

The New Babysitter

By TyrannoRanger

Submitted: July 21, 2005

Updated: July 21, 2005

Since Rosalyn was sick, and Calvin's parents called a new babysitter, the six-year old tyranny lad stuck with the famous 90's TV redhead who has bunch of fashion senses.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TyrannoRanger/17758/The-New-Babysitter>

Chapter 1 - Chapter I

2

1 - Chapter I

4:00pm: Calvin's house

Calvin's Mom: We know your dad and I are going out, and I called Rosalyn, but she's sick. I called another babysitter, and her name is Blossom. Be good to her, alright?

Calvin: Alright, mom. (sits in the middle of living room with Hobbes playing a card game called War.)

doorbell ringing

Calvin's Mom: Will you get that, Calvin?

Calvin: (opens door) Who the heck are you?

Blossom: I'm Blossom. Remember the TV show?

Calvin: No.

Blossom: *sigh*

Calvin's Mom: You must be Blossom.

Calvin's Dad: See ya tonight.

(Calvin's parents went out, and Calvin is stuck with a new babysitter)

Blossom: I'll be in the kitchen..

(Blossom walks in the kitchen, getting food out to cook)

Blossom: (whistling while cooking dinner)

Calvin: Blossom, what's for dinner?

Blossom: Spaghetti and Meatballs, and Hamburger Casserole.

Calvin: What's a spaghetti?

Blossom: You don't know what spaghetti is??!! It's a bunch of noodles covered with tomato sauce for crying out loud!

Calvin: What does it taste like?

Blossom: We'll see...

15 minutes later...

Blossom: Calvin! Dinner!

(Calvin runs to the table)

Blossom: (sets up dinner plates) Eat up.

Calvin: (picks up breadstick) What's this?

Blossom: It's breadstick..

Calvin: (bites breadstick) Tastes like very soft rock..

Blossom: Don't let your tastebuds go wrong! *sigh*

Calvin: (takes a bite of his dinner, another and another)

Blossom: Well, we have a well-behaved kid..

Calvin: I'm done..

Blossom: Whoa whoa whoa! Get back here, and pick up your plate..

Calvin: *sigh* (picks up his plate, and puts in the sink)

Blossom: Thank you..

Calvin: (walks to the living room, turns on TV, and turns on the NES system)

Blossom: Turn them off! Bedtime for bonzo!

Calvin: Hey! You stole that from Rosalyn?

Blossom: Rosalyn? Who is Rosalyn?

Calvin: She was a babysitter!!

Blossom: (carries Calvin to bed) Good night, laddie.

6:30pm: Calvin's bedroom

Hobbes: Well, another babysitter similar to Rosalyn..

Calvin: We'll call teh rescue squad..

Calvin's parents: Blossom, we're home!

Calvin's Mom: Blossom, Is Calvin's all right?

Blossom: Yes. He's sometimes tyranny, but he gets it.

Calvin's Dad: Here's an advance. See ya.

Blossom: Bye bye.

End of Chapter 1.