

"Letters, letters, letters... email.... Hmm" Chirp looked at the pile of envelopes in front of her. Based on everything she had counted up, this would be her third run to the mailroom and the fourth time she needed stamps just in these past two weeks. "I have coffee at ten, lunch at twelve, park at three.... I can run to the mailroom maybe at four thirty?" She questioned to herself. Most of the time Chirp had no qualms with going back to the mailroom, she had spent a good lot of time there anyway. The only thing about today was she had a long way to travel tomorrow and was trying to not be out too much. This of course has proved to be just a wish, blown to the wind, as she packed her schedule to the brim... as was usual. She doubted she would even make it to that part of town.

After standing and looking at the pile of letters for a few minutes, forgetting what she was doing, then remembering again, Chirp threw the letters in her bag and walked right out the door. She took a breath of the partially wet air– it had rained the night before– and proceeded on her way. Chirp always left anywhere with plenty of extra time, she had found that she would run into a good handful of people she knew and would talk for so long she would be late, so these days she had started to just leave early. As if she was an oracle, Chirp turned the corner and found herself face to chest with Skipper. Skipper bent down with his toothy grin to see Chirp as the teeth parted revealing his purple eye.

"Once more to the mailroom?" Skipper questioned with his normal air of mischief.

"At some point! Hopefully," Chirp replied with a sigh. Knowing her time management, the chances were growing slim. "I kind of accidentally packed the whole day, maybe I can go at four thirty but I doubt it really." She admitted

"It is your lucky day my friend!" Skipper proclaimed, standing up and gesturing his arms out, "I will be going to the mail room as well, don't you know!"

"... How... convenient..." Chirp squinted her eyes with a questioning look.

"Indeed, indeed! I'll take your bag of mail, take it over with me and you won't have to worry about a thing."

"Well... you'll have to buy stamps you know." She brought up as a partial deterrent but she did think about how convenient it would be if she didn't have to make it to the mail room.

"No issue at all my friend," Skipper bowed, once more with his black toothy grin.

"It would be nice to not worry about it," Chirp thought out loud

"Well then! I'm happy to be of service!" Skipper said, whisking the bag right from Chirp and onto his shoulder. "You can trust me!"

Chirp barely had time to process Skipper's words before he went bounding off, leaving her in the street, puzzled.

"Well... I guess that solves that?" She shrugged before looking at a clock on the outside of the building. "Shoot! I've got to go!" She exclaimed, letting her worry over Skipper and the bag of letters float out of her mind.

Chirp left the coffee shop as she waved goodbye. "Okeyyy... lunch is next," she said out loud, looking for a clock somewhere. In her gender, she saw the bright orange form of Skipper running about the streets.

"HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE MAILROOM!" she shouted. Those around her all turned to see what the commotion was about. Chirp was about to go after Skipper before she heard the single strike of a bell, signaling the half hour. "I have to make it for lunch!" She gasped to herself as she watched Skipper disappear into the crowd. "...maybe he'll go later..." she tried to reason, worried about her letters. Surrendering in the moment, Chirp took off to make it to lunch.

The bench was still a little damp, the wood had absorbed the water from the night before. Chirp had made it to the park early after finishing up lunch, finally early to an event. She looked around the park, finally able to breathe.

'Mmm trees, flowers, pigeons, pigeons with mail.... Wait pigeons with mail?'

She leaned forward to look closer at the pigeon a bit of a ways off, that was carrying a letter. She squinted her eyes in confusion. Then the familiar form of Skipper jumped up after the pigeon, flailing his arms to try and grab the letter as he jumped up and down multiple times to try and get it. Chirp stood up, "My letters!" She said as she took a step forward to go get her bag.

"Hey chirp!" Scoop waved to Chirp who froze in her pursuit of the pigeon and Skipper who were now out of sight. "Glad we made time to meet! I happened to be in the area. Who knows, maybe something exciting will happen!" Scoop rubbed her hands together. "I've got a lot to talk about."

"Oh joy," Chirp replied with a partially exasperated look. 'maybe he'll go later.' she thought once again as she walked off with Scoop.

The door closed behind Chirp as she melted to the floor. It was now much later in the night, the mail room was closed, and she had not a clue where her precious letters were. She pulled herself up from the ground and flopped down on the bed.

'Maybe I should start rewriting them... maybe I shouldn't have let Skipper take those.' she thought as she looked at the ceiling of hers that was covered in postcards and letters. She got up and looked in a drawer that was full to the brim of letters and small boxes. Chirp filed through them as she knew all the letters well. After a bit, she pulled out a small group of letters. With a partial sigh, she began reading them.

Chirp and Skipper had met a good many years ago. Chirp was still living on the other side of Meteor Lake. Because of the distance, she had written letters to Skipper and he had replied. Now that she had moved her things here, she hadn't needed to write letters when she could simply meet him out on the streets just like today.

She read through the letters he had sent her back. Odd strange stories of the mischief Skipper had gotten up to, events that had taken place, little bits of his life. Chirp smiled in reading. Likely the one thing she loved more than sending letters was receiving letters back. Small glimpses into others lives, finding out what they thought was important to share, others interests. Perhaps she wouldn't mind re-writing the letters again.

As she thought there was a knock at the door. Chirp got up and lazily opened the door. Much to whe surprise, Skipper was standing there. Leaves, sticks and dirt stuck to his fluff and it was evident he had fallen in some water based on his compact fur. Even still, Skipper wore his same toothy grin. "I had... minor inconveniences, but all the letters were delivered!" he proclaimed with partial pride.

"Delivered? You just had to take them to the mailroom." Chirp asked as she moved out of the way for Skipper to come in. He declined with a wave of his hand.

"Well you see... the mail room was closed. It is the weekend." Skipper replied simply.

"... Oh my gosh you're right..." the reminder stunned Chirp, she has been so focused on her trip tomorrow and her meetings today, the fact that the mail room would not even be open had evaded her. "And you delivered them?! Why didn't you bring them back here?!" She looked up at Skipper, embarrassed, slightly upset and feeling rather silly.

"Well I told you I would take care of it, didn't I?" The CCCat shrugged as if it was no big deal.

"Skipper you didn't have to do that, you look like a wre-" she stopped herself, realizing that was already evident.

"Like a wreck?" Skipper finished, "All in a day's work." He replied calmly, taking no offense. He reached into the bag he still had of hers, "here, these are for you too." He handed her a small stack of letters. "The people I delivered letters to, some had ones to send to you as well."

Chirp took the letters carefully and held them, "Thank you Skipper," she replied, still embarrassed he did all of that work.

"You have never need doubt my ability to accomplish any task! With... at least some minor side tracks of course." He said with his same black tooth grin.

"Well... I feel a bit indebted to you now," Chirp admitted with some nervous laughter, "I won't lie, I kind of thought you had just taken off with my bag and that I would have to re-write it all."

"Mmmm, I'll consider it some other time, but these letters are important you know! Lots of people look forward to these letters," He shook his head and some dirt fell out of his fluff. "I still have all of mine! Honestly I need to move so you will have to write to me again!" He partially teased to cheer Chirp up.

Indeed, Chirp laughed, "I can write you letters here too ya know."

Skipper's ears shot up as Chirp offered, "Yes! I would very much like you to write me letters once again!" He affirmed, excitedly. He cleared his throat and stood up straight, covering the excitement up partially to not show his hand as he normally did.

"Delivering all those letters shure is a long winded way to ask me to write you letters if that was your plan," Chirp grinned at Skipper's moment of elation. "I'll write you letters and we can go do something when I get back from my trip too, how about that?"

"Mmmm, since you are offering. I suppose so." Skipper replied, glad that he had gotten her to offer so he didn't have to offer himself.

"Alrighty, I will do that then," Chirp smiled. Skipper took a bow, sticks and leaves still falling out of his hair.

"I await your letters eagerly!" He said, turning to go about the rest of his night.

"Bye Skipper! And thank you!" Chirp waved goodbye as the CCCat sauntered on down the road.

Chirp closed the door and took the new letters over to the table. She was still a bit surprised that Skipper had delivered all those letters. She sat down at her desk as she took up a pen and began writing. She would send them in the middle of her trip. She wrote for some time before folding the paper up, slipping it in an envelope and writing the recipient's name on it. Chirp sealed the letter and placed it carefully with her luggage before heading to bed. In a few days she would send the letter out and it would arrive at the mailroom here where the workers would read 'Skipper' on the front.

Word Count: 1,867