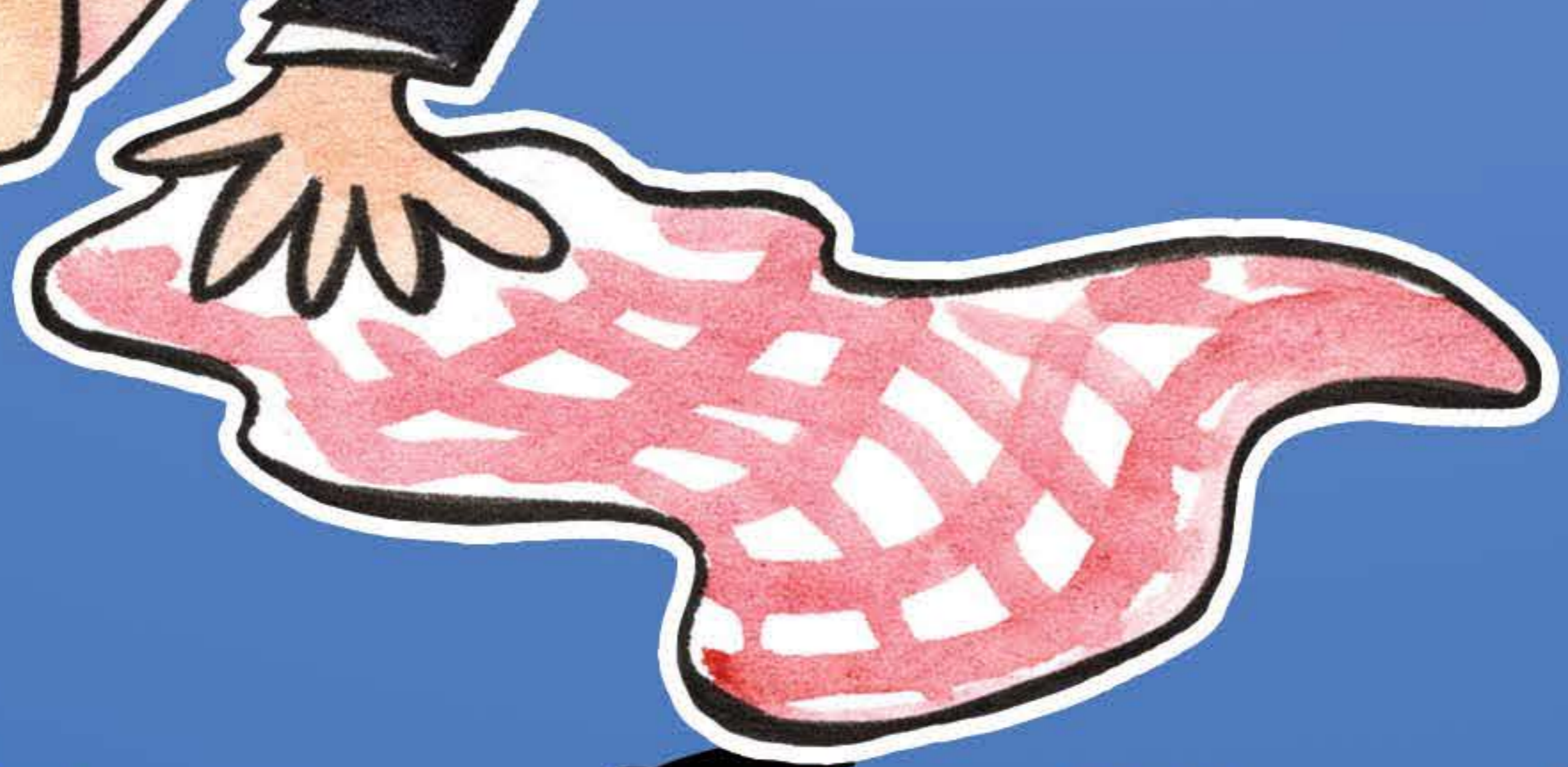
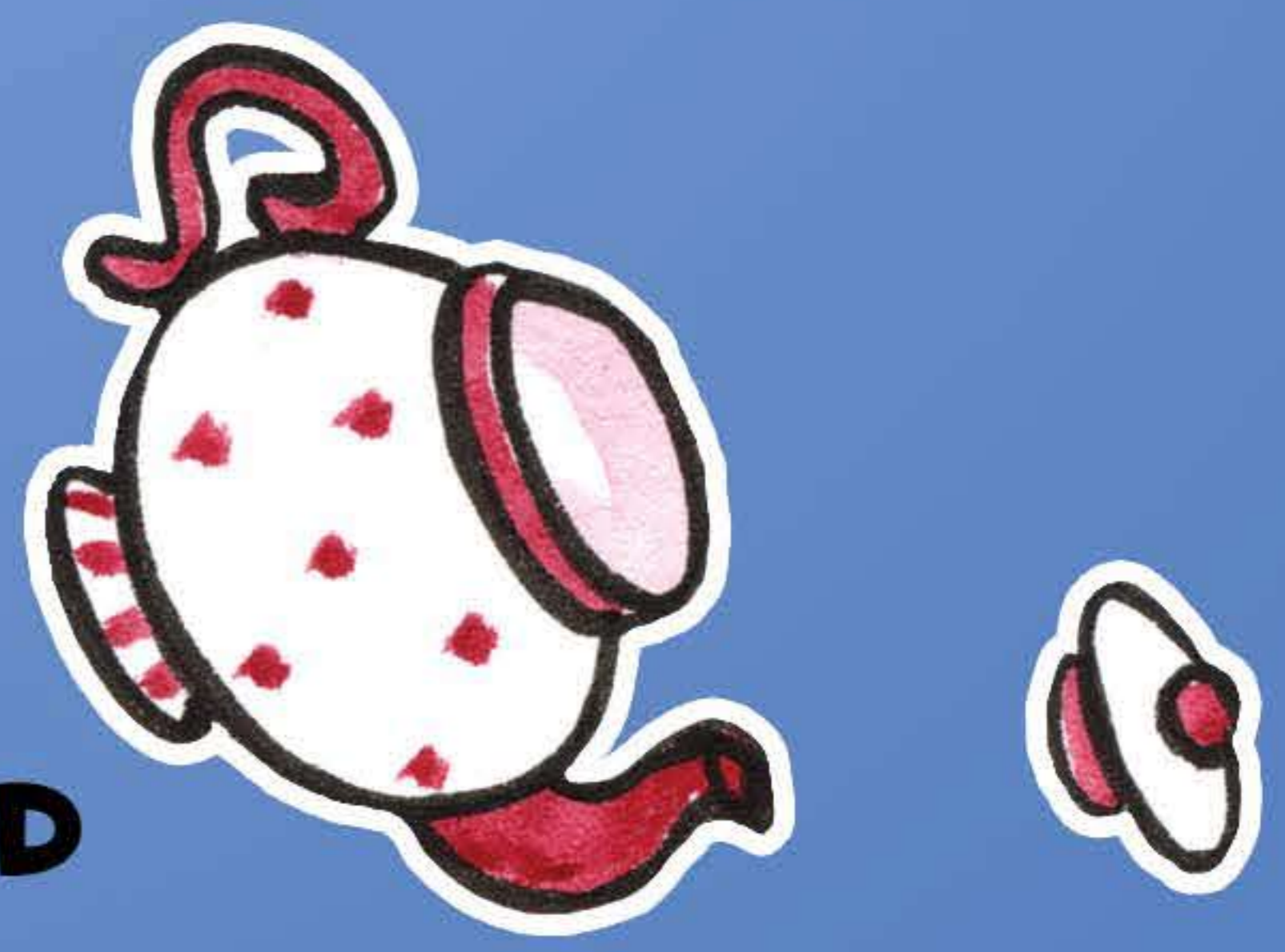


WALTON THE WAITER



WRITTEN BY
CORY GILFORD
ILLUSTRATED BY
TANJA RUSSITA



MAKES
A MISTAKE



Dedication

For Elliott.
Be gentle.

Acknowledgments

Dominique, for being by my side and listening to me rant about the world.
Doug and Catherine Gilford, Aunt Stephanie, Tony and Ann Shreffler for
their encouragement and legacy.

Thanks to Lori Siesto for her honesty and encouraging me to make it a
comedy, rather than a tragedy.



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looking for. We would love to know what you think!

- Cory and Dominique Gilford

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Written by Cory Gilford | Illustrated by Tanja Russita

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TanjaRussita.com

**WALTON
THE
WAITER**
MAKES A MISTAKE

WRITTEN BY
CORY GILFORD
ILLUSTRATED BY
TANJA RUSSITA

Walton the Waiter
had had quite enough.
Flustered, frustrated,
his job was too tough.

It's not that the workers
were mean or too rude.
It's not that his clothing
was covered in food.

The problem that kept him
from wearing a grin,
was all of the diners
that liked to dine in.



First came the miss in the red-flower dress.
She spilled her red wine. Why, she made such a mess!

She loved her green soup. With no worry she chewed,
until she burst out, "THERE'S A PEA IN MY STEW!"
And that wouldn't do!



Next came the couple,
named Albert and Iva,
who hailed from a town
that's called Who-spa-ka-niva.

They could not have food
that was green or too runny,
or food that looked funny,
or cost too much money.



Worst was the man with the tall, silly hat,
who ate so much food, yet he wasn't that fat.
He'd smell it and shake it, and then he might taste it.
But was it not flawless, he'd **TRASH** it and **WASTE** it.

A large, rowdy crew came,
the party of eight.
They spilled all their soup,
and they broke every plate.

Some big and some little,
and all wanted bread.
They tossed it around,
and they aimed for the head.

AND HE'LL REFUSE
TO PAY AS WELL!

"I'M QUITTING THIS JOB!
YES, I'LL QUIT RIGHT AWAY!
I'LL WALK OUT THAT DOOR.
WHY, THEY'LL BEG ME TO STAY!"



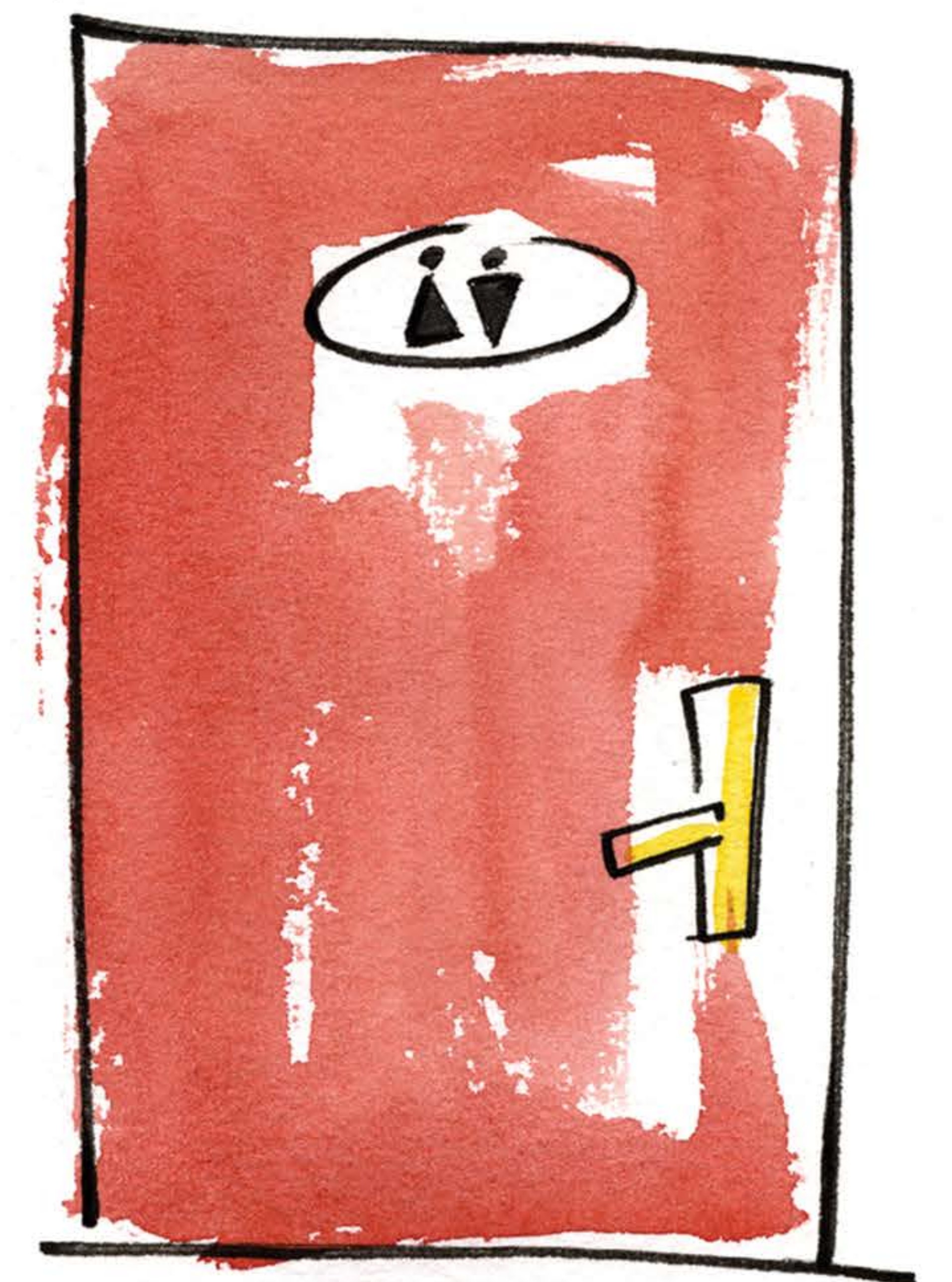
But then he did think
of a plan he was sure
would cause too much
trouble for them to endure.

But one thing he pondered
that made him delay.

"I'VE GOT LOTS OF BILLS
I NEED MONEY TO PAY."



He walked to the washroom
and let out a pout.



The Fancy French Restaurant was starting to stir,
for an outrageous hunger was soon to occur.



The man who loves food
and who also likes hats
was starting to wonder where
his food was at.



The couple from Who-spa-ka-niva was fine,
until the clock told them they...



The lady from table
eleven was **SCARED**
for fear that her soup
might not soon be repaired.



The family of plenty
that brought a fat cat,
was not fond to wait long
wherever it sat.

"OH, WHERE IS THAT WAITER?"
They took turns to say.

"WE WANT OUR FOOD NOW,
WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY!"



"WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG?
ALL MY FOOD WILL BE OLD!"

"MY DRINK IS TOO WET
AND THIS ICE IS TOO COLD!"

They looked 'round the room,
and when no one could see,
began to explore where they
thought he could be.



They looked under tables and down in the halls. They looked in the kitchen, they looked in the walls. At the last place to check, by the red washroom door, a little one danced like a frog on the floor. She skipped, and she hopped, and she sang in a song.



"YOU MUST OPEN UP NOW! I CAN'T WAIT VERY LONG!"

"SHEW! GO AWAY," came the frantic reply. "YOU SEE THAT THIS WASHROOM IS QUITE OCCUPIED!"

But the girl could not wait, and she could not be told. For manners she lacked, and her temper was bold.

She mustered a breath, which her face plainly showed, and she let out a scream...





Then a big, burly voice said,

WHAT'S ALL OF THIS FOR? YOU'VE NOW HAD ENOUGH TIME! YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE!



So Walton did think,

I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY TO DISGUISE MY OWN VOICE.



So he made up a voice like a great and **DUMB TOAD.**



THIS WASHROOM IS BROKEN. TRY THE ONE UP THE ROAD.

I THINK IT'S THE WAITER!
(said a voice very shrill.)
HE'S LOCKED UP WITHIN,
AND I THINK THAT HE'S ILL!



Then the man with the hat said,

DO COME RIGHT AWAY! YOU MUST BRING US OUR FOOD OR WE'LL HOLD BACK OUR PAY.



But Walton would not,
he just would not give in...

I'M NOT COMING OUT!

He replied from within.



The head chef replied,
"OH NO! WHAT WILL WE DO?
WALTON MUST COME OUT
TO SERVE YOU YOUR STEW!"



So they marched to the chef
of the place and they said,
"WALTON WON'T COME OUT
TO BRING US OUR BREAD!"





So he too tried pleading
to get Walton out.

"PLEASE! WITHOUT YOU,
WHO WILL BRING OUT THE
TROUT?"

But Walton was stubborn.
He knew what to say.

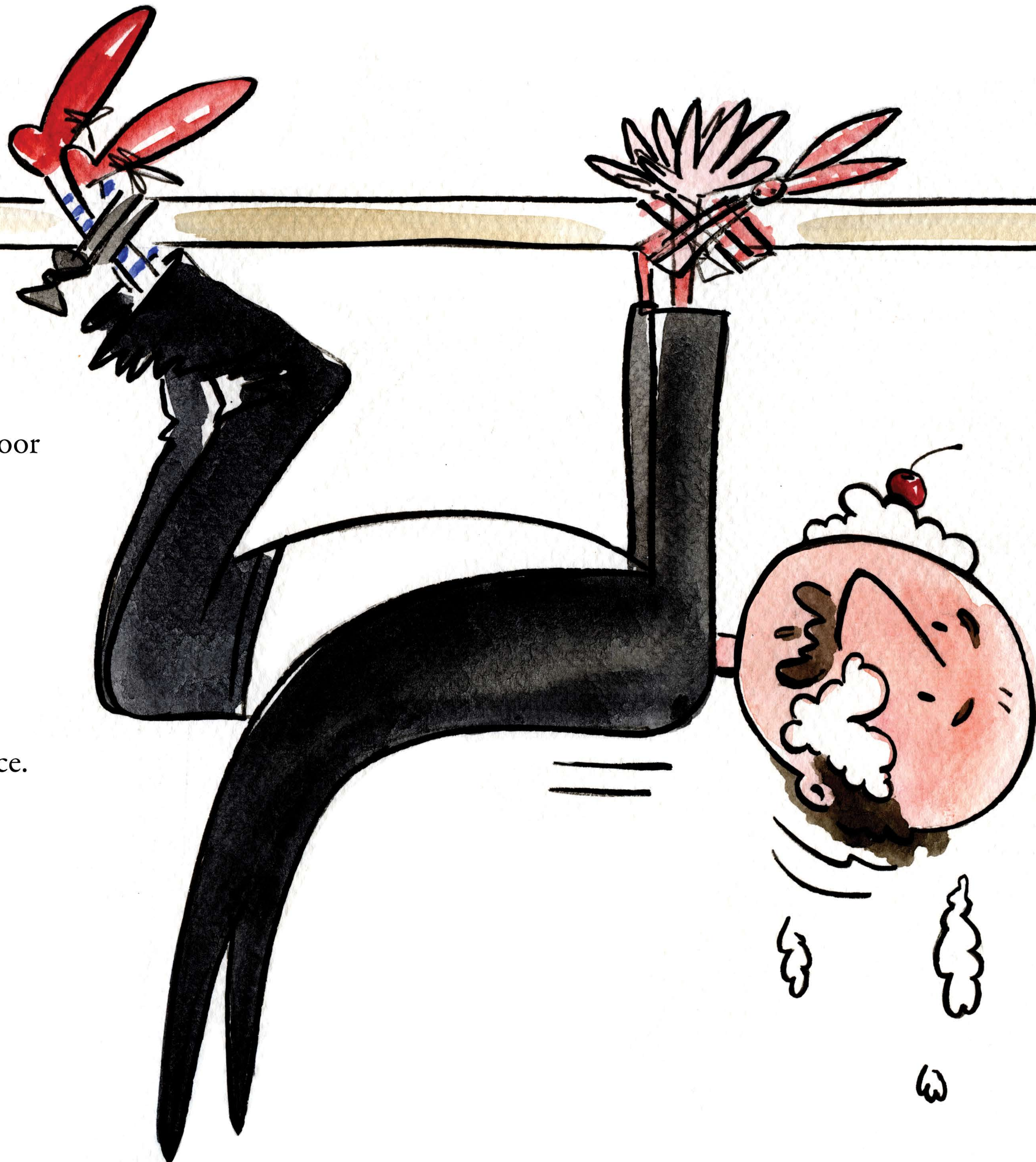
YOU CAN PLEAD!
BUT I'LL WAIT 'TIL
YOU ALL GO AWAY!



They burst through the door
with their carpet-roll rig
and tied up dear Walton
like tribal roast pig.

With pies made of cream
they then pelted his face
and threatened to cut
his mustache from its place.

So Walton relented,
with utter dismay,
to serve them their food
and then finish the day.



The waiter defeated
began to prepare,
but the place was destroyed
and the kitchen was bare.

The tables were ruined.
The food was a mess.
The cook had run fast to
escape from the stress.





Then everyone looked at the mess they had made. They felt quite ashamed at the hate they displayed.

"WE'RE SORRY, DEAR WALTON," they took turns to say.
"WE SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO FIX THINGS IN THIS WAY."

Dear Walton looked somber and picked up a broom. He started to clean and repair the big room.

"IT'S CLEAR, FOR THIS TENSION, THE BLAME I MUST TAKE."

He felt in his heart that he'd made a mistake.



The rest packed their things
as they started to leave.
But Walton, still cleaning,
had started to grieve.

His mustache was right,
but his heart was alone.
He then heard a voice say,
"WE'RE NOT GOING HOME!"



To his aid came the words
of the rude little child.
But rude she was not.
She glistened and smiled!

So everyone pitched in to clean up their mess.
Away went the trash, and away went the stress.





Away went the night,
and away went the sorrow.
The last one to leave said,
“Let’s do this tomorrow!”

GROWNUPS,

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