

Cat Sick



Yawn BANG! Clang!



Calico stepped out the draw and stretched
"Ok...what to do" he went to the bookshelf beside him
and took ^{one} of the hard cover smooth books

Calico placed the book down carefully and then stood on it. He mumbled "not tall enough" so he took another

stood on ^{it} Hop Hop and AWAY! He was in the ^{sky}

The door creaked open a ^{bird shadow-like} figure stepped in as
it was Shadow the unlucky cat... Yeah very anti-dramatic

"Are you ok?" "Mhmmh!" Calico replied with his face still planted in the floorboards
he didn't look very normal but on the other side
he had more spots... I guess? He could walk unlucky.



Could still talk. "eh, you'll be fine" shadow exclaimed sarcastically "Shadow did you turn off the lights?" Little did he know... the ^{light} wasn't turned off in fact
he had two black eyes covering his vision "No, why would I?" he walked with his
hands flailing, charging at the speed of a snail to the bookshelf. He stepped back on
the pile of books ^{Unsuprisingly} flopped into the bookshelf. Now trying to lift
his face from the dark oak floorboards he could see a bucket on his head
"Gosh darnet!" he echoed with the bucket still firmly still adjusted to his chubby head
"Maybe, take the bucket off your head, and go to the casino?" Shadow said trying to give calico something
to do that didn't involve him froasting into the floorboards "Sure!" calico answered with joy

THE END