

You're Far From Home Little Chibi Waah

By: Barnaby Bear

For @KodatheGamer on Twitter & Twitch, featuring his OC Koda, and his wife, Effie. May they have many more wonderful years ahead of them! A big thank you to them for allowing me to write them a little story.

A loud noise startled the feline awake from her bed. A thin, tin rattle from somewhere outside near the garage shook her from her sleep. Tired and exhausted, she rolled over, her fluffy tail twitching.

She grabbed the red alarm clock on her end table: 2:30AM.

She put the alarm clock back down, rolling over to the other side as she watched a thin stream of moonlight slip past the curtained window in front of her before closing her eyes once more—for a few moments.

Crash!

A louder bang, not unlike what one might imagine the thunderous dreams of a robot might sound like, fully shook her. She bolted upright on the bed, grumpily jumping off the bed and towards the dresser. She reached for the nearby hook, pulling her white bathrobe around herself before quickly taking a look at herself in the mirror. She stared, looking at her swollen, yellow eyes and brownish-gray fur. She groaned as she brushed a claw tip against her nose, looking at the white fur around her muzzle. It was a short weekend and she'd spent the night grading papers.

This was not what she needed.

Her whiskers and ears twitched. She snapped her head at the bedroom door. There was faint, metal rattling again from outside, somewhere near where the metal rattling was earlier, though a little off. There was also a faint animal cry. A cat, maybe? Or a raccoon? She'd seen a few in the area, but couldn't imagine they'd just wander onto her property. Whatever it was, it sounded in distress.

She wrapped the bathrobe tightly around her and slipped into the cavernous and darkened, two-story house. She stumbled her way through the dark hallway and down the stairs.

"Mrwaahh," the noise came again as he walked downstairs, feeling the carpeted stairs beneath her feet paws. She turned, walking past the kitchen and living room until

she made it to the front door. She peered out the window. At the end of the pathway outside leading to the mailbox she spotted her metal trash can shaking and moving around with some large, poofy orange tail sticking out.

"Mrwaaah," the noise came again, screeching angrily from the trash can. *It was definitely an animal*, she thought. *But what animal has orange fur that lives around here?*

She opened the door, stepping outside. If she didn't help out whatever poor thing was in the trash bin, it could make enough noise to wake the whole neighborhood! She gave a short, tired sprint towards the bin, feeling the cool stone pathway beneath her feet as the fresh night air went into her nostrils. She went over to the bin, looking inside. Whatever animal it was was stuck in the bin, with only its hind legs and furry tail sticking out.

"I'm sorry, little guy," she said. "Come here and let me get you out of this thing."

With a soft but firm yank with both hand paws around the tail, she yanked the small animal out, knocking over the trash bin in the process. She put a paw on her hips as she put the trash can back upright, watching the little orange and brown animal stumble around on the grass.

It was a red panda! A dirty, kinda trash-smelling red panda, but a red panda nonetheless!

"Awww," she cooed quietly out loud, bending down and putting her paws on her knees. "Where did you come from little fella?"

The red panda, terrified, stood up on his hind legs, his front paws up in an attempt to look bigger. "Waaaah," it cried weakly.

She looked down at the little guy, who stood only a few feet tall. He looked so tired! "Oh, come on now little fella," she said, picking up the tiny red panda effortlessly in her arms. He struggled a bit, but otherwise made no attempt to free itself as its thick, poofy tail wiggled and wagged. "Let's get you back inside and cleaned up, hmm?"

"Waaah!" it cried as it munched on a banana peel she presumed he got from the trash bin.

The feline took the banana peel out of its mouth and promptly tossed it in the trash. "No, no," she chuckled. "I've got real fruit you can have in the house. Come on, now. Let's get you inside."

She headed back inside, carrying the dirty little red panda in her arms. A long, sleepy yawn escaped her, as if the time on the clocks and the pitch-black sky weren't reminders enough. She went into the downstairs bathroom, putting the little guy into her bathtub and running the water. "Now you stay here, little panda. I'm going to go get you some nice fresh fruit to eat."

"Waaah?"

The feline chuckled, walking out momentarily and into the kitchen. She grabbed a fresh, granny smith apple off the counter and placed it onto the cutting board. Grabbing

a knife, she chopped the apple up into six neat, almost perfect slices. She grabbed a jar of peanut butter, scooping some out and placing the scoops of peanut butter and the apple slices into a little, ceramic bowl before returning to the bathroom. She shut off the water, sitting on the toilet seat as she watched the little guy splash around in the water.

He was clearly an anthro, she thought. And he seemed fully grown. Did this little guy just not know how to talk? Maybe red pandas only make that strange noise to communicate? She could've sworn she's seen bigger red pandas, though.

She took an apple slice from the bowl, dipping it in peanut butter. The red panda looked up at her before eagerly taking the slice into his mouth, nomming on it and enjoying the satisfying, moist flesh of the apple combining with the dry, thick peanut butter in his mouth. "Mwraah," he tried to say between chews, coming out only as a tiny squeak as the little guy splashed in the water.

A short while later, after feeding him the remainder of the food in the bowl, she picked him up out of the bathtub, drying him off and wrapping him up in a large, white towel. She led him over to the living room, sitting him down on the couch so he could relax while drying off. She sat down beside him, patting the damp fur between his head. "Do you got a family, little guy?"

He looked up into her yellow eyes, his tail twitching. "Waaah?"

She frowned. "Hmm, well, what about friends? How'd you get all the way out here?"

He looked up, mesmerized by her bright yellow eyes, but otherwise said nothing.

She gave another deep frown, but did her best to hide it. She gave the small guy a satisfying scratch behind the ears, causing the little guy to chortle. "Well," she began. "I can't let you just back out there and roam the neighbor's trash bins, and you are pretty cute. How about you stay with me, at least for a while?"

"Waaaaah!" the orange-furred animal moaned happily, tapping his tiny little hand paws against the side of her thigh.

"Haha," she laughed. "I'll take that as a yes. But I guess you're gonna need a name, huh? Hmm," she paused, looking towards the kitchen before looking back down at the red panda. "Stay right here, okay? I'll be right back, I promise."

She got up and headed into the kitchen, the little panda's gaze following her the whole time with wide, curious eyes. After a few minutes of digging through the drawers, she returned, carrying a small, blue collar. "Well, I did always want a dog and I—well I guess you're kinda like a dog?" She said, putting the collar around his neck. He didn't struggle at all, too mesmerized by her eyes—like two bright beacons in a black sea, guiding his thoughts. After a few seconds, it fit snugly around his neck, ruffling his neck fur slightly. It fit perfectly, as if it were meant to be. There was a small, gold emblem attached. He played with it in his small paws, looking at the name.

The feline gave him a toothy grin. "I don't know if you'd like the name, but it says Koda on it. I always wanted a friend named Koda. Do you like the name?"

"K-owa?" he tried to repeat, the word rolling on his tongue.

"Koda," she corrected. "K-o-d-a."

"Koda!" He yelled happily, wrapping his tiny arms around her side, rubbing the side of his face against her chest before looking back up at her curiously, as if asking her name.

"My name's Effie," she said, giving him a soft, warm smile. "You can call me Effie."