

Of Winds, Zoolingualism & Holes in the Sky

It isn't that Dustfinger doesn't like magic; he'd just gone most of his rather long life without ever learning it. He has friends who put this down to simple laziness on his part but he always steadfastly insisted that he lacked the talent. Either way he never had anything to do with magic, aside from the occasional observation of its use, until after Anevay summoned him to her aid in the desert.

Apparently, according to the desert goddess, he now has the power to summon aid for himself should the need arise. He has not had cause to test this but he can't think why she'd have told him anything other than the truth at that time. And, well... then the magics just wouldn't stop talking to him.

Healing....

Magnetism...

Sound manipulation...

Lightning manipulation...

Even the magic of the pipers, a power that was supposed to be long dead and gone.

There were times he thought he might burst from the strain of holding it all in. Eventually he'd had to go ask his friends for help. There were, of course, a number of "I told you so" speeches to sit through but he's never been one to let injuries to his pride get in the way of progress, especially his own personal progress. He still has much to learn about these new powers but at least now, with the help of those friends, he understands enough that the magic is not eating him alive.

On this day the pale stallion is out in search of a specific friend for another training session when he is interrupted by a second Deity summons. This call comes from Jagemet and, as we've already established, Dustfinger is absolutely not the type to say no when one of the most powerful beings in the Quirlverse asks for his help. He hesitates as he attempts to hone in on the direction of the call.

"It came from the North!"

"No it didn't, it came from the South!"

"No, no, no, North-East!"

The stallion turns to glare at his left flank and hind leg where three tattooed rabbits are actively scrambling over one another each trying to yell louder than the last and at the same time attempting to point all four paws in different directions. "Oh, do be quiet, you lot! Do any of you even know which direction is which anyway?"

At that moment a very large, very alive rabbit hops up to crouch beside him. His name is boxer and Dustfinger still hasn't gotten used to being followed around by the odd-sized creature. The stallion narrows his eyes at the animal, "Well?"

"With respect sir, they are all very wrong. Why don't you just follow me?"

Boxer seems very sure of himself and the two did meet in the plains originally, so maybe he does know his way around. Dustfinger gives a quick nod and drops in behind his familiar. The giant rabbit does not lead him astray. Soon enough they are standing before Jagmeet alongside a very brightly colored, but quite lovely, ancient Quirlicorn mare. Dustfinger might have spent a little time attempting to flirt if Jagmeet hadn't jumped right to the matter at hand.

It seems that something is wrong with the wind. A small frown creeps over the stallion's face as he listens intently to Jagmeet's information. That frown deepens as the mare beside him enthusiastically agrees, for them both, that they will get the matter solved. Still, what is he going to say... no? Of course not. He nods and soon after this Jagmeet takes his leave, apparently too busy to help them. Well, if he weren't too busy he wouldn't have called for them in the first place right?

He wonders absently if anyone has bothered to ask Frysil about these problems, given that the cause is out of control wind. His attention is quickly claimed by the mare, named Roseart, however.

"Speaking of powers combined, what exactly are your powers m'am?"

His own mental list is carefully revisited while she presents her qualifications with every bit as much enthusiasm as she has shown all along.

"... and Zoolingualism!"

Dustfinger perks up at that and almost immediately forms a plan.

"Perfect! One animal by itself might not notice all that much but if we are able to question large numbers of the plains creatures all at once we are bound to get a better picture of what is going on. I can arrange this gathering of creatures for us, if you are willing to speak to them all. What do you say?"

This suggestion is met with no objections and so he sets about the task. Of course he has to pick the magic he has never used before... but it came directly from one of the gods, so it must

be reliable, right? He pictures a large burst of light that can not fail to get the attention of any living thing that sees it and imbues the call that follows with as much urgency and needs as he can muster. He tries to limit this phenomenon to the plains, but again... he hasn't done this before.

It takes what feels like forever and the stallion is beginning to worry that his attempt did not work when the creatures begin to approach cautiously through the tall grasses. The smaller ones come first and then larger ones and finally birds join the growing gathering. Dustfinger turns to Roseart again.

"All yours."

The mare wastes no time moving among the summoned creatures gathering as much information as she can but she is only one Quirlicorn and there are a great number of animals to question. Dustfinger is just beginning to think he should send out a more focused call for additional Quirlicorns with Zoolingualism when he spots three other Quirlicorns approaching. An ancient aura mare is followed by two stallions.

"We wanted to know where all the animals were going." The ancient mare calls out to him as the three draw closer. Dustfinger, never one to shout unless absolutely necessary, simply gives an exaggerated shrug that he is certain she can see.

By the time they are near enough to speak at civil volumes one of the stallions, a handsome solstice Quirlicorn with delicate dragonfly wings, seems to have arrived at an accurate assessment of the situation.

"My friend and I are also Zoolingualism practitioners. What are you two trying to find out?"

"Jagmeet has asked us to discover what is wrong with the wind."

"We will help."

With that the two new stallions move off to do as Roseart is doing, leaving Dustfinger on his own with the ancient mare. He studies her out of the corner of his eye and she offers a tentative smile. Eventually he decides that he might as well introduce himself to her since he can't really contribute usefully to the endeavors of the other three.

"I am Dustfinger and the colorful mare helping me is called Roseart."

"I am known as Aegis Shield, Simon is the one who offered you his assistance and his friend is... huh... I don't think either of them ever told me his name."

They leave it at that and turn back to watching in case their aid is needed. With three working through the clamoring crowd of helpful creatures things seem to be moving much faster. Still,

they are not quite finished when the winds begin to rise up again. A twisting storm funnel suddenly appears not too far away and their helpful crowd is clearly on the verge of panic.

“Well, I guess this is where I step in.”

With that Aegis Shield gallops to a spot where she is facing down the growing funnel. Then the very air in front of her ripples, gleams and seems to solidify into a vast transparent shield. The storm is held off, at least for as long as she can keep that massive force in place.

Dustfinger is just turning back to reassure the others when more disturbances draw everyone's attention. The twister hasn't gone away, it just can't reach them and it seems to be getting reinforced by more concentrated storms of all sizes. Suddenly three great gaping holes appear in the sky.

Out of the first leaps a very pink winged Quirlicorn with antlers, a mane made of pink flames and a tail that is part giant feather part nebula. This Quirlicorn is wielding great hooped bags of cloth that look rather like odd butterfly nets but appear to be intended for wind catching. He is accompanied by a white goat also wielding a wind catcher. The pair swoops about catching as much wind as they can before diving back through the hole in the sky which closes abruptly behind them.

From the second hole comes another rainbow Quirlicorn. Though this one looks more like a space rainbow where Roseart looks like an actual rainbow. Anyway, this one jumps through her wormhole trailing a kite behind her. That kite is immediately whipped around by the madened winds and the girl has a bit of a struggle to keep it with her. Eventually she heads back through her strange door in the sky with the kite dragging behind and pulling much of the wind right along with it. Like the first, this hole also closes behind its Quirlicorn.

And lastly, from the third hole yet another rainbow Quirlicorn arrives. This one also looks rather like an actual rainbow with some striking markings and a bit of glow tossed in. He skips playfully about with colorful pinwheels bobbing along beside him and whirling crazily in the strong winds. He stays a bit longer than the others. Perhaps because he is too caught up in his playful dance, or perhaps because his wind gathering instruments are smaller than those employed by the others. After a time he too leaps back through the strange gateway that brought him and takes a chunk of wind along.

This is not the end of it though. The plains are vast and flat so the gathered group can see quite a distance and they can not miss seeing this show repeated several times in different locations. Eventually the holes in the sky do at last snap shut and fail to open again.

Everything falls dead silent and still.

Aegis Shield carefully releases her protective force field.

Dustfinger lets out his breath and turns towards the others.

Simon and Roseart glance at each other in confusion. Then Roseart bursts out laughing.

"It seems our wind has been wrangled right out from under us. Or from above us I guess." She turns a winning smile on Dustfinger. "Problem solved?"

Dustfinger grunts. "Maybe so, but we haven't figured out why it happened... have we?"

"I think we've gathered enough bits and pieces for Jagmeet to put it all together. Or at least figure out what we should do next."

At these words Simon offers a quiet farewell before wandering off with his friend. Aegis Shield also calls her goodbyes and heads back to whatever she'd been doing before.

Roseart, still surrounded by critters, turns back to Dustfinger. "Why don't you send our informants back to their homes."

Dustfinger frowns, "I only called, I'm not keeping them here... am I?"

"I think your magic is still encouraging them to stay and be helpful. Draw it back into yourself, tell it to settle down."

The stallion tries this and after a few attempts seems to be successful. The animals begin wandering off and Jagmeet's two helpers are left waiting to give their report.

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Word Count: 1927

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Written By Lovella Torendo

[Letting the Cat Out of the Bag LORE EVENT](#)

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Featured Quirlicorns in order of appearance:

[885 Dustfinger](#) (mine) - 1927 words/250= 7 chimes +1 Event chime + 3 familiar (Boxer) chime **[11 Chimes]**

[Y485 Roseart](#) ([AshTheDreamer](#)) - 1433 words/250= 5 chimes **[5 Chimes]**

[534 Aegis Shield](#) (mine) - 903 words/250= 3 chimes **[3 Chimes]**

[1006 Simon](#) (Group Horse) w/ *unnamed NPC friend* - 903 words/250= 3 chimes **[3 Chimes]**

[422 Ketamine](#) ([Astralseed](#)) - 350 words/250 = 1 chime + 1 event chime + 3 familiar chime **[5 Chimes]**

[2092 Loraphine](#) ([QueenSunshineMonster](#)) - 350 words/250 = 1 chime + 1 event chime **[2 Chimes]**

[312 Wynn](#) ([Revan-Dawnstar](#)) - 350 words/250 = 1 chime + 1 event chime **[2 Chimes]**

^ Note: I think the +1 event chime is correct since these three are all also official participants in this leg of the event... ???

Also Featured Quirlicorn [Regional Deities](#) in order of appearance:

- Jagmeet

This Piece was also submitted here:

- DeviantArt: [LINK](#)
- Toyhouse: [LINK](#)