

## Rorschach Goes to Waffle House

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# **Rorschach Goes to Waffle House**

by [Icarusflies](#)

## Summary

It's been a while since I read Watchmen, but I'm pretty sure this is exactly what happened.

Roschach snuck in through the back door of the Waffle House, and seated himself at a table. He waited. He quickly grew annoyed that no one was serving him, and that he had no menu, both of which problems would have been solved if he had talked to the hostess first.

Eventually a waitress noticed him, mostly because he had been making progressively louder ‘hurmm’ noises every time she passed.

“hurmm”

“Hurmm”

“hURM”

“HURM”

He was brought a menu. “Coffee...and birthday cake waffles,” Roarshack hurmed.

He was served coffee, along with sugar-free Splenda packets. He immediately tossed these on the floor, and stomped on them.

“Sir...I request that you stop stomping on sugar packets,” said the waitress.

Rarshock stopped. “Please give me coffee with cream and real sugar, but hold the coffee.”

“That seems reasonable,” said the waitress.

Rorschaschack happily drank his coffee, by which I mean he ate a shit ton of sugar cubes like a dainty pony on a fancy ranch.

His birthday cake waffles were served. They had whipped cream, syrup, and frosting. Roworschack put his head down on the waffles and absorbed the sugar through osmosis, which was a magical power his mask had that he hadn’t told anyone about during any disturbing flashbacks or anything like that.

He then paid, and left a generous tip (unlike Ozymandias who was a lousy tipper) with money he had taken from Nite Owl, and went on his way.

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