

Waiting for You-Know-Who



Lawrence and Shelley had been waiting for Godot since eight-thirty Monday morning and they were both exhausted and not a little peeved. After all, they had their *own* lives to lead. They didn't need to drop everything they were doing the moment Godot showed up. Assuming he ever did. Neither heard the clock strike twelve because Shelley had curled up and fallen into a deep sleep while Lawrence was, as usual, staring off into space, dreaming of that ever elusive harlequin romance. But on the twelfth chime, Godot abruptly appeared. He waved a well manicured paw in front of Lawrence's face but there was no response. He playfully bit Shelley on her shin, but she, too, was dead to the world. So he sat down on the chair between his two colleagues to wait for them to waken. Eventually, they both did, but by then, Godot was long gone. He left a note, though, which prompted Lawrence and Shelley to commence their waiting – for the umpteenth time – anew.