

Short Story 20: Who let Bro Cook

Warning: When we give Physics Club the cats (THIS IS MY FAVORITE)

Disclaimer: I'm not taking physics so if my stuff is wrong, sorry, also I do not approve of animal cruelty, the story is simply for the plot and the hypothetical... stuff

All the seniors were supposed to go with Mr Cooley. He was probably talking to them about being the big kid and being responsible young adults. Mr Cooley had left Jerry in charge of watching everyone else. His exact words were, "Jerry, you're tall... why don't you watch them and make sure they don't do anything... stupid?"

Jerry nodded as something sparked in the back of his mind. It was an idea. A collab between the physics club and CatBotics. "Let's," he said to the entire group, "Let's see how fast a cat can fall and still land on its feet."

By the standards of many, this was chaos. It was not smart, nor was it safe. In Jerry's opinion, it was SCIENCE! (With a bit of magic)

He picked up a random cat. Unluckily, it was Aiden's cat. "Hey! Don't drop my cat."

Jerry ran to the edge and dropped the cat. "AHHHH!!!" the ping-pong club screamed.

He did quick math. "The velocity is the square root of two times acceleration due to gravity which is 32.2 ish times the height which is about twenty feet!"

Members of the physics circle joined in, "Two times 32.3 is 64.4 and that times 20 is 1288!"

"So the answer is 35.9!" exclaimed Jerry.

Aiden Ji gave him the side eye. The cat landed on its feet. "Woah!" said Aiden, "That's cool," his expression changed from fearful to excited, "Let's try again!"

He grabbed another cat and dropped it. Soon, CatBotics began lobbing their cats over. Magically, all the cats landed on their feet. The cats that perplexed them the most were the magical ones. Leo's mechanical cat had floated briefly before its hand fell. Daniels's cat looked like a unicorn and it floated gently like a feather. Joe 2.0 had shown the speed of its fall. Jerry liked that. It made math easier. The candy cat had created its own grappling hook made of licorice vines and slowly climbed down. That was... until someone had mistaken it for edible candy and ate it. The cat was fine but the grappling hook was not. Sonia's cat had magically reappeared on the edge of the balcony, over and over, no matter how hard they had thrown the cat. It glanced at them and turned away, haughtily. The pink cat wasn't waiting for someone to throw it over. It was doing it on its own. RM seemed to find it fun to jump. Chaos liked to stand on the balcony and shoot dodgeballs at falling cats. It looked fun. The metal cat had made a

clunking sound every time it hit the bottom. Jerry looked at Calvin's cat, who had forced the other cats to form a line so that they could take turns being thrown.

It was fun for the cats. It was *ahem* educational for Jerry. It was a win-win.

Moral of the story: Don't throw cats unless it's scientific and consensual