

A Song for War

Harrietta and her friend, Henry, stepped out onto the top of the watch tower and peered down at the battle below. Musket balls and arrows whizzed through the air, screams of pain and anguish echoed far and wide, and bloodied bodies strewn the land. The sight made Harrietta almost want to upchuck her own heart...but she had to remind herself that that's exactly why they were here.

"So..." Henry whispered, "What should we play...?"

"Something calming, I think...ever heard of a melody called 'Oracion'?"

"Isn't that the one from that old legend about a Darkrai trying to stop Dialga and Palkia's fighting from destroying a city?"

"That's the one," Harrietta nodded.

"I THINK I know it...but I may be a little rusty. You start."

Harrietta cleared her throat, flexed her paws, and began playing the tune on her mandolin. Moments after, Henry followed suit with his ukulele. Somehow, their instruments sounded louder than they normally should. The Meowth felt the floor beneath her vibrate as she played. She speculated whether perhaps the instruments were enchanted in some way so they could be heard from so high up. The thought soon left her however as she focused instead on the music itself. It indeed felt very calming to play...but it was yet to be seen if the same effect would translate to the soldiers below. She silently prayed to Thor and Odin that it would.

"My lord...you know you've likely sent them to their death...right?" The guard pointed out, having just re-entered Bertrand's chambers.

"Yes I know..." the Serperior king acknowledged, "As much as it pains me to have done so...we need the diversion."

"My liege...do you really plan on releasing them if they DO survive...?"

"...Maybe..."

"Please excuse my bluntness, my lord...but are they really worth it? They're only captured enemy spies, after all."

"A couple weeks ago I would have agreed with you..." Bertrand sighed, "...but for whatever reason I've gotten quite fond of the two...as if they were among my own children... I don't know, perhaps I've just grown soft."

"Then let's hope, for all our sakes, your trust in them is justified, my king."

After a few minutes of playing, Henry dared to look back down at the landscape below...and what he saw made his heart sink. The two armies were still fighting. They'd barely batted an eye at the two musicians, even with their seemingly magical instruments that could carry their sound great distances. Was it all for naught?

"Henry...it isn't working...they're still killing each other..." Harrietta choked.

"Yeah...I saw..."

"So...what do we do now...?"

"You...wanna just go back inside?" Henry asked.

"And tell King Bertrand we failed? You really wanna risk that?" Harrietta shook her head. "Besides...I think I heard the guards lock the door from the inside when we stepped out. We're stuck up here for now..."

"We could just...keep playing, I guess," Henry suggested.

"...And what if we get hit by something...? Some of those musket balls are getting dangerously close to the tower."

"Well," Henry chuckled somberly, "then it's been a privilege playing with you tonight."

"...Is that from Titanic?"

"...Yeah."

"You're such a dork, Henry."

"I know."

The two sat in silence for a few moments.

"Hey...Harrietta?"

"Yeah, Henry?"

"There's...there's something I want to tell you...please don't think I'm weird for saying this, but...I didn't mind that 'tickling contraption' in the dungeon."

"...Huh?"

"I mean I..." Henry blushed, "...I kinda liked it... Honestly I probably could have lasted all night... I just gave in because you looked like you were reaching your limit..."

"Henry I...I never knew that about you... I mean I guess there's no shame in that or anything I just...didn't think you were...you know...into that."

"There's...something else I want to admit...just in case we don't make it..."

"Of course, Henry, you can tell me anything."

"Harrietta...there's...something else aside from bondage that I really...REALLY like..."

"...Yes, Henry...?"

"Harrietta...I..."

However, Henry didn't get to finish his sentence, as a stray canon ball struck the top of the tower they were standing on, the shock from the blast causing his vision to blank out as he lost consciousness.

To Be Continued...