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The Aviator rested her head against the Detective's shoulder and sighed. "This was... not entirely terrible," she said, glancing up at him.

The Detective looked at her flatly. "The depth of your praise is truly flattering. Honestly, my hearts are just gonna burst."

"Well, why should I be the one to go to all the trouble of saying nice things?" she said, poking him in the arm. "At the very least, you could make more of an effort."

"Well, true," the Detective said, nodding his concession, "*but* if I can guilt you into it then that saves me a *significant* amount of effort. Conservation of energy and all that." He nodded sagely.

"In that case, we'd be better off not saying anything at all," the Aviator said. "Can't say I'd be entirely unhappy about that."

"No, no, no, no, no," the Detective said, shaking his head, "You're missing the point. There's a balance between the two. Much more fun if the work gets done, but I don't have to be the one to do it. I don't see how you're missing it."

Whatever she'd been about to say was interrupted by the beeping of her wrist com. She sighed and activated it. "Hey, Zeb."

"Hi!" he said over the sounds of Elanor babbling in the background. "We just got a mission—we should get going. You're gonna love this—wait. You're not in Rudi's."

"Yes I am," the Aviator said quickly.

"No you're not, it's too quiet there." Zeb gasped. "Are you with the Detective?"

"No!"

"Hi, Big Dee! Make sure you're nice to her, okay? She really loves you and—"

"I'm on my way," the Aviator said through gritted teeth, and ended the call. She grimaced at the Detective and got up, then hesitated. Did she kiss him farewell? Just leave?

The Detective looked up at her, saw some flicker of hesitation, and, rather than just sit there and smile in amusement, he got up.

"Later, Ave," he said, walking over to get the door for her.

"Later," she said, and quickly left so as not to prolong the awkwardness.

She arrived back at her RC and Zeb handed Elanor over. "Zaaa," Elanor babbled, one tiny fist grabbing hold of the Aviator's nose.

"Hey, kiddo," the Aviator said, gently prying the Time Tot's fingers out of her nostrils. "Miss me?"

"Prrrrp."

"Figures." The Aviator planted a loud smooch on Elanor's cheek. "We're gonna have to go to the Nursery now, Elanor. Is that okay? You like Miss MacKinnon, right?"

Elanor just let out a puff of air and dribbled down her chin, sucking on her fingers.

"Elanor, no, you just had that hand in my no—oh, whatever..." The Aviator sighed and looked at Zeb. "You set the disguises and get our gear. I'll be right back."

When the agents reconvened, the Aviator accepted her bow from Zeb with a smile and slung her quiver over her shoulder. "Lainduilien and Elanor ran off to play with blocks as soon as I got there," she said.

"Ran?" Zeb asked.

"Well, toddled. Same difference, really."

"How's Lain doing, anyway?" Zeb asked, following the Aviator to the TARDIS.

"Same as ever. Bit weird we never seem to talk about her, though. It's like we keep forgetting about her," the Aviator said, pushing open the door. "Been a while since we've had an *Avatar* Sue," she added. "What did you put us as?"

"Generic earthbenders," Zeb said. "Looks like the fic mostly follows the show, but we'll have to go Fire Nation for a bit while on Zuko's ship. You ready?"

"Do you need to ask?"

The TARDIS hummed at them as they crossed the nursery and went into the control room. The Aviator grinned as she approached the console. "Hey, baby," she said, reaching up to pat the time rotor affectionately. "I know, it's been too long. But hopefully the Flowers will start giving us more missions where you can come along."

The TARDIS hummed again and the Aviator flipped a switch. "Hold onto something, Zeb," she said, grinning. "I'm gonna put her through her paces."

"Would it kill you to install seat belts on this thing?" Zeb complained, grabbing hold of one of the trellised columns.

The only response he got was a metallic groan as they took off.

"Has anyone ever told you you fly like crazy?" Zeb yelled.

"Loads of times!" the Aviator replied, darting to the opposite side to pull a lever. "Chapter one, coming right up!"

They landed in the fic and the Aviator went to the door, poking her head out to see the TARDIS had moved the nursery elsewhere, and now looked like a thatch roofed hut. She stepped out into the hazy surroundings, smoothing down her brown and green Earth Nation clothing as Zeb came out after her. "So far so good," she said. "So far so bad," she quickly amended after a blaring author's note declared that every chapter would be dedicated to a Disney movie.

"Should we play Bingo or something?" Zeb asked. *The world tilted sideways as he spoke.*
"Whoa!"

The Words blared in a voiceover how the Fire Nation had killed all the Air Nomads while the Aviator scrambled for their C-CAD.

[Excessive italics detected. Revert agents to-?]

"Yes, revert the damn agents to normal," the Aviator muttered, hitting the button. She shook her head like she was trying to clear water out of her ears.

The tragedies didn't stop there. Ten years after the downfall of the air nomads, Sozin ordered the capture and slaughter of dual-benders. Dual-benders are people who, like the name suggests, can bend not one but two elements. He feared that dual-benders would try to act as Avatar and overthrow him. He even believed that the Avatar might have escaped and continued to practice as us.

"Bullshit detectors are going haywire," the Aviator muttered.

“Do we have those?” Zeb asked, sitting on the Generic grey floor.

“If we did, they’d have exploded a long time ago,” the Aviator said. “Oh, wait, those are the C-CADs. You know DoSAT has a betting pool on how many we’ll lose before the end of the year?”

“Alex has mentioned it to me before, yeah,” Zeb said.

The voiceover began to fade out after the Sue finished yammering about how much she wished she could leave her secluded island and her role as the chief’s daughter. The Generic Surroundings faded into a thatched-roof village; it seemed the TARDIS had chosen well.

“Hang on,” Zeb said, squinting at the Words. “The chapter title is **How Far I’ll Go** and she lives on the island and is the chief’s daughter... oh no.”

“*Moana*?” the Aviator guessed.

“Think so.” Zeb pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You think she’s gonna rip off it even more?” the Aviator asked. “The grandma she mentioned in her voiceover is gonna bite it and then she’ll run off in a boat?”

Zeb nodded.

“Well, if she does, then that means we’ll have extra to charge her for,” the Aviator said, smiling. She set off for the largest house in the village, and Zeb nearly tripped in his haste to catch up.

They reached the house just as the Sue decided it was past time to give a description of her looks.

I looked into the mirror to check my hair and noticed my eyes had a particular sparkle to them today. They were a mix of blue and green, just another perk of being a water and earth bender. My skin was a little tan but it looked beautiful.

The Aviator glanced down at her own dark skin and raised an eyebrow. “Well, that didn’t sound racist or anything.”

Zeb sat down against the wall. “So do you think she has blue-green eyes, like they’re turquoise, or blue-green eyes, like they’re speckled or whatever?”

“Hell if I know. I’m just glad she didn’t say she had heterochromia.” The Aviator peeked in through the open window, then ducked back down when the Sue entered the room.

“For living in a tiny, backwater village, she sure has a big house,” Zeb said. “Aren’t two-story houses supposed to be pretty rare?”

“From what we saw in the show, at least,” the Aviator said. “And... yep,” she said, sighing as the Sue’s father began screaming at her that she was not allowed to practice her bending or ever leave the island. “We’re gonna get a really shitty rehash of *Moana*—fuck, she’s on her way out. Hide!”

The agents scrambled around the house and crouched at the corner, peeking around it as the Sue came trudging outside. She wandered down to the shore, blissfully unaware of the agents following her. She stood at the water’s edge and stared longingly at the horizon.

“She’s gonna sing,” Zeb said, plugging his ears.

Sure enough, the Sue took a deep breath and burst into **a song I probably song almost every day.**

The Aviator covered her own ears as the Sue launched into a breathy rendition of ‘How Far I’ll Go’, skipping and twirling along the beach. Exasperated, the Aviator and Zeb crept after her under the cover of the trees that lined the beach. As the Sue’s song drew to an end, she spotted her grandmother in the shallows, and approached her for what was supposed to be a heartfelt discussion of her destiny.

“Yawn,” the Aviator said. “We’ve seen this so many other times, and done way better too. Like in, oh god, I don’t know, *Moana*? Or *Avatar*?”

We laughed till I had to depart.

The Aviator and Zeb stared in bemused fascination at the Sue and her grandmother, who kept on laughing... and laughing... and laughing...

“Let’s just go to her next destination, shall we?” Zeb suggested when neither OC seemed ready to stop.

“Let’s,” the Aviator agreed, and they set off.

“Bit of a shame,” Zeb said as they hiked along a Generic Jungle Trail. “I’m sure this place would be pretty if we could get any sort of description for it.”

“And a lot more mosquito-infested,” the Aviator pointed out.

Zeb made a face. “On second thought, Generic isn’t so bad.”

The Aviator chuckled.

They arrived back at the village and claimed a shady spot beside one of the huts, where they were able to watch bit characters ambling about, trying to look busy. The Sue came skipping out of the jungle, **grabbed a basket and started picking food**. Since an orchard wasn't described and she didn't seem to be foraging anywhere, she simply began wandering around the village, naming different kinds of food before sitting down against a palm tree that spawned out of nowhere. A net appeared in her lap and she began fixing it.

Finishing another set I closed my eyes and laid back against the tree. With one hand on the ground I could feel everything. I felt every pair of feet walking, every animal that crawled on the jungle floor, and even beneath where it seemed to pump like a heart.

"Oh, *fantastic*," the Aviator said. "She's got Toph's tremorsense. But... hm. At least it looks like she has to actually focus to use it, which makes it easier for us." She smiled. "And worse for her. Charge."

The Sue's father noticed her with her hand on the ground and stormed over, yelling at her that she was no longer allowed to practice bending. The Sue ran off crying, and the agents looked at each other in exasperation.

"Okay, her dad has zero reason to forbid bending on their oh-so-secret-and-secluded island," the Aviator said. "So what the hell was all that talk of 'it's too dangerous' he was spouting off?"

Zeb didn't get the chance to respond. Time jumped forward several hours and the agents found themselves sitting in the pouring rain, mud soaking into their clothes.

"You have *got* to be kidding me," Zeb said, blinking in disbelief.

The Aviator let out a long string of Gallifreyan swears and stood up; her backside leaving the mud created a wet squelching noise. Still muttering to herself, she stomped back to the TARDIS, peeling off wet clothes as she crossed the control room. Zeb averted his eyes when he realized what she was doing, but not before he caught a glimpse of a large, shiny burn scar across her back.

"Hey, you know, we have rooms for a reason," he said, feeling his way to the controls with his eyes shut. When he heard the Aviator's door open and close, he felt it was safe to look again, and was able to drop his disguise without any trouble.

He shook out his mane, spraying water everywhere, and lay down on the floor to begin grooming the mud out of his fur.

"I don't know why you care," the Aviator said several minutes later, re-emerging in a set of clothes that looked identical to what she'd been wearing before. "I mean, you don't even wear clothes most of the time, mister 'I lick my butt when I think nobody's watching'."

Zeb quickly dropped his leg. "It's *grooming*," he protested, and would have continued further if the Aviator hadn't started to laugh.

"Finish cleaning yourself up," she said, ruffling his mane. "I'm going to go catch up on what the Sue's doing."

"Thanks," Zeb said sheepishly. He waited until the Aviator was gone before he returned to his grooming.

When he felt the fic jump forward to the next day, he decided he needed to go out and see what was going on. He reset his disguise and wandered out to find the Aviator. Mercifully, the pouring rain was now little more than a light sprinkle.

He found her crouched outside the **infirmary**. "What did I miss?" he whispered, kneeling next to her.

The Aviator blew a strand of hair out of her face. "Granny's ready to kick the bucket. Looks like we were right."

Zeb sighed. "I almost want to skip ahead to see her steal the boat only to capsize..."

"Have you been reading ahead?" the Aviator asked.

"Don't tell me," Zeb began.

The Aviator nodded. "If she wanted to copy Moana so bad, why not make herself Moana's twin sister or something?"

"Because there aren't any hot guys in *Moana*," Zeb whined in a falsetto. "I wanna get with Zuko and have his babies!"

"Live your dream. Fulfil your destiny. See the world," my grandmother spoke.

"How can I? I can't leave you. I'm not strong enough," I cried.

"My dear, you're stronger than you know," my grandmother said wiping my tears. "Far stronger. I know you can do this. Just believe in yourself. Follow your heart and you can't go wrong."

“Unless your heart leads you to Zuko,” the Aviator muttered.

“That’s a charge for clichés, right?” Zeb asked. “Fulfil your destiny, follow your heart, blah blah blah?”

“And a charge for continuing to rip off *Moana*,” the Aviator added, and was promptly soaked when time jumped forward to the next day, where it was pouring down rain once again. “God *fucking*—” She slammed a fist against the wall of the building, actually managing to crack the Generic Surface.

“At least we weren’t sitting in mud this time,” Zeb said, pushing his sodden hair out of his eyes.

The Aviator sighed and took a glance at the Words. “She doesn’t even devote a full sentence to her grandma’s funeral. If she can’t be bothered, I don’t see why we should be. And the next scenes are on her boat... Hm.” She fell silent, gnawing her lip.

“What is it?” Zeb asked.

“Well, I can’t very well park the TARDIS on her tiny-ass boat now, can I?” The Aviator frowned. “I *could* try flying overhead, but I’ve not calibrated the thermocouplings in a while so she’d be unsteady.”

“And there’s always the chance the Sue might look up to see a flying phone box overhead,” Zeb added.

“Bah, she’s thicker than Goyle,” the Aviator said, getting up and trudging back to the TARDIS through the pouring rain. “Fine, we’ll park on Zuko’s ship and charge from a distance. I hate doing it too much ‘cos the Flowers get picky, but I don’t think we have much of a choice in the matter.”

They went inside, dripping water everywhere. The water dripped through the grating on the floor, steam hissing its way back up into the control room. The TARDIS rumbled.

“I’m sorry, baby, but it can’t be helped,” the Aviator said, going to the controls and hitting several buttons. The familiar *vwooping* of the engines echoed around the room as they took off. “All aboard Zuko’s ship.”

The agents stepped outside, still dripping, but now clad in the red and black armor of the Fire Nation.

“Where are we?” Zeb said, pulling off his faceplate to squint at the dim surroundings.

"Looks like storage," the Aviator said, glancing back at the TARDIS and noting it was now disguised as a very large crate. "Let's go up, shall we? I'd like to see the deck for myself."

Zeb grinned and hurried to the door, throwing it open and disappearing up the stairs.

"Apparently, not as much as you would," the Aviator mumbled, following him at a more leisurely pace.

She caught up to Zeb at the prow, where he was leaning on the railing, arms flung out to either side. "I'm king of the world!" he yelled, throwing his head back.

"Zeb, I'm sure you're having fun, but be careful," the Aviator said. "Don't want to attract the canons' attention."

"What canons? Look around, we're completely alone. Everyone's belowdecks or something."

It was true; the agents were the only people to be seen. An eerie silence enveloped the ship as it chugged through the water.

"Okay," Zeb said, beginning to babble so they wouldn't have to hear the silence, "so, the Sue nabs a boat and sails away, and a storm builds up. Apparently the waves are **hundreds of feet** tall—is that possible?"

"No," the Aviator said, her nostrils flaring. "Waves of even a hundred feet are rare, and those tend to be tsunamis. I think even just forty feet is rare under stormy conditions, so yeah, definitely charge her for that."

The Sue fell off her boat and was knocked unconscious; immediately, background characters began popping into existence on the ship.

The agents looked at each other. The Aviator's eyebrows looked like they were trying to escape into her hairline.

"Guess we'd better go find the Sue now that she's apparently on board," she finally said, shoving her thumbs through the sash around her waist.

That was when a very groggy-looking Sue stumbled out onto the deck, wearing nothing but her underwear.

"She's up," one man said.

"Someone tell Prince Zuko," another said.

"Wait, so they rescued her from the ocean and nobody thought to maybe assign someone to watch over her?" Zeb asked.

The Aviator tilted her head, watching as the Sue wandered over to the railing near the door. "I have a question."

"What?"

"Who the hell wanders around on a ship in their skivvies?"

Zeb glanced at her. "Weren't you undressing in the TARDIS just five—?"

"You've seen me give birth. I've kind of stopped caring about being modest around you."

"Fair point."

"You girl!" an angry voice called.

Zuko came storming over, accompanied by Iroh, when he noticed the Sue standing by the railing. **I took in their appearance before passing out. I noticed that no one bothered to catch me.**

"She's quite observant while she's unconscious, isn't she?" the Aviator said.

Zeb snickered.

Hope you all loved it and agreed it was perfect, blared the author's note.

"Oh, fuck off," the Aviator said, following the soldiers that carried the Sue belowdecks.

She and Zeb flattened themselves against the wall outside the Sue's room, listening in as Iroh sponged her forehead. The Sue made a point of narrating how little her island knew of the outside world, and that she only barely recognized Iroh as the Fire Lord's brother.

"Well, I suppose it's better than knowing everything there is to know," Zeb said, sliding down the wall to sit on the floor. "Sues with omniscience are *annoying*."

The Aviator sighed and sat beside him, cocking an ear to listen in on the Sue and Iroh's conversation. It was very dull and repetitive, and could easily be summed up as 'the Sue didn't want to talk about where she was from'. Finally, the Sue demanded Iroh leave her alone, and Iroh got up, saying he would go get Zuko.

Zeb pulled his feet in so Iroh wouldn't trip on his way out of the room. The canon glanced curiously at the Fire Nation soldiers sitting on the floor, but then the fic got hold of him once again and he wandered off in search of Zuko.

In the space of a few seconds, the Sue got dressed and a guard appeared outside the door to take her abovedeck. The Aviator and Zeb trailed after them and hovered by the door to watch the Sue be led to Zuko, who was standing at the railing.

The conversation went largely the same as it had with Iroh, only this time, Zuko noted, **"[T]here is something about you... I can't place it but something special about me."**

"Methinks the Sue forgot who was supposed to be talking," Zeb whispered. The Aviator grunted and rolled her eyes when the Sue protested there wasn't anything special about her, and Zuko ordered her to be taken back to her room.

"Iroh just comes back and keeps trying to interrogate her again," the Aviator said, glancing at the Words as the guard led the Sue past. "And then she cries about her grandmother dying. Nice of her—remember the last one whose parents both died, and she didn't even bat an eye?"

"She cried when it got Sirius to kiss her," Zeb said, and the Aviator shuddered.

"I don't like to think about it," she said. "Seriously. Any Sue who just gets over the death of a loved one..." Her fingers clenched around her dog tags.

"Well, she didn't," Zeb said, nudging her. He didn't need his partner angsting in the middle of an easy mission.

The Aviator looked at him and inhaled sharply through her nose before letting out a long, slow breath through her mouth. Her hand fell back to her side, fingers seeking out Zeb's. He gave her hand a tiny squeeze.

"You gonna be okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," the Aviator said, turning and opening the door, disappearing into the dark below.

The agents arrived back outside the Sue's room and risked cracking the door ajar to watch Zuko begin to interrogate the Sue, now tied to a chair.

"Wow, how many times are we going to have to go through this?" Zeb asked quietly as Zuko tried to get information about the Sue's island from her. "First Iroh, then Zuko, then Iroh again, and now Zuko again..."

"Once was too many to begin with if you ask me," the Aviator muttered. "Four times? Please just shoot me. Twice. So I don't have to regenerate."

"Get me off this ship. I hold no value, no information, no purpose. Let me go back to the life I had."

"I'm afraid you're my prisoner. We aren't close to land. For the time being you might as well be willing to talk. It'll make your stay bearable."

"Just being here with you has already made it unbearable. You can toss me back in the sea."

"For someone who was so eager to get away from her island, she sure can't wait to go back, can she?" the Aviator said. "Also, can I just say that these two are off to a *great* start with their relationship?"

Zeb glanced sideways at her and opened his mouth.

"One word about the Detective and you're going over the nearest railing."

He closed his mouth.

Prince Zuko grabbed my chin. I didn't show the fear I was feeling.

"You have no idea who you're dealing with."

"I care nothing for you, Smolder."

His grip tightened.

"What did you just call me?"

In that moment I thought he might kill me.

"Smolder," I repeated carefully.

"Remind me why she falls in love with him again?" the Aviator hissed.

"Well, Zuko is rather good-looking for a human," Zeb said thoughtfully.

The Aviator turned to him and raised an eyebrow.

Zeb blushed. "Well, it's true. And from what I understand, lots of teenage girls agree."

"Does that mean you're a teenage girl too, now?" the Aviator said, a slow grin spreading across her face.

Zeb swatted her and jabbed a finger at the interrogation scene. "Just pay attention to the mission."

"I'm not scared of you."

He leaned in close to my ear.

"You will be."

It was the harshest tone he's used with me so far. He released me, leaving me gasping for air. I glared up at him.

"We'll continue this another time," he said before walking out.

The agents scrambled out of the doorway, straightening up and standing on either side of the door. Zuko went storming past, muttering about the Sue.

"Zeb," the Aviator hissed. "Look at the Words."

He left me tied to that chair. At first I tried to untie myself but that proved pointless.

Zeb's eyes lit up like a child's on Christmas morning. "She's already done half the work for us!"

He and the Aviator glanced at each other, and then, without saying a word, they opened the door and went inside.

The Sue kept struggling against the ropes and spat at them when they entered. "I'm not going to tell you anything," she snarled.

"You don't have to," the Aviator said, kneeling in front of the Sue and looking up at her like she was a curious zoo exhibit. "We already know everything, Mikalia. Lessee, what were the charges again? Being a so-called dual bender—"

"Singing Disney songs—"

"Ripping straight off *Moana*, to boot—"

"Exaggerating weather patterns—"

“Pissing off PPC agents—”

“And conspiring to fall in love with Prince Zuko,” Zeb said, “among a bunch of other stuff that we’re not going to stick around for. Thanks for tying yourself up and saving us the trouble.”

“Help!” the Sue screamed. The agents clapped their hands over their ears. “Somebody help me! I don’t want to die!”

“Too fucking bad, sweetheart,” the Aviator said, picking up the Sue by the chair like it weighed nothing. The Sue began shrieking, and the Aviator shouted over the noise, “ZEB! GLOPSNERCH! LEFT POCKET!”

Zeb reluctantly pulled his hands off his ears to dig into the Aviator’s pocket, pulling out two pairs of earmuffs. He snapped one on over his ears and set the other pair on the Aviator’s head. She nodded gratefully at him and he ran to open the door.

The Aviator carried the Sue up to the deck, ignoring the confused stares of the Fire Nation soldiers.

“Whoopsie!” the Aviator said, tossing the Sue overboard.

“Aren’t you worried she’ll bend herself out of that?” Zeb asked, peering over the railing.

The Aviator watched the Sue sink below the waves, screaming and struggling against the ropes tying her to the chair. “Nah,” she said as the last few bubbles rose to the surface.

They went back to the TARDIS and returned to HQ, landing just outside the Nursery. The Aviator hurried inside and found Elanor and Lainduillien sitting on the floor, Elanor chewing on a wooden block while Lainduillien stacked them diligently.

“Hey, kiddo,” the Aviator said, scooping Elanor up and nuzzling her. “Miss me?”

Elanor threw her saliva-covered block on the ground; Lainduillien looked at it disdainfully and reached for a different one.

“Looks like you two had fun,” the Aviator said.

The Elf child glanced up at her. “El-ah-nor needs to start talking soon,” she said, pouting. “And she doesn’t play blocks like she should.”

“She’s not even a year old yet,” the Aviator said, ruffling Lainduilien’s hair. “But while she’s getting big enough to play, you can teach her everything you know, which I’m sure is a lot. Yeah?”

Lainduilien beamed and nodded.

From the doorway, Zeb waved. Lainduillien waved back and turned to the Aviator. “Can El-ah-nor stay a little longer?”

“How about we come back later today?” the Aviator suggested. “Ellie needs a nap first, and I’m sure she’s getting hungry. Come to think of it, her mum needs a nap, too. That sound okay?”

Lainduilien nodded again. “Okay!”

The Aviator began to walk to the TARDIS, which was Elanor’s cue to start wailing. The Aviator sighed as Zeb scrambled to replace his Glopsnerch earmuffs.

It looked like sleep would have to wait.

Lainduilien belongs to both me and Zingenmir.