

Otto's Day Off

By Maite Montoya

After working at the Tootsie factory wrapping tootsies for 2 whole months without taking any days off, Otto decided it was time he did. Otto worked 4 days a week and then took the weekend off to spend time with his owner (he worked Monday-Thursday). It was Wednesday today and so he decided he would take Thursday off and relax, wake up late, catch up on some reading and art, and go to the beach in the afternoon since the weather had been really nice these last couple of days. He would end his day on his bed with a huge bowl of rocky road ice cream, 8 spoons, and his favorite movie, "The Switch" which always made him laugh, cry, and say "awwwww" (p.s. if you haven't watched it I recommend it, it's pretty fun). After a long day of wrapping tootsies Otto went to his boss's office and asked for the day off and his boss told him he was his best employee so he would gladly give him the day off. Otto went home super excited thinking of how he would spend his day off, it had been so long since he had had a day to himself and he was going to make sure to enjoy it. When he arrived home Otto made some spaghetti, ate, and then paced around the house, he had not realized how dirty the house had gotten. Ever since he had started working he had not had the time to clean it thoroughly like he usually did and now that he actually stopped and looked around, well everything was a mess. Mountains of dirty socks were piled up around the room and bathroom, piles of dishes were all over the kitchen, and there was dust everywhere. He decided he would clean the whole house and make sure it was spotless before he fell asleep, "I don't have work tomorrow so I can stay up late and wake up late" he thought and so he cleaned. He cleaned the kitchen. He cleaned the bathroom. He cleaned the living room. He cleaned his room. He even made sure all the laundry was done. When he looked at the clock it was 3 am, he had been cleaning longer than he thought, "but I have no work tomorrow, I will wake up late" he said and so he finally laid on his bed, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

It was early morning when Otto heard the phone ring, "Who could it be?" he thought. He was so tired he could barely open his eyes and it wasn't until the 6th ring when he finally picked up the phone. "Gello" he said, he was so tired he could not even pronounce correctly. "Gihello" he said again and the person on the other side of the phone said "Otto?" "Otto is that you?" "Are you there?" Otto said, "Yes, yes, I'm here." "Who is this?" "It's Breakfast old chap; I need your help with something." "Can you come over right away?" Otto was extremely tired but he could not say no to one of his best friends so he said he would be there in 10 minutes. When he got out of bed he looked at the clock, "8am!!!!!!!" "IT'S 8AM!!!!!" No wonder he was so exhausted, he had only slept 5 hours and what could Breakfast possibly want at such an hour, oh well he couldn't call back and tell him he couldn't go he had already said yes. He went to his sock drawer, put on his favorite dark blue socks with yellow stars on and put on his favorite shoes which were bright red. Then he went to the kitchen had some dull cereal (he was out of his favorite Lucky Charms) and brushed his teeth. Once he was outside he got on his little yellow car and drove off to Breakfast's house. When he got there he knocked on the door 3 times before he realized the door was open and let himself in. He called out for Breakfast but there was no answer and so he went looking for him. He looked in the living room, no Breakfast there. He looked in the kitchen, no Breakfast there. He looked in the bedroom, no Breakfast there. He looked in the bathroom, no Breakfast there. "Where is breakfast?" he thought and then remembered he had forgotten to look in the garage and so he went. When he got to the garage he called out for Breakfast and all he heard was a mumble coming from under the bright blue Beetle that was parked in Breakfast's garage. He bent down to see what was going on and Breakfast said "could you pass me the wrench?" and so he did. Then Breakfast came out from under the car with oil stains all over his fluffy feathers and Otto said, "Well, I'm here what was so urgent you called me at 8am in the morning?" Breakfast replied, "I need help fixing my car because I am going on a business trip to explain how roosters are not chicken at 2pm and the place is 4 hours away so I must have this car fixed so I can leave and I know how great you are with cars." Otto looked annoyed, he

wanted to be in his bed resting so when he would wake up for his big day he would not be tired but instead he was here at 8:30 in the morning trying to help his friend with his car. He said, "Step aside let me see what I can do." After an hour of working on the car and getting his tentacles all oily Otto said, "Tadaaaaa! All fixed! Now turn on the ignition to make sure it'll turn on." Breakfast got in the car, put his key in the keyhole, twisted it, and wouldn't you know it? The car turned on, he would not have to cancel his business trip. He thanked Otto and then walked him to the front where he had parked and they both went on their merry way.

When Otto arrived home he decided the first thing he would do was take a long bath, he was completely covered in oil and car fluids and he could use some relaxing time before starting his wonderful day. He went to the bathroom, turned on the water faucet and filled the tub all the way up with warm water and bubbles, he loved bubbles. He then took off his socks and shoes and slowly slipped into the tub and just basked in the warm and bubbly water. This was going to be a great start to a great day. Not 5 minutes went by when he heard the phone ring again. "Now what!?" he thought and slowly got out of the tub, reached for a towel and walked over to the phone. "Hello!!!" "Hello!!!" "Yes I am here, who is this?" "It's Nina, I need your help!" Nina went on to tell Otto how she had gotten her horn stuck in the wall while renovating her room. She was shaping her room into a narwhal shaped room instead of the old boring square or rectangle room and had gotten stuck when shaping the horn part of the room. "Silly Nina," said Otto, "Why on earth would you try to do that on your own?" She said she thought it was fairly simple since she was a narwhal and knew her shape the best but it hadn't quite worked out the way she wanted it to and luckily she had her phone nearby and was able to press the green button and call him. Otto said his goodbyes and got dressed in his second favorite pairs of socks which were bright red with blue moons on them. He then put on his second favorite pairs of shoes which were aqua blue. He went outside and got in his little yellow car and drove to Nina's house. When he got to Nina's house he parked his little yellow car in the drive way and went inside Nina's house, luckily she kept a spare key in the flower plant next to the welcome mat if not he would not have been able to get in. "Oh no!" Otto said when he got to Nina's room and saw what condition she was in, she was seriously stuck in the wall, so stuck that you could barely tell she had a horn. Now getting to Nina was hard since he was so round and the horn part of the room was thinner than expected but he was able to make it to her and with all his tentacles he pulled and pulled and pulled. Nothing. No budge. No movement. "Oh man Nina you are really stuck in there let me go get some butter from your fridge I hear that helps in situations like these." Otto went to the kitchen, opened the fridge and grabbed the butter and went back to where Nina was. With two tentacles he rubbed the butter all around her horn; well as much as he could anyways and with the other 6 tentacles he pulled and pulled. "WHAM!" They both fell back and the butter landed on Otto's head. "Thank you! Thank you Otto! I don't know how long I would have been stuck there if you would not have come!" Otto said it was no problem that he loved helping out his friends but inside he was thinking about how he had to take a shower to get rid of all the butter on his head. He said goodbye and good luck to Nina and made his way to his little yellow car parked in the driveway. He got in, closed the door, and screamed!

"WHAT!?!?!" He could not believe his eyes, it was 2pm! At this time he was supposed to be taking a long relaxing bath with candles and soft music. He had planned out his whole day the day before and now half of it had practically gone by and he had done nothing that he had planned on doing. At 11am he would wake up, go to the kitchen and make some breakfast, he would make eggs, sausage, bacon, and pancakes, the works. At 12pm he would read his favorite book, *The Squishy Tales* for two hours. At 2pm he was going to take a long relaxing bath with oils, candles, and soft music. At 3pm he would do some art, it had been a while since he painted and he had wanted to paint a new painting to hang in his room. At 5pm he would get ready to go to the beach and spend 3 hours there tanning, swimming, and making sand castles. At 8 he would make his way back home and sit on the couch and watch his favorite movie "The Switch" while eating his favorite ice cream, rocky road. At 10pm or whenever the movie was done he

would get ready for bed and wear his favorite bright blue pajamas with little golden stars all over. But now it was 2pm, and he had already missed his first two things on his list. "But I won't miss the rest, starting now I am going to do exactly what I said I would," said Otto and even though he knew he had to cut his long bath short he was happy to be driving home, ready to start his wonderful day to himself.

Otto got home and rushed to his bathroom, filled the tub, turned on candles, put on his slow jams, and poured the oils in the tub. He then got undressed and slipped in the tub, "Awwwwwww, what a great feeling," Otto said to himself and closed his eyes ready to relax. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! "What the?" Otto said. "What is the meaning of this?" "What is all this noise?" KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! "I'm coming! I'm coming!" yelled Otto annoyed at all this racket. "Just when you think you can relax," Otto thought. He got out of the tub, grabbed the nearest towel, and went downstairs towards the front door. Spirit was at the door and Otto could see the concern on his face when he opened and asked, "Yes?" Spirit responded, "Quick, quick, I need your help! Come! Come with me! The car's outside let's go! Let's go!" She grabbed Otto by a tentacle and pulled him towards her little orange car but then Otto screamed "Wait!!!" Spirit turned and looked at Otto in bewilderment before asking "Yes?" "Well don't you see me????? I am in a towel! I need to get dressed! What do you even need help with?" Spirit laughed and let go of Otto's tentacle and explained how a comic festival was two days away and she needed help finishing her Wolverine costume and since Otto had so many hands and was busy during weekends she needed him today. Otto shook his head, annoyed at how his day was turning out and how he had been interrupted once again to help with a costume but he could not say no to a friend and so he told Spirit to wait for him downstairs while he put on some socks and shoes. Otto put on the first pair of socks he could find, he was not going to waste time looking for his third favorite pair of socks and shoes so he went with the white socks and black shoes and made his way downstairs to Spirit and then they got into the little orange car and drove to Spirit's house.

When they got there everything was a mess, piles of fabric everywhere, clothes all over the floor, and lollipop wrappers all scattered around. Otto had trouble following Spirit to her room with all the mess but they made it through. Now Spirit had just told Otto she had most of the costume done and that she just needed help stitching the last of it together but when he saw the product he shook his head is disappointed. "Spirit, hadn't you said you were almost done with the costume and that you just needed help with the last of it?" Spirit smiled and said, "Well yeah, I am almost done with it, I have been working on this for the last month and after all the work I did I'd say I am almost done." In reality, for Spirit it was almost done because well she was not very good at making things and he had cut up all the fabrics he wanted, had all the needles ready, and had the sewing machine on and ready to go. Otto on the other hand who was great at making things saw this as nowhere near done since he knew Spirit had not measured the fabric and had just cut it the lengths she thought were correct. "This is going to take a while," said Otto and he got right on it.

Three hours and many complaints later Spirit's costume was finally finished. The complaining had all come from Spirit who always found something wrong with how Otto was doing the costume. Otto was astounded by his amazing work but as soon as he saw the time his smile turned into a frown. It was past 5 and he was nowhere near ready to go to the beach. He quickly said goodbye to Spirit and wished him luck on the costume festival and ran out the door. But wait, Otto had to turn back because he had not driven there, Spirit had brought him here. And so he went back inside and told Spirit to drive him back home and like always Spirit took his sweet time before driving Otto back home. When they pulled up to Otto's driveway he jumped out of the car and ran inside without even saying goodbye. Spirit didn't think much of it and returned home. Otto rushed upstairs and started packing his stuff for the beach; he could still make it in time to have 2 hours instead of 3. "Towel, check. Swim suit, check. Sandals on, check. Shovels for sand castle building, check. Socks and shoes, check. Tanning lotion, check." Otto had

everything packed and he was ready to go to the beach, he ran down the stairs he was so excited to finally have some alone time at the beach. As soon as he opened the door, his jaw dropped. Nightshade was walking towards his house and was fairly close now. "Oh no!" thought Otto, "Must get to car now before Nightshade gets here." He quickly closed the door behind him, locked it, and ran to his little yellow car. But as soon as he opened his car door he heard his name. "Otto!" "Otto!" It was Nightshade. Well, he could just get in the car and pretend he did not hear him calling. No, who was he kidding, he could never be so mean. Even though all he wanted to do was leave to the beach he turned around. Nightshade made his way over to Otto and said, "Otto, I hope I'm not interrupting anything important but I could really use your help." Otto faked a smile and said, "No, of course you're not interrupting, how can I help you?" Nightshade explained how it was his owner's birthday tomorrow and he wanted to surprise her with her favorite cake, Red Velvet. He continued on to say that he knew how great Otto was in the kitchen and if he was willing to help if he had the time. Otto could never say no to a friend so as much as he wanted to say no and go to the beach he said "Of course."

They walked to Nightshade's house since it was only a couple blocks away. They got to his house and Nightshade said he had all the ingredients so all they had to do was mix them together, bake the cake, wait for it to cool off, and frost it. "Fairly simple," thought Otto. But as he entered the kitchen he realized this would not be as easy as he thought. Nightshade had not bought the red food coloring and well without it the cake would only be velvet not red velvet and so he told Nightshade and they agreed to go to the store, unfortunately the store nearby did not sell food coloring so they had to drive 20 minutes to get to the one that did sell food coloring. When they arrived back to the house, they began by mixing the butter and sugar, and then they added the eggs, and so on. The mixing did not take long, the 30 minute baking time and the 15 minute cooling time were the ones that never seemed to end. Once the cake was frosted and placed in a nice dish Nightshade thanked Otto, they said their goodbyes, and then Otto began walking home.

It was 9pm when Otto got home. "Too late to go to the beach. Too late to watch the movie. Too late to read. Too late to do some art," Otto said out loud. He was very disappointed; he wasn't sure what to do with the one hour he had left. He paced around thinking about what to do but could not think of anything. His day had been very busy and he was actually very tired and hadn't had a chance to eat. He decided he would cook some leftover pizza he had in the fridge and then go to bed. It had been a long day and he needed some rest. When he finished his pizza he made his way upstairs, took off the sandals he still had on, climbed into bed, and pulled the blanket over him. "This is the last time I take a day off," thought Otto and then fell asleep.