

50th Watcher Appreciation Story

"I think we might have gotten lost, Zaza. I do not recognize the stars on this world," Pipit murmured softly.

Zanara wasn't listening. Her attention was turned instead toward a curious furred creature. The fur was light and faintly beige. Or was it gray. Silver even? Gold hues focused on the fox like being and her face scrunched up.

Is my eyesight starting to go?

"Did you hear me, Godd-... what is that?"

"I do not know, Pip," Zanara answered, her eyes gazing down at the furry being. The quadruped's fluffy tail wagged and it gazed up at the two with wide eyes. There was almost a smile upon its face. A strange noise trickled from its muzzle and Zanara's brow furrowed. "I think it's mocking me..."

"Hush, Lady Zaza," Pipit said, burying her goddess's face in a wall of teal feathers. Leaning closer, her horns shimmered as she scanned the creature's mind. "It isn't mocking you. It wants to know if... if we're... po kay mons?"

"Poke a what," Zanara recoiled in disgust, her long finned tail swaying. Gold irises narrowed with divine judgment upon furry creature. "I don't know that I swing that way anymore~"

"Pokemon," A voice hissed out from the space between particles. A darkness of the light tore the air open and a gelatinous mass heaved forward into existence. Penny splattered upon the ground into a wide, tar like puddle. With sticky, slurping noises and at a pace that only suited to aggravate those present, the mischievous familiar to Pip reformed herself into a humanoid, foxheaded being. Garnet eyes gazed down at the little creature with primal instinct as Penny licked her lips. Her bushy tail wagged.

Zanara rolled her eyes and crossed her arms, "Explain, fox."

"It is food!" Penny's muzzle became a funnel of serrated teeth that spun around the inside with a menacing whir. A teal wing swatted the fox familiar and the shape shifter tumbled to the ground with exaggerated arm swinging.

"It's not food! You think everything is food, Penny," Pipit clucked, stamping a taloned foot to the ground to silence. Sunset shaded eyes watched her pet roll around with hissing fits of laughter before the harpy released a sigh. "I think we're lost, Zanara."

Zanara shrugged and turned around, "We're not lost. We're just... taking a scenic route."

With that, the fishwoman began walking across the open fields of tall grass, her arms clung even tighter across her chest.

The harpy watched Zanara storm off, her headwings drooping slightly. The familiar face of her fox brought some sense of comfort as Penny pressed into her side.

The grass rustled and the Eskarren paused, her gold eyes watching as the blades parted. A disgustingly large bug head protruded, with pincers upon its maw clicking. A horn gleamed atop the spade head as spindly legs shuffled its bulbous body toward her. A pitched howl escaped Zanara's throat as every spooder in existence paled in comparison to this brightly colored beast.

Upon twisting heel she turned, and bolted back to her herald, shivering at the sight she had beheld. "Nope, you were right, Pipit. We're in the wrong place. Let us go!"

With a swipe of her hand, Zanara split the fabric of space and time. She pulled reality like a curtain and held it open as Penny plummeted into the golden depths of her portal. Her brow pitched, Zaza pleaded for her herald. "Come, please!"

Pipit smiled and leaned down, her horns abuzz.

Thank you for your kindness, little friend! Stay safe out here!

With her telepathic message delivered the odd fox like creature, Pipit turned and entered the portal after her goddess. A pulse of light spread flashed across the field as the tear in reality reformed and a quieted breeze blew across the field.