



Unlucky

Zootopia (Disney Movies) · Looney Tunes | Merrie Melodies · Not Rated · 1106 words

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A coyote with a mysterious curse moves to the big city to follow his dream of being a famous inventor. Unfortunately, a feathery wrench is about to be thrown into his plans.

Now includes a description, Fanart, and two random scenes! Technically written a while ago, but I'm finally getting around to posting.

Chapter 1: Description/Intro

Meet Ray, he's a coyote. Ray dreams of selling his inventions in the big city of Zootopia. It shouldn't be too hard; he's brilliant, hardworking, and persistent.

Unfortunately for Ray, he's as well incredibly unlucky. And mute. And cursed.

Not many believe in magic, but Ray doesn't have the luxury of such denial. He should've died a thousand times over, but he can't. He's been run over, burnt, shredded, crushed, and many other unpleasant things. It's a blessing and a curse, one that he has no idea how he got. He just fell off a cliff as a child, and reappeared later with a little wooden sign.

That's the other part of his curse, one he disguises as a brilliant invention. It's his only way to speak, and is every bit as indestructible as him.

Over course, immortality isn't a curse. The curse is how much the universe loves testing that immortality. But Ray can deal with that. A genius can handle anything, after all. He certainly doesn't have any issues or trauma, as he will assure you, nor any lingering fears. An immortal, being afraid? Such nonsense!

But none of this will be any obstacle to his goals — sell his inventions, prove his genius, become well-known and respected far beyond Zootopia's borders.

He calculates that he'll be done by the end of the year, at most, thanks to his genius... Too bad his calculations don't account for magic birds.

Chapter 2: Random Scene #1

These scenes are in the order I wrote them in, rather than chronological.

[What kind of bird are you?] Ray had asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"Oh, just a com-mon lit-tle road-run-ner." The damned bird had answered, falsely, waving a finger about as if it was dancing.

Ray knew roadrunners, they were everywhere back home. That *thing* was not a roadrunner! What roadrunner was that big? What roadrunner was blue and purple? What roadrunner had violet eyes?

Miles was no roadrunner, but Ray was going to find out just what sort of bird he really was. He had cooped himself up in the Zootopia Library, and was almost a third of the way through the Birds Of The World part of the biology section. So far, he hadn't found a single species that matched his adversary, certainly not a *roadrunner* that matched him.

It was when his growling stomach forced him to leave the library in search of a meal that Ray had a most ridiculous thought: What if there were no other birds like Miles?

But that couldn't be the case. If Miles wasn't a member of *any* species, where would he have come from?

Ray shook his head, chuckling under his breath, as he made his way back to the library with his newly 'acquired' burger. It was well past closing time, but that didn't really matter to him. If they didn't want him sneaking in, they shouldn't have locks that were so easy to pick.

Chapter 3: Random Scene #2

Ray had stopped looking where he was going a long time ago; the more effort he put into avoiding danger, the more often he got hurt, so it was better to just let his mind wander and tune out his surroundings.

Which is why he didn't see the semi until after he was in a broken heap in the middle of the street. He was used to the country, where roads were mostly empty except for slow-moving, half-broken down tractors.

He groaned, feeling his bones already knitting themselves back together, his skin regrowing, his muscles patching up new tears. It wasn't the most pleasant of sensations, but he was used to it.

His ear drum untore before his eyes reformed, so he heard the crowd without seeing them. Panicking, he tried desperately to will the repairs to slow. People would believe that someone could survive being crushed, but they wouldn't believe he'd be entirely unharmed minutes after. No one would take him seriously as a scientist once they knew he had *magic powers*!

He had to get away before he completely healed, or make the crowd leave, or—

"Peo-ple, peo-ple!" A unfamiliar voice, singsongy but stern, called out. "You're blocking the road. How'm I supp-osed to take this poor soul to the hos-pi-tal if I can't drive? Move it!"

Ray could see the blurry colors of the crowd moving away, a new mostly-blue blur coming into view. He was lifted by the newcomer, who he had to assume owned the voice, still too weak to escape the grasp.

They definitely did not get into a car, Ray was sure of it, but he felt wind rushing past and suddenly he was in the familiar area of his workshop. Which was not a hospital and nowhere *near* where he'd gotten hit. Was he losing time? Did he have a concussion? He'd gotten those before, but he didn't think he'd gotten one this time, did he? But then how—?

"Aren't you a spec-ial one?" The figure, he could see it was a bird now, quietly half-sang as he lowered Ray onto the old couch. Singing just seemed to be how the bird spoke. "You'll be all healed soon, won-tcha? Don't wor-ry, I won't speak a meep to an-y-one."

The bird sat on one of his desk, humming and watching intently as Ray healed. He was short, an inch or two shorter than Ray himself, but gave the illusion of being tall with a thin frame and long neck. A good deal of his body exposed, with barefeet and shorts and the absolutely bizarre decision to put a tanktop over a short-sleeved hoodie.

He was colorful, Ray decided. His feathers were bright blue, with a deep purple headcrest and tail, both of which poofed out. It all made him stand out in the dark workshop, bright violet eyes just watching him, a contented smile on his beak.

Just who was this guy?

"I'm Miles." He spoke when Ray was almost completely healed. It was the first thing he said that didn't sound at all musical, syllables flowing together rather than paused. He sounded quiet, contemplative, as if this was something extremely important. "Miles Runner. It was nice to meet you, Ragedi Kayoti. This is gon-na be a whole lott-a fun!"

Ray didn't get a chance to question how Miles knew his name (or where he lived, for that matter), nor what he meant, because the bird ran off much faster than should be strictly possible. Ray blinked at where the other had been.

Just who the Hell was this guy?!

— end of "Unlucky" —