



Windows And Doors (Reflections Of Who I Once Was)

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 452 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Reginald Bushroot, Liquidator (Disney)

Tags: No Dialogue, Introspection, Light Angst, Mutation, Implied/Referenced Bullying, Reginald Bushroot Is Part Monster, Bud Flud Is A Beagle Boy, Random & Short, One of My Favorites

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Bushroot and Liquidator have both changed so much over the years, each barely recognizable as who they once were. They have very different thoughts and reactions to this fact.

Chapter 1: Soul

When Reggie was young, he liked how he looked. Others said he was too tall and too thin, his headfeathers were too dark and greasy, his freaky fangs were long enough to stick out of his beak — but he didn't care, because he liked those things.

When Reginald was older, he didn't like how he looked anymore. His head was lumpy, his headfeathers were thin, his back was hunched over — but he didn't care, because he still had his mind, and that's what truly mattered to him.

When Bushroot mutated, he wasn't sure how he felt about his appearance. He was a freak with green skin, roots and wood, purple foliage — but he didn't look so old and sickly anymore. He looked, and felt, healthy again.

Then he'd catch his eyes in the mirror, and think he hadn't changed that much after all. The blue still sparkled like it did in his youth, wide orbs showing the intelligence he always prided himself on. The eyes were the windows to the soul, he'd heard.

Maybe his body had changed, maybe his mind had changed, maybe his priorities and ethics and emotions had changed — but he knew he was still the same man, no matter how much he feared otherwise, every time he looked at his reflection.

Chapter 2: Details

This is my 131st fanfic overall, and my 31st Darkwing Duck fic. This was an accident, and I love it. Hope you enjoyed reading as much as I enjoyed writing. 😊

Sometimes, Liquidator looked in the mirror. He didn't do it often, mostly because it was hard to even see his watery reflection, but he would always get mesmerized by what he saw. He really had changed quite a bit, hadn't he?

He'd look hard, scrutinizing himself, trying to find the slightest hint of who he once was. The set of his shoulders, the flop of his ears, the turn of his nose — he had the basic shape down, but he just couldn't get the details right.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find any real similarities to who he had been. Buddy Beagle, Bud Flud, he was as good as gone. As good as dead. Not even the glint in his eyes or the wag of his tail remained.

Maybe that should have upset him. Liquidator *knew* it should have upset him. But it didn't. He'd liked who he had been, but who he was now was so much better. He knew he should mourn his past self, like other mutants did, but he just *didn't*.

He'd turn away from the mirror, then, going back to his criminal work with a grin. With his back turned to the glass, he never sees how his lips twist and teeth flash. If he did, maybe he wouldn't think of his past self as truly gone, melted away in acid.

— end of "Windows And Doors (Reflections Of Who I Once Was)" —