

The Shipping Story of Chicken Vortex & Present Perfect

(made using Pen Stroke's [The Shipping Story of Everything](#); epilogue written by an overweight fowl)

The earthen path wandered through the brush of the forest, passing by trees young and old as it wove its way deeper into the forest. The trail was used by all manner of creatures, but at the moment Chicken Vortex found he was the only one on the path, though that wasn't to say the forest wasn't alive. He could hear the rustle of leaves, the chirping of birds, and the sweet smell of fertile earth and tree bark made the place a quiet sanctuary of nature.

Rounding a bend in the path, CV began to hear the gentle babbling of water over time worn stones. Soon, through the trees he could see the small creek he had been searching for. The water was crystal clear, as it always was, and CV followed the water upstream until he reached a swimming hole, the part of the creek he knew better than any other.

And the reason he knew this place so well was because of him, because of his beloved Present Perfect. He was there waiting for him as he walked up, smiling and waving before going back to his work. He was spreading out a picnic blanket, smoothing out any wrinkle before setting the accompanying basket on the red and white checkerboard pattern. Present Perfect then took a seat, patted on the blanket invitingly, and waited until CV took a seat next to him.

It was hard to believe it all started with a little folded paper note and a single flower. A note that spoke of undying love, but a not that bore no name. For a long time CV didn't know who his secret admirer was, but he soon became to look forward to every note, letter, and gift. Those cards became a thing that could turn even the darkest of days around and give him reason to smile. And, admittedly, some are eventually disappointed when they finally meet the one who had loved them from a distance. Some find that their secret admirer doesn't quite match the picture they had in their head.

But when CV finally met Present Perfect, he smiled, gave him a kiss, and they had never looked back.

“Hey, Present Perfect. I hope you haven't been waiting long,” CV said as he got comfortable on the picnic blanket.

“Don't worry, I haven't been here long,” he replied, flashing an honest smile.

“So, are you finally going to tell me while we just had to have a picnic today of all days?”

“I will,” Present Perfect assured him. “But first, I have a surprise.”

With that, Present Perfect reached into the picnic basket and withdrew a book. Now, normally, a book wouldn't be the best gift to get someone you care about. But CV smiled at the book all the same, bouncing a little as he took hold of it. He had been waiting for this book to come out. He had even dragged Present Perfect to the book store to try and pickup a copy when it was released, only to find the book store was sold out.

“Where did you find one?” he asked.

“I found it someplace else,” he answered.

“Oh, thank you, Present Perfect! I can't wait to get home and start reading it.”

“I'm glad you like it,” he said as he sat back on the picnic blanket.

“Is this why you wanted to have this picnic?”

“Well... there was something else,” Present Perfect admitted.

CV looked up from his gift, smiling at him sweetly. “What is it?”

“I... I wanted to ask you something,” Present Perfect admitted. He reached back into the picnic basket, rummaging around inside for a time before finally taking something out. CV couldn't see what it was at first, Present Perfect was keeping whatever it was hidden. Still, he felt the air catch in his lungs when he saw him kneel down in front of him. No... He couldn't be...

“Chicken Vortex?”

“Yes, Present Perfect?” he said, breathlessly.

“Would you... consider going on a diet?”

CV felt every muscle in his body bristle. “Go... on a diet?”

Present Perfect nodded, revealing the diet program pamphlet he had been hiding from him. “Yes. I mean, I didn't want to tell you, but you've... been getting kind of fat and...”

And then CV kissed him with his fist.

The End

MEANWHILE IN SPACE....

“That’s it, Captain!” yelled Scooty, second in command of the starship Nebula Tosser.
“The love engines are charged to full capacity!”

“Really?” replied Captain McSpacington. “That was quick. Are you sure, Scooty? We can’t make the jump to warp speed unless the tanks are *completely* full.”

“It’s true, Captain! Chicken Vortex and Present Perfect’s love burns with the intensity of a thousand white-hot suns. Making the jump should be no trouble at all.”

“Very well then,” the captain replied. “Let’s do this.”

Suddenly an explosion shook the deck, throwing all those present to the ground and knocking out the power. Alarmed, Captain McSpacington scrambled up, mashing buttons on his holo-chair as the red backup lights came on.

“What the blazes was that?!” he hollered.

As Scooty scanned over the control panel, his eyes went wide. “Captain! The engines have gone critical!”

“What? How?”

“The love—it’s stronger than anything we could have imagined! Too powerful for our devices to measure! We need to shut the collection trays now, or else... no. No, no, no!”

“Or else what?” demanded the captain, but it was too late. As the love engines ruptured, a love black hole momentarily formed, tearing apart the Nebula Tosser and crushing it to nothing but a quantum marble before blinking out of existence altogether.

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“What was that?” asked Present Perfect, noticing a small flicker in the heavens from his place on the ground.

“Uhehuh,” CV replied, stuffing another piece of cake into his mouth as he read through the weight loss pamphlet. “Probably something dumb.”