

*The PPC belongs to Jay and Acacia. Dawn (formerly Lilac Dawn) belonged to a Stu written by revanchists unite, or possibly the Warhammer continuum. All canons mentioned belong to their respective authors or studios. I apologize profusely if Alloy goes over her daily allotment of exclamation points. Thanks go to Iximaz, SkarmorySilver, and Desdendelle for beta reading.*

Ginger had just finished wrapping the metal club in plain brown paper when it rolled onto her fingers, and Ginger swore at it viciously. She grabbed a generous length of tape and wrapped it around the club.

Off to Ginger's side, Dawn (Ginger had dropped the "Lilac" like a burning potato) sat in a pile of shredded paper. Ginger had refused to let her weapon out of arm's reach, but, as the shredded paper testified, she hadn't exactly mastered its use. Even keeping it from turning on was a bit hit-or-miss. At least it didn't glow when she held it, due to her lack of Aura.

Ginger grabbed Dawn with one hand, ducked as it decapitated a lamp, and scooped up the club with her other hand. After a bit of fumbling, Ginger managed to get Dawn to turn into a gun again, which, while still dangerous if accidentally triggered, was probably less likely to take someone's head off. She set the gun back down and pulled out her wand.

"Wing-"

That, of course, was when the door opened and a nurse, with Alloy in tow, walked in. Said nurse immediately got a facefull of wing as Ginger's interrupted spell interpreted itself in the most direct way it could.

Ginger sighed and waved her wand, banishing the wing back to wherever it came from. "Sorry about that, I guess. Was just about to come to Medical."

Thankfully, the extra bed had already been removed, and there was enough room for three people. Alloy slipped in behind the nurse and waved. "Hello, Ginger! The nurse was just telling me that I should be fine, as long as I do not get hit by any more swords."

"Great," Ginger said automatically. She grabbed the package and tossed it onto Alloy's bed. "Got something for you. Oh, and a buncha books and a console – gaming console, I mean, not the other sort – came. The bookshelf is over there." Ginger gestured vaguely in the direction of the bookshelf, which, aside from various standard-issue books of canon, also held a set of *RWBY* discs.

"Wonderful," Alloy said, beaming. "I have been being acquainted with various canons while I was out of commission." She paused. "Yours was one of them," she added. "Only the first book, of course, but I now have a passing knowledge. And I watched a couple episodes of some kind of pony show. There was another book, but I have not read it yet." She held up a copy of *Guards! Guards!* and shook it gently, causing the pages to rustle. "See?"

"Yeah, lovely." Ginger grabbed Dawn and set it on her own bed. "Just open the thing already."

The nurse slipped out, pausing for just a moment in the doorway to tell Alloy, "And if you have any more trouble with your eyes or run out of Logicillin, come to Medical immediately! We do *not* need to deal with eye replacements or Sueification!"

Alloy nodded distractedly and started tearing into the wrapping paper. Then she stopped and tilted her head. "You have put a great deal of tape on this," she observed.

"So?" Ginger grabbed a book from the bookshelf without looking at it and flipped it open. "*Cooking With Sue?* Yeech."

Alloy picked at the wrapping. "Do we have any scissors?" she finally asked.

"Sure, they're in the drawer. Got rid of the glittery scarf, too; you wouldn't imagine what people here use Sue-stuff for."

Alloy got up from where she was kneeling on the bed and started rooting around in the drawer. "What did they use it for?" she asked.

Ginger shrugged and selected *Cleaning Glitter and Other Substances*. "Dunno. Probably pillow stuffing or something."

Alloy pondered this answer for a moment, and decided it was better not to continue asking about it. She grabbed the scissors and started cutting up the wrapping.

Ginger, while Alloy unraveled the onion of paper, started leafing through her guide again. The subject of glitter-cleaning had, apparently, been rather uninteresting. About the time Alloy had peeled the last bit of tape off of her fingers, Ginger asked, "You done yet?"

"Yes, actually!" Alloy chirped back, before holding up the metal bat. "And thank you! This is amazing. I will name her Thudding Rhythm, I think."

Ginger rolled her eyes. "Whatever floats your boat, I guess. Is everyone from your continuum terrible at naming things?"

Alloy slipped off the bed, still clutching Thudding Rhythm to her chest. "Excuse me? Are you not named 'Ginger-Wise?'"

"It's not like I *chose* that one," Ginger protested. "Besides, I dropped part of that. And it's not like your name is particularly normal."

"Excuse me? Who here chose that name? Because it was not me!" Alloy slammed a hand onto Ginger's bed – thankfully, it wasn't the one holding a weapon.

"What?" Ginger asked. She then facepalmed. "Ugh, you're right. That was me. Not like you were volunteering one, though."

"You did not give me time!" Alloy yelled. "How does one even get 'Alloy' from 'Kayt,' anyway? It makes no sense!"

"Heck if I know," Ginger replied, laying back against her pillow. "You were wearing that weird armor stuff, and 'Armor' is a pretty stupid name, you know?"

"And this one is any better?"

"Eh, probably not, but what do you expect me to do about it?" Ginger crossed her legs and started skimming her manual again. "It's all official and whatever now, so dunno why you're even bringing it up."

"You did not even ask me!" Alloy shouted. She shoved her glasses further up on her face. "You did not even ask me! You did not even ask me!"

"So you want me to call the Department of Redundancy Department?" Ginger set the manual back down and smirked. She had been trying to cut down on smugness, but this was just too good an opportunity to pass up.

"The what?" Alloy asked, momentarily derailed. "Wait, no, that does not matter. What matters is, uh, I am not sure." She slumped backwards onto her bed, barely having to step back from Ginger's. "I cannot figure you out," Alloy added. "One moment you give me a wonderful new weapon, and the next you are insulting the name you gave me. Without my permission, I might add."

"Insulting your name without your permission?" Ginger asked, clearly enjoying her partner's annoyance.

Alloy groaned and grabbed at her hair, narrowly avoiding a papercut. "That is not what I meant, Ginger. Why are you misinterpreting me?"

"Dunno, because you insist on talking like you're oh-so-formal?" Ginger shrugged. "I did something nice for you and you started yelling at me. Not sure where I'm at fault here."

"You think that you are the one in the right here?" Alloy gave Ginger another squinty glare. "How ironic, that I had just escaped Veita to be placed with a partner just like her!"

"And I'm stuck with someone who can't even grasp the concept of contractions, so it's not like I'm happy about it either. Just shut up and deal with it like I'm doing, okay?" Ginger peered at her nails as if they had personally offended her. "It's not like they're gonna do anything for us after that disaster of a mission."

Alloy rubbed her forehead. "You are probably right, Ginger. That does not mean I am going to let you walk all over me, though!"

"Being a little dramatic, huh?" Ginger sat up and set the manual to the side. "Look, I'm sorry for the name thing. Can you stop shouting at me now?"

"Okay. Fine, but we are not done with this." Alloy eyed her small book pile. "I will read my book now."

"I'm not stopping you."

Alloy grabbed the book and flipped to the first page.

[BEEEEEP!]