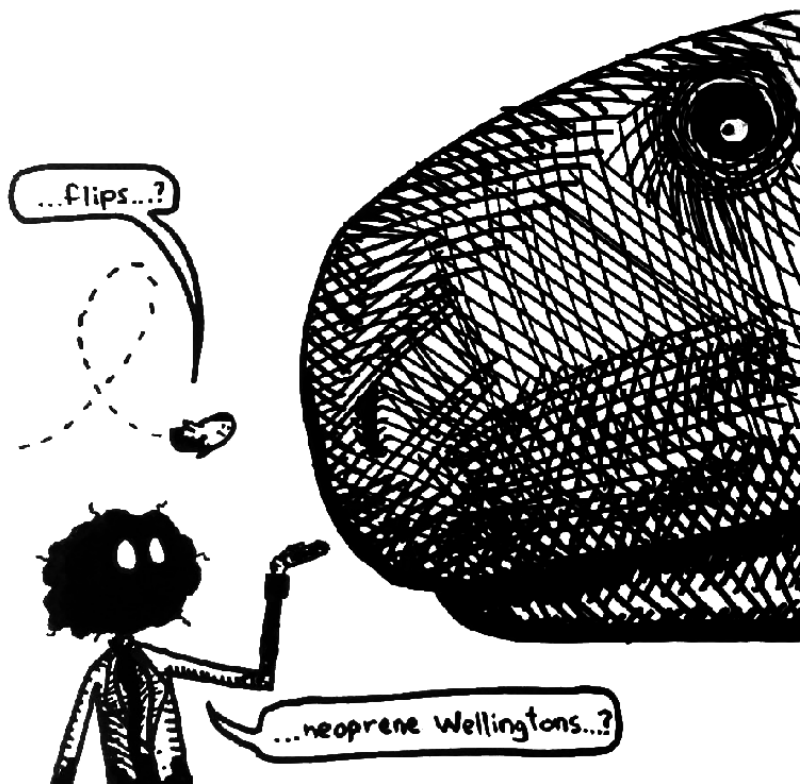


Chapter 7

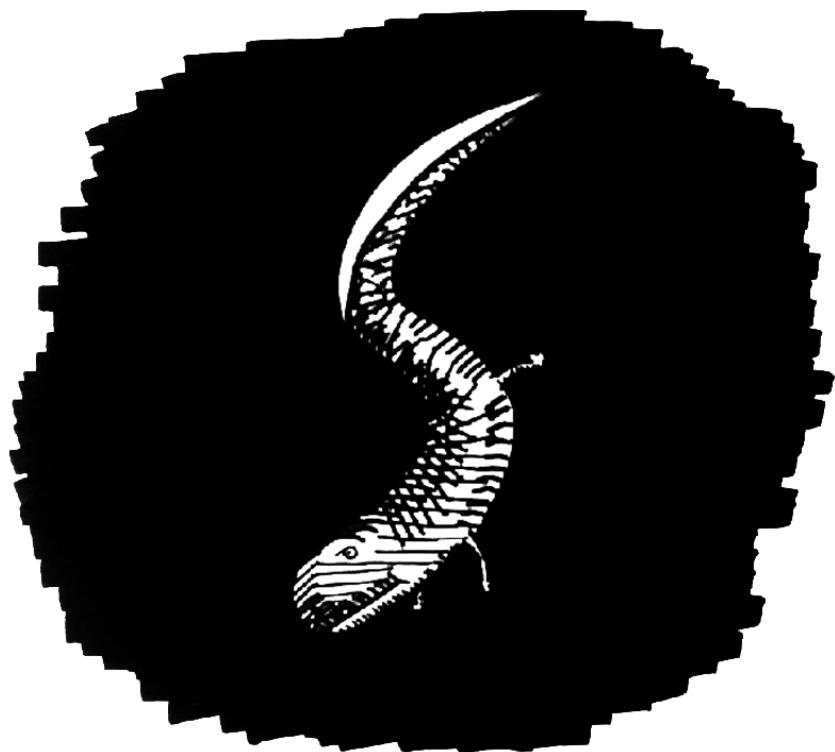
They encountered a large,
matronly reptile



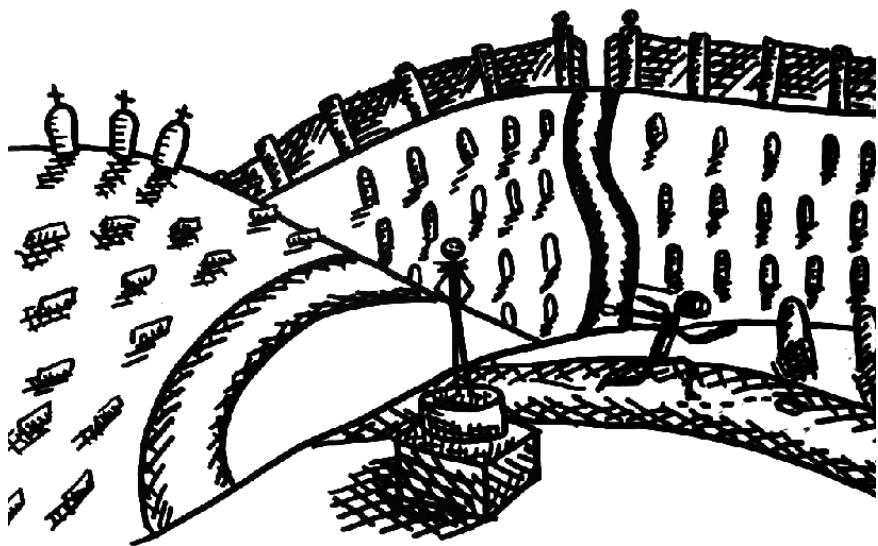
who periodically vanished out of existence for great spans of time.



They tried to engage it in
conversation



to great frustration for all parties.



Chapter 8

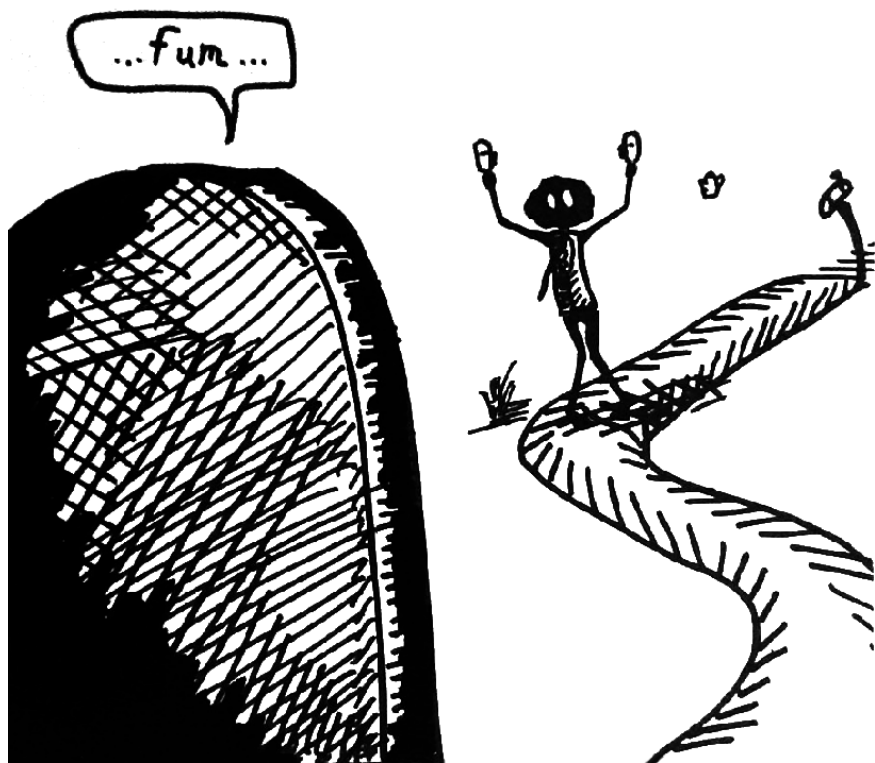
Nearing the stranger's home,
they cut through a graveyard,



where they were not
confronted by the pursuant
gravestone,

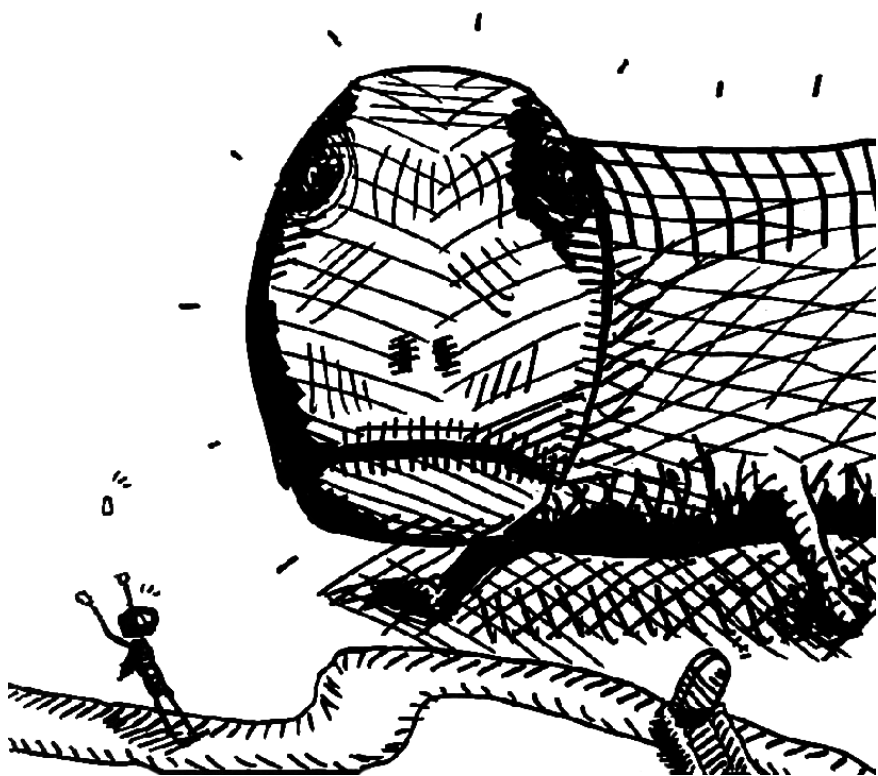


for it had been waiting for them
outside the fuzzy individual's
door.

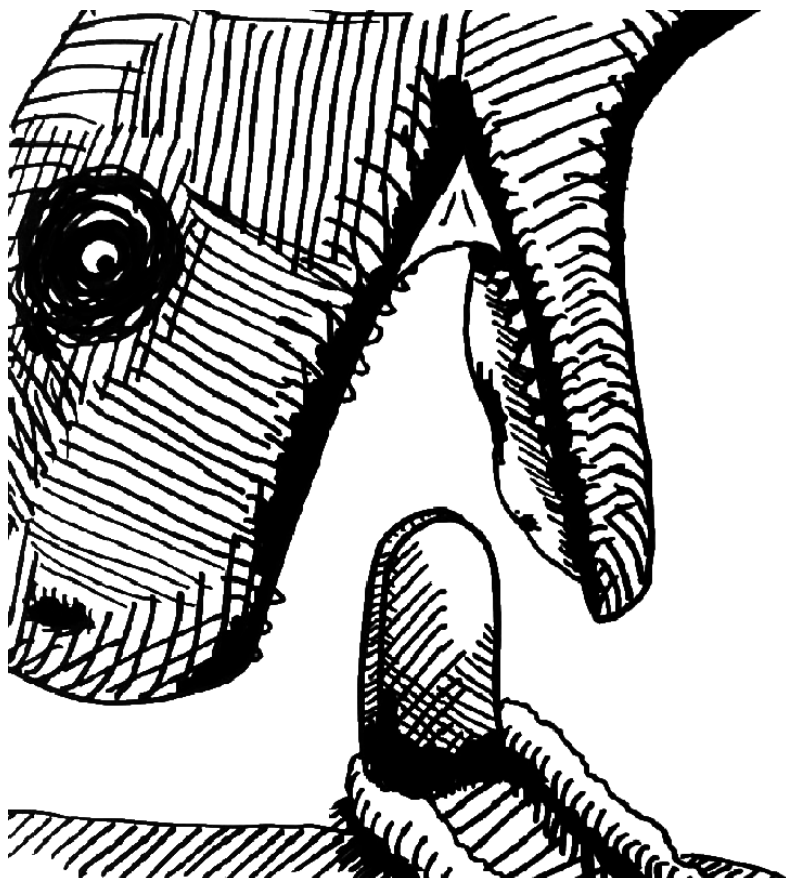


Chapter 9

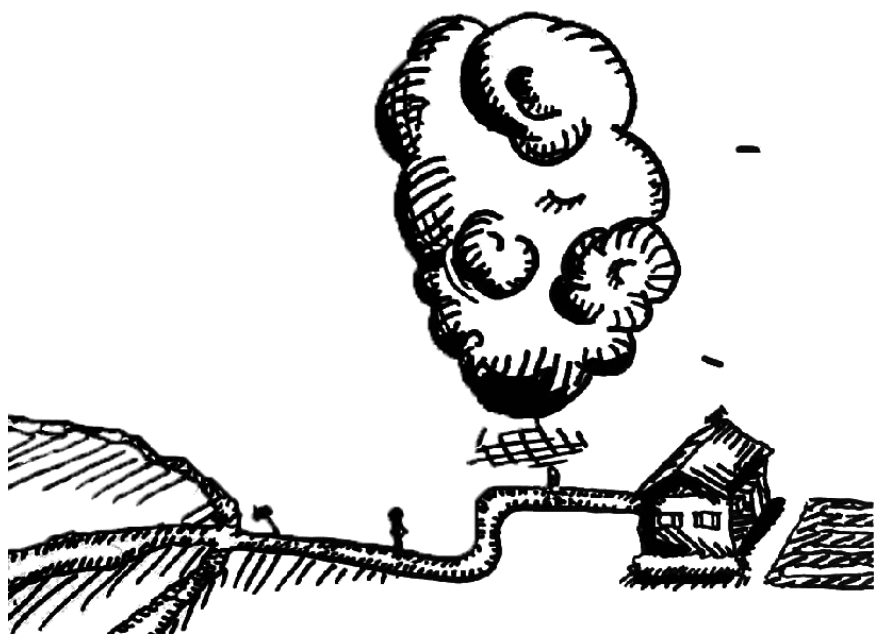
The memorial stone leered at
the pair,



but, as it closed in, the great,
matronly reptile materialized,



preparing to close its sizable
jaws around the malevolent
monument,

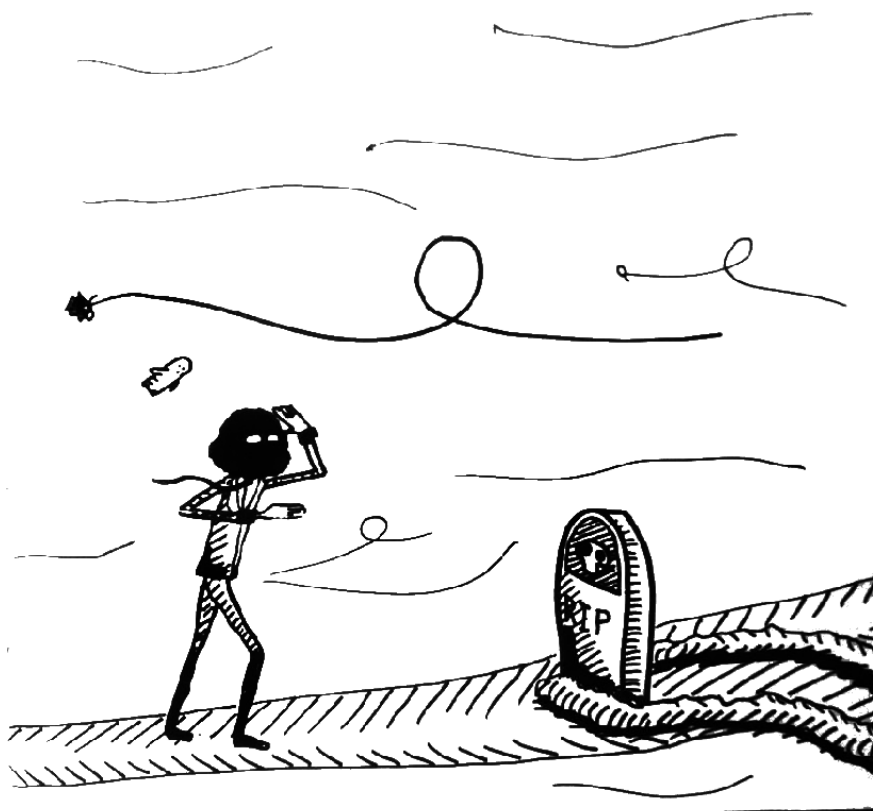


only for it to vanish again just as quickly.

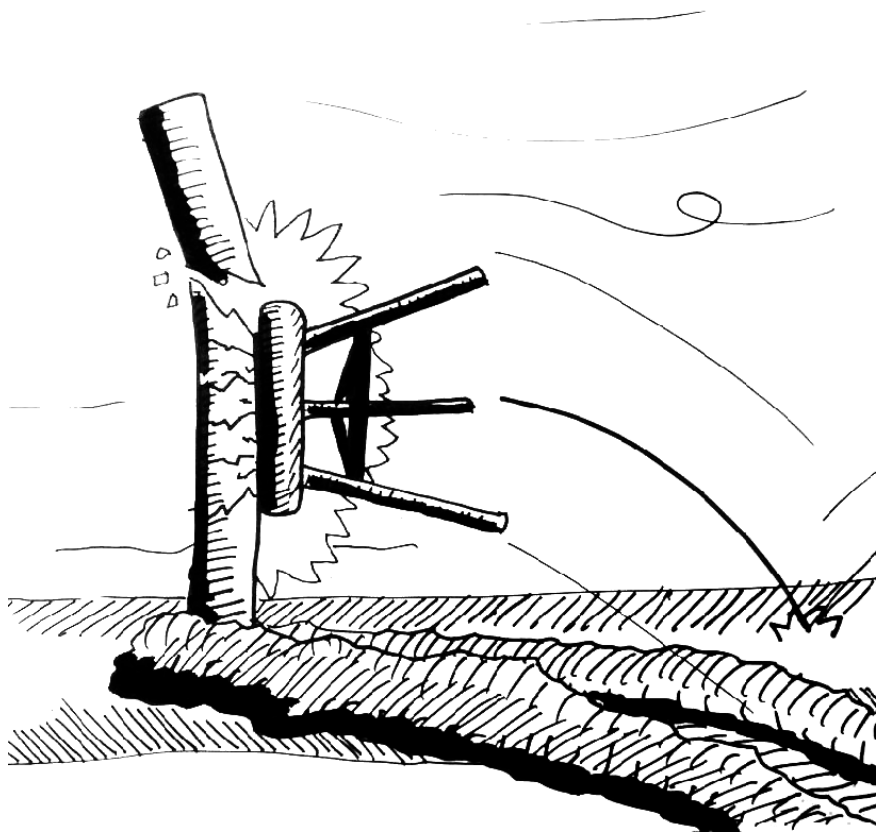


Chapter 10

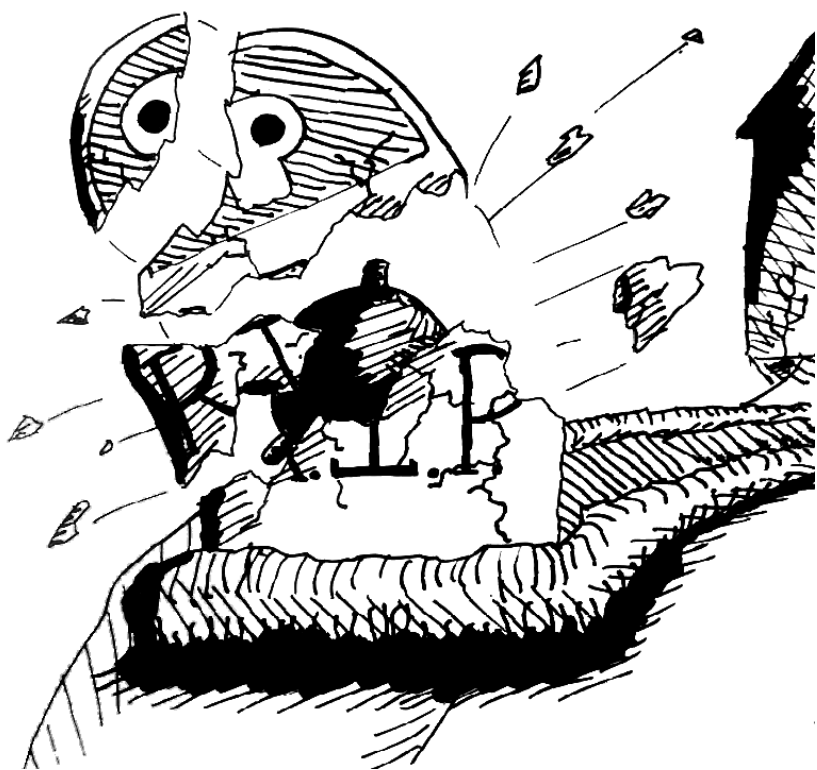
The headstone, visibly relieved,
made for them once more (and
for the final time)



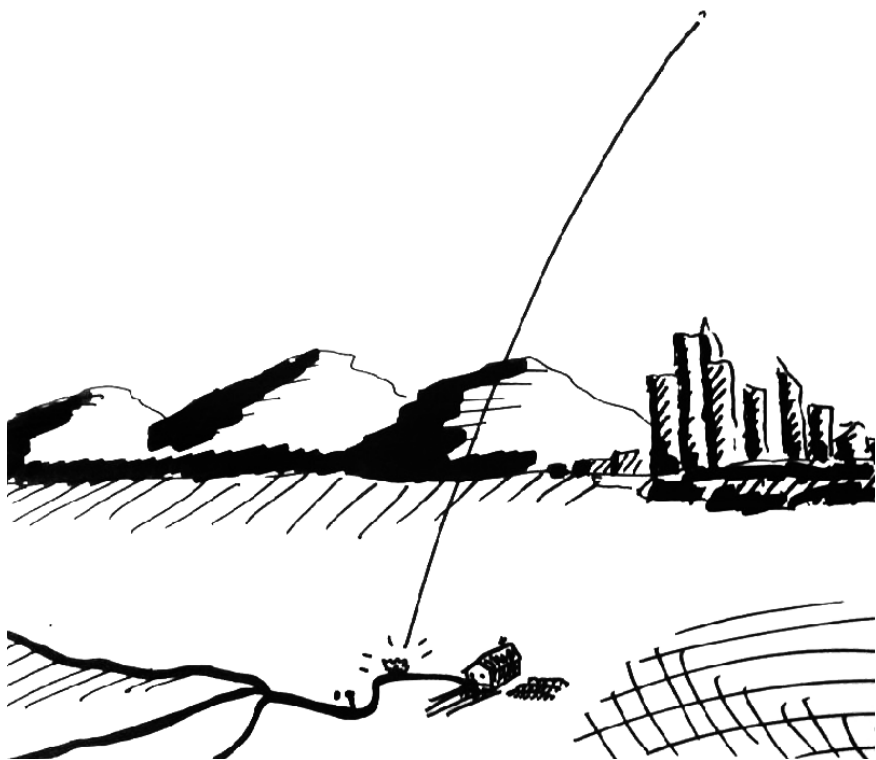
as a great wind rose



and a certain erstwhile stool
collided with their aggressor,

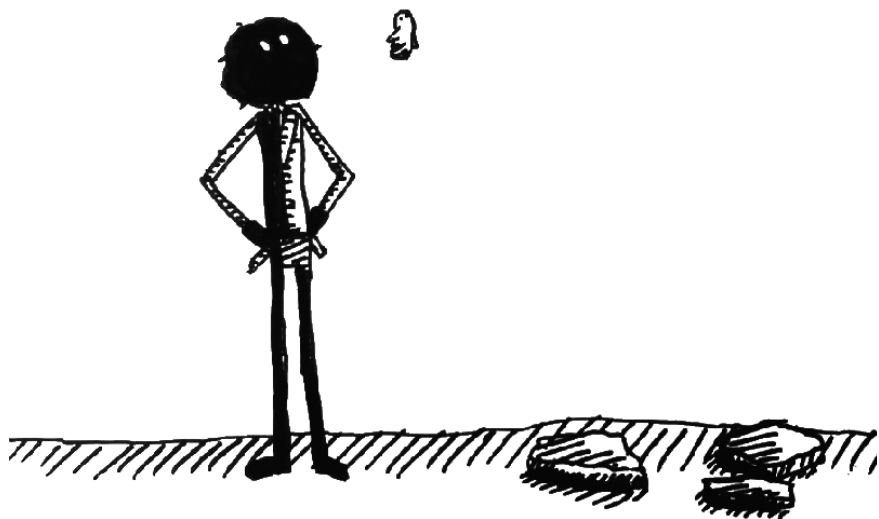


completely shattering the latter
and leaving its abandonment
issues unresolved.

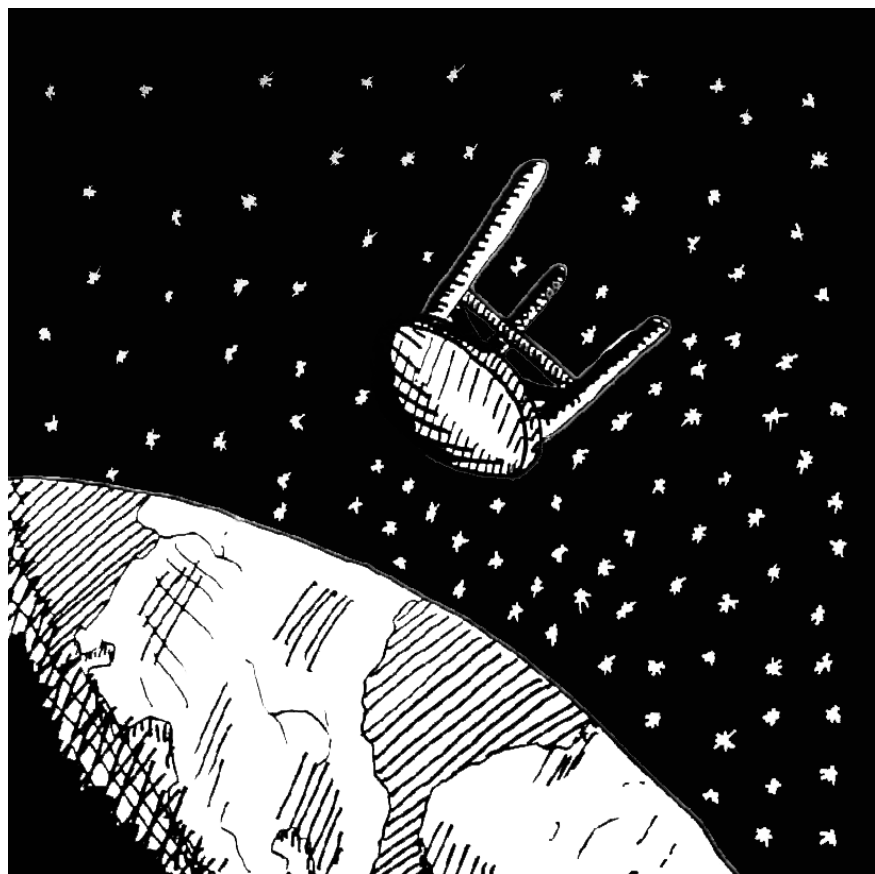


Chapter 11

From the force of the impact,
the stool was propelled into
orbit,



and the pair had no one to thank
for their salvation.



The stool, however, had all the reward it needed.

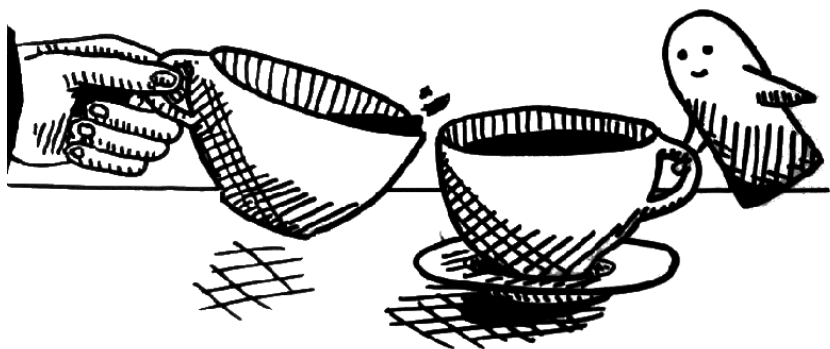


Chapter 12

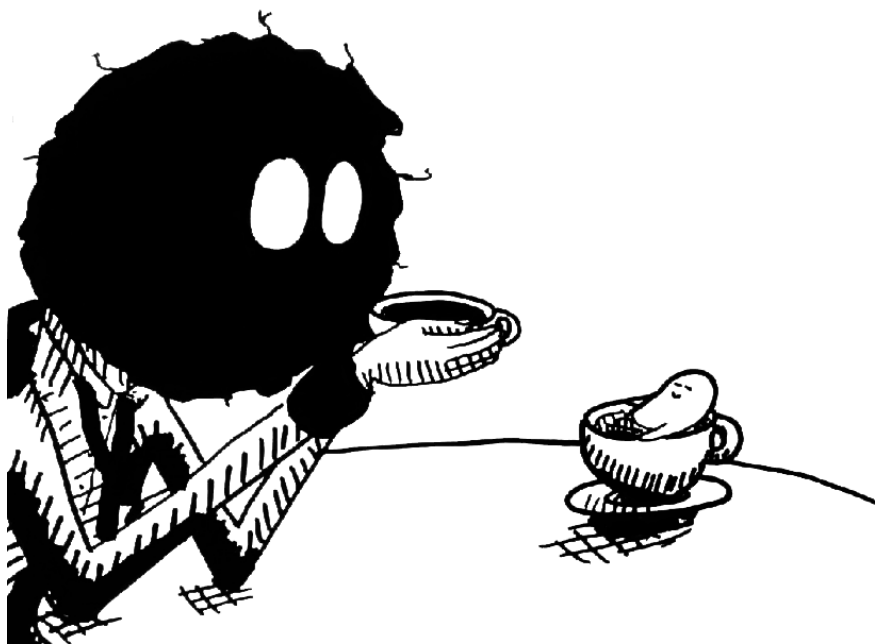
The ghost desperately wanted to know what was beneath the stranger's hair,



and the stranger wanted to
try passing a hand through the
ghost to experience ectoplasm,



but both refrained, correctly
assuming that they would cause
offense by pressing the matters,

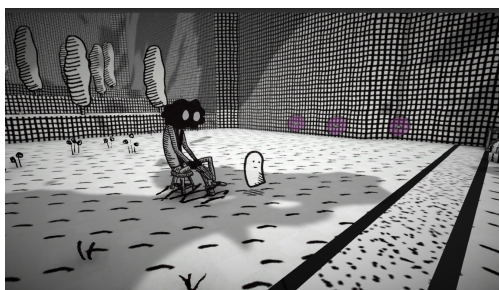


and they continued enjoying
their tea in companionable
silence.

~ The End ~

After writing this story,
I made a video game
using these same characters.

It's called "Catty Shack."



If you're interested in playing it,
you can find it at
eandegames.com/cattyshack.

You can also learn more
about it and other games
I'm making on my Twitter page:
twitter.com/itreallyisamre

