



Season One: Episode One: Pilot

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 8816 words

by Arukir

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Season One: Episode One: Pilot

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Goz moves to a new city, saying goodbye to almost everyone she knows, in order to figure out who she is away from all the hero stuff. She wants a nice, quiet, peaceful life.

The universe, unfortunately, has other plans.

Chapter 1: Act One

| Goz and Honker take an Uber to the train station.

Athlete. Archer. Witch. Mutant. Orphan. Hero.

Gosalyn Waddlemeyer Mallard-McQuack was a lot of things. But who was she? What did she want in life? Where'd she want to go? What did she want to do? She didn't really know.

"Gosalyyyyyn! Did you remember your passport?"

There were some things that never changed. A purple jersey gets switched with a hoodie, high tops are replaced with boots, a dark green streak goes through a red ponytail rather than pigtails, a neck gets longer and pale yellow feathers turn white. But Goz stills lives at 537 Avian Way, helping her dad with crime fighting, hanging out with Honker, watching Launchpad fix this or that, playing videogames.

"Yes, Dad, I got it right here! Not like I actually need a passport..."

It's her routine. Familiar. Comfortable. Safe. Boring. Never enough time, really. Archery practice gets interrupted by a robbery, magic studies have to be put on hold due to alien invasion, even gardening would inevitably turn into a battle.

"Goz, did you pack your suit already?"

A fight.

"No, I did. No way my little girl's going away without a way to defend herself!"

Chaos.

"Daaad, stop crying. I'll call everyday, I promise."

Trouble.

"Don't worry about him, Goz, he'll be right as rain soon enough. Oh! Don't forget Screech's bag, I packed extra cat treats for him."

Honestly? Gosalyn just wanted a little peace. A bit of quiet. Some time to figure herself out. Things every twenty-year-old wants, really.

"Thanks Launchpad, you're the best."

It's not *that much* to ask for, right?

Goz smiled, hugging the large pelican. Her graceful neck lifted her head to rest just under his, and she hummed as the hug was returned.

"Gee, we're both really gonna miss you, Goz." Launchpad held her at arm's length to look her in the eye, smiling as a small tear ran down his own face. A black cat jumped onto Goz's shoulder with a meow, causing Launchpad to chuckle and pet it. "You too, Screech."

"A-are you sure you've got everything?" Drake asked, looking around frantically. "Toothbrush? Clothes? Cellphone? ID? Credit card? Extra arrows? You know what, maybe you should stay a little longer so we can unpack and double check, don't want to forget anything after all-"

He was cut off by Gosalyn leaning down to hug him. "I'll miss you too, Dad."

Drake chuckled, returning her hug. "Be safe, Gosalyn."

"Oh, Dad." Goz grinned cheekily, straightening. "I'm *always* safe!"

Backpack strapped on, a suitcase in each hand, and Screech on her shoulder, Goz made her way out the door of 537 Avian Way.

"Oh, yoo-hoo, Gosalyn Dear?" Binkie's call was the only warning she got before being crushed in a bone-splintering hug.

"Hey... Herb." Goz wheezed.

"Herbert, you put her down this instant!" Binkie said crossly.

"Oops, sorry Gos'lyn." The old rooster chuckled, setting her down. "We're all just gonna be missing ya so much is all! You're all grewed up! Doesn't it seem just yesterday we was taking the kids camping for the first time, Drakey? Remember that? Good times, I tell ya'..."

"Well, I remember a TV and a vampire potato." Drake grumbled, but he listened to Herb anyways.

"He didn't mess up your makeup, did he, dear?" Binkie asked, taking Goz by the hands to inspect the light purple eyeliner that was the only makeup the young goose would wear. "No, still just as perfect as ever. It's important to make a good impression when going to a new city, doncha know."

"Is it?" Goz asked, smirking.

"Yes, and I'm sure a beautiful young lady like you will make an excellent impression, dear." Binkie gave her a gentle hug. The canary smelled like pastries and the nice kind of cleaning supplies. "Now, you don't want to keep Mr Uber waiting, so go join Honker in the car and give our best to Tank, will you? And do not forget to write, or your poor fathers will be so upset."

"Yes, Binkie." Goz winked, grabbing her suitcases and running to the waiting vehicle. "Bye everyone! I love you!"

A chorus of 'love you too!', 'bye!', and 'be careful!' followed Goz as she threw her things in the trunk and slipped into the back seat.

"Sorry about the wait." Goz said, to both the driver and her fellow passenger.

"Told you you should've factored in more time for goodbyes." The barely-no-longer-nineteen rooster next to her smugly adjusted his cadmium red glasses. "My calculations are never wrong."

"Yes, yes, all hail Honker, King Of The Math Nerds!" Goz reached out a hand to ruffle his red mohawk.

"Awk! Stop, I just got it the way I like it!" He brushed it back, but a bit fell to hang in front of his face like usual. Honker had grown a lot in the eleven years they'd known each other, He'd even gotten big green tailfeathers and the start of a beak comb. He was taller, though not as tall as her, and bulkier too. He was still a nerd, but the strong type, even if he'd never match Launchpad for muscles.

It was funny, though, how he tried to downplay that strength sometimes. He wore bottomless shoes to cover the spurs on his feet, his green shirts were never the sort that brought attention to what they covered, even his backpack and glasses were oversized enough to make him seem small. It was funny, that's all, nothing more to why Goz noticed it. Really.

There was a peaceful silence before Honker broke it by saying. "Wow, hard to believe we're really doing this. I've never been this far away from my parents before."

Until she was nine, Goz had never even met her Dad and Launchpad. But, still, she could understand where he was coming from. "Yeah, it's weird, isn't it? But at least you won't be completely without family, your brother will be there."

"Ugh, don't remind me!" Honker groaned, throwing his head back, but there was a smile on his beak.

"Oh, come on." Goz rolled her eyes. "He's not *that* bad!"

"He is too!" Honker argued, staring at her in disbelief.

"Is not." Goz shot back.

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Well, he's not *nearly* as bad as my cousin." Goz shrugged.

Honker blinked, then burst into laughter, giving a playfully overdramatic shudder. "Alright, Q, you got me there!"

They lapsed into laughter and smalltalk, watching as St Canard flashed by. Suddenly, they were going over the bridge.

"Look, Honk!" Goz pointed as they passed the bridge towers. "We're really leaving..."

"Yep. No more St Canard." Honker hummed.

"No more supervillains, no more Darkwing, no more late nights." Goz grinned. "Just peace and quiet and time to figure out what we want to do in life."

"Time to figure out what you want to do in life." Honker corrected.

"Huh?" Goz grunted, not taking her eyes off the bridge they were slowly moving across.

"I already know what want to be, Q." Honker explained. "I wanna go for a PHD, be a Maths professor, part time hacker on the side. You're the one that needs to figure things out, there's nothing wrong with that."

"Then why are you coming along?" Goz asked, raising an eyebrow and finally looking at him as they left the bridge behind. *Farewell, St Canard.*

"Well... A change in scenery will be nice, and I haven't seen my brother in a while, but mostly?" Honker looked out his own window, talking quieter. "I always go where you do, I guess. Can't really imagine being in St Canard without you, Q."

Goz didn't really know what to say to that, so she was quiet for a minute. Then she punched him on the arm and chuckled "Sap."

"Oh, here I go, trying to be honest..." But Honker was chuckling too, and any tension was broken as the pair argued for the rest of the drive.

"Thanks so much! Have a great day!" Goz waved goodbye to the driver, following Honker into train station.

"Mreow?" Screech tilted his head, looking behind them with narrowed eyes.

"Somethin' the matter, boy?" Goz asked, but was distracted by Honker pulling her up to the ticket station.

"How many?" The old badger lady behind the desk asked.

"Two adults for the evening train to Firebird, Awrenzona." Goz answered, helpfully sticking up two fingers as a visual.

"Mreow!" Screech complained at the diverted attention, looking around them like he'd heard something.

Trying to calm the cat on her shoulder, Goz grunted "Oh, um, pet friendly, please."

"It'll have to be in a kennel or on a leash." The badger replied, preparing their tickets.

"Er, does he *have* to have to, or..?" Goz asked nervously. Her familiar wore his purple collar no problem, but the moment a leash came into view...

"I'm afraid so, station policy. Next!" The badger called, handing Honker the tickets since Goz had her hands full with a suddenly very uncooperative feline.

"Come on, you two, fight later." Honker whispered, pulling on Goz's hand.

"I just don't understand why he's so fussy all of a sudden." Gosalyn grimaced, though... *Something* was beginning to prick at the edges of her mind. "We haven't even gotten the leash out yet."

"Come on, Screech, I know you don't like the leash." Honker tried soothing the cat, who had jumped to his shoulder. "But we'll take it off once the train starts moving, okay? And you can have a cat treat so long as you behave yourself and be nice and still, alright?"

Normally, Goz would've been helping calm the cat, but she was distracted. There was something familiar, something she'd sensed before, but she couldn't quite place it...

Suddenly, an electrical burst followed by the lights briefly dimming and a barely-audible "Oops. Woah!".

A crash, yells, barking "Sparky! Now look what you've done!"

Barking.

"Don't call me Sparky!"

Goz turned, just in time to be tackled by something large with an even larger mouth.

A picture I drew of Honker, Goz, and Screech

Chapter 2: Intro

Kinda a gag? If this was a show, this would be the intro.

Athlete. Archer. Witch. Mutant. Orphan. Hero.

(Images of Gosalyn that represent each title.)

Who is Gosalyn Mallard? Who could she have been? Who will she become?

(More images of Gosalyn's best moments)

Welcome to a new time.

(Shows grown up Gosalyn)

A new city.

(Pans across an image of Firebird, Awrenzona)

A new story.

(Sequence of images, mostly fight scenes, maybe an almost-kiss?)

A new generation.

(Goz and her team together, laughing around a table, maybe eating takeout)

Nine year old Gosalyn Waddlemeyer wanted a family. Twelve year old Gosalyn Mallard wanted adventure. Twenty year old Goz just wants peace and quiet, a life away from chaos and complications, but the universe has other plans. Peace and quiet aren't on the menu.

(Shows snapshots of Goz's life, some calm things, then the ominous shadow and chuckle of the main villain)

New enemies, new allies, new adventures.

(Series of images that match the phrases)

Goz is on a mission to find out who she is, and she'll do it even if she has to save the world.

(Shows images of both Goz trying out different things and Quiverhood fighting villains)

It's a good thing she's got help! Though that help's sometimes more of a hindrance...

(Sequence of images showing her allies, ending on three of them falling on each other while things crash on top of them)

Welcome to the Adventures Of Quiverhood.

(Green letters showing the title with Screech napping on top of it. An arrow flies by, turning the words into the episode name. Screech looks at the camera and opens his green eyes to reveal them glowing).

Gosalyn voiceover: "Pilot, Part One"

Chapter 3: Act Two

With some final goodbyes, Goz and Co head off for their new home. Though it's a bumpy journey, they finally arrive. Now it's time calm, peace, quiet. No supervillains, no superheroes, no chaos --- just smooth sailing.

Right?

Hifar -- Sapient animal

Isker -- Not Sapient animal

Hifdog -- Goofy

Iskdog -- Pluto

As well: The F4 have never purposely murdered anyone, nor tried to, in this version.

Just a warning, the very last chapter's just 'credits'.

As well, I love the idea of Likky having a stutter when he's not doing salesman act.

"Bad boy, Spike!" A familiar baritone squawked. "Get off her! Spike!"

Gosalyn sat up, pushing the mutated Venus Flytrap off her torso, petting his orange tuft of 'hair'. "Yeah, yeah, it's good to see you too, boy."

Once Spike had backed up, Gosalyn stood and sent a death glare towards the four in front of her, crossing her arms. "Care to explain?"

"It was Bushbrain's fault!" Megavolt defended, pointing at said mutant plant duck.

"Me?!" Bushroot said indignantly. "You knocked me over, I had a perfect hold on him before that!"

"Um, guys..." Goz started, but was interrupted.

"You're the one that brought that monster in the first place!" Megavolt argued. "It shouldn't be around crowds, really, if it's going to be this misbehaved."

"He only ran off because you scared him with that lightning of yours!" Bushroot growled.

"Hey! I was trying to avoid Liquidator. He nearly shorted me out." Megavolt whined, crossing his arms.

"That's horrible, but-" Again, Goz was interrupted.

"Hey, d-d-don't bring me into this!" Liquidator stuttered. "Besides, Quackerjack Toys is responsible due to increased pollution and possibly intentional sabotage."

"I wouldn't have spilled my milkshake if you'd just let me drink it in the car." Quackerjack countered.

"Guys!" Still nothing.

"W-we just stol- bought that c-c-car!"

Honker held up his phone, a recording of a chainsaw playing loudly over the speaker. The Four went silent instantly, forming a straight line before they had time to think.

"That's not fair..." Quackerjack complained, pulling on his hat.

"Thank you, Honk." Goz turned to the Four, breathing deeply. "I meant, care to explain what you're doing here in the first place? I have to board a train in, like, ten minutes -- I can't have it getting canceled just 'cause four sorta-maybe-reformed but-still-notorious supervillains showed up causing trouble on the tracks!"

"But we're not here to cause trouble!" Quackerjack insisted.

"Then why are you here?" Honker asked.

"To say goodbye!" The Four yelled, embracing Goz in a giant hug. More than one of them were crying. "We're gonna miss you so much, kid!"

"Oh, guys..." Goz chuckled, hugging them back. "Despite everything, I think I'll miss you too. But, still, you couldn't have worn civilian disguises?"

"This has more emotional weight!" Quackerjack explained, breaking the hug. "More gravitas, more-"

"Drama." Bushroot helpfully supplied, smirking.

"Looks like someone's cruisin' for a bruisin', Susan." Mr Banana Brain squeaked.

"No bruisin', please." Goz sighed. "Listen, guys, this is sweet and all, but... You really are going to cause a panic."

"Alright, we know when we aren't wanted, kiddo." Bushroot smiled. "We'll head out, there's just a few more people who want to say goodbye first."

"Who-?" Goz started, but got interrupted by an orange ball of fur tackle-hugging her.

"We're gonna miss ya' so much, goosey!" The orange hifkitten purred. Goz lifted her up to look into her mismatched blue-green eyes. She was wearing a red beanie and a matching red turtleneck dress, covered in buttons and patches and pockets. A wild tuft of orange-blond fur stuck out from under the hat.

"Buttons!" Goz chuckled, then looked around to spot the kitten's other half. A blue-grey furred kitten with mismatched eyes and glasses stood nearby, waving. He had a blue hoodie and black pants, a long with techie gloves and boots. His blue-black head fur was messy. "Phyx! Come here, lemme hug you."

"Will you write, Gosalyn?" Phyx asked, nuzzling her.

"It might be a little difficult, considering that your dads' don't really have an official address." She playfully glared at Quackerjack and Megavolt. "But I promise I'll try."

"Rewwy?" A timid voice asked. Goz smiled and put the kittens down, turning to look at the small duckling that had snuck up behind her.

She had green skin, with large colorful thorns traveling down her head in a parody of a mohawk. Purple fuzz grew around her neck and chest, and her beak was made of birch wood. Her watery arms dragged along the ground, mixing with the puddle that was her lower half. Large orange eyes blinked hopefully.

"Of course, May." Goz lifted her up. "A hero never breaks a promise to their friends."

Goz knelt and scooped the two young teens and the little girl into a hug. "I'm really glad we get to say goodbye. I didn't think we'd get to."

It was weird, Goz thought as she got on the train, how much could change in eleven years. She waved goodbye to the strange little group as she entered the train car. If someone has told her back then- hell, if someone had told her eight years ago that she'd be fond of the adopted kids of Megavolt and Quackerjack? She call them crazy.

If they'd told her she'd babysit the mutant spawn of Liquidator and Bushroot? She'd calm them crazier. But it had happened, somehow those three had worked their way into her heart, and she honestly was going to miss the little brats.

"These seats look pretty good, they're right by a window." Honker started storing their bags, making sure to pull out a cat treat for Screech.

Screech was behaving very nicely on his leash, though was not above letting his displeasure be known through overdramatic sulking.

Goz sat down, looking out the window as the train started to pull away. They'd barely made it on in time, but it was worth it to get to say goodbye.

"You excited, Q?" Honker asked, watching the forests go by.

"Yeah." Goz breathed, watching as the last she could see of her home disappeared into the distance, backlit by the first stars appearing in the sky.

It was a lovely train ride. Screech had started to nap the moment his leash was off, Goz and Honker had spent their time chatting, they got a free dinner -- it was peaceful, calm, quiet. Exactly what Goz needed.

As 21:00 rolled around, the seats got transformed into beds, and the entire train car fell into a nice,

Quiet,

Peaceful,

Untroubled sleep.

Goz twisted and turned, a half-remembered *something* playing in her head. Black and white, sharp and drooling, glowing red and menacing, a cackle and an echo...

"Yah!" Gosalyn shot up, screaming, falling into Honker.

"What's wrong?! What is it?! Who's there?!" Honker shouted, flailing uselessly in the blankets. "Gosalyn? What's the matter?!"

"N-nothing, Honk. Sorry." Goz helped him out of the blankets, finding his glasses -- thankfully not crushed. "Just a bad dream, I guess."

"What time is it?" Honker muttered, tapping the side of his glasses to see 06:03 projected on them. "Sheesh, you never wake up this early. What was the nightmare about, anyways?"

"I don't really remember, just..." She paused, thinking for just a second that she'd heard the tune to *Pop Goes The Weasel*. She nearly rubbed her eyes but remembered her makeup, then looked around. "Hey, where's Screech?"

"Oh no, the door's open!" Honker pointed to the compartment door, which was indeed opened just wide enough for a small four-legged isker to slip through.

"We've gotta find him, if anyone sees him off the leash..." Goz didn't finish her sentence, slowly sneaking out and down the hall.

They went up and down the train car, whispering Screech's name, peeking into the windows of compartments, all to no avail.

"Is there something I can help you with?" A train employee asked, shining his flashlight into their eyes.

"Oh, um... Just looking for the bathroom." Goz said in her best 'perfectly innocent angel who has never done anything wrong in her life' voice.

"Uh-huh." The employee nodded, a frown on his face. "Well, ma'am, I can assure you that you won't find it in *the other passengers' sleeping compartments*."

Goz chuckled nervously. "There's no chance you'd be willing to just point out the direction of the bathroom and leave us to own devices, is there?"

They were escorted to the bathroom and back to their own compartment. Right outside it, however...

"Yooooow!" A cat's yowl followed by crashes and screaming.

"My jewels! That stupid beast has made off with my jewels!" An elderly, rich-looking chihuahua lady ran out of her compartment, chasing-

"Screech!" Goz shouted, picking her familiar up. "Where have you been, silly boy? I was worried!"

"So you are the owner of that- that ruffian?!" The lady demanded. "That fleabag is a thief, and I wouldn't be surprised if you taught it such tricks..."

Ignoring the lady's rant, Goz noticed that Screech indeed had a blue diamond necklace clutched in his mouth. "Oh, Screech, what did you do?"

"Mreow?" Screech tilted his head, voice muffled by the necklace.

"Excuse me, but what is that animal doing unrestrained in the middle of the train?" The employee asked.

"Uhhh..." Goz shrugged.

"At least we're only a few miles off from our destination." Honker consoled, watching the train move away.

"Shut up." Goz grumbled, walking the same direction as the train.

At 09:00 on the dot, Goz and Honker entered their new city. They were dirty, thirsty, and hot -- but they were there at last. It was a lot of sand, cacti, palm trees, and flat roofs. Most of the buildings were the same color as the sand and rocks around them, but you couldn't really say the city wasn't colorful. Rock gardens, desert plants, and bundles of cloth added pops of color, along with shocking white buildings here and there. It was beautiful, reflecting the beating sun in a way that truly earned its name-sake.

But Goz barely noticed the beauty of the area, far more distracted by what may very well have been a godsend.

"Starduck's!" Goz yelled, pulling Honker along behind her, towards the brown and green building. "Look, Honk, they have Starduck's here!"

"They have Starduck's everywhere." Honker pointed out, but followed her anyways.

"I'm getting a triple mocha with whip cream and a shot of espresso." Goz chattered as they got into line. "And some water, if they have any. Oh, and I'll get some milk for Screech. What about you?"

"Water, obviously." Honker tapped his watch, which couldn't actually tell time, and turned it into a fan. "And some bagels, we haven't eaten anything since last night. You should get some food before you have that coffee, Q."

Goz raised a feathery eyebrow, jabbing her thumb towards one of the windows. "Puh-leeze! With this much sun, I won't have to eat for another week at least."

"Hardy-har-har, are you ever gonna quit with that joke, G?" Honker asked, deadpan.

G was their code for *I'm speaking in code*. But what- oh, right, civilians in earshot. Civilians who, more likely than not, wouldn't take kindly to a mutant in their midst.

"Hi, welcome to Starduck's!" The leopard behind the counter smiled as they approached. "I'm Melody, I'll be your barista today, how may I- ohmygosh, I love your eye-shadow!"

Goz blinked, taking a moment to adjust to sudden change from genuinely-polite-but-professional tone of voice to excited-ball-of-endless-joy-and-energy screech. It sorta made sense -- with the smiley faces sewn onto her apron, and the blue-and-yellow party balloon headband holding back her short chocolate brown headfur -- that the girl would be excitable.

"Um, thanks." Goz smiled. "I like your headband."

"Ohh, aren't you sweet? Thank you!" Melody grinned. "Now, what can I get for you two lovebirds?"

Goz barked out a laugh, while Honker became a spluttering mess, trying to clarify that they weren't together. Though it was interrupted by a good deal more conversation than when they usually went to Starduck's, Goz eventually managed to place their order.

"I like her." Goz said, chewing on a bagel she'd stolen from Honker, as they sat down in an outside eating area. "Really chatty, sorta reminds me of Launchpad."

"Yeah, I guess." Honker nodded, staring at the pilfered bagel with slight annoyance but mostly confusion on how she stole it in the first place. "You know, if I remember the maps correctly (and of course I do), Tank's apartment should only be a few blocks from here."

"Oh, that means we can get coffee from here every morning and chat with Melody!" Goz grinned, liking the idea of cultivating a friendship in the new and unfamiliar city. "See what it's like when you get outside of St Canard, Honker? People are friendlier because it's calmer, peaceful. This is the perfect place for a new start, away from chaos, and trouble free."

"Stop, thief!" A woman shouted.

"Oooor not." Gosalyn sighed, looking up in time to see a hifdeer running off with a purse, a lion lady yelling after him. "Ugh, seriously? That's so cliché."

In one fluid series of movements, Goz handed her coffee to Honker, stood up, pulled out her cellphone, and clicked a special app. A light much brighter than the ambient sunlight, and slightly tinged green, shone directing into the deer's eyes.

The deer froze, allowing a nearby police officer to catch up, baffled. "How'd you do that?"

"Paralyzing light. It usually takes a minute to work," Honker coolly threw away their trash and stood up, carrying both coffees, "but it works faster on those who already are effected by the 'freeze response'. Come on, Q, my brother's expecting us soon."

"Hug hug, kiss kiss, you were a great audience!" Gosalyn waved, following Honker across the street.

"Calmer, more peaceful, huh?" Honker asked, handing Goz her half-forgotten coffee.

"T-that was a fluke!" Goz insisted. "Nothing more than a little bit of St Canard energy following us. You'll see, from now on it will be-"

"Excuse me, have you been to the local Coven yet, dear?" An elderly parakeet with three iskrats on her shoulders and two iskfoxes at her feet asked, positively radiating magical energy.

"No, ma'am, I haven't." Goz answered through gritted teeth, one eye twitching, just barely remembering to keep her responses to an obvious Elder Witch respectful.

"Well here's a flyer, do think of signing up. We do private classes every Tuesday and Saturday, dear." The parakeet winked, handing Goz a piece of paper and beginning to walk off. "Oh, and you may want tp wear sunglasses if you don't have your eye glow under control yet, youngling."

Goz, whose eyes had indeed started glowing solid green, took a few deep breaths. "Thanks, ma'am, I'll keep it in mind."

"It's blank." Honker pointed at the paper.

"That's because you don't have magic." Goz patted Screech, eyes returning to normal. She didn't even have to look at Honker to see his smug face. "Shut up."

"I didn't say anything!" Honker grinned, walking towards his brother's apartment.

"Not. A. Word." Goz followed him. "It's just a fluke."

They arrived at the apartment building, climbing the stairs. Goz stretched as Honker knocked on his brother's door. "It's one last day of chaos before we settle into our new, calm, lives. You'll see, from here on out, it'll be smooth sailin-"

She was interrupted by a pair of strong arms lifting her up in a bear hug.

The Fearsome Kids

Chapter 4: Act Three

Goz and Honker settle into Tank's apartment, but he's acting a little weird. Meanwhile, a series of impulses lead to Goz saving a new, pointy friend.

Edited for grammar and to correct a few spelling mistakes, as of 4-5 July, 2024.

Hifroosters in this start off life bald. Then they grow red hair. Then that hair becomes a mohawk. Then it solidifies into a comb. Because I said so.

As well, many more tails. Dogs have tails, rats have tails, etc -- even if it's not mentioned.

Episode reference: Slime Okay, You're Okay

I wrote this over four days... I really hope you all enjoy it!

"Hey... Tankard." Goz wheezed, squeezing out of the hold.

"Hey, Red!" The truly giant rooster, as big as Launchpad, grinned. He turned a blue eye towards Honker. "Hey, Honkface. I see ya two are as wimpy as ever."

"Wanna take this outside and say that again?" Goz asked, holding up a fist.

"Like I didn' learn that lesson *years* ago, Red." Tank laughed, brushing back his comb. He turned and waved them inside. Goz noted that he had taken to wearing a black biker jacket over his red turtleneck.

"Gee, it *can* learn." Honker exclaimed, feigning surprise, as they followed Tank inside the simple apartment.

"Watch it, bro." Tank growled. "Or you'll be the one takin' it outside, right through the window!"

"Careful, you might mistake a painting for the window." Honker tutted. "Remember, the window's the one with things moving outside of it."

"Why, ya little *shrimp*!" Tank marched up to him.

"At least I'm not an ignorant *plebian*." Honker matched him step for step, getting closer.

"Don't insult me with words I can't understand, nerd."

"I'd say you should buy a dictionary, but I doubt you could read it, brute."

By this point, the brothers were chest-to-chest, Tank glaring down to catch Honker's equally-fierce gaze. A few moments passed in silence before they each grinned, laughing as they embraced.

"Oh, I missed ya, Honkface." Tank lifted him up.

"Missed you too, bro." Honker smiled softly as he was put back on the ground. "Most people just give up after I spout a few 'too-big' words at 'em."

"Yeah, between the two of ya, I'll finally have someone to argue with again." Tank gestured to Honker and Goz, who had ignored the brothers' game to rifle through the cupboards of the little kitchen connected to the living room. "Well, someone who won't just take one look at me and run screamin', anyways."

"Oh, yeah, I'm sure being all big and muscular must be a *real* annoyance." Honker rolled his eyes.

"Actually, it helps a lot at my job." Tank answered, uncaring of (or possibly oblivious to) the sarcasm.

"You know, I don't actually know what you do." Goz said, taking a bag of Funions to the old couch.

"I'm a bouncer at a Nightclub in town." Tank answered. "The Bouncin' Ballroom. Dorky name, I know, but it's super popular. Pays well, too."

"A Nightclub bouncer?" Honker asked, joining Goz on the couch. "What happened to 'making it big' with your drums?"

"Well, that's still my goal, but I need something to pay the bills." Tank shrugged. "And, honestly, I'm kinda happy with the job. I get to listen to music, there's free snacks-"

"You get to beat people up." Honker added.

"I get to beat people up." Tank agreed, shoving Honker closer to Goz so he could sit down, propping his feet on a coffee table. "I could do worse, though I hardly need to tell ya that, little bro."

"I certainly *thought* you'd do worse. For once, I'm glad my calculations were off." Honker nodded. "Hey, is that where you met your girlfriend?"

Tank choked, eyes going wide.

"Girlfr-? Oh right, I forgot you wrote that you'd started dating someone!" Goz clapped her hands, getting Funion powder everywhere. "Is she pretty?"

"Um, yeah, we met at the Ballroom." Tank coughed, suddenly nervous. "And yeah, very... Pretty. Han- gorgeous, in fact."

"Ohh!" Goz grinned, leaning over Honker to get closer to Tank. "Tell me all about her! Where does she live? What's her name? Mammal or Avian? What does she do for living? When can we meet her?!"

"Goz, slow down, you know my brother gets confused by lots of questions at once." Honker told her, not a hint of mockery in his voice, just fact. He was getting concerned about the cornered look on his brother's face -- Tankard H. Muddlefoot *never* looked cornered, unless it was Mom asking what happened to cookie jar.

"L-live?" Tank shook his head, as if trying to clear it. "Uh, we have separate apartments. And, um, we sorta agreed to... Keep things on the down-low, that's it. Very private person, doesn't want to tell anybody about us until we're serious, but I'm okay with that. Hey, uh, ya look filthy!" Tank spoke fast, jumping up and grabbing Goz, shoving her towards the bathroom. "Why don't ya go get a bath? Ma would be furious if she knew I was letting you sit around covered in dust without even showing ya the, um, what's Dad call 'em? Oh, right, the facilities!"

"Uh, Tank, thank you, but-" Goz started, getting pushed fully into the surprisingly-nice bathroom.

"Ya take as long a bath as ya need, then I'll show ya yer room." Tank promised, closing the door. "Ya get yer own room, bein' a lady and all, while Honker can just share mine. Have a nice bath."

Goz blinked at the door, not sure what had just happened. Part of her wanted to march out and demand an explanation, but a bath really did sound nice... Honker could probably figure out was going on with his brother, and if not, maybe some time to calm down would convince Tank to spill the beans.

Goz had always loved water -- well, except for a brief period of time after Liquidator's first kidnapping attempt, but she got over that after her contour feathers really started growing in.

She slipped into the warm tub, delighting in splashing her feet about like she was nine again. She dunked her head under the water, scrubbing through her thin red headfeathers, gulping mouthfuls of water just to spray into the air.

All in all, she spent maybe too long in the bath, but it was nice. Though she absorbed at least half of it, which was gross.

When Goz went back out into the living room, she discovered Honker and Tank watching TV on the couch, with Screech curled in Tank's lap -- purring loudly. A small shake of Honker's head told her not to bring up what had happened -- though she was definitely interrogating Honker later -- and she joined them.

It was maybe 15:00 when Tank stretched and announced he was going to bed, asking them to keep it down since he had to start his shift soon and needed sleep. They didn't have to be too quiet, of course, since that boy could sleep through a horde of wildebeest protesters.

"So... What was up with Tank?" Goz asked, the moment Tank was gone.

"I don't know, but I've never seen him act like that before." Honker shook his head, looking genuinely worried. "Tank is... Direct. He tells you exactly what he's thinking, especially if he's upset. If he's hiding something, he'll tell you where you can stuff it and stomp off, not shove you into a bathroom and run away."

"Should we ask him about it?" Goz asked, trusting Honker's judgement on his brother.

"No, I don't think so." Honker shook his head slowly. "If it's something bad, I'm sure we'll figure it out. If it's something not bad, I'm sure he'll tell us eventually. Maybe he's just nervous about dating?"

"Maybe." But Goz couldn't shake the feeling there was more to it than that. "Everyone's entitled to their own secrets, I guess."

"Yeah. I guess." Honker sighed. He picked up the remote. "Do you want to keep watching TV?"

"Gimme." Goz asked, waiting for Honker to hand over the remote. She tapped it a few times, muttering and visualizing some complex stuff in her mind's eye. The TV clicked onto a new channel with a flash of purplish-green. "There, the Monster channel. Way better than Normie television."

They spent some time watching the TV, the rest of their day calm and peaceful, just like Goz had wanted from the start. Tank eventually came out to have breakfast/dinner with them, then...

"Oh, Goz, I totally forgot to show ya yer room." Tank whacked his forehead. He took her down the short hallway. He pointed to a blue door at the very end. "Ya already know the bathroom. That's me and Honker's room," he pointed to a red door on the left, then a green door on the right "and yer room. I've gotta get to work, won't be back till morning, but I think yer all set up now."

"Thanks so much, Tank." Goz smiled, waving as he headed to the front door.

"No problem, Red. See ya tomorrow." He waved to his brother. "Smell ya later, nerd."

"Considering our differing hygiene, I'll probably smell you first." Honker responded, waving. "Love you."

"Love ya." And with that, Tank was gone.

"Night, Honker." Goz yawned, picking up Screech.

"Goodnight." Honker replied.

It wasn't too big a room, nor too small, but kinda strange. Across from Goz was a window with a sill so large it had been turned into a bed, with drawers under it. To the left was a much smaller window with a desk and a rolling chair under it, with a closet to the right. Everything was in various shades of green and black, weirdly enough, with a plush carpet under her feet. A bookshelf stood to one side of the closet, near the door, with a beanbag chair and a tall lamp on the side near the bed. The lamp was all twisted with swirling designs and red glass hanging from the strings, matching the room's main light.

Honestly, it looked like Tank had hired a interior designer and then didn't bother to check their work. It was nice, though. Strange, but not bad looking.

Goz got to unpacking, putting away her clothes and weapons first. She put her family photo and her laptop on the desk, putting Screech's stuff under it to make him a little cave. Her video games, extra suit, extra bow, and some arrows all went in the drawers under the bed -- for quick access.

She set a couple comics and figurines on the bookshelf, blocking her magic books and potions supplies. Her stuffed rabbit was plopped onto the bed, followed shortly by

her. She was exhausted, more than ready for sleep, but there was still one thing she needed to do.

Sitting up, Goz pulled out her cellphone and scrolled through her contacts to find her Dad. Hitting the call button, she waited, petting Screech. No answer. She called a few more times, still no answer, even when she tried Launchpad's number.

Oh well, they're probably just already after some criminal or other. Maybe that kraken Neptunia was worried about had finally attacked. No fair, she really wanted to see that thing!

But, that didn't matter. That wasn't her life anymore, she had only even brought her suit in case of an emergency. Nope, her life was now one of peace, quiet, and time to figure out where she really wanted to be. In fact, she could enjoy something she hadn't gotten in a while -- a full night's sleep!

Goz kicked off her shoes, laid down under the covers, and sighed. On one side was Screech, the other her rabbit doll. Now time for some nice,

Peaceful,

Sleep.

...

....

.....

Alright, so she couldn't sleep, that was to be expected in an unfamiliar place! It wasn't because she was worried about her dad, or missing superhero work. Not. At. All.

There were a million reasons she couldn't get any rest! Tank's weird behavior, for one. And Screech's snoring, for another. And the moon was shining right in through the window, which would keep anybody up.

Goz sighed, rolling over to stare at said moon, big and bright in the sky. There was a flower box with desert plants right outside her window, and she waved lazily at them. She could feel them growing, even at night. They were a comfort, and she was happy Tank had apparently remembered her love of plants, even if he didn't -- couldn't -- know the reasons for it.

That's what she needed to clear her head -- plants! She remembered passing a beautiful park on the way there, only a few blocks away. Goz opened her window, climbing out. She was several floors up, but that didn't bother her, climbing down easily with Screech right on her heels.

Was it stupid to go walking at night, in an unfamiliar city, without telling anybody that you left? Yes. But Goz was fine with Honker being the smart one, she'd always been a little too impulsive.

Ever since she'd started mutating, after that little incident with Bushroot's formula, Goz had functioned better during the day. But she loved the night. The city was so beautiful, a thousand stars illuminating it, as true in Firebird as it had been in St Canard. The night was the realm of mystery, magic, and wonder.

"Mreow." Screech ran a little ahead of her, chasing dust specks, and she just had to laugh. It felt good, for some reason, just walking like this. It wasn't long until they reached the park.

Grass, different then the kind back home, spread throughout the whole place, interrupted by rock gardens and winding paths. Plants of all sorts, both kinds common to the rest of town and not, sprouted up everywhere. She could sense how healthy everything was, and it made her smile, twirling around.

It was a good hour and a half of just walking and enjoying the plants before Goz sensed something wrong. It was a bit of discomfort, distress, almost-pain.

She looked around, finally spotting a small cactus being slowly crushed by a comparatively large rock.

"Oh, you poor thing! Here you go." She carefully moved the rock, sending a very small burst of magic to heal the cactus. It shook a little as the spell worked through it, a single purple flower starting to sprout. It reminded Gosalyn of Bushroot, making her laugh. "Aww, you like that, Little... Thornroot?"

It was late, Honker might check on her and get worried if she was gone, so she really needed to head back... But she didn't want to leave Thornroot. Sitting cross-legged and focusing her magic, Goz slowly transfigured the stone into a good-sized, naturey-looking planter.

Oh-so-gently moving the cactus into its new home, Goz stood and whistled for Screech. She started walking back to the apartment, humming, feeling a lot better for

some reason. Maybe all she needed was a little air, getting some of magic out instead of letting it build up, and a bit of exercise.

This time when she curled up in bed, Goz fell into an unworried rest, feeling as if everything was going to be just fine...

Gosalyn was walking through a funhouse, a hall of mirrors, pigtails bouncing behind her. But her reflections were wrong, each different than her in some way. Their clothes, their expressions, their hairstyles -- they were all her, though.

And they were all black and white, no color to be found except red. Every single reflection had glowing red eyes.

"What's the matter, Little Girl Bluuuuue? Don't want to plaaaaay?" The sing-songy voice was wrong, echoing and deep but feminine, bouncing off the walls, coming from everywhere at once.

"Gosalyn!", "Goz!", "Red!"; voice after voice called her name, each sounding pained, in total despair. Except one. One was laughing. High pitched and cruel. Over and over and over again. It was coming from one of her reflections, one with color, one that showed her all grown up.

"Should've stayed with Daddy, Little Girl Bluuuuue~." The reflection smiled cruelly, reaching out a clawed hand, shattering the mirror into four jagged pieces. Gosalyn tried to run, but it was useless, she was lifted into the air to meet giant red eyes and dripping fangs. She screamed, but it was drowned out by the wailing of desperate voices, all covered by laughter. Laughter, and music from a Jack-in-the-box...

"NO!" Goz screeched, magic coming to her fingertips as she bolted upright, ready to fight... To fight... Someone. She shook her head, the nightmare already fading into a distant memory.

There was a knock on her door. "Goz, ya alright in there?" Tank asked, sounding worried.

"We heard screaming." Honker added.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a nightmare, I guess." Goz sat on her bed, holding Screech, who was loudly purring in an attempt to comfort her. She smiled, whispering. "Good boy. Thanks."

"Ya decent, Red?" Tank asked, through the door.

"Since when does that matter?" Goz yelled back. He'd already seen her weirdly-thin feet a thousand times, so she honestly didn't care.

"Jus' checkin'." Tank answered, coming in with Honker right behind him.

"What's your species gotta do with it?" Goz asked.

Tank blinked in confusion, but Honker squawked out a laugh. "It's a joke, bro. Wordplay."

"...If ya say so." Tank shrugged. He went over to Goz, lifting her up by her hoodie to move her over enough for him to sit down. He pulled her close, patting her back. Tank Muddlefoot wasn't good with words, he was rough and tumble, but he'd always been good at comforting people. Growing up with a brother prone to anxiety attacks will do that to you. "Ya wanna talk about it, Red?"

"Not really." Goz admitted. "Can't really remember it, just... A mirror, I think?"

"But it's still scarin' ya?" Tank asked.

"Yeah." Goz nodded, speaking quietly.

They stayed like that for a while, with Honker eventually sitting down on her other side, until the feelings from the nightmare were completely gone.

After that, Tank went back to his room to sleep, which made Goz feel bad for waking him up.

"Do you want cereal, pancakes, or oatmeal?" Honker asked. He had taken over food duty sometime in their teens, not trusting Goz around the kitchen. It wasn't that she was bad at cooking, per se, more that she might get bored and rewire a blender or start making bubbling acid instead of food. She was much more patient nowadays, but by then they were both used to Honker handling food.

"Hmmm. Pancakes." Goz decided, sitting on a stool at the counter that divided the kitchen and the living room. Screech jumped up on the counter, meowing loudly. "And Screech would like a fish. Or an-"

"I am not making an omelette." Honker lightly glared at her, and Goz burst into giggles. Honker sighed and went about collecting ingredients. "There's some fish here, and milk... Oh, here's a cucumber."

"Iskcats don't eat vegetables, Honk." Goz crossed her arms.

"One, yes they do, just not many." Honker rolled his eyes. "And, two..." He set the cucumber down on the counter, backing away.

Screech sniffed the cucumber, fur raising. To Goz's utter bewilderment, the cat started hissing, jumping, and scratching at the cucumber. Finally, he ran off, bolting under the couch.

"...What just happened?" Goz asked, looking between Honker, the cucumber, and the couch.

"Despite being perfectly safe for them to eat, some cats will 'freak out' upon seeing a cucumber." Honker held up a finger, as if he was giving a lecture. Then he tilted his head, hand going to his side. "Though, I must admit I didn't expect such a *strong* reaction."

"Wait..." Gosalyn narrowed her eyes, glaring at Honker. "You freaked out my familiar, *on purpose*?!"

"Ummm..." Honker shrugged, backing away a little.

It took them about fifteen minutes, and five cat treats, to coax Screech back into the open. Goz as well insisted on burning the offending produce in front of Screech, so as to reassure him that she wouldn't let his enemies go unpunished.

Finally, they sat down to eat.

"Don't forget water, it's important to stay hydrated in a dry climate." Honker reminded her, handing her a bottle of water.

"Thanks, Honk." Goz downed about two thirds of the bottle, pouring the last down her shoes to be absorbed. "Oh, that reminds me, I got to water Thornroot."

"Thornroot?" Honker asked.

"My new cactus." Goz smiled. "I named him Thornroot 'cause he reminds me of Dr Bushroot."

"Okay, one, you are way too friendly with those villains." Honker started.

"Am not!" Goz protested.

"What's Megavolt's real name?" Honker asked.

"Uncle Elmo." Goz answered immediately, tilting her head in confusion. Honker raised an eyebrow.

"Two," Honker said, holding up two fingers, "when in the world did you get a cactus? We were together all day, yesterday."

"All day, not all night." Goz answered. "I went walking."

"That explains the dirt on your feet." Honker sighed. "Find anything interesting? Besides Thornroot, I mean."

"Yeah, this lovely little park-" Goz gasped, holding her head. Pain lanced through her.

"Q? What's wrong?" Honker asked, standing up to catch her as she wobbled on her stool.

"I don't know." Images flashed in her mind's eye, too quickly to comprehend. But all of them carried a sense of destruction, foreboding, and... "C-can we go to the park?"

"What?" Honker blinked "Uh, sure, but why?"

"I just..." Goz shook her head, stumbling towards the door. "I don't know, we just need to go there."

She was already out the door, Screech right behind her, too far away to hear Honker mutter before following her, "I just had to fall for a witch."

Goz raced a long the sidewalk, her headache lessening the closer she got to the park. It was a lovely day, really, much calmer than any day in St Canard. Exactly the day she came there for, a day she'd really enjoy if it wasn't for her headache, the kind of un-eventful day you can only have in a city without super-

An explosion rocked the sky. Firetrucks zoomed by, sirens blaring, police cars barely behind, as several smaller explosions went off.

"What was that?" Honker asked.

"It's coming from the direction of the park, come on!" Goz climbed up the side of a building, taking to the rooftops.

"Uh, Q, maybe we shouldn't be going straight into an explosion?" But Honker was already right behind her. "What happened to wanting peace and calm?"

"It's an explosion, Honker." Goz said, as if that explained it. And, honestly, it did. Even without the vision or whatever, when life calls, how could Darkwing Duck's daughter do anything but jump?

"Hey, you kids can't be here!" A firefighter yelled.

"But, sir, my kitty cat!" Goz barely disguised her mocking tone as Screech obediently jumped off her shoulder and ran ahead.

Goz really wished she hadn't come. She sensed still-burning plants, feeling like hot pokers in her belly, surrounded by soot and ash. The park had been more-or-less entirely destroyed, but the fires were already almost gone. To destroy this much, this quickly, without burning the whole city down? That took a level of skill that-

"Oh no..." Goz whispered. In front of her was an area of the ground so dark it looked blacker than black, forming a familiar symbol. A heart, broken into four even, jagged pieces.

In the middle of the heart, where the cracks met, was a small pink box with a green and black striped bow. Goz slowly lifted it up, opening it with shaking hands. Photos.

There were photos from yesterday. Her being hugged by Tank. Her and Honker talking to Melody at Starduck's. Her walking in that very park.

There were photos from years ago. Her playing. At school. At the movies. Sleeping.

More recent photos of her babysitting the Fearsome kids. Her hanging out with Elmo in civvies. Arguing with Quackerjack over Whiffleboy. Liquidator and her making a fake commercial for his next heist (her dad had not been happy about that). Bushroot freaking out over her developing powers.

The last photo was her sitting next to herself. Her in her purple jersey and high tops, messy hair in pigtails, beak cracked open in a wide grin. And the other her in a lacy

pink dress and black slippers, curled ringlets held up by bows, a dainty smile shining at the camera.

A note fell to the ground. It's words were simple, it's message clear.

See you soon, Cuz!

XOXO, Lady Blackheart.

PS: I wuv you!

Chapter 5: Credits

The credits.

— end of "Season One: Episode One: Pilot" —