Vor-th of July

Why can't I just ever be on a couch? Does it always have to be the hard ground, and not at least carpet. I slowly rose to a sitting position. Feels like I was asleep for two months. Last thing I remembered was that old mermaid guy pointing his trident at me. Next thing I knew, I'm here. Didn't take a genius to guess how I got here. That old merman must've put me to sleep and ate me. But why I feel so well rested, I have no idea. A few feet away from where I landed was a large pond. It was only when I was about to get a drink from it that I noticed something else was looking back at me. It was a dark, grayed fur rabbit. He wore a black hoodie while wearing a ninja like top of the same color with a bright red scarf. Nothing on for his bottom half. But what caught my attention; the blood red eyes, and the blacked out star on his left eye. And just like every tv show plot twist, I barely realized that it was reflection. Meaning: I was a rabbit. I probably would've yelled to the sky, if not for the fact that I might've found the next guy that was suppose to eat me. And he was singing and humming from a cliff ledge as he started to—yikes. I almost drank from this oversized bird’s toilet. The thought made my whole body shiver. When the tiny stream ended, I heard a loud sigh of relief, then more singing. I groaned as I not only found the thing that was suppose to eat me, but also that I had to rock climb. It was strange; climbing in my human body with no gear would've gave my hands serious blisters. But while I'm in this tall and fluffy form, my hands feel fine. Even my body felt pretty good after climbing what felt like a two story tall rock wall. The only thing at the top of the climb was a cave wide enough to fit the head of that giant shark wrestler monster. I could hear the creature singing terribly.

*‘Mighty, mighty eagle soaring through the skies!’*

The voice coming from within the cave was echoing and making it worse. There was also the strumming of a high pitched guitar. As I finally reached the deepest part of the cave, did my head hurt. This guy, whoever he was, was so into himself that he literally had old pictures of only him, as well as trophies and trinkets of all sorts. That's when I got a good look at the bird brain. He was a bald eagle, but he was huge! He was maybe around seven feet tall, and with a gut like his, I would say eight hundred pounds. The pink bags around his eyes shows he's either tired or old. He had eyebrows that might've just been wings for his face. A beak that was roughly two feet long, and brown feathers on his body while his neck and above was white. He was humming something as he played a small brown ukulele. Just as he was about to sing again, he saw me in his doorway. Cavern way? Whatever the case was, he flung his instrument like it was never there, and walked over, wings out to embrace me into a hug. My body was out of view under his mud colored feathers. All I could feel and hear was a loud gurgling coming from his belly and feathers as well as the gut under his plumage. He was saying something, but it was lost to me as the crying of his stomach was the only thing my ears could hear. When he pulled me away from his body, I took a deep breath of air. Then, he spoke, even his voice sounded like he was trying too hard to be impressive.

“Ah! It's good to know I can rely on a fan to sense when I am in need of company,” said the overgrown bird, flopping onto a rocking chair as I barely noticed the large barrel slightly exposed next to him. It looked like a regular barrel; brown, made of wood. But when he lifted it is when I noticed that it was big enough to hold the large avian in it. When he took a drink from the large barrel, brown liquid slipped on his beak and got lost somewhere in his feathers. The sounds of loud gulping coming from was replaced with a louder breath of air. Then, came a burp that shook not just the cave, but also hit me with traces of alcohol that was in as well as around his mouth. The smell of the stuff was in his breath that also overwhelmed me.

(*Warning: The one writing this log entry was SUPER weak to alcohol, so not only being exposed to the liquid on him, but also the smell was enough for him to get drunk. This was rewritten after the incident.)*

The world went from normal to crazy in only a few seconds. It was like someone put a disco ball up and hit the thing with twenty different colors. I couldn't even stand up straight anymore. Next thing I knew, I was falling from an incredibly high edge, falling to my expected death. But it turns out I didn't fall off the edge of the cliff. I was so wasted that I came up with that fantasy, when really I only fell into his barrel. He was so busy talking about in his glory days, he was some incredible hero who saved lives. When he had a dry mouth, he decided to go for his drink. Now, normally, I'd be out of that barrel faster than his urge to chug the whole thing down. But I think I got worse when slipped into his drink. Heck, I think I was trying to drown myself in the stuff since I didn't move.

*Gulp. Gulp. Glurk!?*

The sensation was like I was on a sinking ship. My entire body slid into his open beak as he drank me in. Everything up to my knees managed to slip inside his throat. It was Everything below that got stuck in his mouth and gullet. He was making gagging noises. So what does the overly obese bird do? He drinks down even more to get the thing lodge inside loose. Somehow it worked. Like a penny into a well, my body slipped down into the confines of his gut with a splash. My surroundings shook and groaned as I sat in a pool of booze that went up to my lips.

“Oooh. That was--,” before finishing his sentence, Mighty Eagle’s beak parted as a belch strong enough to make his entire home quake. It passed when he finished burping, which was about two whole minutes. Along with the saliva that was in his mouth, a lovely yet familiar red scarf laid on the cave floor drenched with drool. It only took a moment of slight movement from within himself that the large bird of prey realized why that last barrel was allot harder to go down. “Hey fan. You in there?” The bird said, prodding at the right side his stomach with his index feather. A muffled response came from inside, as the gut jiggle the poking had caused. “Sorry, can't hear ya. Gonna have to talk louder,” putting his left feather to the side of his head as he tried to make out what the creature inside was trying to say. But it was no good. His eyes and ears weren't as good as they use to be. He shrugged with forfeit as he reached for the left side of his lounge chair. From there, the little guitar he was playing earlier was laying. He started strumming the way he was before the young fan boy arrived. But instead of his own theme song, he changed some of the words to fit right now.

*‘Mighty Mighty eagle has had his snack*

*Though unfortunate, he won't complain*

*Mighty mighty eagle fully sated has company*

*Our time was short but unforgetab-‘*

His song interrupted by another cave quake of a burp. He went on playing, coming up with random lyrics that only he and his fan boy understood. Though faint, the ‘snack' was humming from inside, to the bird's surprise. When Mighty Eagle was trying to hear him earlier, what the inner guest was trying to say: “Nice pool you got in here.” As well as, “Thank you for being a good host.”