

A Story.

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Yeah.

-Wolfie

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Chapter 1 - Chapter One

2

1 - Chapter One

“Dude. What are you doing?” I asked my friend, whist he was eating...something.
“I’m eating a raw potato. Would you care for a bit?” He said, shoving his potato in my face.
“Um...no, I’m fine.” I said.

I got up from the couch where we sat and grabbed a glass of water. It tasted nasty. I spit it out on my cat. She meowed, and did what she usually did after I spit something on her; She ate and/or drank it. Mmm, tasty. My friend, Bill, was still hungry, I suppose. He started to eat my cat, Mr. Fluffykinz.

“Do you have any mustard?” He asked, fur stuck in his teeth.
“I’m afraid not. I do have ketchup though.”
“That’ll do.”

I walked to the fridge to retrieve the tomato-based condiment. To my surprise, when I opened the door, Larry, my imaginary llama leaped onto my shoulder. We chatted for a bit about how he thought Mr. Fluffykinz didn’t appreciate being eaten by my friend, or as Larry called him, a “hobo.” I had to convince him that Bill wasn’t a hobo, but a misunderstood hippie. That’s all hobos are anyway. Suddenly, in the midst of an important conversation, I heard a scream. Ahhhhhh.

“WHATINTHEWORLDHAPPENEDHERE?!” I yelled, over dramatizing the situation.
“OHNOTHING!! IJUSTGOTREALLYBOREDANDSCREAMWHENIAMBORED!!”
“Oh. Ok.”
“YEAHSOWHEREISMYKETCHUP?!”
“Darn it-- Larry!”

I walked back into the kitchen. My other cat, Mr. Lady, was eating the sink. Again. I frowned and furrowed my brows. For some reason, this facial movement amused me. I wiggled my eyebrows for the next few minutes.

“Meow.” Mr. Lady noise-ed.
“Shut up, Mr. Lady. I’m feeling my eyebrows.” I said.
“Meow-roaw-roawowowooooow.” The cat ‘spoke’ again.
“Good god, SHUT UP. You sound like you’re dying,” I rose my voice as I watched it spasm on my carpeted kitchen. “Oh. That was justified, then.”

I walked back to the room with Bill, still ketchup-less.

“Dude, I think I need to take my cat to the vet.”
“Wha? Why?” He sounded drunk.
“It sounds like it’s dying.” I frowned again.
“Does that mean I have to leave?”
“Yeah, sorry Bill.”
“Can I have this?” He held up my Styrofoam fruit.

"Not the bowl."

"OK!" He smiled and shove all the fruit into his pants.

"...Do you want a bag?"

"Nope! I'm fine." He smiled creepily.

"Ok..." I showed him the door, and walked him to the curb. I pushed him into a nearby mailbox. Not mine.

I then proceeded to get in my car after fetching Mr. lady. We drove to the vet. Once we arrived there, this lady greeted us. She was old and cranky. I believe she was a victim of the menopause. She looked at me and my cat, and asked what was wrong. I told her that my cat was sick. She led us into a small room with ugly wallpaper and yellow floors. I hate the color yellow.

My cat began to drool and scratch me, which hurt. Finally, the vet came in. He looked rather hammered.

"So...whatcha in here fer, boy?" His speech was heavily slurred.

"I'm a girl. And my cat is sick." I said.

"Ooh, I don't feel so'good..." He vomited in the cat box that was in the corner of the room.

"I'm sorry. Fix my cat. It's broken." I said, holding up my cat.

"No can do, Sonny. I 'ave to go to the baffroom."

"...Um, I'm going to leave now."

"NONO Don't leave! I'll, uh...give ya some medicine fer yer dog." He said, leaning against the door.

"It's a ca--" I stopped myself. It's best to just let it go. "Ok." He handed me a syringe. I read it. It said

"Urine Sample" followed by a name, date, and a bunch of numbers. "Thanks."

"It's mah job." He said, waving a drunken hand, dismissing me from the room.

I left, and got back in my car. I think my cat died. Frowning, I drove home. After being home for some time, I tried to think of things to do with my dead cat. AHA! My grandma's birthday is coming up! I smiled and retrieved the dead cat from the car. It was starting to smell, so I wrapped it quickly, and ever so delicately in saran wrap. I placed it in a box with a tag that read 'I love you grandma!'

When I arrived at her house, I knocked on the door.

"GO THROUGH THE WINDOW, YOUND WIPPERSNAPPER!"

I sighed "Grandma, can I come in through the door? It hurts my tummy to go that way."

"WHAT? WHO ARE YOU?"

I walked in the door and handed her the box.

"WHAT'S THIS?"

"Happy birthday!" I yelled happily.

"AH TOO LOUD!!"

"Ok. Bye grandma." I left.

I sat outside for a minute or two so I could hear her reaction to Mr. Lady.

"OOH A KITTY! I LOVE YOU! I'M GONNA HUG YOU AND KISS YOU AND MAKE YOU SOME MASHED POTATOES! YOU'RE A PRETTY KITTY, YES YOU ARE!"

I think she liked it. I drove home, and walked inside.

"Who are you?" This dude asked me.

"I'm just--" Dude cut me off.

"Get out of my house! NOW!"

"I was just trying to--"

"What did you do to my house? Where are my cats?!"

"Well, the cats are dead--"

"YOUKILLEDMAHKITTIES!!!WILLKILLYOU!!" He grabbed a skillet and started hitting me. It hurt.

"I'm SORRY!! I gave away your fruit, too!" I'm painfully honest when I'm in pain.

"YOUHAVEAWAYMYFRUIT!?!?!?" He looked like he was mad.

EPILOGUE: I ended up dying. The angry dude got his fruit back, and he bought new cats. The hobo found that he and the mailbox shared a lot of things in common, and they had a happy life for about 20 minutes until the mailbox's owners had Bill arrested. The vet made love to the menopausal lady and then they died from sexual frustration. I think that covers everything, right?