

Wilt's Gift

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this was the first fanfic I ever wrote and one of my favourites. it got good reveiws over at FanFiction.net so I'm hopeing you folks over here will do the same.

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1 - A gift for Wilt

It was about 5:00 at Foster's and everyone seemed excited. Bloo had somehow found out that today was Wilt's birth day, or as close as you can get to a birth day for an imaginary friend and with Bloo as an informant. Bloo was telling Mac and Eduardo how he got Wilt to keep out of the way.

"I'll bet he's still holding up those vases!"

"I don't think that was very nice, Bloo"

"Oh, reee-laaax, Mac. Wilt's happy to do it. He's like the nice creature from the polite lagoon."

Just then, the doorbell rang, Coco answered it.

"I have a package here for Wilt." the postman said as the door was opened.

"Coco?"

"Um... no, Wilt"

"Coco?"

"No, Wilt"

"Coco?"

"No, I don't think it's coco."

"Coco?"

"WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!?"

"Coco."

The postman's screams attracted Mr. Herriman to the door.

"That's quite enough." he said as Coco gave the postman a dirty look. "Now then, this package is for whom?"

"Uh, Wilt?"

"Right then," Mr. Herriman grabbed one of the nearby 'intercoms' and called for Wilt. "Master Wilt, your presence is required in the main foyer."

"Um, I'm sorry, but I'm kinda busy here, is that ok?"

"Don't worry, Master Wilt, Master Bloo will be happy to take over you duties."

"Aw, man." Bloo's voice rang out.

"Master Wilt should be here momentarily."

After a while Wilt and Bloo came into the room carrying two tall stacks of vases.

"Ok, I'm here whaddya need?" Wilt said politely.

"This young man has a package for you."

"Oh, uh, ok. Where do I sign?"

As soon as Wilt was done with the legal work the postman handed him a bright colored package.

"Ok, thanks." Wilt said as the postman left.

"Oooh! Who's it from?" Bloo squealed, snatching the card off the package. "Who's Xela?"

"No way!" Wilt said, taking the card away from Bloo. "Alex."

"Co co co co?"

"Alex was my creator, and if he's sending me this than that means . . ." Wilt trailed off and looked stunned for a while. The suddenly he ripped off the wrapping paper and carelessly tossed it on one of Eduardo's horns. Then he reached in the box and pulled out . . . something long and red with a wristband on. It was his other hand! He instantly tossed the box on Bloo, who had not seen the hand yet. At the site of the hand everyone else panicked. Eduardo started to scream or cry (it was hard to tell the difference), Coco began running back and forth shouting in her own language, Mac went into a

seemingly endless scream, and Mr. Herriman past out with a 'My word!'

All this noises now attracted Frankie. She came down the stairs and saw Wilt's arm in hand.

"Maybe you should have waited to open that!" she screamed over the noise.

"Sorry!"

"Ok, if I could have it quiet here, ok just- KNOCK IT OFF!!!"

Everyone fell silent except for the stifled sobs of Eduardo.

"Hey, what's going on out there?" Bloo's muffled voice called form under the box. Coco lifted the box off of him. The moment he saw Wilt holding his own hand he started to scream just like Mac had. Finally, Frankie covered Bloo"s mouth with her hand. Bloo fought his way out of Frankie's hold and started to rub his chin in thought.

"Ok, let's try to piece this together people, so cucumber men from the planet, oh let's say, mars are trying to replace us piece by piece and they've stared with Wilt, our good friend, Wilt's arm!"

"What? I'm sorry but that not right."

"Well, let's see you do better Mr. Smartey-Tall-Pants"

"Ok, well I guess it all started just a few months before I came here"

2 - Fairy Queen and Big Ugly Dragon

The twins were fighting over Wilt again. He sat on the floor while the two of them pulled at his arms.

"Give him, Tommy! We're gonna play Monster Fighting Monkeys-Cats!"

"Well, Timmy, We're gonna play Fairy Queen and Big Ugly Dragon!"

"But you're a boy!"

"I know you are, but what am I?"

"A stupid-head!"

Suddenly, they were both silenced as a small red ball rolled into the room.

"Hey, that's my ball!" Timmy cried.

"Nuh uh! It's MY ball!" Tommy replied.

Soon the two were locked in combat over the rubber sphere. Wilt took this opportunity to get out of the room, in the hallway a boy in his teens, wearing a gray hoodie and blue jeans, was rising from the floor after tossing the ball in the room. This was Alex, Wilt's creator, even though Wilt now belonged to the twins. When Alex didn't need Wilt anymore Alex didn't have the heart to get rid of him. So Wilt was given to the twins.

"Hey, Wilt."

"Man, I owe you one."

"Crazy Lizard King and Garbage man?"

"No, Fairy Queen and Big Ugly Dragon. That dragon costume really chafes."

"Wanna go shoot some hoops?"

"Love to."

On the court

"Hey, Wilt," Alex said, taking a shoot at the foul line, "I've been thinkin'. Well, the twins treat you pretty rough an' I think you deserve better."

"I'm sorry, but what are you saying?"

"Look, you know that girl, Frankie?"

"Yeah."

"Well, she works at this place called Foster's Home for Imaginary Friends an' I was thinkin' you could hang out there."

"Ok, I'm sorry but that is not ok! I've seen the commercials for that place, it's a foster home. I'd be adopted!"

"Well you'd be in one piece!" Alex yelled. This was the first time they had fought in a long time. "Look, all I'm sayin' is think about it, eventually they'll get board with you, and I'd think I'd be nice to have a place to go after that."

"Well, couldn't I just stay here as, like, a butler. I think I'd look good in a tux, don't you?"

"I don't think you'd be able to survive that long. You've got rips all over your face!"

"Well, I sewed them up pretty good didn't I?"

"No, your sewing stinks, and you won't let Mom patch you up!"

"Well, I'm sturdy, I can last!"

For a moment Alex fell quiet as he walked over to the trash can and pulled out the remnants of a toy train.

"Well, that was poorly built anyways."

Alex dug in deeper and pulled out a crumpled aluminum bat.

"Look, Wilt. I just don't want you getting hurt."

Tommy's (or Timmy's) voice called from the house. "Hey, Wilt, were are you? We have a surprise for you!"

"Coming! Look I'm sorry about yelling at you, but I gotta go now."

"Yeah, I know, duty calls." as soon as Wilt got to the house Alex added, "Be careful."

3 - Ticklish Between the eyes

Friday night, 10:00. The twins were asleep in front of the T.V., Alex was on the phone, and Wilt had just finished cleaning the twin's room. He figured his chances of being a butler would increase and his chances of braking would decrease if he helped out around the house. It had been almost a month since Alex and Wilt had their fight. Alex hadn't mentioned Foster's since. Wilt scooped up the twins and took them to bed. They were kind of cute when they were asleep. Wilt was about to go to sleep when he realized he was very thirsty. He was walking towards the kitchen and heard Alex talking on the phone.

"Yeah . . . 4:30, the twins'll be at soccer . . . "

Wilt walked in and went to the sink.

"Hang on, he's here, I'll ask him," Alex covered the receiver and turned to Wilt, "Hey, Wilt. Frankie scored some floor seats and wanted to you to come."

"Me? Uh, yeah, sure."

Alex turned back to the phone, "Yeah, he's coming . . . Yeah, bye." he added and hung up, "Frankie's gonna pick us up around 4:30."

"I'm sorry but isn't that kinda early?"

"Yeah, but, we'll get to meet the players."

"Oh, ok." Wilt got his drink and went off to bed.

4:45, Wilt learned Alex's true motives. A tour of . . . Foster's. He should have been suspicious of the bus, but now it was too late. Frankie was pulling at Wilt's legs, and Wilt was clinging onto one of the bus seats.

"It's just a tour, Wilt!" Frankie yelled

"No! You can't make me!"

"Yes, I can." Alex said calmly standing by Wilt's head.

"You wouldn't!"

"I would." Alex said, putting on a sinister grin.

"No! Don't! Please!"

Alex ignored Wilt's pleads and raised his hands. Slowly he brought them right between Wilt's eyes.

"Alex!"

Alex wiggled his fingers and Wilt instantly let go causing Frankie and Wilt to roll up to the front door.

"Why didn't you do that in the first place?" Frankie said.

"What? And wrestle him all the way to the door?"

At that point the door was opened by Mr. Herriman.

"Good evening, welcome to . . . Miss Frances! Get up of the floor, it's unbecoming."

"I'll show ya unbecoming ya buck-toothed rat." Frankie said under her breath.

"This is Master Wilt, I presume?"

"Yup, and he's here for the grand tour." Alex said walking up the driveway.

Wilt moped throughout the entire tour. He didn't say a word to Alex nor to the other friends as they passed by.

"If that is all, I must attend to my duties." Mr. Herriman said and left for his office.

"Well, waddya think, Wilt" Frankie asked.

"Well, it's a nice place here, but I won't have to go."

"What!?"

"Yup, I won't have to come here." he repeated, confidently.

"Wilt," Alex said, "remember the bat?"

"Yup, but that was mostly the lawnmower's fault."

"Look, Wilt, just think about it, ok?"

With that Frankie drove Alex And Wilt home, where Wilt was instantly summoned by the twins

4 - The End

Tommy was sick and had to stay home from school. Wilt was left in charge while their mother went to pick up Alex and Timmy.

"Oh, Wi-ilt!" Tommy cried from his room. Wilt turned off the vacuum and stepped into the room to see Tommy standing in the middle of the room.

"Whaddya need? Juice? Pillows fluffed?"

"No, I wanna play a game."

"Come on, you gotta get to bed." Wilt said, bending over to pick up Tommy. Suddenly, Tommy grabbed Wilt's hand.

"It's called Merry-Go-Round!" he said and began spinning around. Wilt was lifted off the ground as his head started to hit every thing in range.

"Tommy! Stop! This is so **not** ok!" But the child didn't listen to the Imaginary Friend.

Every thing was becoming blurred, then something came in, sharp and clear. A pain in his arm. Then, it all stopped. Wilt felt a strange, floating sensation. Every thing was still blurry and he couldn't tell where he was. Then, it all stopped.

A few minutes later his mom brought Alex home. He saw Wilt's leg poking out of the trash can.

"WILT!" Alex ran to the can and pulled Wilt out. He was in bad shape. His smaller eye was crumpled and didn't seem to work right, and one of his arms was missing with cotton stuffing pouring out. Wilt woozily got to his feet. Then he saw what wasn't there.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MY ARM! AHHH! AHHHHH!"

"That's it! Your goin' to Fosters!"

Alex and his mother fought Wilt inside to the sewing room and tried to get him into a chair.

"Wilt, sit down." Alex's mom said in a commanding voice causing Wilt to obey. Alex used the phone in the room to call Frankie to see if she could bring the buss over while his mother went in a search for the missing arm.

Soon, Alex had arranged the ride and his mom returned saying the arm was lost. They looked around until the bus came and Wilt knew he could avoid it no longer. He and Alex soon arrived at Foster's where Alex and Wilt signed some papers for Mr. Herriman. Now Wilt was a resident of Foster's.

"Look, Wilt, if we ever find your arm I promise to get it to you as soon as possible." Alex said.

"Will you come and visit?" Wilt asked.

"No, the twins might follow me. I just want you to be safe."

With that they said their goodbyes and Alex left.

-Back at Foster's

"Wow" Bloo said in awe.

"Aw, it's not that amazing." Wilt said humbly.

"Hey that reminds me of how I got here, well it all started when Mac's stupid brother Terrence was chasing us around the living room saying 'Wait! I just want to punch you!'"

"Bloo." Mac intervened, "we already know that one"

"What is this? Knock Bloo's ideas day?"

And then he looked down at his lower half.

"AH! What happened to my knees??"

"Bloo", Mac said calmly. "I think you're sitting on them.."

He felt his lower half and gave a big sigh.

Then he stared at Mac for a moment.

"I knew that", he shrugged.

The End