

# Book One: Present | Dog Man Dead Petey AU

Written and Illustrated by Spencer N. Guy

Started: May 17th, 2023  
Finished: November 16th, 2023

A Dog Man AU where Petey had died instead of his mother. His mom, Sydney, then became evil, causing her to accidentally create Dog Cop, the result of a police officer and police dog getting caught in an explosion, and Li'l Sydney, a clone who has a heart of gold.

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After being changed by Li'l Sydney and saving her daughter's friends, Sydney is now able to be pardoned from jail and take care of her daughter.

But when things take the turn for the worst, as they always do, Sydney must visit some unpleasant memories from her past she's kept secret from her family and even herself.

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Hey, @g4laxy\_m00n here. If you remember, a little more than a year ago I decided to create a Dog Man AU where Petey had died.

Well, this is the official book! Strap in, buckle up, and bare with me as I try to write about a story I've been autistic about.

# Behind The Scenes

Published: June 11th, 2023

Hey, g4laxy\_m00n here!

For context, this is what the AU is about:

Most characters are switched, such as:

-Greg the dog and Zuzu

-Officer Knight and Milly

(Dog Man is now Dog Cop/Zuzu, who is the result of an explosion Officer Milly and Zuzu the dog had to go through)

-Petey and Petey's Mother (Sydney Lawson)

-Chief and Sarah

-Yolay and Nurse Lady/Genie

-Molly and Flippy

(The tadpoles are now fish)

-Naomi and Melvin

-Bub and Big Jim

(This AU is still currently in the works, so there will be some characters who are not switched yet.)

There are also original characters, such as Auto-ism, who takes the role of 80HD, and Sydney's mom (Ms. Lawson), and Peter, who is Petey's father.

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Some scenes in past books have also been altered, such as the scene in AToTK where Li'l Petey is abandoned by Petey. Sydney puts Li'l Sydney in a box with blankets and pillows and sets her in front of the police station, as she feels like if she takes care of her, she'll mess up as a mother. She then quickly runs away, as she doesn't want to be caught.

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Fan made art, stories, videos, and other things are greatly appreciated! (That is my best way of saying that I'd loose sy mind if someone would to make something DP related /positive)

As long as there's no NSFW/sexual themes or gore (a very tiny amount of gore is ok), go ham!

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There will be some slight dark themes in this book, so I'll put the trigger warnings at the beginning of the chapter.

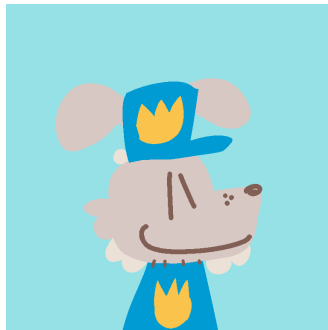
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Well, that's really all that's to it. Have fun reading!

(Most of how this story is set up is inspired by [cloudy\\_ink](#) please follow them and read his stories, they're super cool.)

## Meet The Cast:

Published: June 13th, 2023

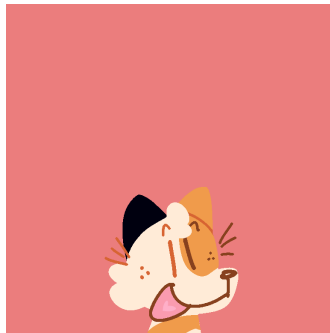
**Zuzu/Dog Cop:** She has the head of a dog, the body of a cop, and the heart of a HERO!!! She's lovable, brave, and enjoys chasing squirrels. Her role in Li'l Sydney's life is like a mother mixed with a cool uncle and a very tiny bit of gay aunt sprinkled in.



**Sydney Lawson:** Once known as the World's Most Evilest Cat, Sydney is now trying to become a better version of herself. Although she's not the best, she's still working on trying to get through everything of her past.



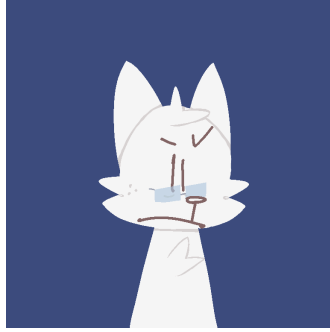
**Li'l Sydney:** Li'l Sydney is the clone daughter of Sydney. She's a force for goodness and kindness, and is "secretly" Cat Kid, a member of the Supa Buddies. The young calico is also the leader of her very own comic club.



**Auto-ism:** A friendly sentient transforming robot who is a loyal older sibling to Li'l Sydney. Auto-ism sometimes gets destroyed, but they always come back for more! They may also seem to cause lots of trouble, but they mean no harm.



**Mrs. Lawson:** Sydney's good-for-nothing mother. There may be more to her than she lets on. Or not- she's just an old, rotten lady.



**Peter Duckhat:** Although he may seem like the bad guy in the story at first, Peter has reasoning behind everything he does, even if he regrets the action. He's trying his best not to mess up and he cares a lot about other people.



## Chapter One: Bruises That Won't Heal

Published: July 1st, 2023

***December 2023 Edit: This chapter will include some dialog that is out of character for some characters, and looking back, I am not that proud of how this chapter turned out. My apologies.***

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**Date: May 14th, 2016**

**Time: 8:57 PM**

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Sydney leaned forward on her chair, realizing how she was being somewhat harsh to the younger calico. After a few minutes, the younger calico, Li'l Sydney, questioned.

**Li'l Sydney: Hey, Mama, how come Dog Cop and Auto-ism can't live with us?**

**Sydney: Because they CAN'T!**

Sydney snapped back, getting tired of how this kitten was obsessed with her friends. At least she had at least one good and healthy family in case she (Sydney) couldn't always provide one for her.

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: Because it just wouldn't work out!**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: Because I'm smart and they're a couple of barely smart boneheads!**

Sydney said that while crossing her arms and rolling her eyes.

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: Would you cut that out?!?!?**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: BECAUSE WE'RE HAVING A SERIOUS CONVERSATION!**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: I DON'T KNOW- YOU STARTED IT!**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: Because you don't realize how GOOD you've got it!**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Sydney: Because you have a Mama who loves you!**

**Li'l Sydney: ..Don't you?**

Sydney then realized how she maybe had over shared a bit with the younger kitten. She looked down, pondering what to say next.

**Sydney: Look, kid- I'm trying to be good to you. I wanna give you what I never had!**

**Sydney: when I was a kid, my Mama didn't care about me at all! She never approved of ANYTHING I did and hated my guts!**

**Lil Sydney: She did?**

**Sydney: Yep. She never let me love or be who I wanted.**

**Li'l Sydney: Love?**

**Sydney: Yeah, she went bezerk when I let her meet my old friend.**

Sydney said cautiously, not wanting to remember.

**Li'l Sydney: Hey, I know! Let's find them! Both of them! That way you can have your Mama and see your friend again!**

Li'l Sydney put her hands up in excitement.

**Sydney: Are you CRAZY? I never wanna see those guys again!**

**Li'l Sydney: But maybe she's sorry, Mama. Maybe she CHANGED!**

**Sydney: [sighs] You just don't get it, kid. It's not just my mom, it's.. him.**

She didn't want to remember. She never wanted to look at him again, that backstabbing, good-for-nothing, inexperienced, worthless, rascal, idiot and disgrace of a cat.

**Lil Sydney: "Him"?**

**Sydney: My old friend. He took off when I needed him most.**

The both of them sat in silence for a while.

**Sydney: I.. I'm sorry, kid, I'm just trying to protect ya.**

**Li'l Sydney: ..I know. It's okay.**

More silence engulfed the room.

**Sydney: Well, goodnight, kid.**

Sydney said, standing up and silently walking towards the door of the room.

**Li'l Sydney: ..I'm too awake to fall asleep.**

**Sydney: Oh? Why's that?**

Sydney turned around and slightly walked towards the younger calico. She looked at the kitten in confusion, trying not to sound annoyed or sarcastic, as she wasn't.

**Li'l Sydney: I don't know, I just can't. Can I sleep in your bed?**

**Sydney: *[sighs]* ..we've been through this, you can't sleep in my bed. But, I'm going downstairs for a bit, and if you are still up, maybe, just *maybe*, we could talk about you sleeping in my bed.**

Sydney said that in a way which cheered up Li'l Sydney a bit.

**Li'l Sydney: *[laughing]* okay, fine.**

**Sydney: Well, Goodnight, kid.**

**Li'l Sydney: Alright, g'night, mama.**

**Li'l Sydney: *[screaming out the window]* G'NIGHT ZUZU AND AUTO-ISM!**

Sydney jumped back, startled. She then looked out the window to find Zuzu, the dog-cop hybrid, and Auto-ism, the robot "best friend" she had created to assist Li'l Sydney, standing outside of the house, looking up at the two calicos.

Sydney walked out of the room, angrily made her way downstairs, and slammed the door open. She then walked out towards the two, passing the gardening tools that were near the side of the house.

**Sydney: What's the big idea!?**

She yelled, causing the blue robot and hybrid to jump.

**Sydney: I thought I told you guys to let go!**

The calico pointed her finger at the two while they both looked down sadly.

**Li'l Sydney: Hi, fellas!**



Li'l Sydney looked down from the window and waved to her other family happily.

**Sydney: You get right back into bed now!**

The younger calico then disappeared from the window to lay in her bed.

Sydney then looked slightly sorrowful, but then thought for a moment. The cool wind of mid-spring wrapped around her, making her shiver a bit.

**Sydney: ..Alright, listen up, you two. ..Maybe we can work something out.**

Dog Cop and Auto-ism listened carefully with interest.

**Sydney: What if...**

Sydney thought.

**Sydney: ...What if the kid lives with me during the week...**

**Sydney: ...And she lives with you guys on the weekends?**

Just by saying that, the other two were enveloped in joy and crowded Sydney with hugs, licks and pats. They danced happily as Sydney was trying to wrap her head around what was happening.

**Sydney: Enough!**

Sydney finally yelled, making the other two quickly get off of her.

**Sydney: Now get out of here before I change my mind!!!**

Zuzu and the square robot quickly zipped away back to their house with glee as Sydney grumpily watched them. She then opened the door to her lab, walked up the stairs and into Li'l Sydney's room, only to be met by an opened door and empty bed.

Only guessing where the younger calico could be, Sydney walked over to her room to find the kitten in her bed, sound asleep. Sighing, she went to silently close the door.

**Sydney: G'night, kid.**

Walking away, she wouldn't see the smile that made its way onto the kitten's face.

**Date: May 15th**

**Time: 12:34 AM**

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Sydney rubbed her eyes, looking down at the paper and pencil beneath her. She's stayed up writing down ideas of robots she and Li'l Sydney could create in the future. A clock on the wall could be heard, along with a car every once and a while.

She felt buggy, like the whole world was on pause as she looked at the clock on the wall. As much as she was smart, she couldn't ever tell how to read clocks. She sighed, knowing either way it was late.

A ringing in her head caught the calico's attention. Or.. was it in her head? She looked over at a flip phone on the table. It was mostly black with gray details, white buttons and a green-colored screen.

It was vibrating and making a ringing noise, signifying someone was calling. Who would be calling this late at night?? She thought confusingly.



Sydney groggily got up from the dining room table and walked towards the kitchen counter where the phone layed. She picked it up, sighed, and pressed some buttons and answered the call.

**Sydney: Hello?**

No answer.

**Sydney: Hello??**

After she said that, a voice could finally be heard from the other line.

**[ ]: Is.. is this Sydney Lawson?**

Sydney froze at that statement. That voice, and the fact this stranger knew her old last name. It couldn't be him. How could he even get her number?

**Sydney: ...**

**Sydney: ..yes..?**

And just like that, the line was cut short. She wanted to scream at the stranger, ask them how they knew her name and how they got her number, but all she could hear was static, and then silence.

She then remembered how this encounter happened a little under 2 weeks ago. Was this some stupid prank? A silly little joke someone was playing on her? Or was it actually that backstabbing jabberjaw, wanting to torment her once more?

After realizing the clock was ticking during the quietness of the room, she walked over to where it sat on the yellow wall, which looked a brownish beige in the dim light of the room.

After about a few minutes, she finally could tell what it said:

**12:39 AM**

Sighing, Sydney walked over to the table she was just seated at and looked at the calculations that were presented on the paper. Deciding she was too tired to clean up, Sydney just left the pencil on the desk, deciding she'll just clean it up later.

Heading up the stairs, and almost falling due to tripping over a loose crayon on the ground, Sydney finally made it to her bed.

She lifted up the white and blue bed sheets, crawled under the mound of blankets (with the sheets on the bottom to make her colder if she got overheated), lifted up the bottom section of the blankets so they rested under her feet, and drifted off to sleep as the small, gray, wired fan set in the window added as a background noise.

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**Time: 2:02 AM**

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The two calicos could be found snuggling against each other for warmth, the younger resting on her mother's chest. She then awoke from her slumber, and looked over to the digital alarm clock over on the desk next to the bed. She read the time, and sighed, layed back down, and tried going back to sleep.

Although just waking up, Li'l Sydney was too awake to fall back asleep. That and her mother's quiet snoring did not help. Sighing, she sat up again. She looked over to her mother, who wasn't frowning in her sleep, but most definitely wasn't smiling. Kind of, well, neutral.

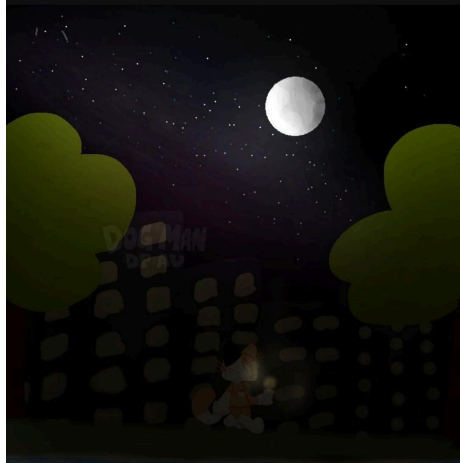
Li'l Sydney looked outside, and from where she was, what she saw was astonishing. It was a cloudless night, so the stars in the night sky could be seen perfectly. The moon shone bright in the distance, adding as a sort of night light, alighting the room with its aura of light.

Li'l Sydney proceeded to take the bulky bed covers off of her and jump down off of the bed. Although she was short, it was easy for her to get to high places due to her ability to jump and use her tail as a sort of balance.

Li'l Sydney's paws padded across the carpet of her mother's room, and soon to the wooden floor in the hallway as she slowly opened and closed the door. After silently running to her room, she grabbed a keychain of a Lego figure, which also added as a mobile flashlight. Silently creeping downstairs, the calico got to the front door of the house, which she opened and closed with care.

Li'l Sydney raced across the sleeping town, almost as if she was a squirrel running across a road as a car came racing down the highway. After slowing to catch her breathe, she looked up once more, to which she could more properly see the sky.

It was even better than before. Clusters of stars and fellow solar systems danced across the sky, as if they were dancing for the moon, which was as bright as a ruler of a kingdom.



Looking up at the sky, she felt a sense of peace, yet also a sense of.. fear? That wasn't exactly the right word, as fear felt.. different from this. It wasn't necessarily a positive emotion, but not really a negative one? More of a feeling of guilt, although that also wasn't quite the word.

Moving along, Li'l Sydney finally reached her destination. Going through the door frame (as they didn't have a real door), she ran up the stairs, and peeked through the door of a room to find two lumps snuggled together.

**Li'l Sydney: Pssst!**

She whispered, trying to get the bigger one's attention, which seemed to work. Auto-ism got up from where they were laying and walked towards their friend happily.

**Li'l Sydney: shh!**

The calico put her finger over her mouth as a way to signify that they both needed to be quiet. The two then proceeded to silently make their way downstairs and out to the front lawn.

After whispering something into the robot's ear (did they even have ears? It was more like a built-in microphone), Auto-ism thought for a moment. They then gave a thumbs up, signifying that they thought of something.

Auto-ism then opens up their mouth(?) and taking out what seemed to be a DNA Analysis Thingy. It was boxy, with a green colored semi-circle on top and a little tray for DNA. They then took out a q-tip, which Li'l Sydney licked for her DNA to be plastered onto it.

After rubbing the q-tip onto a piece of clear material and putting it into the tray, Auto-ism made clanking sounds as the DNA was being analyzed. After a moment, a ding sound could be heard, and it was done.

Auto-ism then positioned Li'l Sydney onto her back and blasted off towards her other home. They then stopped and carefully placed the kitten onto the ground, who was still holding her flashlight.

**Li'l Sydney: When you're done finding my Gramma, bring her back here. And don't forget to find Mama's friend, alright?**

Auto-ism did their best attempt of a nod and blasted away. Li'l Sydney then silently opened and closed the door, raced up the stairs, and carefully opened the door to her mother's room. She slipped inside the room and closed the door slightly, making it so that the door was cracked open.

Li'l Sydney set down her flashlight on the windowsill. She then jumped up onto the bed and made her way under the covers and scooted over to where her mother slept, snuggling up to her and drifting away to sleep after her short adventure.

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**Date: May 15th**

**Time: 10:12 AM**

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Sydney awoke to find her daughter nowhere in sight. She sat up in bed, looking around. The small, gray fan plugged into the wall sat up on the windowsill as it had the night before. Next to it was a flashlight, which Sydney noticed. That had not been there the night before.

She sighed sorrowfully, not wanting to think of what happened today. It was weak to still think about it. It happened 10 years ago.

Natural light from the sun illuminated the room, and from what Sydney could see from the cracked opened door, most of the upstairs. Then remembering how the younger calico wasn't there, she frantically got out of the bed and walked out of the room.

Although, her panic was cut short, as she heard noises coming from Li'l Sydney's room. She walked over to the room and opened the door to find her daughter on the floor coloring while she played music from an old cassette player.

Sydney had put that in her room randomly a couple days before when she was setting up her room. It was good seeing it in use. The song that was playing was No Surprises by RadioHead. An old one, but still good.

Li'l Sydney paused the music and looked up.

**Li'l Sydney: Hi mama!**

She greeted her with a wave and smiled. Sydney smiled back.

**Sydney: Good morning. I can see you're coloring.**

**Li'l Sydney: yeah, I'm making some comics for my comic club!**

**Sydney: Nice.**

**Li'l Sydney: I also have been listening to this song! It's from this record player right here**

The younger calico gestured to the cassette player happily.

**Li'l Sydney: I found it under my bed. I didn't know how to work it, but I pressed some buttons and it started playing! I especially like the beginning. It's the best part. Oh, by the way, I'm sorry if I woke you up! Sorry**

Sydney chuckled at the younger one's playful energy.

**Sydney: Don't worry, you didn't wake me up. Also, do you mean cassette player?**

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah, that!**

**Sydney: Oh, by the way, do you know what time it is? I hope it's not too late, I wanted to get started on more robots.**

**Li'l Sydney: Hmm.**

Li'l Sydney said this with a paw on her chin in thought.

**Li'l Sydney: No, but I do remember the last time I checked it was around 9:45.**

Sydney sighed. Of course she slept in late, she stayed up until 1 am doodling on a paper.

Sydney: Well, how about I make us some breakfast?

**Li'l Sydney: Okay!**

The two walked down the stairs, with Li'l Sydney practically running. When they got down to the bottom the doorbell rang.

**Sydney: Who could be at the door at this hour?**

**Li'l Sydney: Well, lots of people.**

LS said, forgetting about what had happened the night before with Auto-ism.

Sydney walked over to the door, LS directly behind her. She opened it to find a face she hoped to not see for the rest of her life.



That face was an older white cat who had square glasses resting upon her face. Behind her was the robot Auto-ism, and there seemed to be someone else behind them, whom she could not see.

**Mrs Lawson: Sydney??**

She said, very confused.

**Sydney: M-mother!?**

Sydney exclaimed surprisingly.

**Sydney: *Mother.***

Sydney said with more anger this time.

**[ ]: Excuse me! Let me past here!**

Sydney heard a familiar voice. An annoying voice. The figure in the back behind Auto-ism seemed to be trying to get forward to face Sydney. After less than a second, they pushed past her mom and Sydney could see the orange fur that they were lined with.

Sydney had come face to face with her ex husband.



Sydney had come face to face with Peter Duckhat.

**Words: 2,917**

## Chapter Two: Disbelieving, That's The Real Crime

Published: July 17th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

***-Paranormal activity/ghosts. No imagery, just writing. On a scared level of 1-10, it'd be a 3.***

***You have been informed.***

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**Date, May 15th**

**Time: 12:37 AM**

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**[ ]: ..yes..?**

Could be heard from the cheap, green touch-tone telephone, which was being held by a figure with cat-like features.

He was just about to respond, when all that could be heard was static, and then silence.

**[ ]: Hello? Hello!? Sydney!???**

The figure yelled, wondering if something happened, when-

He noticed the phone cord.

It had been cut.

Again.

How.. how could this happen?? Again!?? This couldn't be a coincidence. Something did this. SOMEONE did this.

But who.?

Well, it was a mystery.

But Peter wouldn't let that slide.

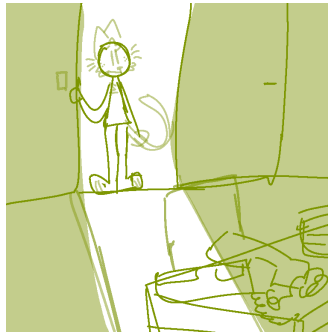
The orange tabby cat had been trying to contact his ex, Sydney Lawson, for the past 2 weeks. But after the first instance (which ended up in his red touch-tone telephone's cord being cut), he's been trying to find another phone. He's also been trying to figure out exactly what to say, as last time he was paralyzed with fear.

Peter looked at the phone in thought. After a few moments, he checked the time by looking at the clock on the wall. He was always good with reading traditional clocks.

The hands read:

**12:39 AM**

Peter got one more look at the phone and walked towards the door of his messy study room. He turned the lights off by flicking a switch down. Peter then turned around to face the now darkened room, which was only lightened from the doorway.



Peter walked away from the room and found his way to the bathroom, to where he brushed his teeth. The orange tabby then got a washcloth and put half of it under the running water of the sink, getting it wet. He rubbed it across his face, making it damp and giving it a sense of cleanliness. He took the dry part of the small towel and rubbed it across his face as well, making it somewhat dryer.

Slugging across the room of his small rented house towards his bedroom, Peter sighed yet again. That was until he heard creeping from behind him.

Was someone behind him? What made that noise? WHO made that noise??? Peter froze, unsure of what to do. He slowly whipped around, wondering what fate he would meet.

But no one was there.

Staring at nothing, Peter finally turned back around and started to walk again. He was okay. It was okay. Everything was okay. He went to turn off the light.

Everything *wasn't* okay.

The lights turned off by themselves.

Then on again.

Then off.

Peter's fur puffed up, and he knew damn well he hadn't even touched the light switch.

Now sprinting to his room, he shut the door and turned all lights in the bedroom on, making sure no part of it was dark. He went over to his bed and slowly climbed into it, not feeling that safe on it due to it just being a mattress on the ground.

***Peter: "Look at me, I'm acting like a child!"***

He thought to himself. After getting under the blankets and making sure that his feet (paws??) was on top of the bottom of the blanket, he stared up at the ceiling.

Welp, he couldn't sleep.

Looking over to his tiny bedside table, he mentally smacked his face. He saw some Melatonin gummies. Peter silently sat up. He then reached for the plastic jar and struggled to open it for a second. After finally getting it, he tipped it over and 2 gummies fell out.

Eating both of them, the tabby then layed back down on his bed, trying to fall asleep. After trying almost every falling-asleep trick he could think of, he eventually gave up and sat up in his bed.

Too many thoughts raced in his head. It was like a circus show, an action movie scene, and the time where middle school children are switching classes in the hallway all mixed into one. Too much.

The tabby layed back down, trying to get into a good sleeping position. After quite a bit, he finally felt comfortable just sleeping on his back, to which he almost fell asleep instantly, forgetting about how he was terrified just moments before.

Finally, an actual *good* sleep.

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**Time: 9:46 AM**

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Peter woke up. The artificial bright orange color from his room light on the ceiling filled the room.

Oh right.

He had that paranormal encounter.

Now, Peter wasn't one for jumping to conclusions. ..Well, he was, but that didn't matter at the moment! He had encountered a ghost, and that was all that mattered,

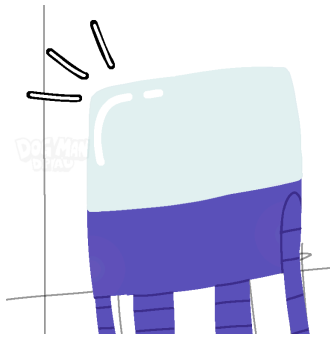
Sitting up in his bed, Peter rubbed his eyes. His beige walls surrounded the room, as they were, well, walls. As a pop of color, posters of music artists and fabric (almost curtain-like) with designs on them were fluttered across the walls. A bisexual pride flag hung on the wall next to the door.

The orange tabby slowly got out of bed and walked towards the door of his room. He turned the light off and opened the door, stepping out into the main living area. Peter then made his way to the bathroom, brushing his teeth and "washing" his face with the washcloth.

Afterwards, the tabby went to the kitchen, getting some breakfast made. He put some bread in his toaster, but before he could push the small knob down, a knock could be heard on the door.

Confused and wondering who on earth could be at Peter's door, the cat walked over to the front door and opened it.

To his surprise, the tabby was met with a big, blue, square robot.



**Peter: ...**

**Peter: uhm. Hi..?**

The robot waved. From behind them, a figure could be made out.

The blue robot moved out of the way, causing Peter to see who it was.

Mrs. Lawson??

**Peter: Mrs.- Mrs. Lawson??**

Peter rubbed his eyes, wondering if he was seeing correctly. Was this real? Or was this a dream??

**Mrs. Lawson: Peter??? Oh, it's you.**

The white cat rolled her eyes and placed her hands on her hips in annoyance.

**Peter: Wha- uhm- huh????**

**Mrs. Lawson: I'm just as confused as you are, kid.**

**Peter: One, don't call me that. Two: how and why are you here??**

**Mrs. Lawson: did you not hear me?? I'm just as confused as you are. This robot had broken my door and just took off carrying me without a word. Strange, innit?**

**Peter: I.. suppose... but, I haven't seen you since..**

Peter thought, looking away.

**Mrs. Lawson: since what??**

**Peter: no, that was a dream. I had just blackened out during my trip to the store.**

**Mrs. Lawson: Maybe not.**

Peter looked at her in shock.

**Peter: No, no. It wasn't real. I was foolish to think it was.**

All three sat in silence for a moment, before Auto-ism quickly picked up the two and blasted off into the sky.

**Peter: Hey! Warn me next time you do that!**

Auto-ism gave a thumbs up to the cat and continued flying to their destination.

Peter was hanging onto the robot's arms for dear life while Mrs. Lawson looked like she had done this a million times before. No emotion shown in her eyes, just annoyance as Peter screamed for his life. What was going on inside her head?

The scenery of the city flashed by, almost as if everything was melting together. After a few minutes of flying incredibly fast, they finally stopped and landed and landed in front of a tall, red building. Auto-ism set both cats onto the ground. Mrs. Lawson was almost directly in front of the robot, but a small bit to the side. Peter was unlucky, having been out directly behind the robot, so he could not see the door.

Peter was.. confused, to say the least. To be honest, he just wanted to eat his toast that he never even had a chance to make. And why was Mrs. Lawson here? He hates that woman..  
cat..!

Auto-ism rang the doorbell, and after a few moments, the door opened. Peter couldn't see who it was.

**Mrs. Lawson: Sydney??**

Ok, now Peter was incredibly confused. There was no way that Sydney could've opened the door, or that this blue robot could've brought the two cats to where she was-

**[ ]: M-mother!?**

A familiar voice. Just like the one he heard last night, 2 weeks ago, and all those years ago. The voice sounded surprised.

**[ ]: *Mother.***

The voice was now much more annoyed/angry. Peter couldn't deny it, but he might know who it was. He pushed past the robot.

**Peter: Excuse me! Let me pass here!**

After almost stumbling multiple times to get past the robot, Peter finally stopped walking and looked at who he was meeting.



He was face to face with someone he didn't expect to see.

He was face to face with Sydney Lawson.

**Words: 1,509**

## Chapter Three: What Happened To Your Good Sense?

Published: August 26th, 2023

***Warning, this chapter will include:***

- Violence***
- Mentions of blood***
- Mentions of manipulative behavior***

***You have been informed.***

***Also this chapter feels like an old 2020 gacha wattpad fanfiction and it hasn't had a full read before I'm posting it, I'm so sorry about that***

--

**January 2024 update: This chapter contains what is described as a panic attack, but displays it incorrectly. My dearest apologies for this. A panic attack is something serious. If you have them, I am genuinely very sorry, I used to get them a lot in middle school. I know how scary they can be. Please know that the best thing to do in that moment is to remember to breathe deeply and get to someplace quiet if you can. My heart goes out to you. Don't forget to stand up for yourself.**

-

**Date: May 15th**

-

No.

This *cannot* be possible.

First, her mother was at her doorstep- probably due to that robot she created for Li'l Sydney- now *him*? The cat whom she hadn't seen for 10 years? The one who *left her*??

**Peter: S-Sydney?**

She stared at him for a moment, expressionless (mostly due to shock), and then a frown came upon her face.

**Sydney: You need to leave. I do not want you here.**

**Peter: W-What??**

Stepping back, mostly to try and grab Li'l Sydney to hold her close behind her, Sydney repeated herself, her paw now starting to shake as a reaction to being overwhelmed.

**Sydney: You heard me the first time. I want you to leave, and never show your face here again.**

**Peter: But- I- okay. [*calmly*] I'm sorry, it's the robot that brought me here.**



Peter pointed towards Auto-ism who was behind him.

**Peter: I didn't have any part in this, alright? I-**

Peter's attention drifted down to the small calico who was holding onto Sydney's leg. Sydney had her paw on the kitten's head, wanting her to stay close to her. Peter hadn't noticed her before, but Li'l Sydney was staring at him, wide eyed and with confusion about what was happening.

**Sydney: Peter.**

Sydney said, more sternly, and almost yelling at him in alarm.

**Sydney: I asked for you to leave.**

**Peter: Okay, I'm sorry. I'll lea—**

**Mrs. Lawson: He won't be doing anything!**

Sydney's mother cut him off from speaking and pushed herself in front of Peter, making sure she was facing her daughter.

**Mrs. Lawson: We are your guests, so you should welcome us into your home!**

**Peter: *[sternly]* Mrs. Lawson, she asked for us to leave-**

**Mrs. Lawson: Oh, shut up!**

**Mrs. Lawson: I am her mother and she shall do as I say!**

**Sydney: No.**

Sydney said, standing her place once more. She looked at her mother

**Mrs. Lawson: Excuse me?**

Sydney's mother walked closer. Peter watched from the background, ready to help if it escalated.

**Sydney: I said no, lady. You can't tell me what to do. I'm 35 years old, for crying out loud!**

**Mrs. Lawson: You leave and when I finally am able to see you again, two decades later, you tell me to leave? Why are you like this, don't you love your own mother?**

Mrs. Lawson said that, knowing how she was acting manipulative. Although, Sydney didn't get tricked.

**Sydney: You can't pull that trick, you're not my mother. You're a manipulative, attention seeking cat!**

Mrs. Lawson stepped closer, intimidating Sydney once again.

**Mrs. Lawson: That's *no way* to talk to me!**

She yelled, quickly grabbing Sydney's wrist out of anger. Sydney yelped, pushing the white cat back. She looked down at her wrist. It hurt. Badly. It definitely did not feel broken though.

Sydney looked at Mrs. Lawson in fear, pushing Li'l Sydney back to make sure she wouldn't get hurt. She was about to scream at Sydney once more, until-

***BANG***

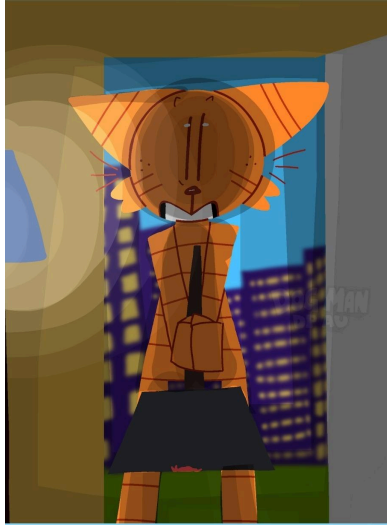
...

Mrs. Lawson fell onto her paws and knees with a thud, somehow still conscious. Sydney stepped back in surprise, trying to hide Li'l Sydney's face from seeing anything.

She reached behind her head, feeling something sticky start to flow. She felt a shearing pain pulsing from the back of her head. Mrs. Lawson pulled back her paw, looking at the red liquid coating the skin part of it.

She was bleeding.

It was a miracle that she was still awake, let alone alive. It seemed all three cats looked at the person in front of them (Mrs. Lawson looked behind herself. Oh, if stares could kill) in unison.



Peter was staring at the shovel in his hands, breathing, still in shock about what he had just done.

Only the ticking of the clock mentioned earlier back in chapter 1 could be heard.

*tick.*

*tick.*

*tick.*

Mrs. Lawson abruptly jumped up, pouncing at Peter as cats do. She tried scratching him, clawing him, anything to get revenge. Peter used the shovel to block the attacks, trying not to get brutally clawed. Though, it was not quite successful, as she had snipped the side of his ear, making him yelp in pain.

In what seemed to be less than a second, Sydney quickly opened the door to the closet near the front door. Sydney was able to push Mrs. Lawson away from Peter, practically throwing her into the closet, before slamming the door shut.

After locking the closet door, Sydney kept her back pressed against it to make sure her mom didn't try to open it. Her suspicions turned out to be correct, as she was banging on the door, screaming, wanting to come out.

**Mrs. Lawson: SYDNEY! OPEN UP THE DOOR RIGHT NOW!**

Peter stood there, staring, still confused about what had just happened. The shovel stood in his hands.

**Sydney: Don't just stand there! Call the police, dimwit!**

Peter shook out of his trance.

**Peter: Oh, uh! Yeah! Wait, uhm. Do you have a phone that I could borrow?? I don't have mine on me.**

Sydney rolled her eyes and sighed, even more aggravated. She looked over to Li'l Sydney, who was also just standing there, staring.

**Sydney: Hey, kid, can you go get my flip phone? The blue-ish gray one? I think it's either on the kitchen counter or upstairs.**

The calico asked calmly, knowing that the kitten was probably extremely overwhelmed.

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah.**

She then ran off to the kitchen first, leaving the two cats semi alone (as Mrs. Lawson was still in the closet, giving the occasional pound on the door. Although, she was slightly grateful that she could use one of the jackets hung up to press on her head, slowing the bleeding as well as it could.

**Peter: So,**

Peter started, not wanting this time to be awkward (though little did he know he would make it more awkward).

**Peter: Who's that?**

He asked, wondering about Li'l Sydney.

**Sydney: I do not want you here right now, but I need your help, so I'll answer any questions you have.**

Sydney sighed angrily, her back sliding down the door to where she was sitting.

**Sydney: That is my clone. Li'l Sydney.**

**Peter: That's her name?**

**Sydney: Yeah, I know it's not that creative. I think I just said it once and it just. Stuck.**

**Peter: Context on why she's a clone?**

**Sydney: I wanted to clone myself when I was.. evil. Turned out to be a little kid. She made me not evil.**

**Peter: Well... I guess.. now you have two kids now, haha..**

That made Sydney freeze. Her ears went back, and she stared at the wall in front of her in shock. She knew what Peter meant. She knew who he was talking about. Her hand started shaking, her breathing turned shallow. She felt like she was about to throw up. Sydney had moments like this a lot in the past.

**Peter: Sydney..?**

He was concerned now.

**Peter: Sydney, are you okay?!?**

Peter rushed over to Sydney, dropping the shovel. He kneeled down next to her, trying to calm her down the best he could.

Sydney snapped out of it, pulling away quickly from the tabby, still cautious around him. The calico stared at him, emotions filling up in her eyes.

Peter took his paw back, not wanting to hurt the other.

**Peter: Was it something I said..?**

Peter asked, confused. He didn't mean to cause her to have what seemed to be a panic attack.

**Peter: I was only asking about Pe-**

**Sydney: Don't.**

She didn't look at him. She turned away, holding her ears out of habit.

Peter's stomach sank.

**Peter: Did.. did something happen? You can tell me.**

Sydney couldn't tell him. It was buried too deep. Too much. She couldn't think about it; The cold hospital floors, the overwhelming smell of the sanitary products, the beeping of the heart monitor, the smell of the manufactured crayons that the doctors gave him to color with. She knew it all too well. Almost 2 weeks of her life was spent in that place.

It felt like everything around her was muffled, a ringing surrounded her ears. It was all she could hear, her breathing mixed in. Was that her heartbeat? Oh god, she could focus-

**Li'l Sydney: Mama, I got the phone?**

Sydney snapped out of the worst of it, the voice of her daughter bringing her back to reality. She let go of her ears, calming down. She looked at the face in front of her, Li'l Sydney. When did she get there?

**Sydney: O-oh, yes, thank you so much.**

Sydney carefully took the phone and handed it to Peter, who took it and opened it up to reveal the buttons of numbers, letters and symbols used for typing. He thanked the two and got up, making his way towards the other side of the room.

He pressed 2 buttons, the second one twice: 911

Sydney was able to hear the conversation(?) between the police officer and Peter. ("911?" and so on. "Yeah, my friend's mother, uh.. How do I say this? She barged into her house and yelled, then grabbed her wrist and it seems hurt. We have her mom in a closet currently, and we're trying to keep her there until cops can arrive." "What's your friend's name??" "Uhm, Sydney Lawson." "Sydney? What's your name?" "Peter Duckhat, Mx." )

Her wrist hurt. Her head hurt. Her nose hurt from the overwhelming smell of the spot of blood on the carpet. Sydney's ears went back. Too much. She just wanted to build a robot with her daughter, jeeze!

Said daughter put her paw on Sydney's, trying to get her attention. The older calico turned to her. Li'l Sydney looked at her with a worried face.

**Li'l Sydney: Mama? Is everything okay?**

**Sydney: Yeah, I'm okay.. don't worry, kid.**

**Li'l Sydney: You.. don't look fine..**

**Sydney: I'm okay.**

Sydney then turned to the younger cat and hugged her, trying to reassure her, as this was a stressful moment for them both.

Li'l Sydney hugged her back, needing the warmth of her mother. They stayed like this for a while, embracing in each other's arms until Peter had finished the phone call for authorities to arrive.

**Peter: Well, they were confused about... well, everything, but they're on their way.**

Sydney mumbled a "thank you," not looking at the tabby cat. She stood up and went towards the coffee table in front of the red couch.

**Sydney: Well, that cat will definitely be trying to get out of that closet soon, and that lock won't hold 'er forever, and I can't sit there for all of eternity until authorities come.**

**Sydney: Hey, you.**

Sydney turned to the blue, square robot who was standing in the doorway.

**Sydney: Could you maybe move the table to be blocking the closet door? I would do it, but I feel too beat up.**

With that, Auto-ism then walked over to the coffee table to try and push it towards the door.

**Words: 1,986**

## Chapter Four: Bored of the dance, I laugh in spite of myself

Published: September 16th, 2023

***This chapter will include:  
-yelling/screaming***

**-mentions of coughing up blood, death, and hospitals**  
**-a drawing containing small shards of glass and a very small amount of blood**

**You have been informed.**

—

**Date: May 15th**

**Time: 4:46 PM**

—

Sydney sighed. It had been a really long day.

Firstly, after Auto had moved the small, beige coffee table, Mrs. Lawson began punching the door of the closet once more. After trying to put up with that, the cops shortly arrived.

Zuzu had run straight in to make sure Li'l Sydney and the others were okay. She hugged both of the calicos, before being almost immediately pushed away by Sydney, who quickly scolded the dog and told her not to hug her again (ugh, dogs).

Zuzu nodded, then hugged Li'l Sydney once more before running to help the other cops.

Then, they had to get Mrs. Lawson out of the closet. That was a lot, Sydney barely even remembered it.

They then had to find out if Mrs. Lawson actually did hurt Sydney first, to which Auto-ism joined into the conversation and showed a video tape of what had previously happened. They had been recording the whole thing, which Sydney was grateful for. That dimwit deserves to be in jail.

Right after the cops left (they asked lots of questions and insisted on wrapping Sydney's right wrist, the one she hurt, in a bandage) Sydney went into the kitchen and walked towards the cupboards.

She opened one, in which a bunch of plastic and glass cups were set there. She grabbed a glass one, as the plastic ones were mostly for Li'l Sydney.

Making her way (A/N: downtown /j) towards the sink, Sydney lifted up the sink tab, making water rush out of the faucet. She turned it to the right and waited for the water to get colder.



After what seemed to be forever (it had been less than a minute), Sydney put her paw under the water. Sydney couldn't ever see why others disliked water, even as a child. She's heard of cats who hated being in contact with it. Anyways.

The water was cold, so she filled up the glass with water. She drank it all, set the glass down and sighed.

[ ]: **So..,**

Sydney heard from behind her. She turned around to find Peter with a bandage covering his right ear (left ear from where Sydney was facing) from the fight (was it even a fight? Without that shovel, Peter probably would've been torn to shreds due to not having any claws because of his genetics) with Mrs. Lawson.

Sydney leaned on the counter behind her and looked at the tabby in annoyance.

**Peter: Uhh..**

**Sydney: Yeah??**

Peter sighed due to nervousness. He looked around, noticing the muted blue counters and the silver gray sink.

Peter couldn't hear anything as he thought of what to say. He had not rehearsed it, and it was scary to have the calico stare at him like that.

**Peter: ....how have you been..?...**

Sydney scoffed.

**Sydney: "How have you been"!? You leave for 10 years, magically come back because of a robot I created somehow brought you here, and you ask, "*How have you been*"!?**

Sydney yelled at him in anger, throwing her arms/hands around with each word.

Peter was taken back, not expecting Sydney to start raising her voice.

**Peter: H-Hey, I'm sorry! I-I- just-**

**Sydney: You *what*?**

Peter looked at her in fear, making Sydney calm down a bit.

**Sydney: I didn't mean to scream. It's just, why? Why did you leave?? Like, it doesn't make *any* sense. What the hell, man!?**

**Peter: I didn't want to, I just.. I got scared.**

**Sydney: "scared"??**

**Peter: I know, it sounds crazy, but.. I have a reasonable explanation.**

Sydney glared at him.

**Sydney: You better have a reasonable explanation to why you *left us*.**

She growled.

Peter looked at her with a guilty expression, and thought for a moment.

**Peter: Where.. is he?**

Sydney looked at him with a mix of surprise, sadness, and horror for a split moment.

**Sydney: I don't know who you're talking about.**

Sydney turned around to face the sink, looking downwards and trying to end the conversation.  
She held her empty, glass cup.

**Peter: You most likely *do* know who I'm talking about.**

The grip on the cup tightened.

**Sydney: No, I don't.**

**Peter: Sydney, I know you do. And I'd like to see him, tell him that I'm sorry.**

Her claws dug into the cup. Her hand was shaking now.

**Sydney: Peter, no. That isn't possible.**

**Peter: Why, Sydney?**

He looked at the calico, confused and wondering why he couldn't see his son.

**Peter: Why can't I see him? I want to at least tell him happy birthday, it's the least I can do!**

**Peter: Please, why wont you tell me what happened? I want to know about Petey!**



The glass shattered into the sink. Her paw was bleeding.

Peter's ears went back, stunned. Sydney whipped around in anger to face him. She was shaking, and she looked like she was about to break down any second.

**Sydney: You wanna know what happened, Peter Duckhat!?**

She screamed at him.

**Sydney: Well I want to know why you weren't there! Why you weren't there when he started complaining about his stomach hurting, when he started to throw up almost all the time, when he started *coughing up blood!***

Sydney walked closer, screaming, making Peter step back. He was scared. What happened after he left??

**Sydney: I want to know where you were when I had to rush him to the ER, when I had a meeting with the doctor, when they said that his chances of making it were incredibly low!**

What..?

**Sydney: I want to know where you were 10 years ago when he was on that hospital bed, and when he took his last breath!**

**Sydney: He's dead, Peter! Petey Duckhat Lawson is dead, and he died on his seventh birthday, wanting to know where the hell his father was and why he left him!**

Sydney was out of breath. Her ears were back, her body was shaking, her paw was bleeding. She looked down. There was blood on the floor. She was crying.

Peter looked at her, speechless.

How would he ever process that?



**Peter: What.**

Sydney started screaming at him.

**Sydney: You know *EXACTLY* what I said, Peter!**

More screaming.

Tiny paws were coming down into the living room. They were hesitant at first, then seemed to silently yell to someone and hop down the stairs. Sydney hadn't processed them. Neither had Peter. The calico's eyes were closed. She couldn't see.

All she heard was her lecture at Peter, how he had left her and how he was a coward and how Petey would have lived if she wasn't betrayed.

She couldn't see the kid who was facing Sydney, who was standing in front of Peter. Who wanted this to stop.

**[ ]: Mama, stop!**

A voice said. Sydney opened her eyes. She looked down to see Li'l Sydney with her arms out, facing Sydney in a way that treated the older calico like a threat.



**Li'l Sydney: Please, Mama, stop! Why are you yelling?**

Sydney took one look at the kid and fell down onto the floor. She was laying on her hands and knees. She was crying her eyes out.

Today was too much. Her hand hurt. Her wrist hurt. Her head hurt. Her mind hurt. Her body hurt. Everything just hurt.

Li'l Sydney rushed over to her mother, wondering what on Earth was wrong. Peter looked down, thinking. Emotions overwhelmed him, but he didn't show it.

Li'l Sydney hugged the older calico, trying to calm her down.

**Peter: I...**

**Peter: I'm so sorry. I..**

The tabby sighed and put a paw on his face, rubbing his eye, which had started trickling with a tear.

**Peter: I should go now. I'm.. I'm sorry. I'm so, so, so sorry, Sydney. I had no idea. Oh.. oh my gosh.**

Li'l Sydney looked at him with confusion, not knowing what he was talking about. Sydney was now turned away from both of the cats, her back facing them.

**Li'l Sydney: Goodbye, uhh...**

**Peter: Peter. Peter Duckhat.**

Peter gave a weak smile, to which LS responded with a hesitant smile at first, to where she then gave a bright thumbs up.

Peter then had a lightbulb moment and quickly went to the counter, grabbed a paper towel and a pen, wrote something down and handed it to Li'l Sydney.

**Peter: Here's my phone number. It's most likely your mom won't need it, or ever want to use it, but if she does, make sure she has it.**

**Li'l Sydney: Alright.**

**Peter: Stay safe. Goodbye, Lawsons.**

And like that, he was out of the house and gone.

LS turned to Sydney, who was tugging on her ears. She had been doing that a lot.

**Li'l Sydney: Mama..?**

**Sydney: ..Yes?**

**Li'l Sydney: I want to lay down and take a nap. With you. I'm tired.**

Sydney turned to look at her. The cat looked like a wreck.

**Sydney: That'd be okay. Cmon.**

Sydney slowly got up and took Li'l Sydney's paw. They walked into the main entrance room, up the stairs, and made their way to the bathroom.

After about 5-7 minutes, Sydney had successfully gotten all pieces of glass out of her paw. She washed it and wrapped bandages over it. Li'l Sydney helped her.

The two calicos made their way to Sydney's room. Sydney didn't argue about how LS was sleeping in her bed, this time could be an exception. She turned the fan on and layed in bed. Li'l Sydney followed.

Soon, they were laying down, Sydney on her side of the bed and Li'l Sydney snuggled up close to her. Right before Sydney drifted off, she heard Li'l Sydney.

**Li'l Sydney: I love you.**

Sydney couldn't take it, and held the kitten tight while crying. Li'l Sydney let it happen. Emotions filled her as well. She nuzzled her mother's fur, calming her down.

It had been a really long day.

**Words: 1,691**

## Chapter 5: We Wanna Be Your Imaginary Friend!

Published: September 17th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

***-small mentions of blood***

***-very small mentions of screaming***

***You have been informed.***

***This chapter has also been proofread by [Auburn\\_Cat043](#). Please follow it, read it's stories and thank her for putting up with my draft writing, which isn't always the best.***

—

**Date: May 15th**

**Time: 4:25 PM**

—

And a little color there, some more there, and... done!

Li'l Sydney had finished her drawing! It was just a flower, nothing special. But she wanted to make more drawings, enough to make her mama feel better. Hopefully.

***A white face stared at her, the figure's eyes wide with surprise and hatred. Blood dripped down to the floor. Drip. Drip. Drip.***

Li'l Sydney stared at the wall, her grandmother's face etched into her mind.

She didn't want to think about it. The blood in the carpet, the way her mother had backed up, wanting to protect Li'l Sydney, and Mrs. Lawson's giant, beady eyes, staring at her.

It was too much, she didn't like it.

She shook her head and looked down at the drawing.

It had scribbles all over it.

She sighed, balling the paper up and throwing it into the pile of all the other failed drawings that had also been scribbled on.

Li'l Sydney went to reach for yet another paper, until she felt something.. a presence. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't good either. It was just... neutral.

It also felt.. chaotic.. in a way. Like its owner was childish, but also riddled with negativity.

Li'l Sydney didn't think anything of it.. It happened to her a lot, so wondering about it now lead to nowhere.

Grabbing another piece of paper from the pile next to her, Li'l Sydney picked up a crayon and started drawing. Just doodles at first, before deciding on drawing her and her mama. Hopefully this was gonna be a totally epic and awesome drawing!

Halfway through coloring, she noticed light on her paper. Like.. glowing. It was coming from in front of her. Confused, she looked up.







[ ]: HI! ^\_^

She stared blankly at who was in front of her, shocked. It was... paper? Not only that, it looked like a flip-o-rama mask. How was that even possible?

It also seemed to be a cat who was orange with stripes. Their right ear was black, just like her mom's.

[ ]: **What's your favorite color?**

The creature asked almost immediately. Were they... floating?

**Li'l Sydney: Oh, uhm,—**

She stuttered as she tried to grasp the situation. Once she did, she answered the creature with all the confidence she could muster.

**Li'l Sydney: Coral pink and navy blue.**

[ ]: **Hmm.... Well, great news, you've been spared from painful torture! ^^**

**Li'l Sydney: W-what!?**

[ ]: **I'm joking! Don't worry! :3**

The creature floated around like a cartoon character as they giggled. Who were they, and why were they joking about torture?

**Li'l Sydney: Who.. are you?**

The entity- who looked to be around the same age as Li'l Sydney- stopped floating and looked at her

[ ]: **Why, I'm a freak!**

**Li'l Sydney: ..okay..?**

**[ ]: And I have hands! And I have feet! =3**



The creature showed her the respective body parts as they spoke

**Li'l Sydney: Huh?**

The creature burst out laughing, like they just told the funniest joke known to mankind. Li'l Sydney didn't get it.

**[ ]: I'm joking! Just a lil joke, silly goose!**

They paused, before saying something under their breath.

**[ ]: Or should I say "mongoose?"**

If Li'l Sydney hadn't already been confused, she *definitely* was now.

**Li'l Sydney: So... what exactly is your name?**

**[ ]: Oh, how silly of me! Never officially introduced myself!**

The entity struck a silly lil cartoon-like pose and declared themselves.

[ ]: The name's Petey!



**Petey:** Now, what's yours?

**Li'l Sydney:** Uh, I dunno, , my mama doesn't let me talk to strangers.

**Petey:** You can trust me, if you want. I won't force you to be my friend, but I pinky promise I won't tell her!

**Li'l Sydney:** Umm.. ok.

Both cats' paws met each other and they did the gesture of the well-known pinky promise.

**Li'l Sydney:** My name's Li'l Sydney.

**Petey:** Well, it's nice to meet ya, Li'l Sydney!

Petey shook her hand.



After she pulled away, she thought. Then she had a lightbulb moment.

**Li'l Sydney: Hey Petey, do you like drawing?**

Li'l Sydney showed Petey the art supplies she had at the moment.

**Petey: Yeah!**

Petey floated over to where Li'l Sydney was and picked up a crayon.

Li'l Sydney smiled, and looked down at her art piece.

It was scribbled on.

-

**Time: 4:49 PM**

-

Li'l Sydney reached for another paper.

**Li'l Sydney: Hmm.. what should I draw next?**

Petey thought, still floating about an inch off the ground

**Petey: Maybe us being friends? I dunno =/**

**Li'l Sydney: Sure!**

She grabbed for the orange, black and yellow crayons and began to draw away.

The sound of glass shattering startled LS, bringing her back to real life. Was everything ok?

**Li'l Sydney: Wh- what was that.**

**Petey: What was what? :<**

LS put her crayon down and looked at Petey

**Li'l Sydney: That glass breaking sound?**

**Petey: That was nothing.**

Petey replied almost instantly, and then went back to coloring, trying to pretend nothing happened

LS then picked up on the sound of yelling.

**Li'l Sydney: That sounds like Mama! Is everything alright?**

She looked over to the top of the stairs.

**Petey: Let it happen.**

His entire demeanor had changed. He now seemed dead serious.

**[A/N: haha get it]**

**Li'l Sydney: What..?**

**Petey: It's best to not interfere.**

Li'l Sydney looked at him with confusion.

**Li'l Sydney: No, I need to see if everything will be okay. It's my job as a Supa Buddie.**

**Petey: You can't do anything. He deserves it.**

**Li'l Sydney: No.**

She got up and started walking to the small hallway that was out the door to her room.

**Petey: No, don't do it.**

**Li'l Sydney: No. I won't let anyone get hurt.**

**Petey: No, he deserves it!**

Who? What? Why?? Li'l Sydney stared in confusion for half a moment, before speaking.

**Li'l Sydney: ..no, the cat down there did nothing wrong, he helped us today..**

**Petey: You don't know.**

The yelling continued, and her ears perked towards the sound.

**Petey: Don't go down there.**

Li'l Sydney stared at him, then continued her mission to the stairs. Petey hurriedly floated in front of her.

**Petey: Don't.**

He stopped her.

**Li'l Sydney: No, Petey.**

**Li'l Sydney: Why not? Why won't you let me go downstairs?**

**Petey: I don't want you to get hurt.**

**Li'l Sydney: I won't get hurt, I promise you. Nothing will happen.**

**Petey: What will happen will happen.**

Li'l Sydney looked at him, puzzled.

**Li'l Sydney: You're not making any sense! I'm going downstairs!**

But Petey grabbed onto her paw to make sure she couldn't. It wasn't forceful, but enough to make the kitten turn to face him.



**Li'l Sydney: Petey, let go of my paw.**

Petey shook his head and looked at Li'l Sydney.

**Petey: No, I can't let you down there**

**Li'l Sydney: I will be fine.**

Li'l Sydney had enough and quietly snapped back at the other. She then ripped her paw away from Petey's and ran downstairs.

It was, in fact, Sydney who was yelling. It was at the orange cat from earlier in the day.

Li'l Sydney didn't want anyone to get hurt, she couldn't.

She ran towards the two and faced Sydney, trying to stop the fighting.

It worked.

Petey watched it all happen, disappointed. He really thought he made a friend today. A friend for a long, long time.

Well, the plans have unfortunately changed.

**Words: 1,277**

# Chapter Six: A Buncha Stuff That Happened Next

Published: October 5th, 2023

**Warning, this chapter will include:  
-small amount of paranormal activity**

—

**Date: May 15th  
Time: 5:18 PM**

—

Peter sat against a tree at the park. He sat here every time he was upset or just needed a break, and this was definitely a time when he was upset AND needed a break.

Sydney's voice ran through his mind. *He's dead. He's dead. **He's dead.***

And it was Peter's fault.

Why couldn't he have just been there?? His son- *their* son- would've been okay.

And yet his own way to protect him was the thing that killed him.

***Peter: "So LEAVING them was a way of protection????"***

Peter thought to himself. It had been his biggest regret for the past 10 years, but now it made his stomach feel like knots.

Thinking about it made him sick with guilt and pain. God, why was he like this???





Peter tried looking at his surroundings as a way to calm down, that always helped. His eyes darted from color to color, object to object, person to person.

And yet this time it seemed to make it worse, just making Peter more overwhelmed.

The sun was bright, the grass was spiky, the cars were overly loud and left an acid-like smell behind. He wanted to leave.

And so he did.

Peter tried to get out of the noisy park and walked straight to the nearest bus station.

-

**Time: 8:34**

-

Peter forgot how to use buses.

Well, firstly, he got on the bus, and remembered he needed to pick up more groceries, as all he currently has is bread. Then he got off the bus and went to the store, where he was for about an hour.

(He mostly was in the bathroom to calm down because even at the STORE everything was too much.)

Then he decided to go shop for some groceries he needed to live and not starve to death.

The grocery bags he carried the food in were paper, and he only had to carry two, as he got very little things.

After all that, he went onto the bus and got lost on where to go.

For almost *2 hours*.

Peter walked down the building hallway, groceries in paws, and got to his apartment.

Where right above his door was a gigantic hole in the ceiling.



Peter sighed and just decided to let it be. It'll sort itself out soon (even though confronting the landlords/building management about it made him **INCREDIBLY** nervous).

Peter walked towards the kitchen, set the brown paper bags down, walked over to his bedroom, and finally layed down on his bed.

It's been quite a day.

Firstly, a robot took him from his home, he met SYDNEY again, and Petey..

Peter shook his thoughts away.

Too much.

The tabby sighed. Maybe turning some music on could help? Putting the groceries away in the cupboards?

Peter was too tired to do any of those. He just layed down on his back for a moment on the bed. It felt nice and calming to finally rest after a really, really long day.

-

**Date: May 16th**  
**Time: around 6 AM**

-

Peter had fallen asleep on his bed. It wasn't until the middle (well, not really "middle") of the night when he awoke again.

His eyes drooped open, only to be blinded by the yellow-colored sight in his room from the light he forgot to turn off.

Peter didn't want to get up, not yet at least. His paws covered his eyes for a moment.

He couldn't see the outside, as there weren't any windows in his room. But he guessed it was early in the morning. He always had feelings about what time it might be, and for some reason it always turned out to be true.

He rubbed his eyes again and laid peacefully on his bed. Luckily, there were no overly loud and disturbing noises that could interrupt him from this calm and quiet moment.

...

**SLAM**

Peter's eyes shot open as he sat up.

What was that noise? Was it in his head?? Did someone get shot outside???

His door had been slammed shut with so much force it looked like it almost broke.

Peter's heart sank and he felt sick. No one should be in the apartment. Well, except for him. Since he lived there.

Peter looked at the door silently. He stayed like this for about 2 minutes, but it felt like awhile.

Peter slowly got up and walked towards the door.

He breathed in.

And then out.

He reached for the door handle, ready to open the brown door with every ounce of bravery in his body and he felt like this moment was dreading on and on and he pulled his hand back and realized he could NOT do this.

What was on the other side? A thief? The wind? A ghost!??

He paced around his room wondering what to do, his head spinning. He stepped on the blankets on the floor, which should be in his bed.

Finally, he got tired of pacing and just went for it. He walked towards the door, opened it, and-

Nothing happened.

Jeeze, he was overreacting. Again.

Peter then silently and slowly walked a little bit away from the door, just making sure.

**SLAM**

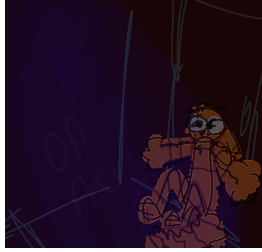
The door behind the tabby banged shut, and he jumped up in alarm, his fur and tail poofing up.

Not knowing what to do, he panicked and ran towards his study room. The door was open, which made him feel like it was easier to get to.

Getting to the door felt like forever, as he felt a negative (or.. neutral? Not really negative or positive, but still very eery) energy surrounding him for some reason.

The lights around him seemed to flash, making him dizzy. He tried closing his eyes, but obviously that made him bump into things.

Finally (it was less than 4 seconds) he made it to his small study room and closed the door. There was some very small light that came through the window in front of him.



Peter breathed heavily, not knowing what on Earth to do.

Does he stay here? Does he leave? Does he try to fight this.. ghost thing!??

Peter's eyes then wandered to his desk as he tried to think of ways to deal with this.

He saw the green, broken telephone on his desk. It was still cut from the other day.

He knew what he wanted to do.

He would explain everything to Sydney Lawson.

Well, everything about why he left and such. He was most positive she wouldn't believe him about the ghost hauntings.

**Words: 1,170**

## Chapter Seven: The Awful Truth

Published: October 14th, 2023

–

**Date: May 16th**

**Time: around 7:30-8:30 AM**

–

It was a slightly foggy day, and the grass was wet from raining the night before. The sun peeked through the clouds. It seemed very , peaceful.

Li'l Sydney had woken up earlier than her mom, which was sometimes normal, and was VERY normal in the past 2 days.

She was laying on her floor coloring with her crayons, until her eyes wandered over to the drawing from last night.

The drawing wasn't perfect, but that was okay. She's been trying to practice better at drawing, and this picture was more like an experiment. She felt sad that people said their art was bad, when it was really good to her.

She started thinking about Petey. Where did he come from? He is a nice friend, but why did he try to stop her from going downstairs?

Well, best not to think about it right now. Li'l Sydney was confused, but didn't have much interest in the thought.

She was laying on her stomach with a piece of paper in front of her, a Crayola crayon in her paw, and humming a little song while kicking her feet. She stayed like this for a while, about 15 minutes.

### ***Knock knock knock***

Someone knocked on the front door, and Li'l Sydney's ears perked up to the sound. It was downstairs, but she could somehow still hear it. She had really good hearing! That was something she was proud of.

The small cat stood up and walked quickly out into the small hallway and down the stairs and opened the door. The stairs were less than 4 feet away from the door, so she could easily get to it fast.

She grabbed the door knob (which wasn't THAT hard, but the knob was up to her face, so still kind of difficult) and opened the door, to which she was met by an orange cat in a brown-gray jacket. It was the cat from last night!

**Peter: Oh, hello- I was expecting Sydney to open the door, is she here? I'd like to talk to her.**

The cat said, surprised to see the kitten.

**Li'l Sydney: she's upstairs sleeping. She doesn't like being woken up**

Peter chuckled and stared off to the side.

**Peter: Yeah, I know.**

**Peter: Is there any way to wake her up?**

Li'l Sydney nodded.

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah, I'll try my best.**

She looked at him confidently, like she was about to complete an incredibly important mission. She then turned around and ran quickly up the stairs.

Walking into Sydney's room, Li'l Sydney raced towards the bed and shook her mom awake.

Sydney groaned and swatted the kitten away with her paw.

**Li'l Sydney: The orange cat from last night said he wants to talk to you**

Li'l Sydney started poking her face, trying to get her to wake up.

Sydney swatted her paw away again.

**Sydney: Tell him to go away, I don't want to speak to him right now. Or ever.**

The kitten nodded and raced downstairs again to find Peter still standing there with the door open, not sure what to do.

He looked over when he heard Li'l Sydney hopping down the stairs.

**Li'l Sydney: she said she doesn't want to talk to you now. or ever**

**Peter:**

**Peter: Oh. Well, this is uh. Kind of urgent. Could you ask again? If it's not too much trouble for you.**

Li'l Sydney nodded and not before long, she came back downstairs.

**Li'l Sydney: She said to get off her property and never show your face here again**

Peter stared at the kitten with his mouth open, who said that in such a calm way. He was flabbergasted.



Peter thought for a moment, and then carefully gathered his next words.

**Peter: Please tell her that it's really, *really* important.**

**Li'l Sydney: Okay!**

And with that, Li'l Sydney ran up the stairs and into Sydney's room once more.

She shook the older calico again.

**Li'l Sydney: He said that it's really *really* important-**

**Sydney: OKAY!**

Sydney sat up and got out of bed.

**Sydney: I'M UP! AND WALKING DOWNSTAIRS!**

Sydney did just that and LS followed after her. The cat walked outside and closed the door behind her, making sure Li'l Sydney couldn't hear from inside.

**Sydney: Yeah, hi, what the *hell* are you doing here???**





Sydney glared at him, and Peter met her eyes. He finally could fully observe the small changes from the past decade.

She looked, well, different, which he would've expected, as they're both 10 years older. It still shocked Peter.

But, besides the missing whisker and tired eyes from just waking up, she still looked like Sydney.

**Sydney: Well!?**

Peter snapped out of his thoughts.

**Peter: I want to explain. Everything.**

Sydney's eyes widened a tiny bit, and Peter went on.

**Peter: I want to explain why I left. It wasn't okay, and you deserve to know everything.**

Sydney sighed and rubbed her eyes with her paw.

**Sydney: I don't know if I'll believe you, but it's worth a shot.**

—

Sydney walked to the kitchen, where they could talk away from the stairs where Li'l Sydney might be able to hear them. She was up in her room with the door shut, but just in case.

Sydney asked if he'd like anything to drink, to which Peter responded with tea. Sydney nodded and went to get some water from the sink, to which she saw the glass from last night.

Oh yeah. That.

She tried ignoring it, she'd clean it up later.

Peter was watching her, nervous of what he would say in just less than 5 minutes. Because of this, his giant ears were low. Not thinking, he blurted out-

**Peter: I still love you.**

He couldn't see Sydney because her back was turned, but it looked like she froze. Then her ears went down.

She sighed, and turned around to give Peter his cup of tea, not meeting his eyes. He looked away too due to embarrassment.

Sydney walked towards the table and set the cup by Peter. She said down across from him and started.

**Sydney: So?**

Peter took a sip of the drink and looked to the side.

**Peter: I can't remember most of it, it's still coming back to me, but I remember it was a little more than 10 years ago.**

**Sydney: Are you talking about what I think your talking about?**

**Peter: I think so. Remember when I was in the hospital for about 2 days?**

Sydney: Yeah..?

Peter: Well, then we're talking about the same thing.

**Words: 1,104**

## Chapter Eight: Hey! This chapter's in the past! Sweeeet

Published: October 20th, 2023

***The chapter will include:***

***-kidnapping. Kind of. But just in case, I'm putting it here***

***-mentions if poisoning someone/murder***

***-someone who earns his life /j***

***You have been informed.***

--

***January 2024 Update: I am not that proud of how this chapter turned out. My apologies.***

—

**Date: January 2006**

**Time: around 8:30-9:00 PM**

—

*There was a tiny, white-beige house that sat on a tiny yard. There were some trees around, and there were some houses near.*

*You could hear the small city which was about a 2 minute walk from the small neighborhood, where a grocery store and other miscellaneous buildings were seated.*

*The door to the house opened and a cat stepped out. Said cat waved goodbye and walked out onto the sidewalk and to the city.*

*It was raining, and he was still wearing a jacket. He didn't want to get rain water all soaked through his fur.*

*The scenery was dark and almost all he smelled was smoke mixed with rain and car fuel, but I guess that's what happens when you walk into a city. Cars exist.*

*They needed groceries for the week, and since he forgot yesterday, he decided it was his responsibility to get them as soon as he remembered.*

*He passed a small bus station which lit up the area around it, providing the cat a little bit of light.*

*He was coming up by an alley which was about 2 minutes away from the store. He was just about to pass it, until-*

**BANG**

—

*The orange cat awoke, only to be found in a dark room. He was sitting on a chair.*

*His head hurt, and badly. Had.. had he been hit on the head?*

*Then the cat got fully aware of the situation he was in.*

*Where was he? How did he get here? Did he die!? He didn't even get the groceries!!*

*A light turned on from above him. It looked like he was in one of those old classic movie interrogation scenes.*

*He didn't seem to be tied to the chair, though, but he didn't know where he was, so he didn't feel safe enough to start running around everywhere, even though that would have been one of his first instincts to do so.*

*He could see an outline in the dark in front of him. The cat was too scared to say anything, so he just looked at the shadows in horror.*

**[ ]: Pete.**

*The voice was raspy, but not fully yet. The cat looked out into the darkness in front of him, confused on how the shadows almost knew his name.*

**[ ]: that is your name, correct? I don't care about it enough.**

**Pete?: Uhm, actually, its Peter-**

*The moment he said that he mentally slapped himself in the face.*

*Ah, yes! Of course! Tell the mysterious shadows that kidnapped you your name! What a perfect idea!*

**[ ]: Well then, Peter.**

**[ ]: I'm a simple cat. You do something for me, and I'll do something for you in return.**

**Peter: What do you mean??**

*The figure stepped out of the shadows and revealed herself. Her fur was white. She wore round glasses, but didn't seem to look aged.*

*Peter didn't immediately recognize the face that he's only seen about once or twice in his life.*

**Peter: uh- do I.. know you?**

*Wait.*

*Mrs. Lawson?*

**SYDNEY'S MOM???**

*Peter gasped due to surprise.*

**Peter: hey- I DO know you! You're Sydney's mom, right? What are you doing KIDNAPPING me!???**

**Mrs. Lawson: I didn't kidnap you, I simply brought you here to ask you for something.**

*That's literally kidnapping, but okay.*

*Wait, what does Lawson want??*

**Peter: What do you wish to ask me?? Better not be something weird or uncomfortable.**

**Mrs. Lawson: I'm a reasonable cat, Peter. I'm not going to ask you something like that.**

*Okay, phew.*

**Mrs. Lawson: I simply wish for you to ruin my daughter's life.**

WHAT!?

**Peter: I- uh- wuh- pardon!?**

*Peter was flabbergasted. Actually, that was more of an understatement.*

**Mrs. Lawson: You heard me. Maybe you could.. poison someone she loved dearly? Like her son?**

*Petey??*

**Peter: How.. do you know that?**

**Mrs. Lawson: We live in the same town, and it's not that small, either.**

*Another reason why he wanted to earn more money- so they could get out of this city and move somewhere nicer.*

**Peter: Y.. You're crazy if you think I'm going to do that!**

**Mrs. Lawson: There will be money involved.**

**Peter: I don't care!?! I'm not going to harm my family!**

**Mrs. Lawson: Well, that's unfortunate. Guess I'll find another way.**

**BANG**

*And with that, Peter blanked out once again.*

-

**Present**

-

**Peter: And then I woke up again in the hospital.**

*Peter looked in front of him to see Sydney's reaction.*

*Again, it was unreadable, besides her ears which were pointed back. Peter waited patiently for a response.*

*Sydney stood up.*

**Sydney: We're going to that cat jail to talk to that old lady.**

Peter nodded.

**Words: 831**

## Chapter Nine: Going To Cat Jail To Talk To That Old Lady

Published: October 31st, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

***-slight mentions of death and technical kidnapping  
-fighting***

***You have been informed.***

***This chapter also features out-of-character dialog for some characters. My apologies.***

–

**May 16**

**8:30-9:00 AM**

–

Sydney had called Zuzu to ask if she could watch Li'l Sydney. The dog barked happily and hung up, and Sydney guessed that was a yes.

After telling Li'l Sydney about where they were going, Sydney grabbed a light jacket (it started raining heavily) and they were off to their destination.

The walk wasn't long, but it felt like that for Peter, who seemed to feel slightly awkward. Sydney didn't notice.

–

When they arrived at the building, Sydney opened the door and what awaited the two looked to be a waiting room with a desk at the front.

Sydney walked up to the desk, to which the person sitting there noticed her immediately.

**Guard: Sydney! Haven't seen you since.. well, a couple days ago, actually! You just couldn't stay away, could you?**

**Sydney: You and I both know that's not true. Now, is there any way for me to visit one of the prisoners? I have some questions I need to ask.**

**Guard: Sure! Who ya visiting?**

**Sydney: Mrs. Lawson**

The guard wrote down a note on a piece of paper.

**Guard: Alright, I'll get ya checked out! You and your friend can have a seat on those chairs while ya wait.**

So Sydney and Peter both walked towards the seats and sat down with an empty seat in between them.

Peter looked puzzled, and asked Sydney a question.

**Peter: What did they mean by not having seen you for a couple of days?**

**Sydney: I don't want to talk about it right now.**

Sydney snapped back, to which Peter kept quiet for the rest of the wait.

—

The two of them were now in another room, which seemed to be empty except for a few chairs. There were two doors- one which was leading to the waiting room, and one that led to the jail cells.

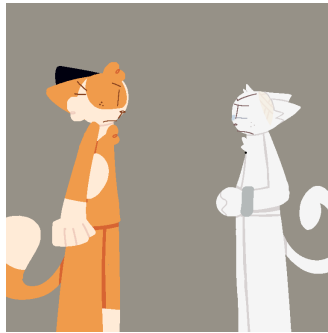
***[Think of the scene in book 8 when Petey and Li'l Petey are visiting Grampa. This is that room.]***

Sydney wasn't wearing her jacket, and it was placed on a chair near the exit door to the room.

The two cats stood there until the jail cell door opened, and a guard came out with a white cat following behind him. It was Mrs. Lawson, and she was in handcuffs to not hurt anyone.



The guard stayed there behind Lawson, ready to act in case things went wrong.



Mrs. Lawson had a bandage on her head, probably due to how Peter had hit her with a shovel the other day. Had she recovered that quickly?

Lawson and Sydney scowled at each other for a moment, before Sydney went to speak.

**Sydney: We have some questions to ask you.**

**Mrs. Lawson: Well then, ask em! Stop procrastinating!**

Sydney sighed angrily before continuing.

**Sydney: Did you really try to kidnap Peter 10 years ago? Why in your mind would you try to do that!?**

**Mrs. Lawson: Seems like you still care bout him if you're reacting like that.**

**Sydney: I hate that guy, I'm just trying to find answers here.**

Sydney waited for an answer, but the other cat just stared at her angrily.

**Sydney: Answer me.**

She wouldn't answer.

Everyone stayed silent for a little while, until Sydney broke the quiet.

**Sydney: Why did you try to kill him.**

**Mrs. Lawson: Kill who?**

**Sydney: You know *damn well* who I'm talking about.**

Peter could tell that Sydney was getting pretty irritated, which was, well- not good.

The only thing Peter heard was the ticking of the clock. It read 9:48. It was that early?

Mrs. Lawson spoke.

**Mrs. Lawson: *It's not like he mattered anyway.***

It took less than a second for Sydney to process that sentence, and she was already trying to claw at the other cat. Her fur was puffed. Sydney wanted to hurt her, tear her face apart, rip her to shreds, but Peter was trying to hold her back, and in that same small amount of time the cop from the door raced over to help Peter.

Another cop came in to take Mrs. Lawson back, and a couple others crowded the door to see what was happening. The entire time Sydney was trying to break free, her and the older cat's eyes were locked together.

The contact didn't end until the door shut, and Sydney could have sworn she saw Lawson smile at the commotion.

—

Sydney had received a very strict lecture about what she did was extremely unreasonable and how she shouldn't have done it.

She was waiting for the person at the desk to sort things out so they could leave. The two cats were sitting on the chairs pressed against the walls in the yellow waiting room with a chair in between them like last time.

It was silent for Sydney. There were things being heard from all around, but in her little mind it was dead silent. There weren't any thoughts, memories, or music stuck in her head. Just quiet.

[ ]: **Hey.**

She was no longer in that little world of thoughts and turned to face the noise.

**Peter: Did you, uh..**

He tried to form the words he was looking for. Well, he mostly knew almost EXACTLY what he was going to say, but the words felt trapped inside his mouth. Like no matter what, he couldn't say what he wanted to.

**Peter: Did you.. really mean what uh, you said? About hating me?**

Sydney stared at him (well, tried to. She could never find a way to maintain eye contact with anyone).

**Sydney: Yeah, mostly.**

**Peter: oh**

Peter looked to the side, and Sydney then remembered a conversation from earlier. Well, not really a conversation, it was Peter who just spoke.

**Sydney: Well, yeah. I did. But I hate you a little less than I did a couple days ago. Or a few years ago.**

The cat sighed and continued. She tried her best to form her current emotions and thoughts into formal words.

**Sydney: But that doesn't mean I fully forgive you. I still don't like how you're here.**

Peter understood the best he could, but then the person near the front desk called Sydney. She got up and went over to sign out, but Peter guessed they would be talking to her a lot before the two could leave.

So Peter looked around, and his eyes landed on a pile of newspapers and magazines. He walked over and started looking through them, uninterested in the news or what the ads were trying to sell. He mostly just wanted to distract himself, and it worked a small bit.

Behind him, Peter heard the door to the cells open and close, to which Sydney had noticed and greeted the cat who walked by. They seemed to then start talking, but Peter wasn't paying attention.

**Sydney: Hey, Peter, over here. I have a friend I'd like you to meet.**

Peter was now, in fact, paying attention. He set the papers down and walked towards the two, looking to the side, then looking in front of him, to see a new face.

**[ ]: Hey!**

It was like the world stopped, but not really. Everything else was muffled for Peter, kind of. He's felt like this before, a very long time ago. But he won't know what it is for another very long time. Well, until the next book. If there is one.

The cat's fur was black and white, with most of the white being near his chest and face. He was about the height of Sydney, but slightly shorter.

**Sydney: This is Mascot, a friend from when I was here.**

So Mascot was his name. Either way, Peter couldn't help but freeze. The cat went out to shake Peter's paw, but he hadn't processed anything until a couple seconds later when he did and frantically went to shake his hand.

**Mascot: I've finally done my short time in jail, so I have some papers to sign and then I'm on my way.**

**Peter: What'd uh, *[nervous cough]* what'd you do? If you don't mind me asking, sorry**



***[Authors note: there is an error here. I just recently made this image, and forgot to look it over. Mascot is supposed to be shaking Peter's paw.]***

He tried his best to make things as little awkward as possible. Still, why'd he say that?? It could be a sensitive subject, why couldn't he just say something like, "how are you" or "nice to meet you"???

Mascot stopped shaking Peter's paw and thought for a moment.



**Mascot: I was framed for like.. kicking a baby? I think? Or punching a child, I don't remember. Either way it was something along those lines.**

The guy at the front desk called Mascot over in order to fill out some papers. Thank goodness, Peter didn't want to mess up anything else.

**Mascot: Well, I'll see you guys around! Hopefully we can see each other again some time.  
Bye!**

The cats waved to each other Sydney and Peter walked out the door. Peter quickly went first, and before Sydney left, Mascot gave her an apologetic glance.

Oh yeah. That's right. One time Sydney had told Mascot about some things of her past because she trusted him.

So he knew about what Peter had done.

Sydney then decided to point at Peter and give a thumbs up without the tabby knowing, to which Mascot understood and knew Peter wasn't bad. He nodded and went to sign his paperwork.

Maybe this cat will show up later in the future.

—

After walking for a little while, the cats came up to two turns where they would separate to their houses.

But instead of saying "bye" and going their different ways, the two stood there for a moment.

It wasn't an awkward silence, but more of a peaceful one that's okay with being interrupted. Well, it was kind of awkward.

**Sydney: Well,**

**Sydney: I have a kid to get back to, and I don't want that dog to tear up my entire house while babysitting.**

**Sydney: It's not that I don't trust her, but y'know how dogs are.**

Peter replied with an exhausted tone.

**Peter: ..And I have a giant hole in my ceiling to get back to.**

**Sydney: Wait, what?**

Sydney replied to the replying cat.

**Sydney: A giant hole in your ceiling? Could you provide context..?**

**Peter: The robot from yesterday. They flew straight up into the ceiling while bringing me to your house.**

Sydney rubbed her forehead and sighed.

**Sydney: How much do you think it'll cost?**

**Peter: I don't know, but at least more than \$1,000. I'll have to take more shifts in order to pay for it.**

**Sydney: It's okay, I'll cover it. It was my robot after all, but I can't control em.**

Peter looked at her with shock.

**Peter: What? No, don't waste your money on me. I can pay for it myself.**

**Sydney: Peter,**

Sydney cut him off.

**Sydney: I have thousands of dollars I made by making and selling robots for a living for the past 6-7 years. I can pay for a hole in your ceiling.**

If Peter wasn't shocked before, he DEFINITELY was now.

**Peter: S- Sydney. That's- that's amazing! I- I'm so happy for you.**

**Sydney: I know, and thanks. I just.. wish I had thought of it sooner.**

The silence was back, but before it could continue, Sydney spoke again.

**Sydney: I have a question. Might be kinda weird, but it's been confusing me since it happened.**

**Peter: Hm?**

**Sydney: So this happened a few days ago and another time a couple weeks ago, but I've been getting these phone calls that end up all statically, do you have any answers for me? Not mad, just wondering if you could help me figure it out.**

Peter rubbed his face with his paw and groaned.

**Peter: Yeah, that was me. I wanted to.. talk to you again. I spent a while trying to even find a way of contacting you, but when I did, poof! The phone line got cut before I could even figure out what to say.**

**Peter: So I tried again, and bam! It had gotten cut again.**

Sydney was listening with interest.

**Sydney: Did you pull too hard on the cord? That's an easy way for phones to break.**

**Peter: No, and it looked like a cat claw! It was so weird.**

**Sydney: *[slight laugh]* Well, maybe you're being haunted by ghosts.**

**Peter: OH!**

He remembered last night.

**Peter: Before I went to your house today my lights were flickering and the door to my bedroom slammed TWICE!**

**Sydney: I was joking, but huh??**

**Peter: I don't know, but it was super scary. There was also this.. presence? It didn't necessarily feel "evil" in a way, just extremely chaotic. But also not positive?? It was weird, and you probably don't even believe me.**

**Sydney: No, I kinda believe you. I don't really believe in ghosts, so who knows.**

Sydney shrugged, and waited a small moment before speaking again.

**Sydney: Well, so long, Duckhat. Maybe talk to you later.**

Peter looked at her surprisingly due to talking later.

**Peter: Yeah! *[cough]* Y- yeah. Yeah, okay. That'd be cool.**

Sydney shook her head in amusement. And started walking towards the direction where her lab was.

**Peter: Bye! Have a good rest of your day.**

**Sydney: You too!**

And the two cats parted their separate ways.

-

**Time: 10:13 AM**

-

Zuzu and Li'l Sydney were upstairs in the calico's room coloring. They had been playing some games, but they spent most of the time with the Crayola crayons and paper. Zuzu ate some of the Crayons.

The kitten was drawing happily when Dog Cop's eyes wandered over to the corner of the room near the door, where a photo sat. The cop barked and Li'l Sydney turned her attention to the drawing.

**Li'l Sydney: Oh!**

She stood up to grab the photo and started showing it to Zuzu.

**Li'l Sydney: That's Mama, that's me..**

The kitten was pointing to the characters on the page.

**Li'l Sydney: And that's my friend Petey!**





For some reason, while looking at the photo, Zuzu felt.. uneasy. Like a feeling of chaotic ..neutral? fell over her. And it definitely wasn't good.

It scared her.



The front door opened, and Sydney announced herself to be home. Li'l Sydney got up and started running towards the stairs, leaving Zuzu alone.

The cop stared at the photo a little longer before setting it down and walking downstairs herself.

**Words: 2,442**

## Chapter Ten: But They Will Visit You Occasionally- Do Not Be Afraid.

Published: November 11th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

- Technical death***
- Mentions of death***
- A main character that goes missing***
- Mentions of blood***
- Mentions of coughing up blood***
- Mentions of hospitals and needles (at the end)***
- Creepy forests that are in no way a reference to a different Dog Man book***
- gay people***

***You have been informed.***

***This chapter in no way is supposed to be copying any other Dog Man story where a character goes missing. I had thought of this chapter before realizing that this has become a popular thing in Dog Man fanfics. I am sorry to anyone who has written a story with this plot and feels like I am copying them, I do not mean any harm while posting this.***

–

**May 17**

**Time: 9-10 AM**

–

The entire rest of the day was Sydney trying her best to spend as much time with LS as possible, and for a bit Zuzu was there too before she had to go back to work.

Sydney hadn't initially wanted her there, but decided it was okay for the dog to be with the kid.

Sydney and the kid had ended up building more of the robot from the previous days, and it had actually gone pretty well, considering Li'l Sydney is legally 2-3 years old (due to a mess up in the cloning machine, she is actually 8-9).

Now it was the next morning and Sydney was at her table while plotting down more ideas for some robots. It felt nice to draw them out, even though they most likely weren't going to be made. She could always sell the blueprints for them.

While drinking some coffee (that she was NOT addicted to. I see who you people are, I know who's reading this), Sydney was tapped on the arm by her kid. She looked at Li'l Sydney and put the cup down.

**Sydney: Oh, sorry kid, didn't see you there.**

**Li'l Sydney: That's okay!**

**Li'l Sydney: Mama, can I go outside and play? Like in the front of the house?**

**Sydney: *[pause before talking]* ..Well, I guess it's okay. It's nice outside, not too cold and not too warm. I'll go get a chair and go out with you.**

Li'l Sydney smiled and ran to the door to wait.

–

Sydney had done just what she said. She had gotten a blue fold-up chair and a clipboard so she could still work.

***[Like a camping chair, NOT one you'd find at a pool/water park.]***

Li'l Sydney was out sitting on a patch of grass near the house, still on the older calico's property, about 6-9 feet away. She sometimes ran around and laughed to herself, and she seemed to be talking to someone. Sydney didn't pay much mind.

***Sydney: "All kids have imaginary friends, it's normal."***

But then she remembered what Peter had said yesterday. Although she wasn't a "real believer" in ghosts but still liked learning about cryptics of the sort, and didn't fully believe Peter, there was still a small part of her that did. And it really irritated her.

She went to take a small sip of her coffee, which was on the ground near her chair, when her hand grabbed nothing. She had forgotten to bring out the mug.

It was okay, she could go back inside to get it. Sydney stood up and called to Li'l Sydney that she forgot something inside, to which the kitten yelled okay. She turned to face her "imaginary friend" again, but she seemed to be a little upset.

Well, fights happen in friendships.

Sydney opened the door and went inside. She quickly passed the opening room to the house and made her way to the kitchen where the table was. She picked up her coffee and walked back out there, now slower to not spill the coffee.

She walked outside and was about to sit down when she noticed something.

Li'l Sydney was no longer in the grass.

Sydney put the cup down near her chair and started calling for the kitten, she went all around the outside of the lab. She called for her inside the lab, no luck.

Li'l Sydney was gone.

—

Sydney tried her best not to panic, but that didn't work. With shaky paws she grabbed her phone and dialed 911, hoping someone, anyone, could help her.

**[ ]: 911, what's the matter?**

**Sydney: *Please help I can't find my kid and I don't know what to do I'm Sydney Lawson please help me***

Sydney said that without pausing one time and it didn't seem to effect her. She was scared and needed help, and she wasn't about to lose her kid, not again.

The officer told her everything would be okay and that help is now on its way.

The phone call stopped and Sydney was standing in silence. She was next to the kitchen counter. Her ears were folded down and she was holding onto them.

All she heard was the clock from chapter one.

***Tick.***

***Tick.***

***Tick.***

It was not a surprise that she was scared. Too many things have happened in the past 3 days- she got pardoned from jail, had made her lab an actual home, had been "reunited" with her "mother" and Peter, had been thinking about.. Petey again, which she thought she had finally gotten over.

Which was also not a surprise that she hasn't.

Ever since that happened she hasn't acted the same. She hasn't felt the same. It hasn't been the same. Unfortunately, that is also not a surprise.

Because she hadn't wanted a family, but then it happened and it was amazing and it helped her heal from what had happened.

But then everything had to end. Peter left, then he got sick. She thought it was an illness, maybe even pneumonia- but no. Somehow, nobody knew how, or even why, Mrs. Lawson had killed him. Poisoned him.

She still couldn't get the memory out of her mind.

Coming home from the store late at night, walking into the bathroom. Seeing the blood on the floor. He was lying there.

And yet she barely remembered it, like it was a blur of a memory puzzle her mind refused to put back together.

But it felt so vivid, yet so unreal.

She hadn't noticed how she was now sitting on the ground, her back pressed up against the lower cabinets, sobbing. Her face was wet from the tears, she felt like she couldn't breathe.

God, she was a mess. Her ears hurt. They were now dripping with few amounts of blood, as her claws had been digging into her skin.

Minutes passed. There was a loud knocking on the door. She should go open it. But pretty soon the cops managed to open the door and rushed in, asking where Sydney was.

Zuzu found her first and tried to ask her what was wrong in barks, but she didn't give her any attention. She was staring ahead.

[ ]: **Sydney.**

She wasn't thinking of anything, yet she couldn't hear or focus on anything that was happening.

[ ]: **Sydney-**

It all felt like fuzzy static, clouding her thoughts all at once. All she could kind of hear was her rapid breathing and gasping for air.

[ ]: **Sydney!**

Sydney popped into existence and out of her little world to see the chief of police in front of her with a worried face. Her name was Sarah, right?

Sarah: Sydney, are you alright? Guys, stop crowding her and look for Li'l Sydney! I know you want to make sure she's okay, but making her overstimulated is going to make things worse, not better!

**Sarah: Come on, let's sit on the couch while they look. It will be okay. Dog Cop-**

The sheriff turned to Zuzu.

**Sarah: I need you to help them find the kitten. Have the others ask anyone else if they have seen her or if any citizens would help us find her- because we will find this kid.**

Dog Cop nodded and raced off outside and started on her journey.

Sarah helped Sydney up and went over to the couch near the front door. The sheriff grabbed a blanket from the seating and wrapped it around Sydney's back, trying to make sure she's okay.

**Sydney: Why are you helping me? Less than 5 days ago I was a criminal.**

Jeeze, her voice was really shaky.

**Sarah: Because you're not a criminal. You're a good individual, and everyone needs help. My job is to provide that help for them. Please never think you're not allowed to accept help from others.**

Sydney was staring ahead again, but she was thinking. She didn't know what she was thinking exactly, because her thoughts were more like singular words, unorganized and confusing. One moment she was on the floor sobbing and the next she was sitting on a couch with cops searching everywhere outside.

**Sarah: I need to go help find your kid. Will you be okay here? I know you were stressed and scared, but I didn't think it was this bad.**

It was silent again.

**Sarah: Is there anything you want to say? To get something off your chest?**

It was quiet again, but it did seem like Sydney was avoiding something. She knew what it was, but the sheriff didn't.

**Sarah: It's okay if you don't want to talk about it, but it could make it better. Here-**

She got out a pen and notepad from a pocket on the inside of her jacket- did she just carry that around with her?- and wrote down something.

**Sarah: This is an amazing, wonderful person who can help you. She is a therapist if you ever want to talk to somebody, but it's not her main job. She's a doctor, but does have a degree in psychology and has helped people in the past.**

Sydney nodded and took the paper. She's been to therapy, but it never seemed to fully help. She felt like there was something with her that they all seemed to gloss over. But the last time she went was a while ago, so maybe it's changed. But, that one a while ago did help her almost fully. But that was before the incident had happened.

**Sarah: I'm not forcing you to go there, but I think it will be good. Either I or Zuzu will be back to check on you soon.**

Sydney looked down at the paper. It had a phone number and the person's name- Yolay Caprese. She knew who that was, that nurse that created Dog Cop, right?

Sydney looked down for a very short moment before speaking again.

**Sydney: I want to look for her too.**

Sarah stopped and turned around to face the calico.

**Sarah: Sydney, I think it's best you stay here.**

The cat looked at her.

**Sydney: I'm asking you as a mother, please let me look for my child.**

Sarah nodded and turned back around. Sydney followed.

-

**Time: 1:46 PM**

-

They looked almost everywhere, but Li'l Sydney could not be found.

Sydney was starting to get worried. Really worried. Very scared. She couldn't lose this kid. She just couldn't.

Sydney, Zuzu and Sarah were all looking near the house again.

**Sarah: Sydney,**

The sheriff called to her.

Sarah: Is there anyone else you can call to help us? I know a lot of people are searching already, but the more the better.

Sydney stared at her.

**Sydney: I- I don't know- probably, but I-**

**Sarah: It's okay. Don't get too stressed about it, just try to breathe. I know sometimes that doesn't help, but it's not hard to try.**

Sydney was looking at the ground and tried to calm down and think. Was there anyone she could talk to? There was Mascot, she could try to call him. He gave her his number last night, and-

And Peter.

Did she have his number? Even so, she didn't want to ask him for help. But Li'l Sydney..

**Sydney: There are some people, maybe. I could try to call them both**

The two nodded and Sydney quickly raced back to the house and picked up her flip phone. She went over to the counter to get the paper Mascot had given her, when she noticed another paper.

She grabbed it and read the writing.

**" [phone number.]**

***From Peter, just in case you need it! :) even though you probably won't.  
I'm sorry. "***

Sydney sighed. This must've been from the other night, even though she barely remembered it.

Sydney grabbed Mascot's paper and called and told him about the situation, and he dropped everything to get to the car. He was a good guy, Sydney really appreciated him.

Sydney then looked at Peter's paper.

She waited for a moment then dialed the number, half expecting it to be the silent glinting from that one night. He probably hadn't gotten a new phone, but who knows.

It started ringing, and almost immediately there was a "Hello?" from the other end. So he did get a new phone.

**Sydney: I cannot understand why I'm calling you right now but I need your help.**

—

Sydney was waiting outside of the front of her house.

Mascot arrived first, and Sydney told him everything again but with more detail. While she was doing that, Peter had run over to the two. He probably only took a small bus ride and didn't wait for the next one, so he ran.

He stopped and keeled over to catch his breath and almost fell over due to exhaustion.

**Peter: I tried to get here sooner but the bus stop was really long and then I got off the first bus and the next stop was taking forever so I decided to run over here but I**



**should've taken the bus because now I'm exhausted and my legs hurt and I don't know if I can fully help but I'm here!**

Peter breathed in again, not expecting himself to say all that in one run-on sentence.

Mascot patted him on the shoulder and Peter froze.

**Mascot: It's fine, you got here and that's all that really matters.**

**Peter: YE-ah- [cough] yeah.**

Mascot turned his attention to Sydney and Peter did the same. He now saw her for the first time that day. She looked terrible, worse than that one time back in December of 97. And that was bad. Well, better not give more backstory spoilers! On with the present book, author! *(A/N: ok, ok! jeez, sorry. Just wanna add some mystery here!)*

**Sydney: As I was saying- or, well. I'd just start from the beginning.**

**Sydney: I was out here with the kid and I realized I forgot my coffee inside. I told her I was going inside, and then I went to get it. And I-I came back and I couldn't find her, and I don't know what to do.**

**Sydney: The chief of police asked if there was anyone else I could call to help, and I don't really know anyone but you guys, so that's why I called.**

Mascot knew why she was upset, this happens when kids go missing. But Peter knew why she was really upset. And Sydney knew he knew.

**Mascot: Well, we should start looking and not waste any time- not that we are, but it's still good to search as soon as possible, right?**

**Sydney: Yeah. Mascot, you know what she looks like- right?**

**Mascot: Like you but the colors flipped?**

Sydney nodded.

**Mascot: Okay. Should we meet back up in an hour? Or I guess there's already a lot of people and word will get around that she's found. What do you guys think?**

**Sydney: I don't know, maybe meeting up will be good.**

Peter nodded in agreement.

**Mascot: Alright! See you guys in an hour, I'll go this way.**

Mascot pointed in the direction he was heading and waved as he rushed away, not wanting to spare any more time waiting around.

Peter and Sydney turned to each other, but Sydney was unable to make eye contact. She was thinking about where to go.

**Peter: Sydney.**

She tried to look at him.

**Peter: I'm sorry. You don't deserve this happening.**

Sydney knew that. Maybe. She knew it wasn't her fault, how things happen. Just the wrong place at the wrong time. If she'd been there before he coughed up the blood- no. This wasn't about that. This was about Li'l Sydney.

She still couldn't help but almost cry. Not almost, as there were still some tears forming, but it wasn't a full blown sobbing like she'd expected.

Sydney wiped away the tears with her paw and looked up.

**Sydney: I'll go look over there** *[points to the left of the reader.]*

<- - - - -

*[^that way. That's left of the reader because it's your left. Mascot went to the top right of the reader. No, I'm not going to go back and rewriting it. What's wrong with you?]*

**Sydney: And you can go wherever. Meet back up in an hour, what Mascot said. Alright?**

**Peter: Alright.**

The two hurriedly off into separate directions- Sydney going to the left and Peter going straight away from the house.

-

**Time: 5:36 PM**

The three did what they said and met back up in an hour, but nothing happened. The last time they saw each other, Mascot said he unfortunately had to go, but he'd start searching again as soon as possible. Sydney understood, and thanked him for helping.

Sydney didn't know what to do. She hadn't for almost the entire day. She hadn't eaten anything but she drank some water, but that didn't help much. All she did was look and look, and Peter wanted to ask if she was alright, but never had the chance to.

It was getting darker, but not because of the sun. Well, kind of because of the sun, but it was going to rain soon. Peter heard the cops saying it was going to really rain.

Then they gathered everyone up to tell them to look in pairs or groups due to the rain, and Sydney decided, well, fine. Peter could help look with her. He knew her the best and didn't know how to talk to the others, and he was about to ask her but she interrupted to say yeah.

So, the forest.

People had looked in it for her, but not really looked. They didn't think anyone could get in, but Sydney knew it wasn't that hard for a small kitten to get past all the branches.

They were walking towards it, away from the city. Nobody really went in the forest, as there was a cliff somewhere around there, but Sydney wanted to look. She needed to look. To know that her kid was okay, to know that she wasn't dead somewhere.

**Peter: So, remind me. Why are we standing outside this forest again?**

Sydney sighed and rubbed her face with one of her paws, the other holding her flip phone in case they got lost as well or needed it for other reasons.

**Sydney: To find Li'l Sydney.**

**Peter: I know *that*, but the cops specifically said to *not* go in here as the rain could make things very difficult to get around.**

Peter did not like heavy rain. He wished he had brought a jacket.

**Sydney: Well, too bad. Come on.**

Sydney moved some branches away and started trying to make her way through the woods.

**Peter: But, the cops said-**

**Sydney: Who cares!? I'm not letting my so-**

Oh man.

**Sydney: My *daughter* get killed.**

Sydney stopped and looked down. She sighed and kept on walking.

Peter was upset about this too. Mostly about Petey too. This whole situation was terrible. So fine, he'd go look in the creepy forest.

The two went in and started calling for the kitten, hoping to get a sign of her.

Peter got a scared feeling in the woods. Not that he would be attacked, but that someone had been attacked. But not killed, but maybe stabbed. And it didn't feel like it was Li'l Sydney, though. Hey author, stop referencing other stories! **[A/N: Fine!]**

The two were searching for about.. 10 minutes? They couldn't find her, and it was getting darker.

**Peter: Sydney, we have to go now. The rain is going to make it impossible to do anything.**

Sydney kept on walking.

**Peter: Sydney, we have to go.**

**Sydney: No, I'm not giving up.**

**Peter: No, Sydney. We're not giving up, we're leaving for our safety.**

Sydney felt like crying. She was making her way through the branches, trees, and leaves faster now.

**Peter: Sydney, please. Please stop, we can continue this tomorrow, or as soon as it stops raining.**

**Peter: Sydney-**

**Sydney: No, Peter!**

Sydney fell to the ground and held onto her ears.

**Sydney: No! I'm not stopping I'm finding my kid because I'm a good parent! And good parents care about their kids and want them to feel safe and they make sure their kid is okay!**

She started sobbing, and she held onto her ears again.

The rain started pouring. It was hard to hear anything.

**Peter: Sydney!**

He yelled, hoping for her to hear him. Peter knelt down and went to put his paw on her shoulder in comfort-

**Sydney: Don't touch me!**

Sydney screamed, not expecting herself to be that loud. She turned to him, her paw on her shoulder where he was going to comfort her. Sydney's fur was really puffed up now because of everything. The phone was on the ground now, getting soaked. It might not work after this.

She looked horrible. Tears were running down her face and her ears had bits of blood on them, now trickling down onto her shoulder due to the rain.

She leaned over and clutched the fur on her chest, wanting to find Li'l Sydney. She wished she could hear through the rain, but it patted down on her sharply. It felt like knives etching into her back, trying to break the skin and get into her bones.

Wait.

Sydney peaked her ears up again.

**[ ]: hello..?**

Sydney got up and started running. Running faster than she ever has before. She ran towards the sound and Peter tried to catch up. He went back and grabbed the phone, so he was farther behind.

The voice was faint, it probably could have been in her mind, but she didn't want to take any chances.

Sydney came to a halt when she almost fell off of the cliff in front of her. She looked down and there were rocks and rushing water, again, due to the rain. There was also mud everywhere, and she tried to hear the sound again.

**Sydney: Li'l Sydney!? Syd!?**

She looked around.

**[ ]: Mama?**

**[ ]: Mama!**

Sydney turned to see Li'l Sydney running towards her. She was far away, but was getting closer. Sydney sprinted towards her, ready to hug her kid.

She will hug her and make sure she was okay, and she will ask her what happened. They will go home and she'll tell everyone that her child is alright, and she'll be so happy-

She slipped.

She slipped on a rock.

She fell. Down the cliff.

All Sydney heard was her name being yelled before everything went black.

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Sydney gasped for air and looked around frantically. She didn't know where she was. Everything seemed to be black, or blue? A mix of black and blue, like a really really dark blue.

She didn't know what to do, or what happened. All she remembered was that she was looking for Li'l Sydney. She found her, and- oh yeah. She fell.

Oh god, was she *dead*????

Sydney looked around. This didn't seem like the afterlife.

She felt a presence. Like the one Peter described. It felt overwhelming, like she'd drown in the feeling.

**[ ]: *Mama***

Her ears went down and her eyes immediately began to tear up. She knew that voice. Even after 10 years, she still recognized it. But she didn't want to turn around. She didn't know why.



Sydney slowly turned around, and she was met with someone she knew well. Someone she's loved ever since she knew him.

**Sydney: P-Petey..**

Sydney choked out, about to start sobbing again.

**Petey: Mama!**

Sydney knelt down and hugged him, and it was wonderful. She cried and cried, and she laughed. She was happy.

Petey pulled away and looked up at her.

**Petey: Mama, I'm so happy to see you!**

Sydney laughed between crying.

**Sydney: I am too!**

The two hugged again.

**Petey: Mama, come with me. We can be together. We can be happy! Please!**

Petey presented his paw to Sydney. She smiled, and was about to hold it. She'll do anything for her kid, when.

No. She couldn't.

She thought about Li'l Sydney. Who will take care of her? Well, there's Zuzu. But she needs an actual mother to help her.

And Mascot. He was a wonderful friend, and always helped her. They weren't in love, if anything, thinking about that made Sydney uncomfortable, and she's sure Mascot feels the same. But they will always be there for each other.

And Peter.

Peter? Why did she think about *Peter*?

He left her. He wasn't there when she needed him most, and he seemed to be there a lot, considering the before Petey era.

But he came back and apologized, explained it to her, helped her catch the murderer of her son. And when she needed help this time, he came and helped her. But what about the forest? He didn't want Sydney to find Li'l Sydney.

But that was because he didn't know. He wanted Sydney to be safe. If he'd know they'd find Li'l Sydney out there, he would've ran so fast *he* would have ran off the cliff.

She doesn't love Peter anymore. Sydney will never love him again, at least romantically. And currently, it makes her uncomfortable to be around him sometimes due to what did happen. But that's okay, things like this take a lot of time. And that is okay, you can't just "get over" them.

And yes, sometimes she does want to quit at living, but not permanently. She just wants to put the world on pause and take a small break, and come back when she's ready.

She doesn't want to die, she wants to be alive.

Sydney pulled her paw away and Petey looked at her, confused.

**Sydney: Kid, I love you so, so much. And I can't wait to be with you.**

Petey smiled, still bewildered.

**Sydney: But I can't go with you yet. I have people here I need to be with. They need me.**

Haha.

What?

Petey's smile and confusion turned into frustration.

**Petey: But-**

**Sydney: Petey. Look at me.**



**Sydney: I will see you someday. And we will have a wonderful time.**

**Sydney: But not yet.**

Petey looked at her. He was mad.

His ears went back and he looked to the side.

***Petey: I should have never saved you. If anything, it should have been her who fell instead.***

*"I should have never saved you."*

Sydney looked at him, really hurt. Her ears went back. He saved her? Sydney was about to talk to him, tell him it was okay, she was so proud of him, but-

*"It should have been her"?*

Sydney wanted to ask him what that meant, but things were fading. She looked around, and everything seemed to be going away. She looked back in front of her, but Petey looked different.

He-

-

Sydney gasped for a second time and sat up. She started breathing shakily, and she looked around frantically.

She was in a hospital room on a bed. There were needles in her arms- oh god, she hates needles- and she was now surrounded by two people she recognized, asking if she was okay.

She was alive.

**Words: 4,653**

## **Chapter 11: See How The Heart Plays Profound. (See How He Lies!-)**

Published: November 8th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

- Mentions of death***
- A main character getting lost***
- Mentions of falling off of cliffs***

***You have been informed.***

-

***A little note before I start this chapter:***

***This story is only posted on Wattpad and Archive Of Our Own. If you see it on any other site, please try to report it and do not read it there.***

***There is a Tumblr account that promotes the stories as well, and that is official. But any other websites besides these main 2 are not official.***

***The Wattpad account is @dp\_dogman\_official and the AO3 is @Wolf\_ie. The Tumblr is @dp-au.***

***The reason I'm informing you about this is because of this website called "Teenfic.net." I have recently discovered that my own writing has been stolen and put up without my permission, as well as every single Wattpad story. Please do not interact with this site and please try to report it.***

***If you do wish to view the website, please use an ad blocker and be incredibly careful. The ads are directed towards adults and some contain worms or bugs that may make people extremely uncomfortable.***

***Thank you, and enjoy the story. You only have so little of it left.***

-

**Date: May 17**

**Time: 9-10 AM**

-

Li'l Sydney was sitting on the couch watching TV. Nothing special was on, so she wondered what she could do.

Color? Well, she's been doing that a lot lately. Watch TV? She was doing that right now!

Well, she could go outside and play. But she didn't have anyone to play with!

She also didn't want to bother her mom right now. She was in the other room, so Li'l Sydney couldn't see her. It'd been a hard couple of days, and she wanted her to be able to be calm today.

That presence was back. She looked over to her side and there he was- the cat from the other night!

**Li'l Sydney: HI!**

**Petey: Hello! ^\_^**

**Petey: Whadya watchin?**

Petey floated beside the kitten and looked at the TV.

**Li'l Sydney: I'm not really sure, I forget the name of it. But it's about some cartoon characters running around a movie studio- there's three of them I think. But there are also little episodes within the episodes. I think they're called segments.**

**Petey: Oh, yeah! I remember this show! :] I used to watch it, but I also forget the name. Sad! ;-;**

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah. Well, I was kinda getting bored of watching this, though. Would you like to do something? Color or go outside to play?**

Petey liked the second option.

**Petey: Ooo, outside seems fun! :3**

**Li'l Sydney: ok, I'll go ask Mama! Come on, I can introduce you!**

**Petey: *[shaking head]* Uh-uh. :/**

**Li'l Sydney: Why? It'd be good to know my mom, I bet she'll think you're awesome!**

**Petey: I can't.**

**Li'l Sydney: Why?**

**Petey: I dunno, rules are rules.**

**Li'l Sydney: Did your parent say you couldn't talk to her? Wait, if anything, how'd you even get here? One day you just popped into my room.**

Petey stared at her with an unreadable expression. Just, staring at her uncomfortably.

**Petey: [after a few moments] How bout you go ask for that partying outside? :D**

**Li'l Sydney: ..Okay!**

And so Li'l Sydney hopped off the couch and ran to the kitchen, where she turned and saw Sydney sitting at the table. She was drinking some coffee. **(SHE DOES NOT HAVE A COFFEE ADDICTION)**

Li'l Sydney assumed she saw her, but after clearing her throat, she still didn't get a response.

Li'l Sydney tapped the cat on the arm, not mad that Sydney hadn't noticed her there. Sydney looked down and saw the kitten.

**Sydney: Oh, sorry kid, didn't see you there.**

**Li'l Sydney: That's okay**

**Li'l Sydney: Mama, can I go outside and play? Like in the front of the house?**

She waited for an answer, and it seemed like Sydney was thinking.

**Sydney: ..Well, guess it's okay. It's nice outside, not too cold and not too warm. I'll go get a chair and go out with you.**

Li'l Sydney smiled and joyfully ran to the door to wait for Sydney, who went downstairs to get a fold up chair.

**Petey: Hey! ^^**

**Li'l Sydney: Oh, hi!**

Petey appeared out of nowhere and floated in front of the kitten.

**Petey: so? (o\_O)**

**Li'l Sydney: Mama said yeah, she's getting a chair now.**

**Petey: Nice! I'll meet you outside. ^♡^**

**Li'l Sydney: But, shouldn't you come out with me-**

Li'l Sydney looked to the side, but when she turned back, Petey was gone. Man, he can really leave quickly! (*Just like Grampa*)

-

They were sitting on some grass and sometimes running around and sometimes sitting down and talking. Mostly on the grass joking. Li'l Sydney wondered why her mama hadn't said hi to Petey yet.

Petey did something funny, and Li'l Sydney wanted her mom to see it.

**Li'l Sydney: *[laughing]* Hey, Ma-**

**Petey: No.**

Petey cut her off.

**Petey: Don't do that.**

But before she could speak, both were interrupted. By Sydney, in fact.

She was going inside because she had forgotten something.

**Li'l Sydney: Okay!**

The kitten turned toward Petey again, a little upset.

**Li'l Sydney: Hey, why did you interrupt me? That's not okay**

**Petey: Hey, wanna go somewhere? Like an adventure? :3**

**Li'l Sydney: Huh? That was quite a big subject change.**

**Li'l Sydney: But Mama will get scared that I'm gone-**

**Petey: No she won't, she'll know you're safe! :>**

**Li'l Sydney: Did you talk to her about it?**

**Petey: eh....?**

**Li'l Sydney: What does "eh....?" mean..??**

**Petey: Doesn't matter- come on! I'll lead the way! This'll be fun ^^**

Petey gently held onto Li'l Sydney's wrist and zoomed away, but slow enough for Li'l Sydney to still run with him, and so that she wasn't flying as well.

It was weird, he never uses his wings to fly.

-

**Li'l Sydney: Hey, why are we outside this forest again? It's kind of giving me scary feelings.**

**Petey: We're exploring, aren't we?**

**Li'l Sydney: Well, I guess we are. I dunno. *[shrugs shoulders]***

**Li'l Sydney: I just have a feeling we should go back. I think it'd be good.**

**Petey: Well I think that going back would be silly. In a negative way, of course.**

**Petey: Come on, It'd be fun! :3**

Petey moved some of the branches back and floated in with ease. Li'l Sydney watched him, and decided, hey, what could go wrong?

She copied him (without the flying part), and they both were heading towards the center of the woods.

-

**Time: 9:45-10:30 AM**

-

Li'l Sydney was getting tired, hoping they were getting closer to their destination. Where were they going, anyway?

**Li'l Sydney: Hey Petey, quick question.**

**Petey: Hm? O\_o**

**Li'l Sydney: Where are we going, anyways?**

**Petey: You'll see!- Hey, wait! We're already here. -^-**

The woods cleared to reveal a small plot of land- nothing too big, but not too small. It was like a crooked rectangle.

It was grassy and seemed to end abruptly, and there were rocks all around the sides near the woods.

Li'l Sydney carefully stepped forward. She stepped forward again, hoping the drop was not too far or abrupt, as she doesn't want to fall and possibly die.

She came to the edge and looked down, and there was indeed a drop. Not that great of a drop, but the sharp rocks at the bottom and water made up for that. If it was raining any, that water would be extremely dangerous for a normal river.

**Li'l Sydney: If someone falls down there, they're basically dead!**

Petey, who Li'l Sydney did not know was right beside her, chipped in and nodded.

**Petey: Yeah**

Li'l Sydney was startled, but relieved it was just her friend.

**Li'l Sydney: So**

She backed away from the edge and near the forest.

**Li'l Sydney: What do we do now?**

**Petey: explore ^\_^**

**Li'l Sydney: Explore what?**

**Petey: The area, I haven't really been out and about in a long time, or ever I guess.. :^**

**Li'l Sydney: *[nods head and smiles]* ok. Where do you wanna go first?**

**Petey: I'm gonna go anywhere. You can explore this place yourself. We can meet back soon :3**

A look of confusion popped up on Li'l Sydney's face.

**Li'l Sydney: Whadya mean?**

Li'l Sydney looked around, but when she turned back again, Petey was gone for a second time.

Oh dear.

But it was alright, she most definitely can find her way back!

—

**Time: around 5:30 PM**

—

Li'l Sydney did not know what on Earth to do.

She tried finding her way back to the lab, but is now lost in the woods.

She called out again for help, but nothing answered.

She was scared. Well, maybe more of an understatement, but she was still very scared.

She didn't like this. Where was Petey? Why'd he take her away for this "adventure???"

Who even is Petey? Is he real, or just an imaginary friend Li'l Sydney made up because she was lonely one day?

She had so many questions, but she didn't know how to put any into words. There were so many spiraling in her head.

But then that feeling returned. Or, the presence.

Li'l Sydney turned around and, sure enough, Petey was there. She was happy to see him.

**Li'l Sydney: There you are! I couldn't find you, I've been looking everywhere, and I was starting to get worried.**

**Petey: I know.**

**Petey: That's why I came back to see you again.**

**Li'l Sydney: Oh.**

Silence for a few moments, but then a noise could be heard. Sounded like shouting, someone could be looking for someone. It sounded like two people, possibly arguing. Both cats' ears moved to the sound, and Petey's head turned towards it.



**Petey: Hey, wanna see something? ^^**

**Li'l Sydney: Erm, sure?**

Before Li'l Sydney could ask why or where or what those noises were (she always liked asking questions and finding out things), Petey had zoomed off in a direction. Wasn't too fast, as Li'l Sydney could still run after him, but it was enough to keep her a few feet behind him, asking where he was going.

Li'l Sydney wasn't that worried for some reason. Eventually they came to a small, open part of the forest.

Again, it was very small, so not much was there. But Li'l Sydney was laughing and spun around for a moment, and almost fell down and lost her balance!

Her laughter died down. The kitten looked at where she was, confused. It felt uneasy, and she slowly came to a stop from looking around.

Nothing could be heard- no cars, no birds, no forest animals running about.

Nothing.

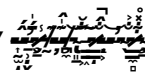

This wasn't normal.

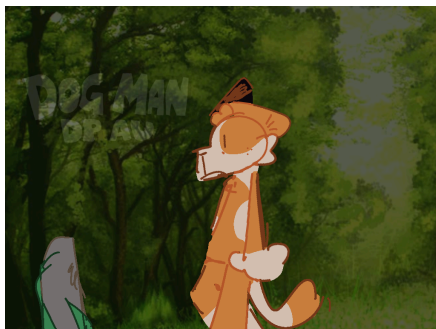
A stone caught her eye. Li'l Sydney didn't see it before, but she couldn't see what was written on it. The bottom was covered in grass and vines, blocking out part of the text.

She stopped, not fully knowing what to do. Was this someone's grave? It was weird, and made Li'l Sydney a small bit uncomfortable to think about.

The kitten crouched down in front of the stone to read what it said.

**R.I.P.**

**Petey**   
**19** **20**



Li'l Sydney backed away slowly, she didn't fully know what she was looking at. But it must have been just a silly joke. Petey was her friend, right? Not a ghost?

**Li'l Sydney: Petey?**

She asked, hoping he would appear. She felt the presence he gave off, but he couldn't be seen, even when she looked around.

**Li'l Sydney: I'm confused. What is this?**

She looked around again, even more times. The colors of the scenery were all dark green and dark brown, but no bright orange. She sighed, her back facing the stone.

She turned around, and there was Petey sitting on the grave, his hands closed together on his lap. His expression showed no emotion.

**Li'l Sydney: P.. Petey... uh. what is this?**

**Petey: It's my rock. Well, I haven't been able to see the actual one in awhile. Or, ever. So I make my own.**

**Li'l Sydney: You're..**

The calico looked at the grave once more.

**Li'l Sydney: You're dead.**

**Li'l Sydney: And I bet that's not even your real body? [pointing at Petey]**

Petey nodded, that expression still on his face.

**Li'l Sydney: Then.. how? How were you able to shake my hand?? Shouldn't you have just phased through me?**

**Petey: Yes, technically.**

**Petey: But my "body" had absorbed enough light and energy to shake your hand. Otherwise, I would have just phased through.**

**Petey: But a while ago, I couldn't even move objects. That takes a lot, so it somehow drained me when I had used all that energy the other day.**



Understanding that explanation almost perfectly, Li'l Sydney stared at the grave until Petey made it disappear. He started floating again.

**Li'l Sydney: I want to go home now.**

The calico looked sternly at Petey.

**Li'l Sydney: is this why you brought me here? To show me a made-up grave? It makes sense that you're dead, but why didn't you just tell me? I bet everybody knows you're dead, I bet even Mama knows you're dead! Maybe.**

**Li'l Sydney: And why did you have to bring me all the way out here, away from mama? She's probably horribly worried!**

Petey didn't answer her. Instead, he just sat there, waiting for her to get this tantrum out of her system. Pity that she won't be around any longer. Maybe if she's lucky enough, she'd be able to possess powers like him someday.

Actually, on second thought, not a good idea. She's annoying.

**Li'l Sydney: Petey? Why won't you answer me?**

The sky was getting darker, and it smelled like it was about to rain.

**Petey: You'll understand soon.**

And with that, he disappeared, and left Li'l Sydney alone, to which it started pouring down rain. She was covered by leaves from the tree above, but could hear it super well, and was starting to feel it.

The kitten started looking around and started wondering. She wanted to shout, but didn't know if anyone would hear her.

She made it to the edge of the forest, where that cliff was. She felt like she was being pulled towards it, but.. no. Absolutely not, she wouldn't go near it. Not when it's pouring rain and she could slip and fall.

**Li'l Sydney: HELLO?? MAMA?**

She screamed really loudly, you can tell mostly due to her dialog text being in all caps. I know, sometimes that can be really cheesy to have in a story, but I'm just trying to show she yelled really loud.

Li'l Sydney waited for a moment, trying to hear through the rain. It felt like knives digging into her skin.

After a short minute, she called again.

**Li'l Sydney: HELLO?**

Nothing.

It was scary, not knowing what to do or how to get help. But that fear was short lived, as she heard something. Someone? But hope faded, as she guessed it was Petey.

But she didn't feel the presence.

**[ ]: Li'l Sydney? Syd!?**

**Li'l Sydney: Mama.**

She turned around, and sure enough, help was here.

**Li'l Sydney: Mama!**

She ran towards Sydney, tears swelling up in her eyes because she was okay. She will be okay, and nobody had to worry anymore.

That was short lived too.

Sydney slipped on a rock due to the rain, and fell off the side of the cliff.

Li'l Sydney's eyes widened in fear and she sprinted over to the spot she fell and let her paw down, but she was too late, Sydney was already falling and couldn't be saved.

**Words: 2,635**

## Chapter Twelve: The Days That Followed Chapter Ten and 11

Published: November 16th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

- Hospitals***
- Mentions of being unconscious***
- gay people [joking]***

***You have been informed.***

–

**Directly after chapter 11.**

–

Li'l Sydney didn't know what to do.

Well, that happens a lot, but this time it was extra.

She looked away and directly towards the muddy grass. She didn't want to look, oh jeez. This couldn't be happening.

It was pouring rain, she couldn't hear anything or really see anything. The kitten tried to wipe her eyes dry with her paw, but that made them worse as her paw was soaking wet.

Li'l Sydney's vision went shaky, she didn't want to sit up anymore, she felt like everything was powering down in the worst way possible. Her body, her energy, and her thinking all blobbed together and was draining.

She looked up and saw the cat from the other day and the day before that.

He was far away, but not too far. And he didn't seem to be running up to the edge where Li'l Sydney was.

He seemed frozen, and scared. Li'l Sydney couldn't really see if he was scared, but it felt like it. Maybe.

The orange cat then seemed to look around frantically before looking at his paw which was holding something. Looked to be a phone, Sydney's phone.

He tried to open it but the screen must have been wet from the rain. He tried to wipe it off but his fur was soaked.

He blew air on the screen and buttons and that seemed to work a bit. The cat then seemed to frantically type in some numbers and waited while pacing around also frantically.

His fur was puffed up (at least a bit, the rain was making it smaller), but then it went down. He started talking on the phone. 911 must have been working, it was weird that there was service but Li'l Sydney wasn't complaining.

She felt like the only thing in her head was static, white noise, or whatever it's called. She was physically shaking, and didn't know what to do. She didn't like this, and she wanted to claw at her ears. But she didn't, she did not want to get hurt.

She didn't hear the footsteps in front of her, she was looking down. Something touched her shoulder, but it didn't startle her.

Li'l Sydney looked up and saw the orange cat kneeling down in front of her. His name was Peter, she finally remembered. He hadn't said anything yet, but he looked worried. By now, the rain had died down a lot, so it was much easier to hear.

**Peter: Are you alright? Are you hurt?**

Li'l Sydney didn't know how to answer the first one. Was she alright? Physically, yes- she wasn't hurt whatsoever. But she just saw her mom fall off a cliff.

Tears were forming again, and Peter seemed to have noticed this.

**Peter: Do you want a hug?**

Li'l Sydney nodded and hugged the orange cat. She didn't want to let go, she didn't want to lose anyone else. And it seemed like Peter needed a hug, too.

2½ hours later.

—

They were in the emergency room. The staff let them stay there as it wasn't too crowded, just the two of them. It was weird, the ER shouldn't be this quiet or empty.

**(By "they," the writer means Li'l Sydney and Peter. Zuzu couldn't stay long, police officer duties.)**

Li'l Sydney didn't pay attention to anything, how help got there, how they saved Sydney and apparently brought her back to life, how they arrived at the hospital. She didn't remember any of it. All she knew was that Auto-ism was able to be there but couldn't go to the hospital with them.

Li'l Sydney couldn't even remember most of the day. It felt like a dream, or a nightmare. Yeah, definitely a nightmare.

The hospital was mostly white with some blue and gray. The floor felt like rubber, and was a marble gray and white. It didn't look pleasing to the eye.



Li'l Sydney looked up, wondering if there was anything she could do. She looked to her right, and next to her was a very small table with a lamp, a pen, and a notepad on top of it.

Reading that the notepad and pen had the hospital's logo and name on it, she knew that she most likely was allowed to use the two.

But right now Li'l Sydney didn't care if she wasn't allowed. She needed something to do before she exploded. Metaphorically.

A circle, which went wrong and turned into scribbles. Another circle, which became scribbles. A square, which was random, but now just random doodles came to mind. More scribbles. Pretty soon the entire page was scribbled and she felt like she just couldn't currently have control of her hand and it was all going wrong-

**Peter: Hey,**

Li'l Sydney looked to her left, where Peter was sitting. He didn't look or sound angry.

**Peter: You might break the pen or hurt your paw.**

The kitten looked away. Not really of embarrassment, but more because she was ashamed that she made someone worried.

**Peter: I'm not mad or disappointed. I just want to make sure you're alright. Would you..**  
*[thinking]* **like to play tic-tac-toe?**

Li'l Sydney nodded and ripped off the scribbled paper from the pad. She handed Peter the pen and pad, and he drew a hashtag.

**Peter: Have you played before? I'm guessing you have, but just making sure you know.**

**Li'l Sydney:** *[nods]*

**Peter: Would you like to start first?**

The kitten shook her head.

**Li'l Sydney: You can.**

**Peter: Alright. Now, there's a trick I've learned, where you place your turn in the middle of the lines. This way you'll almost always win.**

**Li'l Sydney: That sounds fake**

**Peter: Well, wanna test that theory?**

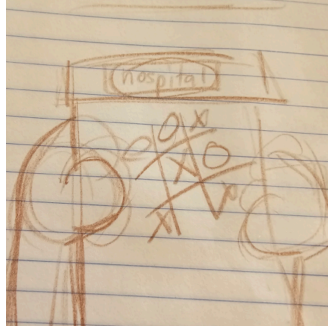
Peter drew an "X" in the middle of the hashtag.

**Peter: Your turn.**

He handed Li'l Sydney the pen and she placed an O right above the X. Peter placed an X in the bottom right corner, and Li'l Sydney placed an O in the top left.

The game continued until Peter, unsurprisingly, won.





**Li'l Sydney: Huh, I guess that it is right.**

**Peter: Yep, I learned that a while ago. Forgot who told me, sadly. Probably a teacher or one of my parents, I dunno.**

**Li'l Sydney: can we play again?**

**Peter: Sure, fine with me**

And so the two continued playing tic-tac-toe for quite awhile in the emergency room.

-

**Time: around 7:00 PM**

-

So, Mascot was informed about everything after it had all happened. It was around 7 PM, when he got a call, and he managed to get out of a family situation (they were having a party due to him being let out of jail).

Mascot told them about it and they understood. So, off to his car he went.

Well, not really a car, but more of a truck. A pickup truck, to be exact. I would make a reference to something but right now is not the time for that.

Mascot thought on the way to the hospital. If only he could have been there, but he needed to see his family. While they were visiting, he had forgotten about the whole Li'l Sydney situation until he got the call from the hospital informing him about everything.

All he knew was that Sydney got severely injured and possibly died but had gotten brought back to life somehow. But he knew that maybe, just maybe, if he was there he could have prevented it.

All that was left to do now was to hope everything will be alright.

When Mascot got there, he went into the main entrance and went up to the front desk, as the room was currently empty and nobody had needed to sign in or whatever.

The check in guy asked why he was there and Mascot explained his situation.

**Check-In Guy: Well, you're unable to see her right now, but I think some of her family members are waiting in the emergency room. If not, then I'm not sure what to tell you. I hope everything goes well**

**Mascot: Thanks, means a lot. Have a great night**

**Check-In Guy: thanks, you too!**

Mascot made his way to the emergency room.

He couldn't find it at first, so he was getting a little worried, but he made it. He walked into the room and saw two some-what familiar faces- Li'l Sydney, which was a big relief, and.. Peter? Was his name?

**Mascot: Hey guys, I got called about the situation.**

Mascot walked towards them, and Peter and Li'l Sydney looked in his direction.

**Li'l Sydney: Oh, hi! You're Mason, right?**

**Mascot: *[[laugh]]* Mascot, actually, but you were close. Can I sit next to you guys?**

Peter nodded, and Mascot sat next to him.

**Mascot: So, what's happening here?**

**Peter: We were, uh, playing tic-tac-toe. I was showing the kid how to hopefully win every time,**

**Mascot: Oh, by placing the mark in the middle?**

**Peter: Yeah!**

**Li'l Sydney: I didn't believe it at first, but now I do. I understand it better**

**Mascot: sweet. Could I play a round with someone?**

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah, I can go first then you can go!**

**Mascot: So you can put your mark in the middle?**

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah, so I can win**

Mascot laughed and was handed the paper and the pen. He put an "X" above the middle "O" and handed the paper and pen back.

-

**2 ½ hours before**

-

Peter was, well, panicking, to say the least.

What he saw couldn't have actually happened, right?

Either way, he was just standing there. He didn't know what to do, goodness.

He had a phone!

Maybe, just maybe, Peter could call 911, and it would work.

He picked up the phone, but alas, the rain has gotten it all messed up. Oh jeez.

He blew air onto the phone (mostly the buttons) to try and get the water away. He pressed the buttons and it surprisingly worked!

He paced up and down the same steps and then the phone was answered.

After the 911 call, which wasn't long at all, Peter didn't know what to do. Well, he called the police, but what else was there to do?

Oh, Li'l Sydney was there, goodness. Peter walked over to her and kneeled down so she could hear him better.

Peter placed a paw on her shoulder, and she looked up at him. There was enough confusion and panic in her eyes that he felt it all.

**Peter: Are you alright? Are you hurt?**

He wanted to know if she was, in fact, alright, but also not to pressure her with too many questions.

Didn't seem to go so well, as Li'l Sydney had started crying. Only a little, but Peter could still see it, even through the rain.

**Peter: Do you want a hug?**

He didn't want to give a hug to her in case she might be too overwhelmed, but right after asking Li'l Sydney clung onto him.

–

**Present, 8:10 PM**

–

It was getting darker, but the three of them were still sitting in the emergency room, doing whatever. Playing games with the paper, making airplanes with the paper. Mascot knew how to make origami with the paper, which was really talented.

A nurse has even brought out some crayons and extra paper for the three, mostly Li'l Sydney, which Peter was really thankful for.

Li'l Sydney was coloring on the floor while Peter and Mascot were talking about whatever. Peter was getting more comfortable with being around him.

They started on a topic of a court case that was supposed to happen soon, with Mrs. Lawson. Peter didn't think much about it, he might get a letter about it soon.

**Peter: So, if you don't mind me asking, how do you know Sydney again?**

**Mascot: Oh, we went to the same prison, yknow? Like the one from yesterday?**

**Peter: Prison? I don't think Sydney ever told me she went to prison. Well, she probably did, and I don't remember. My mind is all mixed up right now, sorry.**

**Mascot: Don't apologize, I get it. Well, she was like a big-time criminal. Like an evil scientist.**

Peter looked dumbfounded at Mascot, but then remembered what had been said in the past couple days:

**" Sydney: I wanted to clone myself when I was.. evil. Turned out to be a little kid. She made me not evil. "**

**" Guard: Sydney! Haven't seen you since.. well, a couple days ago, actually! You just couldn't stay away, could you? "**

Peter mentally slapped himself in the face.

**Peter: She had said something like that a couple days ago, I just didn't put the two and two together. Jeez.**

**Peter: Like, how big time? Sorry if this is weird, I'm just curious and kinda confused.**

**Mascot: No, you're alright. But I did hear a rumor she caused the cop dog guy to be created, but I'm not sure that's true.**

**Li'l Sydney: She tried to make me evil!**

Li'l Sydney had started talking, with a big smile on her face.

**Li'l Sydney: But I changed her so she's good now. Just earlier this week she actually got pardoned from jail because last week she saved some people from a fire! That was basically all my work.**

Li'l Sydney looked proudly at the two.

**Li'l Sydney: and another time she had a giant robot that looked like herself and she was using it to save people that I wanted to save because I had convinced her to. And there was some random cat and some other animals that wanted to like. "destroy" her or me or whatever, and she said that she didn't even know them, they just hated her! There were three of them. So basically she thought she couldn't do it because she was evil so that's the moment from when I changed her to good! It was really awesome.**

***[Author's Note: This is the plot of Dog Man's 5th book, "Lord of the FLEAS." The plot in the Dead Petey universe is different, and the swapped version of the FLEAS were people Sydney didn't know that hated her. Maybe for stealing a PS5 and leaving them to get captured by police, who knows. (That was a reference to something, I don't expect anyone to get it.)]***

The two older cat's looked at Li'l Sydney, Peter looking the most confused he ever had in his life.

**Peter: Well that's.. something.**

**Mascot: Hey, I heard about that I think! Some cats in Cat Jail were talking about it. So it was true.**

Li'l Sydney nodded her head excitedly, but then a nurse came over. They were wearing all blue and had gray fur.

**Nurse: Hey, I'm terribly sorry, but the doctors said that you have to leave now.**

The gang all looked disappointed, mostly Li'l Sydney because she had been making some nice drawings. She'll give them to Mama when she wakes up.

**Peter: Is Sydney okay?**

**Nurse: Yes, but she is still unconscious, and you are unable to see her right now.**

Li'l Sydney started gathering up the crayons and extra paper. The nurse thanked her and took the materials back to where they stored them.

Li'l Sydney got up and sat next to Peter on the chair.

**Peter: I suppose we should get going now.**

**Mascot: Yeah.**

**Mascot: Well, see you guys later. It was really nice hanging out with you all!**

Mascot stood up from his seat, but then decided to wait for the two so they could walk to the parking lot together and say their goodbyes there.

**Li'l Sydney: Peter, how are we going home?**

Peter slapped himself in the face for reals this time.

**Peter: Oh jeez, I forgot we road up in the ambulance. I suppose we could walk to the nearest bustop or maybe walk home? Jeeze, but it's a long way home and I don't know the way to your house..**

Peter trailed off and Mascot stepped in.

**Mascot: I could give you a lift, I road my truck up here.**

Li'l Sydney cheered and gathered her drawings up.

**Peter: Really? That's very kind of you.**

**Mascot:** *[shrugging shoulders]* Cmon, it's the least I can do.

**Peter:** Alright then. Thank you

**Mascot:** Don't mention it! *[smiles]*

—

It had started to get dark outside, the sun had almost set. The three of them walked out of the ER and followed Mascot to his truck. ***(Again, I would make a reference to something, but this book won't go THAT far into references. But I know some of you understand what I'm talking about, dont you? I know what you are.)***

Li'l Sydney hopped into the backseat and Peter sat in the front. They put their seat belts off and Mascot started the vehicle.

**Mascot:** So, where are we headed?

**Li'l Sydney:** You can drop me off at Zuzu's, I know the directions once we get into town!

**Peter:** Then I can give directions to my apartment afterwards

**Mascot:** Alright!

Some music started playing, but it was turned on quietly, as not to disturb any conversations. They got into town and Li'l Sydney started shouting directions at Mascot, but eventually they got near the house. They all got out and started walking towards it, but Li'l Sydney ran more than walked.

Dog Cop must've heard then, as she had peaked her head through the door. When she saw the kitten, she ran out and hugged her.

**Li'l Sydney:** Zuzu, hi!

Zuzu stopped hugging her and barked a cheerful "thank you" to Mascot and Peter, and Auto-ism had poked their "head" through too.

Dog Cop and Li'l Sydney then ran to the house, but before going inside, Li'l Sydney stopped and turned around.

**Li'l Sydney:** Bye, and thank you!!

She waved at Mascot and Peter, who both waved back.

**Mascot: Bye!**

By now, the sun had fully set and it was almost pitch black out. The two walked back to the truck and got in.

**Mascot: So, to your apartment!**

**Peter: Yeah**

Peter told Mascot the directions, and after about 10-15 minutes they were at Peter's destination.

**Mascot: Well, see you later!**

**Peter: Thanks, genuinely.**

**Mascot: No problem, everyone needs help at times.**

**Mascot: Bye! Oh, wait-**

Mascot grabbed a napkin from the glove box and a pen from the cupholder and wrote something down.

**Mascot: Here's my number if you ever need to contact me, you never know what could happen.**

Peter took the napkin.

**Peter: oh, thanks. Yeah, it's good to have contact with everyone.**

**Mascot: If you guys ever need to go to the hospital again, you can call me- most of the time I'm free.**

**Peter: Thanks. Bye, see ya!**

Mascot waved bye and Peter shut the truck door. The orange tabby then walked up the stairs and went into the apartment building. He made it to his door and looked up at the ceiling.

He sighed, but remembered Sydney had offered to pay for it, which was a big relief.

Peter opened the door, walked in and closed it behind himself.



The next few days were about the same- Peter and Li'l Sydney visiting the hospital and waiting to be able to visit them. Mascot would drive them there whenever he could, and Auto-ism would fly them there when he couldn't. Peter didn't like whenever they would do that, but Li'l Sydney didn't seem to mind. In fact, she saw it as a fun rollercoaster ride!

On this day, Auto-ism had taken them, and Li'l Sydney told them to be back in about an hour or an hour and a half. They saluted to the kitten and blasted off again, and the two cats walked into the hospital.

Li'l Sydney had a small backpack filled with a sketchbook, markers, a mechanical pencil, and the drawings she's made previously. She has them in case Sydney does wake up, which she will, but Li'l Sydney doesn't want to leave them at home when she does.

The previous day, the doctors said it was alright to go into the room to see Sydney. Li'l Sydney didn't really want to, and neither did Peter, but they went anyway just to see how she was doing. They would be brave.

She was basically sleeping, to say the least. And the two sat on some chairs in the room, just to make sure they'd be there I'd she woke up then. Li'l Sydney drew the whole time and Peter had watched her a small bit but mostly zoned out.

After checking in, the two walked down the halls of the other patients' rooms. Peter wasn't really paying attention, just looking down at the floor or ahead while thinking.

He felt a tug on his arm and looked down.

**Li'l Sydney: We passed the room, it's over there**

**Peter: Oh**

He followed Li'l Sydney to the room and sat down on a chair next to her.

She started opening her back pack and took out the notebook, a pencil, and the marker box. Li'l Sydney took out a blue marker from the box.

Li'l Sydney opened the notebook and ripped an empty page out, surprising Peter. She handed Peter the paper with the box underneath and the pencil.

**Peter: What?**

**Li'l Sydney: You looked bored yesterday, so I'm giving you a paper to draw on.**

**Peter: Oh.**

Peter looked down at the lined paper and picked up the pencil. He'd never been an artistic individual, at least recently, but he did enjoy doodling as a kid.

**Peter: Thanks.**

**Li'l Sydney: No problem**

He just made small scribbles on a paper at first, but then started drawing himself, for some reason.

Wasn't the best, but it was enough to make him feel not as jittery.

Peter put the markers, notebook, and paper on the seat next to him. He didn't really feel like doodling anymore.

**Li'l Sydney: Did you know that you can hear a blue whale's heart beat from about 2 miles away?**

Li'l Sydney blurted out.

**Peter: No, I didn't know that. That's interesting.**

**Li'l Sydney: Yeah, I forget where I found out about it, but I'm pretty sure it's true.**

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Sydney gasped and sat up. She started breathing shakily, and she looked around frantically.

Peter and Li'l Sydney jumped, and after registering what happened, they immediately ran up to her.

**Words: 3,751**

## Chapter 13: No Alarms And No Surprises

Published: November 16th, 2023

***This chapter will include:***

***-Hospitals***

***-Small mentions of needles***

***-Mentions of poison and death***

***-Mentions of assault and trespassing***

***-Mentions of falling off a cliff***

***-Small mentions of a character breaking her spine (she is fully healed)***

***-Mentions of blood***

***You have been informed.***

-

**Date: May 21st**

-

Sydney gasped for a second time and sat up. She started breathing shakily, and she looked around frantically.

She was in a hospital room on a bed. There were needles in her arms- oh god, she hates needles-

She was alive.



She was staring down at her paws- they were shaking. She heard talking, she didn't know from who, she didn't study who it was.

**[ ]: Mama!**

Sydney looked up and she was face to face with Li'l Sydney.

*Li'l Sydney.*

Sydney immediately leaned over and hugged her, not wanting to let go- she was okay, she was alive.

**Li'l Sydney: Mama.. are you okay? Y-you're crying.**

She was? Sydney pulled away and lifted her paw up to her eyes- she was, in fact, crying.

Before she could say anything, a doctor and nurse came rushing in to check on her and started crowding the hospital bed. There was a quick beeping- was that always happening? It was the heart monitor.

Before Sydney could process anything, a nurse told Li'l Sydney she had to leave, so she walked to the doorway, where Peter was standing. He must've alerted the doctors about the situation.

-

**Later.**

-

The doctors had just left the room and told Peter and Li'l Sydney that they could talk to her.

Li'l Sydney almost ran towards the room and back to where Sydney was, and Peter quickly followed.

Sydney was staring off at the wall farthest from the door, but turned quickly when the kitten made herself known in the room.

She ran over to the bed and hugged Sydney again and immediately started talking about whatever. She then stopped and ran to her backpack.

Peter cautiously stepped into the room. He didn't know why, he just felt like he should be careful.

Sydney noticed him and looked away.

**Peter: uhm. Are you alright?**

**Sydney: Well, yeah. As much "alright" you can get after falling off a cliff.**

Sydney joked, but it felt more like rudeness. She didn't really want to seem that way, but she was stressed out some and couldn't really contain it all in.

**Peter: Sorry for asking. It's just that..**

Peter trailed off, seemingly not wanting to continue.

**Sydney: What?**

Li'l Sydney ran up next to Peter to show Sydney her drawings, but her smile faded and she didn't want to interrupt anything important.

**Peter: Well, uh. How do I say this.**

**Peter: Sydney, you uh. You died. Like, *died*. And, somehow, you came back to life, and even the doctors don't know how. And they said you don't even have a scratch on you from falling.**

Peter knew he had said too much, but he was more worried for Sydney.

She was staring down, and she looked worried or shaky. He didn't know what to do, or what was happening with Sydney.

**Li'l Sydney: I made you drawings!**

Luckily, Li'l Sydney changed the subject and snapped the older calico out of it.

**Peter: Oh, she's very good at drawings. I only saw about 2, but they're really good.**

The kitten ran over to her and showed her the collection of papers she had made art upon over the past few days.

Some were mostly pages of doodles or small drawings on the same page, and others were fully colored fridge-worthy creations.

One of them was a drawing of what seemed to be Li'l Sydney and all of her friends and family, plus some others.

Molly (the tadpole with mind powers that Li'l Sydney had befriended. They had a thing where they shared comics with each other), Auto-ism, Sydney, Li'l Sydney, Dog Cop, Peter, and Mascot.

But there was an extra one there, after Mascot. Seemed to be the same size as Li'l Sydney, but the older calico had never seen them with her.

They were all ginger with wings and.. a black ear. And a tail with bandages at the end.



Sydney felt like she was shaking, although she probably wasn't. Li'l Sydney continued talking about whatever, she wasn't going to stop any time soon, but Sydney wasn't really paying attention.

She didn't mean to drown out her words, but she was too focused on the drawing. She felt like she had seen them before. She knew who that was. But only maybe, as she was most likely overreacting.

**Li'l Sydney: Mama? Did you hear how I learned how to get better at tic-tac-toe?**

Sydney turned her head to the kitten, forgetting about the photo. Mostly.

**Sydney: Uh, no, sorry. I'll listen this time**

**Li'l Sydney: Okay!**

The kitten started over and told Sydney the story of how Peter taught her tic-tac-toe, and then how Mascot showed up and they played a few games. She then continued, telling the story of chapter 12.

**Li'l Sydney: And that's basically all that's happened.**

**Sydney: so, how.. how many days was that?**

**Peter: 4**

Peter interrupted, quickly realizing the question wasn't directed at him.

**Peter: You've been out for 4 days, since Tuesday**

**Sydney: Oh.**

4 days.

*4 days.*

It did *not* feel like 4 days. But, people do say sometimes that a dream is actually a second long in real time, so maybe that was part of it?

Was that a dream? She hoped it was, oh goodness did she hope it was. The kid in her dream was nothing like hers. That wasn't Petey.

Petey had been cheerful most of the time and tried to see the light in things.

He would go on and on about bugs and collecting envelopes out of all things, and he did it with such a bright and smiling face.

He would never get mad, only very few times. He never said anything in a "rude" or agitated voice. He never persuaded anyone to do things, he always let them decide what to do.

She was getting off topic and wandering off. She felt shaky again.

**Li'l Sydney: Are you alright?**

**Sydney: Yes.**

She wanted to be, so she will be. She's okay, everything is okay.

Sydney is okay.

A nurse walked into the room.

**Nurse: The doctor wants to check up on her more, she wasn't able to earlier but now she can.**

**Nurse: *[turning to LS and Peter]* You two can go home now, the doctor also said that Ms. Lawson will need time to rest.**

**Sydney: It's Sydney.**

**Sydney: Please, don't call me Ms. Lawson. I am Sydney.**

**Nurse: Yes, my apologies. Would you like it changed to The Cat?**

Quite a comical choice, but she's been going as "Sydney The Cat" for at least 2-3 years, so it would make sense.

**Sydney: Sure**

**Nurse: Okay, I will see what I can do.**

**Nurse: You two can go now, you can say your goodbyes for the night and come by tomorrow.**

The nurse walked away and Li'l Sydney hugged Sydney's side.

**Li'l Sydney: I'll see you tomorrow, I promise!**

**Sydney: I know. See you tomorrow, kiddo.**

Li'l Sydney smiled and went to gather her things. Her mama was okay!

**Peter: I hope you feel better soon.**

**Sydney: Thanks.**

The kitten was gathering up the last of her stuff and walked out to wait outside the door.

**Peter: She'll be okay, she's with the dog cop and has been doing quite well these past couple of days.**

**Sydney: Thank goodness.**

**Sydney: Is everything okay from when she was lost?**

**Peter: The doctors checked on her and there wasn't anything wrong**

**Peter: See you tomorrow**

**Sydney: Bye.**

Peter walked out of the room, where Li'l Sydney was waiting for him.



It's okay, Sydney will bring alright. Both he and Li'l Sydney will be alright.

Everything will be alright.

-

**Time: 11:00 AM-1:00 PM**

-

Everything was, in fact, alright.

Over the past few days, the gang (which consisted of Li'l Sydney, Peter, Mascot, and occasionally Zuzu) had been visiting Sydney in the hospital.

Sydney was getting better. In fact, there wasn't much wrong with her to begin with, so there wasn't much to get better.

Her ears from when Li'l Sydbey was lost had been healed, and they didn't hurt anymore. She was able to walk perfectly. It was as if nothing happened, considering how hard she fell off a cliff and into sharp rocks. And broke her spine.

Apparently Auto-ism had gotten a signal from Sydney's phone that 911 was called and flew where the incident happened. Peter explained it to them and they flew off the cliff and acquired Sydney, and was apparently the one who saved her.

By saved, the author means got her out of the sharp rocks at the bottom of the cliff and onto safe land.

Nobody knows how she came back to life.

Well, today was the day that Sydney was being let out.

Peter, Li'l Sydney, and Mascot were there to take her home- Mascot driving them all.

The doctors said that she was safe to go and checked up on her one last time before she was escorted to the sign-out area.

Although, Sydney did admit to being in some pain, mostly along her back. The doctors understood and prescribed her pain medication for the next week.

Sydney finished signing some papers at the desk and Li'l Sydney bounded towards her, just entering the hospital.

**Sydney: Hey kid**

**Li'l Sydney: Hi**

The two smiled at each other and the smaller held Sydney's paw, pulling her along to the entrance where Peter and Mascot were just walking in.

Mascot waved at Sydney, who waved back, and they all went to Mascot's truck, Li'l Sydney telling her mama about a story that happened with her and Zuzu the other day.

The four got into the car- Mascot driving, Peter in the passenger seat, and the calicos in the back.

A conversation sparked up, but Sydney wasn't really paying attention, which had been happening a lot recently.

She wasn't doing it to be rude, she bet it was interesting, she just didn't know how to explain what was happening.

She stared out the window, the road making it hard to sit still. The roads weren't perfect, but who cares. It's a road.

Somehow, Sydney zoned out for so long that she hadn't realized the car had stopped and was parked in front of her lab.

Sydney unbuckled her seat belt and stepped out, seeing her lab for the first time in more than a week.

**Sydney: Thanks, Mascot, for the lift. It means a lot**

**Mascot: No problem, always happy to help**

Sydney stopped really listening to the conversation and walked towards the lab.

**Peter: Hey, I can take the bus to my place, you don't have to drive me to my house.**

**Mascot: Are you sure? I really don't mind.**

**Peter: Yeah, it's alright. Talk to you later!**

**Mascot: See ya!**

Peter got out too and stood next to Sydney as Mascot drove away.

Li'l Sydney was running towards the door with her backpack on and rushed inside, leaving the two cats alone. The chair with the cup of coffee next to it was still out near the left of the door. The gardening tools were on the other side of the wall, the right of the door.

**Sydney: She's just, so.. happy.**

Sydney began, Li'l Sydney out of earshot.

**Sydney: I don't know how she does it. Even in the past week, she's always been happy.**

**Peter: Well.**

**Peter: She's a clone of you.**

Sydney turned to face Peter, and her gaze softened.

**Sydney: I.. yeah. I guess she is.**

Jeez, that made her tear up a bit. In a positive way. Mostly.

***"She's a clone of you."***

*Which means she'll grow up to be almost exactly like Sydney.*

The two stood there for less than a few moments. The wind was blowing the leaves on the trees which made a nice and peaceful sound.

**Peter: I should get going, I don't really have things to get done, but I doubt you want me around right now, as you're still settling in.**

**Sydney: Yeah, I have some things to check up on.**

**Sydney: Bye, Duckhat.**

**Peter: See ya!**

Peter waved, to which Sydney waved back and walked towards her red lab.

She opened the door and finally smelled something familiar. No more hospital, no more overbearing and overwhelming boredom and sights and smells.

She *hated* the hospital.

Sydney heard Li'l Sydney upstairs putting her backpack and supplies away.

The cat made her way to the kitchen and eventually the living room. Everything was the same from when she last left it. Li'l Sydney must not have been here for the past week.

Sydney heard Li'l Sydney run down the stairs and walk into the living room as she put her paper bag of pain meds on the counter.

***(The container of medication is in the paper bag, not the meds' container being the bag.)***

**Li'l Sydney: I put my backpack away with all the stuff from Zuzu's I wanted to bring here. Like my drawings and some markers. Whaddya wanna do now?**

Sydney thought for a moment.

**Sydney: Have you eaten yet today?**

**Li'l Sydney: I had breakfast, but no not really.**

**Sydney: Alright, I'll see what we have. Would you like to suggest anything for lunch?**

**Li'l Sydney: Chicken and rice**

Li'l Sydney responded almost immediately.

**Sydney: You always eat that, but alright. I'm pretty sure we have that.**

Sydney walked to the kitchen, and sure enough, she was able to make the lunch.

–

**Date: May 28, a few days later.**

**Time: Late at night. Around 9-10 PM.**

–

***Ring. Ring. Buzz buzz.***

Sydney was sitting at the kitchen counter, and Li'l Sydney was at Zuzu's for the weekend.

Sydney looked over to her flip phone, which was buzzing. She grabbed it and looked at the screen.

***“CHECK THE MAIL. DONT PROCRASTINATE. CHECK IT.”***

She remembered that she had modified her phone to set reminders. Yeah, she could have just bought a regular cell phone or written a note for later, but she wanted the extra challenge. Plus, it was fun to make.

Sydney walked over to the door and opened it, to which a few letters were laying in front of the door.

The cat picked them up and looked through them, not expecting much but bills, taxes, and other important adult stuff.

But then an envelope caught her eye- she opened it and read what it had to say.

It was for a court case, about the incident a few weeks ago when Mrs. Lawson had refused to leave Sydney's property, hurt her wrist, and got arrested.

This surprised Sydney, as when she had been arrested and put to jail, she had never been to court. But that most likely was because she always escaped before it could even happen.

Sydney looked at the date, and it was scheduled for this next week. Another date was scheduled before that to meet with the lawyer.

**Sydney: "Alright,"**

Sydney thought, not thinking much of the matter.

**Sydney: "I've never been to a court case before, so this'll be new."**

-

**Meanwhile.**

-

*Li'l Sydney was in the woods.*

*Well, not really. This was a dream. But she didn't know why she was in the woods.*

*She didn't like it.*

*She looked around, not knowing what to do. It was quiet. Too quiet for a forest. It also smelled like fresh rain. But, this wasn't real, so most likely normal.*

*Li'l Sydney knew where she was- it was the moment when she learned about how Petey was.. dead.*

*That feeling came back. The chaotic one. Which wasn't always a good sign.*

*But within the past week and a half, ever since the actual forest incident, Li'l Sydney's had time to think.*

*It was wrong for her to react that way. Why was she so upset Petey hadn't told her about.. being dead? At least he actually told her.*

*She still considered him a friend. Were they friends? They've only known each other for less than a month.*

*Li'l Sydney forgave him, and she hopes he isn't mad at her. But the only thing she actually was mad about was how he caused Mama to get hurt.*

*The kitten turned around, and Petey was there. He had that emotionless face, like he almost always does.*

***Li'l Sydney: Are you real?***

***Petey: Yes***

***Li'l Sydney: Why are you in my dream?***

***Petey: Why not?***

***Li'l Sydney: There could be many reasons why or why not, but I don't know those. Can't you just tell me?***

***Petey: You're acting all nerdy :/***

***Li'l Sydney: Huh?***

*Petey started flying around like in chapter 5, leaving Li'l Sydney confused.*

***Li'l Sydney: Could you answer me? I'm really confused right now.***

*Petey stopped.*

***Petey: I won't see you again after this***

***Li'l Sydney: H.. Huh?***

***Li'l Sydney: But.. we're friends, right?***

***Petey: Sure.***

***Petey: Just saying goodbye.***

***Li'l Sydney: Will I see you again?***

***Petey: I don't think so.***

***Li'l Sydney: Oh.***

*Petey floated towards Li'l Sydney and held his paw out to shake as one last goodbye. The kitten shook it, feeling sad that she couldn't have another friend. At least he didn't seem mad at her.*

***Petey: You better hope I never see you again.***

*What?*

*And with that, Petey vanished into what seemed to be little particles. They resembled leaves falling off of autumn trees.*



—

Li'l Sydney sat up awake in her box bed and silently gasped.

Was that real?

Li'l Sydney didn't know. She looked around and saw Auto-ism and Zuzu around her, sleeping.

Li'l Sydney hoped she would be able to get back to sleep, but it'll be easier now that the chaotic feeling was gone.

But she still felt like something was wrong, like something was coming.

But that won't be relevant until this particular story is over.

-

**June 2nd.**

-

The court meeting had happened earlier than day.

The lawyer was a nice guy. His name was Milo Bernanke, and they had met up a few days before to discuss the problem.

He was a smart one too, and lucky for them, Mrs. Lawson had been sentenced to jail for 6-7 months- trespassing (had refused to leave Sydney's house) and assault (almost broke Sydney's wrist and ripped Peter's ear).

Peter, although he had hurt Mrs. Lawson's head incredibly bad, had not gotten in trouble- as it was in self defense.

Milo had given the two of them two of his cards (one card for each cat) in case either of them were ever in legal trouble again and needed a lawyer.



Auto-ism was one of the main reasons they won, though. They had begun filming when they thought it was necessary, just in case. And because of this, the court had all the evidence they needed- even though they still needed to hear from the other side.

Sydney just wished that another reason Mrs. Lawson went to jail was because of Petey. They were unfortunately not able to get enough evidence to say that she.. poisoned him.

Sydney still couldn't wrap her head around that. Why? Why on any planet would she do that?



She sighed. It wasn't worth thinking about, that lady didn't even deserve the time of day to be thought about.

It was late, the sun almost set. Sydney wanted to walk home after the case, just to take in the world around her. A lot has happened in the past month- heck, in the past year.

She had taken the long way home. Why? Who knows.

Eventually her lab was in site, and before long she was up to the door. She opened it and called out for Li'l Sydney, who was unfortunately home alone.

Sydney didn't want to leave her alone, but she really had no choice. Zuzu promised she'd check up on her from time to time.

The kitten came running down the stairs from her room to meet her mama and hugged her.

**Sydney: Hey kid, was everything alright?**

**Li'l Sydney: Yep!**

**Li'l Sydney: Wanna watch something on TV or play something? I've just been doing random things I find in my room, I was even so bored I cleaned my room! Kind of.**

**Li'l Sydney: I also took apart a little device I found, but I was able to put it all the way back together, so it's okay.**

Sydney laughed a small bit.

**Sydney: Yeah, that'd be okay. Whatever you wanna do, kiddo. And don't worry about the device, you're not in trouble. I'd like to see it some time, though.**

**Li'l Sydney: Okay!**

The kitten then ran off to the living room, leaving Sydney for a moment.

Sydney smiled. She was okay, her and Li'l Sydney.

They were okay.

**Words: 3,493**

# Epilog.

Published: November 16th, 2023

–

**December 14th, 2016. 6 months later.**

**Time: Around 1:00 PM.**

–

**[ ]: Well Sydney, I'll see you soon, probably next week. But you're doing much better, so maybe after the holiday season.**

Sydney nodded and started picking up her jacket from off the ground. She had thick fur, but she still liked wearing a light jacket when it was snowing.

**Sydney: Okay then. Thanks, Yolay.**

**Yolay: You're welcome. I am always happy to help anyone. You're free to go now, make sure you leave the door open very slightly.**

Yolay wrote some notes in a stack of paper she had in her light blue plastic binder as Sydney got up out of her chair and pushed it into the table. She went towards the door and exited the grayish room, leaving the brown door cracked open.

She had decided to finally call the number Sarah had given her. Well, it was Peter who found the paper and called for her, and he explained the incident that happened years ago that she thought she could get through on her own.

Which she couldn't. She may have thought she could, but seeking help was a healthy decision.

Sydney left the building she was in to be greeted by a bunch of snow on the ground and in the air. Everything looked white from the weather.

Trees dazzled in lights and Christmas decorations were almost all she could see. Thankfully, she had made it to her lab, even though the snow had died down.

She opened the door and stomped on the carpet just to get some snow off of her legs. She called out to Li'l Sydney, who was in the living room watching TV.

The kitten paused the TV and walked out to the house entrance to greet Sydney.

Li'l Sydney wasn't exactly a year older, as it had only been 6 months, but due to a defect in the cloning machine, she will age faster until she is around 18, mentally at least.

She was currently 10-11 years old. At least, physically, a year older than when the previous chapters had taken place.

**Li'l Sydney: Hi mama!**

**Sydney: Hi, kid. Was everything okay while I was gone?**

**Li'l Sydney: Yep!**

**Sydney: Nice.**

She took her jacket off and went to the kitchen, Li'l Sydney following behind to continue watching the video essay that was playing before.

But before she got into the living room, Li'l Sydney stopped for a moment and decided to say something she'd been thinking about.

**Li'l Sydney: Hey, mama?**

**Sydney: Yeah?**

**Li'l Sydney: I've been thinking, and since one day I'll be older and an adult, could I go by Sid one day? Not right now, either name is fine, but I think when I'm older I'd like it more.**

**Sydney: Yea, that's completely fine. It's your name, you can make it whatever you'd like.**

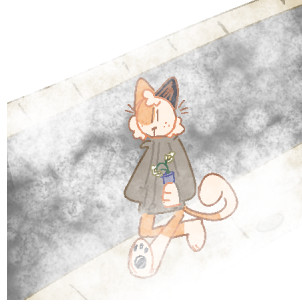
The younger cat smiled.

**Li'l Sydney: Nice! I'd thought you'd be okay with it, but just asking now.**

And then she went to the other room.

Sydney looked out the window of the kitchen, seeing the snow slowly stop drifting down. She got the random urge to visit the place.

She grabbed the vase of flowers that was on the windowsill, and even though she just got home, told Li'l Sydney she'd be out again.



The calico had walked for about 10 minutes, but that didn't bother her.

She walked along a hill she'd known for a long time, and once she'd reached the top there was a tree. Due to the current season it was bare. Below it was a stone.

She sighed. The last time she had been here was the summer, when showing Peter. It was rough, but it was only right for him to know where it was.

Sydney sat down on her knees, not caring about the snow. It was less cold than earlier that day and the wind wasn't present. She put the vase on the ground, and due to the snow, it had stood right up.

She wiped off some of the snow on the stone with her paw to reveal the lettering.



***R.I.P.***

***Petey Duckhat Lawson***

***May 15th 1999 - May 15th 2006***

Sydney hated that it only said Lawson. If anything, Sydney hated that it said Lawson at all.

She didn't like that name. Ever since her no-longer-mother had it, it had been ruined.

But maybe Sid could make the name better. Sydney liked that name, Sid. She should've called her that. But it's okay, Li'l Sydney can choose who she wants to be.

But the main reason she hated it, Lawson or not, was because Petey was also a Duckhat. No matter how much she fought to rip that name away from him after his father left, it would never change.

Sydney hoped they were doing okay. The Duckhats, Peter's parents, were a wonderful couple and had done so much to protect Sydney. She wondered when she could talk to them next, or if Peter was still even in contact with them.

Sydney took the flowers out of the vase and set them down on the ground. The cat sighed.

**Sydney: I wanted to visit more, but I didn't know when the right time was. I'm sorry.**

She didn't know if her son could hear her, or if he even existed anymore. She hoped he was still there, listening.

**Sydney: [pause] ..I don't know if that was really you in my dream. Back in May, when I had.. died. Still feels weird to say that.**

**Sydney: But if it was, then I am so, so happy and proud of you for saving me.**

Sydney didn't know what else to say. The wind had risen back up again, and there was a feeling of calm.

But there was no trace of the feeling that she had when she was dreaming.

**Sydney: You didn't deserve anything. Anything bad that happened to you.**

**Sydney: You were the best kid I ever had.**

**Sydney: But I need to let go of that past. I need to let go of that life. I need to stop thinking about what I could've done and think about what I can do now.**

**Sydney: I'll always love you.**

Sydney grabbed the empty vase and stood up, feeling the cold and snowy winter breeze.

She needs to bring Li'l Sydney here, to tell her about everything. She will someday, when both of them are ready. When Sid's a little older.

She felt a weight lift off her shoulders. It felt nice to get that off her chest, even though she had already been talking to a professional.

She's not better or "fixed." She may never be the same again. But she can be better, feel better.

She will start living the life she wants instead of wishing for the life she once had.

**Words: 1,141**

## Notes & Fun Facts

Published: November 16th, 2023

- Almost all chapter titles are lyrics from songs, most of which are songs I was listening to when thinking of that chapter.

For example:

Chapter Three, titled "What Happened To Your Good Sense?," is a direct lyric from the song "Bruno Is Orange" by Hop Along. While listening to this song with the Dead Petey AU in mind back in 2022, I had developed chapter three in my head before I had even thought of creating a chapter story.

Chapter 5, "We Wanna Be Your Imaginary Friend!," is "Imaginary Friend" by Lemon Demon. The chapter isn't fully based off of the song, but a scene I am planning to write in (hopefully) the second book is.

-The part with Peter calling Sydney was actually a snippet from a one shot collection I made in March. It was called "Dp! Au Version 2 Song-Inspired One-Shots," and parts 1 and 2 are canon. Part 3, however, is not.

-The original Dead Petey AU was made May 14th, 2022, and called "Switch AU." The original Dead Petey reference was made May 15th, 2022, which is why this is Petey's birthday. In the original version, Peter was named Ralph and was actually the one who poisoned Petey before he left.

-Chapter Six is supposed to be titled like the original Dog Man books, where Almost every chapter 5, 6, 7, or 8 is titled "A Buncha Stufd That Happened Next."

-When I first started writing Book One, I had not fully come up with a plot line yet.

-There are multiple Lemon Demon (a musician) references throughout this story.

-My friend, Aextriot on Wattpad, has been able to read the story ahead of time before anyone else. She always leaves comments and always puts a form of "BARK BARK BARK BARK" in the beginning of the Google Doc before she reads.

-Mascot was only supposed to be in chapter 9, but after realizing he was a fan favorite, I added him into more chapters.

-Speaking of Mascot- I had thought of him in March of 2023 out of nowhere late at night. I quickly designed him and thought of his name while drinking water in my dad's kitchen after drawing him.

-Chapters eleven and twelve were supposed to be one chapter, but then a friend suggested I should separate them. I feel like 2 separate chapters is better.

-The background characters in the first image of chapter six are me and my friends. We call ourselves the "Agents Of Weezer"-

Auburn\_Cat043 in the bottom left corner, cloudy\_ink falling out of the airplane in the background, Aextriot near the right of the tree, and me in the far right of the tree.

--While transferring chapter six to Wattpad from Google Docs, Wattpad kept glitching and wouldn't let me make text bold/slanted, add images, or change the chapter layout. I think this is because in the chapter, Peter is being haunted by Petey, and the night before posting I had jokingly beat up my homemade Dead Petey plush while on call with a friend. I believe this may have been the ghost of Dead Petey bullying me due to what I did.

(the ending is mainly a joke. the story about the chapter, however, is not, and was incredibly frustrating.)

-The lawyer in chapter thirteen is supposed to be my real life cat, Milo. The name "Bernanke" is an inside joke between friends. Everyone say "hi Milo."

[There were meant to be photos of Milo, but they unfortunately will not load. You can see them on AO3.]

-The email on Milo Bernanke's business card is actually usable. Email milobernanke@gmail.com to get an in-character response!

(Please thank @Auburn\_Cat043)

I have put so many hours and hard work into this story. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it (most of the time).

**Words: 602**

**Entire Work: 32,315**