

Ironmouse x Bubi: Bubi Discovers *Pitorro*

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INTERIOR. MOUSEY'S CASTLE'S THIRD BALLROOM – NIGHTTIME

There is a Christmas party in the ballroom. There are many guests chatting, eating, having a drink, and just having fun. Mousey and Bubi are near a food table. Mousey is moving and arranging food items to keep them tidy, while Bubi is simply studying the various Puerto Rican Christmas foods on display.

Bubi

(picking up a confection made of an opaque white jelly with cinnamon dust on top)
“...and what’s this?”

Mousey

(looks at what Bubi is holding for a sec, then continues tidying the food table)
“That’s *tembleque*. It’s basically a coconut jelly.”

Bubi

(placing the tembleque back on the table)
“Tehm-blai-kay?”

Mousey

“(sighs) *Tembleque*.”

Bubi

(pointing at a different confection that looks like a white cream with cinnamon dust on top)
“And what’s that?”

Mousey

(looks, then continues tidying)

"That's *majarete*. It's basically a creamy version of *tembleque*."

Bubi

(playfully poking fun)

"Why do Puerto Ricans love coconut so much?"

Mousey

"It's a tropical island! What the Hell do you expect!"

A castle attendant approaches Mousey.

Castle Attendant

"Mistress Mouse, I know you are terribly busy, but the Duke of Hellscape Heights requests to meet you in the minor dining room."

Mousey

"Oh! I'll be right there. *(turns to Bubi)* Bubi, I'll be right back. Can you keep watch over the Puerto Rican foods table while I'm away?"

Bubi

"Of course."

Mousey

"Thanks~~"

Mousey leaves with the attendant.

Silence. Only the party sounds can be heard.

Bubi is standing awkwardly near the table not quite knowing what to do. He starts to look around at the impressive spread on the table, when he notices a nondescript cooler lying next to the far end of the table, out of view from most guests.

He walks over to the cooler and opens it. Inside he finds five ornately decorated bottles that all seem to be labeled with different names in Spanish. He picks up one of the bottles and reads the label.

Bubi

(reading the label)

“Peeh-toh-rroh day coh-coh.....? Well I know ‘coco.’ More coconut!”

Bubi curiously unscrews the bottle, takes a whiff of its contents, and reflectively pulls his head back from the strong smell.

Bubi

“Whoa... This smells like my kind of drink!”

Bubi finds a red disposable cup and serves a little bit of the drink in it. He picks up the cup, gives it another whiff, and smiles.

Bubi

“Bottom’s up!”

He gulps down the drink in a single shot.

Bubi

“Wow... this stuff’s good... I guess I can understand why they like coconut so much.”

He serves himself another drink in the red cup, this one with a little more volume than the first one.

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER

Mousey comes back from her meeting with the Duke of Hellscape Heights. She looks around for Bubi and finds him at the end of the table. She approaches him from behind.

Mousey

“I’m back! Sorry it took so long.”

Bubi turns around to greet Mousey. His face is flushed, his eyes are half-open, and he seems to be in an especially cheery mood.

Bubi

(uncharacteristically cheery)

“He-hey! You’re back, Mouse! It feels like *ages* since you were gone!”

Mousey notices Bubi’s state and instantly frowns worriedly at Bubi.

Mousey

“Bubi... it was just ten minutes...”

Bubi

“Oh, you know the saying! Time slows down when you’re having fun! *(pauses)* ...or is it the other way around? *(pauses again)* Oh, who cares! Anyway, I’ve been having a blast! Why didn’t you tell me you guys had this awesome drink!”

He shows Mousey the bottle he’s been drinking from. Mousey’s eyes open wide worriedly.

Mousey
(*tensely trying to keep calm*)
“Bubi... that’s *pitorro*...”

Bubi
“I know! I *can* read, you know, even if my pronunciation’s awful...!”

Mousey
“Bubi, that’s Puerto Rican moonshine!”

Bubi
“You’re right, the moon *is* shining quite brightly tonight!”

Mousey
“You’re gonna get drunk out of your mind! How much have you had?!”

Bubi
“Oh, not much, like... this-ish (*he indicates somewhere near the halfway point of the bottle*).”

Mousey
“HALF A BOTTLE?! ARE YOU CRAZY!!”

Bubi
“Well, I don’t know about crazy, but I *am* feeling jolly!”

Mousey
“Bubi, the last time you got drunk, you opened a portal and unleashed a Devil’s Locker Kraken in the courtyard!”

Bubi

“Oh, it was just a *tiny* little Kraken!”

Mousey

“The repairs took months!”

Bubi

“Oh, come on, Mouse, it’s just a little drin—”

Bubi hiccups once. Suddenly, a portal opens in the middle of the ballroom, and a giant troll-like beast with a cloak and a sharp, jagged scythe spawns, sending guests screaming and running away wildly.

Mousey gives Bubi an extremely angry stare.

Bubi

(looking at the giant troll)

“Yeah, okay... I see what you mean...”

Bubi snaps his fingers. The troll vanishes.

Silence.

The panicked guests don’t quite know how to react after the incident, but they slowly start coming back into the ballroom, seemingly amused by the show.

Mousey looks at the guests for a sec, then looks at Bubi and sharply points toward the cooler near the table, indicating to Bubi to put the pitorro bottle back.

Bubi puts the pitorro bottle back in the cooler.

Mousey

(upset, but not overly angry)

“You’re on dishwasher duty until you burn off the alcohol! Now get out of here!”

Bubi

(taking another bottle from the cooler)

"Can I at least have this one, then? This one isn't *pitorro*, it's coh-kee-toh!"

Mousey

"*Coquito* has a ton of rum! Put it down and get to washing!"

Bubi

(dejectedly putting the bottle back)

"Okay....."

Bubi closes the cooler and starts walking to leave the ballroom, looking dejected.

Mousey starts walking with him with her arms crossed. They continue chatting while leaving the ballroom.

Bubi

"Hey! Can I have some of that roast pork you all like? Lay-chon, was it called?"

Mousey

"Fine. I guess some *lechón asa'o con cuerito* will help you get sober quicker..."

Bubi

"And some of that *tembleque*, too!"

Mousey

"You are *not* having any sweets until you get sober!"

Bubi

"Oh, come on, it's not that bad! I'm feeling fine!"

Bubi hiccups again. Some panicked screams are heard from somewhere.

Mousey
“Dammit, Bubi!!”

—END—