

Trish and Fang talking about anon

2020MBC: Volcadura Bluffs, 10:30 A:M, on a Saturday
(Trish and Fang arguing out sometime during the E3 ending)

“Seriously, Fang, what do you see in that Skinne? I swear, he’s just trying to break you off from the band so he can try and “fix” you!”

Fang sighed as they absentmindedly strummed on her guitar, half-listening to Trish’s rants about Anon for the TENTH time in the day, only pausing their strumming when the tiny triceratops lay back on Fang’s bed and sighed, marking the end of her rant.

“Trish, have you ever talked to Anon without calling him a skinnie or a caveman, or anything that references monkeys?” Fang snapped before Trish could say anything more about Anon. “Maybe if you two stopped fighting over random bullshit, you could see eye-to-eye on some shit instead of hurling slurs at each other?”

“He always starts it, Fang! Don’t you remember when you first met him? He misgendered you-” Trish began to say, and Fang raised their hand, motioning for silence.

“Trish, don’t bring that up *again*. Anon apologized for that, and he’s been nothing but helpful to the band. I don’t give two shits about that anymore, so neither should you.” Fang sighed and raised their hand again when the triceratops opened her mouth to argue.

“If it wasn’t for him, we wouldn’t have even gotten the venue at Dino-Moes, and I still would’ve been playing that fucknig bass guitar, even if I wanted to switch to regular guitar!” Fang’s voice rose at the last part, still remembering the absolute shitshow of a performance VVURM DRAMA had at the auditorium.

“It was a democratic vote, Fang! You know we wouldn’t have switched if Reed agreed with you to stick with the guitar!” Trish protested and jumped

Trish and Fang talking about anon

off the bed to sit in front of Fang.

“I just want us to be like the way things were before... all of this!” Trish said, her voice a much softer tone than just seconds ago. “Before Anon came, when we didn’t give two shits about what anyone said; when we had dreams to have thousands of people cheering our names!”

“Thanks to Anon, people ACTUALLY CHEERED for us when we played at Dino-Moes, instead of booing us off the stage! When was the last time anyone cheered for us when it was “before?” Fucking never!” Fang snarled, making Trish flinch at the ptero’s angered voice.

Deflating, Fang returned to strumming on her guitar, playing the tune she and Anon had made a few weeks ago. Why couldn’t Trish see past her dislike of the human to see that she and Anon were more similar than she thought?

“Dammit, Fang, I’m trying to keep the band together. After Anon showed up, it’s like you’ve been drifting away from Reed and me! C’mon, Fang, don’t you see what he’s trying to do?” Trish pleaded, staring directly into Fang’s narrowed eyes. “I just want to make sure that you aren’t making a decision you’ll regret later, especially when it comes to matters about that ski-”

“Don’t. Call. Him. That.” Fang snarled at Trish, before standing up and opening the door to her room. “If this is all you want to do instead of practicing, then leave. Now. Please.”

Trish opened her mouth to protest, then looked down at the ground, tears threatening to spill from her eyes. Standing up, she mumbled a quick goodbye to the stone-faced Fang before rushing down the stairs and quickly leaving the home.

“I don’t want to lose you, Trish...” Fang whispered to herself, watching the

Trish and Fang talking about anon

purple triceratops rush from the house, wiping tears of her own from her eyes.