



Sylvester And Tweety Short Stories!

Looney Tunes | Merrie Melodies · Not Rated · 1892 words

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Short stories starring Sylvester and Tweety, with inspiration from *The Looney Tunes Show*, the classic shorts, and *Sylvester And Tweety Mysteries*.

Any advice on ways to better write their lisps would be highly appreciated. Hope you enjoy! 😊

Better Late Than Never

Did you know that Granny apparently has an actual name? Emma Webster.

Purring can mean happiness, but it can as well mean a cat doesn't want you to leave. They as well occasionally purr when they're sick/injured, and there are theories that a cat purring while they're laying on a hurt/sick person is trying to help them heal.

It's my first time writing these characters, so I hope you enjoyed my little story 😊

"Come here, you thupid red dot!" Sylvester yelled, right before slamming headfirst into a bookshelf. He wobbled away in a daze, a bandage appearing on his forehead. Before he could fully recover, he spotted his quarry by a potted plant, and was off again without a second thought. "I've got you now, you little--"

From his perch on his swing, Tweety chuckled, moving the laser pointer to make Sylvester climb the curtains. He turned it off, watching the other's confused search for a minute before turning it back on, now pointed at the top of the fireplace. "Look, Puddy Tat, now it's over dere!"

"What? How'd it get over there?" Sylvester asked, crouching low as he stalked his prey, getting ready to jump on it.

Tweety stuck his tongue out in concentration as he tried to time moving the dot into the fire. Too late, and Sylvester wouldn't change the angle of his pounce, hitting into the brick hearth rather than the flames. Too soon, and the cat's brain would have

enough time to catch up to his actions, meaning he wouldn't pounce at all. Gags like this were tricky, but Tweety was a master at them.

The clock chimed just as Sylvester's legs tensed to spring forward. He tripped over himself as he canceled the attack, spinning around with a grin. "It's three!"

"So?" Tweety asked, opening his cage and following the cat's dash towards the front door. Normally, nothing short of, well, *anything* could distract Sylvester from his precious dot. Not even Tweety himself, most of the time.

"Granny's almost home!" Sylvester said happily, skipping like Pepé towards the door. He sat and stared at it, tail swaying.

"Since when do you get so excited about Gwanny?" Tweety asked, landing on Sylvester's head.

"Think Granny promised to buy a new kind of wet food for me." Sylvester licked his lips, tilting his eyes up to catch a glimpse of yellow feathers. "For not causing trouble when she hosted that book club."

"Gwanny hosted a book club?" Tweety was not used to being the confused one between him and Sylvester. He didn't care for it.

"You were at the vet." The cat explained, eyes back on the door. "Thank God for that; I barely managed to behave by myself, it would've been impossible with you there."

"Aw, you didn't miss me even a widdle?" Tweety asked, faux-hurt. Well, mostly faux.

"Nope." Sylvester insisted, laying down as he started to get tired of waiting. After a moment, he mumbled "Though I guess it would've been *leth boring* with you there. You tiny yellow brat."

"Aw, ya did miss me!" Tweety chirped. When Sylvester didn't respond, instead just muttering quietly to himself, the canary decided to settle down and join in the cat's wait.

Thirty minutes later, they were still waiting.

"Where is she?" Sylvester asked, pacing on two legs. He gestured emphatically towards the door, ears flat. "She's never gone *thith long*!"

"Stop wowwyng." Tweety rolled his eyes, flapping his wings to not fall off the cat's head due to his quick movements. "She's pwobably jus' stuck in twaffic."

"What traffic?" Sylvester questioned with a growl, throwing his head back and catching Tweety when he fell. He lifted him to eye level, baring his teeth. "There'th only, like, five houtheth in thith town!"

Tweety bit down hard on Sylvester's finger, dashing into the air and landing on a bookshelf when Sylvester let go, yelping.

"Silly ol' Puddy Tat." Tweety laughed, pulling out his mallet. He wasn't worried, of course; Granny was just having trouble finding the cat food, or ran into a friend and lost track of time chatting, or...

Or she was going to be gone for another hour.

"What'th your excuthe now?" Sylvester asked, kneading at the couch in an attempt to calm himself. He had a couple new bumps on his head that made him wary to start pacing again, lest he get too close to that *damn* bird. "I know, maybe she'th thtuck in traffic on the moon!"

"Knowing her, anyting's possible." Tweety shrugged. Sylvester reluctantly nodded in agreement, but neither were really convinced. "I'm sure she'll be back soon..."

It was true that Granny didn't usually stay out late without telling them, but she did get forgetful sometimes. Yeah, she probably got caught up in something and forgot to warn them. Tweety was just picking up on too much of Sylvester's paranoia.

Tweety needed to get his mind off things, but his usual source of entertainment — Sylvester — didn't seem very cooperative at the moment. So, he'd just have to settle for the next best thing; digital violence.

"Where are you going?" Sylvester asked.

"To waid Gwanny's video game cowwection." He chirped, heading up the stairs.

"I thtill don't underthand why she hath thothe thingth..." Sylvester muttered, following him.

"What're you doin'?" Tweety asked warily. Sylvester hadn't seemed up to their regular routine when the mallet came out, so why was he stalking him now?

"It'th watch you p-p-pretend to beat on thomeone bethide me, or drive mythelf nutth waiting for Granny to get back." Sylvester explained, bounding up the stairs on all fours.

"It'd be a short dwive." Tweety said mostly to himself, but made no further protest. It was a strange day, that was for sure.

[5:31...]

[5:32...]

[5:33...]

Tweety was barely paying attention to his game anymore, too focused on the little clock in the corner. Fighting robot dino-ninjas was only distracting for so long, after all.

"...maybe the twaffic's weally bad?" Tweety suggested slowly, turning to Sylvester.

"Yeah, maybe..." Sylvester agreed, frowning. "Or maybe thomeone finally came after the old girl."

The two pets shared a worried look. Between her and Tweety's actions in the war and their old career as detectives, Granny had no shortage of enemies. Their lives had been quiet since retiring to the suburbs, but the idea that their past might catch up with them was always settled somewhere in the back of their minds.

"It can't be, dere's no way." Tweety protested, but it was a weak complaint. He flapped fiercely, hopping up and down. "We need ta get someone on dis; call 112!"

"911." Sylvester corrected. It had been years since they were in Europe, but the little bird had always like it better than the States. "And what then? Hope they think my meowing thoundth p-p-particularly worrithome and they thend a car over?"

There were so few anthros in law enforcement, the chances of the 911 operator being a species that could understand him were slimmer than the chances of Granny being on the moon after all.

"Dere has ta be somt'ing we can do." Tweety chirped, flying in circles as he thought. "We could ask Mr Bunny an' Mr Duck for help?"

"No way, they'd jutht make thingth worthe." Sylvester shook his head. He'd had enough conversations with Wiley to know how dangerous and unpredictable Bugs could be, no matter how calm he seemed nowadays. "We should jutht look for her ourthelveth."

"I'm not geddin' sent ta da pound again." Tweety dismissed, landing on Sylvester's head again. Living in the suburbs had introduced the new danger of animal control to them, and he was reluctant to risk it again so soon. His eyes widened as an idea occurred to him. "Hey, Hector's still doin' da detective t'ing, wight?"

"He ith! Maybe we can—" Sylvester cut himself off with a groan, hiding his head in his hands. "Thuffering thuccotash, I can't believe I'm actually conthidering calling that brute."

"Well, it's dat or hope Gwanny saves herself..." Tweety pointed out.

Before Sylvester could do more than open his mouth to answer, the familiar rumbling of a particularly ancient car drifted through the window, followed soon by the sound of the front door clicking open and shut. Both animals perked up, hardly daring to believe it.

"Oh, Tweety! Sylvester!" A slightly-creaky voice yelled up the stairs. "I'm home, dears."

"Granny!" They called in unison, hitting into each other as they raced down the stairs. Sylvester tripped on his own tail and ended up flat on his face, but he was barely fazed, leaping nimbly back to his feet and continuing quickly towards Granny.

"Call me if you need anything else, Ms Webster." Bugs — who was in their house for some reason — was saying, setting down a plastic bag. He waved as he left, ears drooping. "Sorry, again."

"It's alright, dear." Granny — who was leaning heavily on a pair of crutches — chuckled, smiling as she turned towards where her beloved pets were sitting, two pairs of eyes staring at the cast around her foot. "There you are! Oh, I hope you weren't too worried while I was gone."

"What happened?" Sylvester asked, helping her to a plump chair in the living room, Tweety carrying the bag behind them. She didn't answer, so he pointed to her cast and start saying nonsense in as questioning a tone as he could muster, hoping the mews would get through to her eventually.

"Huh? Oh, that." Granny chuckled, holding out her finger for Tweety to land on after he deposited the bag on the side table. "I ran into Mr Bunny at the grocery store, and he forgot I'm not a slapstick sort of Toon. Poor man was so apologetic, he even took me to the hospital. After I finished my shopping, of course."

"You finished your shopping?" Sylvester asked, slamming a paw against his forehead. "You crazy old- you should've jutht gone thraight to the hothpital!"

"I found a new brand of birdseed for you to try, Tweety." Granny grabbed the plastic bag, pulling out a smaller bag and putting it down for the canary to investigate. She brought out a metal can next, handing it to her cat. "And I didn't forget your cat food, Sylvester. I'm so sorry you two had to spend so long without me, my dears."

Sylvester stared at the can in his forepaws for a moment, then shared a shocked glance with Tweety. On some unspoken agreement, the two dropped their food and leaped on their human, Sylvester curled on her lap with his arms thrown around her waist and Tweety on her shoulder, nuzzling her cheek.

"Oh my, how sweet." Granny chuckled, hugging them.

"Don't you ever make uth that worried again!" Sylvester demanded, purring harder than he had in a long time. *Stay-stay-stay-heal-stay.*

"Hey, keep dat up." Tweety chirped. "We need her ta get better as fast as possible, so we can get to wowk."

"Huh?" Sylvester blinked at him. "Work doing what?"

"Seeing just how much of a 'slapstick Toon' Mr Bunny is, of course." Tweety with an innocent smile, batting his eyelashes.

Sylvester's confusion melted into realization, followed by a sharp-toothed grin. Tweety's friendly smile soon changed to copy him.

Sure, they were enemies at the best of times. But one thing they always agreed on? *No one messes with Granny.*

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— end of "Sylvester And Tweety Short Stories!" —