

It Began With The Waffles

by A. E. Ivey

It began with the waffles, well first there were the potholders, but really the problem was the waffles. I don't even think she knew she was making waffles; much less that she had lost her potholders in the trash can the day before. But nonetheless the real issue here was that she was making waffles, could she be dreaming she was making waffles? Perhaps she wasn't even dreaming, perhaps she was just doing. I had been living in this house for...oh well heck I don't keep track of the days like she does. All I know is I couldn't remember the last time I was outside. I look outside a lot though; I stare out the window and watch the pretty birds fly around. I get lucky from time to time and see a field mouse, oh how that excites me!

But back to the waffles, you see I first realized she was making waffles when I smelled maple syrup, so naturally I yawned, stretched, and waltzed leisurely into the kitchen to caress against her leg. She usually says hello when I do this, she usually talks in a high pitch sweet voice and calls me pretty. But today she did not. Today she didn't even respond to my advances! This was unusual but she does go through her moods, as people do. I left the kitchen but planted myself spread out on the floor just in sight of her and began licking my paw and cleaning my face. I wanted to watch her to see how she would respond to me once she noticed I was here. Soon I dozed off, I'll admit. But she just kept making waffles it was so boring! The doorbell woke me up. It rang incessantly several times in a row just like a little kid was pressing it over and over, but she didn't even stir from her waffle making. I heard her mumble incoherently though, that's about the only response that came from the doorbell.

Should I be concerned? Well, let me tell you what happened next, because as I said it *started* with the waffles, but that's not where it *ended*, do you see? She made the most enormous plate of waffles, and just dumped an entire bottle of maple syrup on top, then took it

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and set it in the bathtub and started running the water. I knew then she must have cracked, she had straight cracked! That was the only explanation to her bizarre behavior, especially seeing as this whole time she hadn't even so much as looked at me.

After the bathtub incident she went outside and sat down on the swing, and well that's what leads us to where we are now. I haven't been outside in I can't remember how long! It's exhilarating, and scary, and exciting...but one must be careful. I have heard the dogs barking down the street before, I know better than to go sprinting around just yet. Have to do a full scan of the yard, a thorough walk through of sorts first. But, back to her walking outside...

She walked outside and for several seconds just stood in the doorway, that's when I heard her snoring. Chills spread up my spine at that, my tail frizzed out and I immediately put the attack mode to my stance, ready to run at the first sign of danger. This woman had been sleeping the whole time! Now a cat, a cat would never do that. We don't prance around cooking *waffles* and pouring maple syrup everywhere while sleeping, I can tell you that! You can't trust these humans; they do all sorts of equally creepy things. One day she tried to cook a hot pad, which I imagine is why they ended up in the trash can last night, but still. Was she sleeping when she tried to do that? I don't know! My entire world is shaken by this thought... Oh I don't look shook up? Well this flower pot just smells like mint, it's very distracting, but I am shaken up I tell you! I will...likely...never be the same...do you not smell this MINT? My god it is glorious!

