

A single gryphon inflatable wandered across the beach, staring out at the waves. Fulton never really told people why he came out here to the ocean late at night. While some of his friends guessed that he liked to get away from everyone, he did that often enough by locking himself in his room. His privacy was generally respected, which in this case means nobody ever bothered to ask to go with him, even though he honestly wouldn't mind quiet company.

Careful to not step in any sharp shells, or accidentally cut himself on any refuse that daytime visitors may have left behind, Fulton sat down for a bit, considering the events of the day. Nothing particularly exciting. Mostly loud yelling, irremarkable experiments from Hummer, the usual.

Fulton paused as he watched the moon start to hit the top of it's rise. Tightening his bandanna so that it wouldn't come off in the water, he waded in until it was hard to keep his feet below the surface and then dove forward. Laying there on his stomach for a while, Fulton let himself drift a while as he listened to the ocean. At least being alone meant he didn't have to worry about anyone asking for a ride, joking or otherwise.

Closing his eyes - or whatever his painted-on features counted as - he decided to just act like an inflatable for a while. Despite his grumbling in public whenever it was brought up, Fulton found that it was undeniably relaxing. It's not like he really ever washed out to sea, if he did it certainly wasn't hard to just fly back. Letting the water wash over him, a good twenty minutes passed until Fulton felt himself bump into something.

"What the hell?" Opening his eyes back up and looking around, Fulton noticed he was bobbing into a fairly large bottle, half buried in the sand. He hadn't really left the shore, so it wasn't that big a deal for him to get out of the water and unearth the rest of the capsule.

Looking it over, it was an almost entirely featureless bottle. A cork in the top, and a single paper stuck to the outside saying 'DO NOT OPEN'.

"Why wouldn't I open this?" Checking through the bottom, the gryphon confirmed that the bottle was empty. Maybe there was gas inside? Not like it would affect him. Too curious for his own good, Fulton got a grip on the cork and began pulling.

It was stuck in there pretty good. Taking him a full half a minute of grunting, eventually a satisfying 'pop' rang out across the quiet beach as Fulton tossed the cork away. "So what the hell was that all about anyway?" He was about to put the bottle up to his eye to look inside when a massive gust of wind made him drop the bottle.

"Holy shit!" Opening the bottle had clearly triggered something, as air was rushing into the container. Trying to back away, Fulton quickly lost the struggle as his paw got stuck in the bottle. The air calmed down, and Fulton briefly hoped it was over.

The hopes were quickly dashed as the bottle continued to suck his foot in. "What the hell is this?" the gryphon panicked as he tried using his other paw as leverage on the bottle to pull his first leg out. All he succeeded in doing was getting both feet stuck inside, and a slowly growing sense of dread as he continued to get sucked into the bottle.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Gradually being dragged inside, Fulton's valve caught on the side for a brief moment before it, too, was pulled inside the confines of the jar. It had only vaguely occurred to the inflatable that he really shouldn't be able to fit inside, but the impossibility of the situation was overridden by the fact that he was being sucked into a damn bottle.

Creeping up his body, Fulton was sucked low enough that he could try using his arms to keep his upper body out of the bottle. No such luck, as he continued to be consumed, bit by bit, by this vacuum of a jar. His arms were forced further and further up the sides of the bottle until he was left to try and hold a grip around the lip of the thing. This quickly turned out to be a bad idea as his hands got sucked in too, leaving him unable to do anything but try and rock himself out of the bottle.

Fulton's shoulders squeezing inside, all that was left was his head desperately looking around for assistance, and tiny little almost comical amounts of his wings wedged behind them. All he could get out before his head got sucked into the bottle following the rest of his body was a pained "Urf!"

Unable to move as he laid there, resting in the sand, Fulton looked out through the rippled glass of the jar as the waves lightly beat against the bottle he was now stuck resting inside. Any ideas he may have had of pushing himself back out through the neck of the bottle were dismissed when he felt the cork somehow push it's way back in place, sealing the gryphon inside. His face pressed tightly against the inside of the bottle, Fulton instinctively called out for help despite the fact that no one was around to hear him. Even then this was ignoring how muffled he was from being inside a thick layer of glass.

It was two in the morning and Fulton was left watching the waves. While it was, after all, what he had come out here to do, Fulton was definitely starting to regret not bringing company with him.