

Comic Drabble

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The Cat With Drooping Eyes

This weird guy, Jon, just moved in across the street. He always wears the same outfit, blue shirt, brown pants. He talks to his animals too. One is a stupid yellow dog named Cody, or Jodie or something. The other is a fat, orange cat with his eyes half closed. All that thing does is sit around all day. I heard Jon talking to it, asking for dating advice. The cat didn't respond, but Jon grumbled something like he did. Sometimes I listen, expecting the cat to talk back. Sometimes I even see Jon crying into that apathetic orange fur.

Chuck Goes Nuts

This was his moment. His chance to finally kick a football. He would earn a spot on the team, the spot he'd been dreaming about for years. They held the ball for him, but all he could see was a little girl's head atop the shoulders of his future teammate. She mocked him. His entire childhood she taunted him with the football, and now she was laughing at him again. He kicked. His foot connected with the little girl's chin. She wouldn't quit laughing as he kicked her again and again. His cleats tore her little face like bloody turf.

Sew Him Up

“Put the stuffing back in, put the stuffing back in.” the little boy yelled. His favorite doll, his tiger, friend, had been torn. Then, it got bigger until stuffing started to flow out like blood. His parents couldn’t understand why the little boy was crying so much. To them, it was just a doll. In the boy’s mind, his friend was dying. His breathing was shallow and he couldn’t move. His parents wanted the boy to make some real friends, instead of running around with that doll all day. Hobbes vowed that if he recovered, he would make them pay.