

THE CAT CAME BACK

A Humorous Reading

by

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Ten-year-old Sandy McGee and his best friend, Dusty Dalton, stroll slowly up the street. It is a beautiful June day, but the boys are indifferent to everything save a feeling of emptiness under their ribs. Both are hungry. Both are broke. As they near the home of Dusty's cousin, Sally Dalton, Sally comes flying out of the house and casts herself on the grass in a paroxysm of sobs and tears. The boys cross the lawn and stare at her, unsympathetically. Dusty pokes her with the toe of his sneakers as he inquires,

“Hey, Sal, what makes you sniffle and bawl, both, when one is too many? Whassa matter?”

SALLY: You leave me alone! Can't you see I'm in mourning?

DUSTY: Whadda you mean, “in morning?” How in heck can you be in morning when it's afternoon?

SALLY: How can you DARE make fun of me when my heart is broken? M-my k-kitty--my d-darling little Cat-Patty is d-dead!

DUSTY: CAT-PATTY? Why that's what Ma served her bridge club las' week, only she used CHICKEN! CAT-PATTY! HAW! HAW!

SALLY: I'm going straight in and have Mamma telefome your Mother an' tell her on you! You don't even treat the dead with respec'!

SANDY: Aw, you two fight worse than if you was brothers an' sisters! Cut out the tongue-lashin' an' git down to fac's. When did yer cat die?

SALLY: I don't know. It's been gone two whole days an' I can't even give it decent fun'ral 'cause I haven't got a body.

SANDY: You mean you ain't got no corpse to hold funeral with? SAY, what'll you give me an' Dusty if we'll find yer cat's corpse?

SALLY: I'll give you every cent I got, two nickels an' seven pennies.

SANDY: Well--that ain't much--I ain't used to doin' deteckative work fer such a triflin' sum, but bein's yer Dusty's cousin I'll break my perfessional ethics fer once. Go git yer shekels!

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---