

Ever since the fracturing, many systems had been backed up or changed. Mail services being no different, and honestly taking up the former issue more than anything. So, when the courier Gravents, Harley and Freddy, sought out for assistance with the overwhelming amount of undelivered and unsorted mail, Bird didn't hesitate to say yes. After all, his main job was overseeing and managing shipments across the vast spans of sky across the fragments of skire.

Unfortunately, the same couldn't quite be said for his roommate, who had no prior experience in anything even remotely related. Now that wasn't necessarily a bad thing, it just meant Bird would have to help him out initially.

The two had arrived at a post office, one of many, early in the morning. Not many other volunteers were present from the looks of things, probably due to it being transitional hours. Late for night owls, too soon for early birds. The pods made their way inside, signed in and went into the back which was... a mess as an understatement. Envelopes were strewn all over the floor, and piles of packages overflowed, not even stacked. It was difficult to step around without nearly stepping or tripping on something, not to mention the lighting was poor in some sections.

Harbor whistled. "Looks almost like our apartment." he joked.

Bird simply rolled his eyes, pupils shifting to a crossed-out circle. "Come on, looks like we're going to have a lot ahead of us."

As the two carefully walked around, trying to gauge an idea of *where* exactly to start, they encountered a pale blue cccat who had already started sorting the mountainous mess of mail. They looked to have a system going, grab a box or envelope, look at it, and sort it in some fashion. He noticed them

"Hey! Good morning? I think? Anyways, don't mess up my stacks and stay out of my way." He said bluntly, grabbing a box, looking at it, and moving it to one of his piles. He didn't bother looking at them. Harbor thought that was a bit rude, and Bird was neutral. Nothing the latter wasn't familiar with in the shipping business.

“Don’t plan on it.” Bird responded, crossing his arms. “We’re merely just curious about your process.”

“Hm... Right now I’m just sorting by general location,” They paused their work, looking at the two pods. “like downtown or neighboring cities for example. I plan on doing streets and other specifics later once I make enough room.” They pointed with their thumb behind them, which that small area certainly had more space than the disorganized sections. “Some others started on it earlier but they went home.”

“I see... Well, we’ll start on a nearby section then. Is it fine if we combine workspaces later?” Bird asked.

A grin grew upon the cccat’s face. “Of course, if you even make much progress.” He said slyly. “I’ve been here for 4 hours and I’ve seen waayy more people come and go than the amount of work they’ve done.”

Harbor narrowed his eyes. “Yeah? Wanna bet the two of us can get more down in the time it takes Freddy to arrive, than your ass has done all morning?”

Bird just let out an annoyed sigh. His roommate always does this... The cccat just laughed.

“You’re on! Loser buys the other lunch after. Name’s spearmint by the way.” He held out a hand.

Harbor grabbed it and shook it. “Harbor, and deal.”

After that, the two pods walked off and setup another ‘station’ (as much as one could start organizing in this mess.). Initially Bird set the first few stacks, and Harbor the latter few as they got going on the sorting process. Unlike Spearmint, Bird decided to have them sorted into even smaller sections as well such as street, apartment complex, etc.. Harbor would grab a package, read the address, then toss it to Bird while calling said address. (Unless it was fragile, in which case he set it off to the side to sort after he built up an organized stack of a few). Bird handled the envelopes, grabbing quite a few, then sorting as he read through the stack. He hadn’t had to sort anything like this by hand since he

was promoted to managerial staff at this work, so this brought back some nostalgia. Not much though. Wasn't super long ago.

Meanwhile, Spearmint observed them from a distance while he sorted. He could already tell by the rate at which they were going he'd already lost. Suppose he should've thought of that before agreeing to the bet, or the fact he was going up against two. He shook his head and let out a chuckle. He wasn't mad, just amused.

A couple hours had passed, and all three of them had made significant progress in the back. At some point they did in fact combine their efforts. (After Spearmint admitted they were more efficient). Harley and Freddy had come in, prepared to start delivering mail, and that's when everything went wrong...