

Anna woke slowly. Lifting her head and looking around the car she remembered the night before on seeing the unfamiliar surroundings. Standing she stretched luxuriantly and sat on the cushion considering her plans for the day.

Actually her lack of plans.

Now that the shock and the craziness of the previous day had been left behind she had no idea what to do with herself. She did know she was hungry. She stood up on her hind legs and put her forepaws on the window and looked outside.

She was surprised to see the massive fire to the south was out. With that out everything else now seemed manageable. The air was noticeably clearer, not all that much better, but it certainly wasn't getting worse. Downtown looked calm from her height. One or two buildings were in blazes but the rest were as yet untouched. She had the thought that the fire crews that had battled the fire to the south were now free to take on the smaller hotspots. Most of the ships had drifted close enough to shore to run aground. Puget sound was mostly clear of ship traffic.

There looked to be a dragon sleeping on the top of the space Needle.

She blinked and looked closer thinking she had to be seeing things. Her vision closed in and sure enough, a dragon was sleeping on The Needle. It had beautiful gold and silver scales that gleamed and shined in the early morning light. She could even see its chest expand and contract with each breath. Its long tail was draped down the sloped roof behind it.

Anna was no longer hungry, she was curious. First though, the subtle but demanding part of her new existence insisted she clean and groom her feathers and fur. A little bewildered at the actions she was taking but almost overwhelmed at how good it felt Anna sat in the high Ferris-wheel cab and started preening like a bird. The large beak was well suited to cleaning the feathers that now adorned the front half of her body. It went quickly, and amazingly pleasurable. It was like scratching an itch she hadn't noticed until she hit that perfect spot.

Her fur was another matter, her hawk beak was ill suited for fur. Nonplused for a moment Anna paused and after a seconds consideration simply let the instincts she was beginning to trust more and more take over again. The edge of her beak curled slightly in the grin as her front hand claws started raking through the fur of her hind body. Before she reached her long tail she resolved to get some grooming supplies before the end of the day.

She resorted once again to using her beak on the long feathers that sprouted from the end of her tail. It had taken her perhaps twenty minutes but sitting on her haunches with her front claws resting between the toes of her hind paws she looked speculatively at the tape keeping the door shut. It was time to fly.

Lifting off and hovering just before the tape she reached out and peeled it off easily. Backing away she pushed the door open with her mind and shot out the car before she even realized what she'd done. Stopping several feet from her aerie she turned midair and looked back. Anna had just opened the car door without touching it. She'd used something in her own mind to push it open. Her mind brought the word for it up from the depths of memory.

Telekinesis. She could move things with her mind. To prove the discovery to herself she again reached out with her mind and closed the door. A chirp of happiness escaped her. There was another thing she hadn't done since her change. She'd not bothered trying to even speak. The feel of her tongue resting in the oddly familiar yet foreign bed of her beak was enough for her to know without even trying speech as she had known it was a thing of the past. Forming words as she had as a human was going to

be impossible without the needed structures a human mouth and throat provided. To say nothing of the long narrow tongue she now possessed.

Dismissing her discovery for the moment she zipped down closer to the street looking for some eats. She was again able to enjoy flitting from perch to perch fast enough that the people still wandering the streets could barely react. Finding food was a lot more difficult. She barely found enough after two hours of searching to quiet her appetite. She was suddenly glad to be of a smaller stature after having such a hard time finding decent food.

She headed toward the Space Needle cautiously. Looking for the dragon she'd seen sprawled on the top of the disk that morning she saw that it was for the moment elsewhere. Perched at the base of the antenna mounted on the very top she looked around seeing the signs of the dragon making the place it's home. The paint was scratched here and there, not damaging but just signs of the large claws lightly scraping across the surface as it walked.

She curled up under the antenna and waited. She was hoping the dragon was feeling like she was. Only a day of being a gryphon and she felt the growing need to talk to, or at least considering her limits with speech, contact someone.

She did her best to stay aware, stay awake, not knowing if the person that had been changed to a dragon would still be, well, sane. She was hopeful, really, she thought that they'd taken to their new form much like her, but it would be foolish not to think of the alternative. She wasn't sure how long she'd zoned out for but she started awake at the sound of a heavy weight dropping on the roof on the opposite side of the antenna.

Lifting her head just enough to look back across her back Anna watched cautiously. Something about the look of the dragon implied it was male, although there was no obvious outward sign. He'd likely not seen her yet. That was good, he looked massive and powerful, thick muscles slid under the smooth scales that covered him. He was also huge. He was nine or ten feet long from snout to hindquarters, and had a tail that looked to be another ten feet or more in length. He was currently stretching his wings out to relax them after flight. She had become familiar with that need. She did it herself almost unconsciously after landing.

She waited until his attention was on the ground, his head situated so that he'd not see her move, and lifted herself into the air. Confident she could avoid any aggressive action while she was in the air Anna flew around to where he could see her. She was hovering twenty feet from him and ready to bolt the first sign he wasn't friendly when she heard *Hello*

She had turned her head on hearing the voice in her head. It had almost seemed like it had come from just to her right. She looked back to the dragon. He nodded his head lifted an arm and waved a greeting.

Hello, and yes, that was me.