

Waffle and Kitty

The sequel

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Our story left off when Kitty fell off the ferris wheel. *Weeee Oooo, Weeee Oooo* says the ambulance as Kitty is rushed off to the hospital. The emergency lot is getting closer... *Screech!* The nurse wheels the hospital bed outside and Kitty is placed on it. Waffle was mortified. "What if Kitty never wakes up?" "What if she's already gone?" Thought Waffle. His eyes started to water, and he brushed it away.

"What happened to her?" the nurse asks. "We went to the carnival, and she fell off the ferris wheel," says Waffle. "She's unconscious..." Five minutes later, Kitty is in the surgery room. The nurse says, "We did an X-ray, and she has a chunk of metal stuck in her." Waffle walks home in the quiet of the night, with nothing to accompany him but the crickets.

Knock Knock Knock. Waffle hears a rapping on his door. "Hi Waffle." Says Kitty.

"Kitty?! How did you get back so fast?"

"Uhm... I just woke up last night..."

"Okay..."

"Can I come in?"

"Sure!"

"Here, I made roasted sardines, your favorite!"

"Oh... Thanks..."

Waffle sees Kitty spit out her food into the trash can. Strange... "Can I stay the night?" asks Kitty. "Okay!" exclaimed Waffle. Waffle gets ready for bed, but Kitty stays up late. "Kitty always goes to bed early..." thinks Waffle. The next day, Waffle decides that the Kitty who came to his house wasn't the real Kitty, it was an imposter! He calls the nearest court, and books a case. A week later, he goes to court. *Rap Rap.* "Order!" bellows the judge. "Your honor, this individual next to me is an impostor." Fake Kitty glares at Waffle.

“How so?”

“Well, my friend Kitty is in the hospital, and the next day, this person came to my house and told me they were Kitty. I don’t know how she could have gotten discharged so quickly.”

“What happened to your friend?”

“She fell off a ferris wheel at a carnival, your honor.”

“Oh...”

“Alright. You, are you an imposter?”

“...Yes. My name is Antonio, and yes, I am an imposter.”

“Court officer, arrest them!”

Waffle walks to the hospital, and there, in post-anesthesia care, is Kitty. *Drip, Drip*. Kitty’s I-V drips fluids into her arm. *Drip, Drip*. She takes long, shaky breaths. Waffle’s bottom lip starts to tremble. “Kitty?” “She can’t hear you,” says the nurse behind Waffle. Waffle jumps. He didn’t notice the nurse. “Oh.” Without a word the nurse closes the door and leaves Waffle alone with Kitty.

Two long weeks later, Waffle goes to Kitty’s house. Kitty was discharged from the hospital three days ago. Waffle arrives at her house with a bouquet of flowers and of course, a plate of roasted sardines. *Ding-Dong*. Kitty opens the door. “Waffle!” “Kitty!” It felt so good to say that one word. *Kitty*. “You brought roasted sardines! Thank you!” Waffle smiled. A real smile.

Waffle and Kitty, Kitty and Waffle, friends forever, no matter what.

The End

For now...