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‘ I officially wanna walk now,’ Rails thought.

Even though he didn’t want to do the training, Rails officially hated being carried.

“ Klaus, please, PUT ME DOWN!” yelled the brave little kitsune.

“ No,” Klaus said.

“ Why not?”

“ ‘Cause Rails would run back to the king like coward.”

“ Nuh-UH! Just because I’m small doesn’t mean I’m a coward!”

“ Klaus will no longer listen to squawking Rails.”

“ HEY!”

Rails finally gave up. As Klaus walked, the small kitsune was being swayed from side to side. It was making him sick! He was starting to get queasy. By the time that started to happen, they finally arrived. The training facility that they were gonna train in was the best in the land!

‘ When the king said he was prepared for me, he meant it!’ Rails thought.

“ This is where Rails will train,” Klaus said.

“ This place looks big,” Rails said.

“ Building small inside.”

“ Probably not.”

As the conversation ended, Klaus carried the red kitsune into the building. As they went inside the building, Klaus was right about the building being small! The room space was smaller than it looked on the outside.

“ Can you put me down NOW?” Rails asked.

“ Not yet.” Klaus said.

After he said that, he closed the door and put Rails down.

“ Rails and Klaus get training.” he said.

Rails stood up with a sigh. Klaus walked over to the weight set and gestured for him to come.

“ Wait, WEIGHTS?! ALREADY?! NO TREADMILL?!” Rails gasped.

“ Treadmill for legs. Rails need work on arms.”

Rails sighed again. Klaus gestures for him again.

‘ This is gonna be a long month,’ Rails thought.

Meanwhile at the castle, King Q was sitting on his throne, bored. One of his guards was out to lunch, while the other, was standing next to the large door across from the king’s throne, complaining.

“ ...and now, my feet and legs have completely fallen asleep. Do you know how

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long I have to stand here, guarding the door while you be treated with royalty?! I deserve a lot more breaks than I already get around here.” The king sighed.

“ Do you know my name?” he said.

“ No, but do you know MY name?” the guard replied.

“ Not at all. My name has been very unique. It is like no other.”

“ *Ffft!* So’s mine.”

“ If you say it aloud, foxes will ask you, ‘ What question?’”

“ *Hmmm...* Will you let me guess?”

“ Can you keep my name a secret?”

“ Well... As your royal guard, yes!”

The king looked first to the door, then the windows, and finally back to the guard.

“ My full name is Answer The Question. ” He whispered into the guard’s ear.

“ What?” The guard whispered.

“ I said, my full name is Answer The Question. ”

“ WHAT?”

“ I SAID... N-never mind.”

“ Hey! You said that you’d...”

“ I KNOW what I said I would do. I-it’s just that...”

“ What? It’s just that what?”

“ It is very hard to do that when I am in my throne, leaning towards you.”

“ Oh. I see. Well... Would you like it if I came closer?”

“ Yes. That would be wonderful.”

The guard walked with his tail waving behind him. Once he got to the throne, the king leaned near the guard’s ear.

“ My full name is Answer The Question. ” He whispered. The guard laughed.

“ Oh! I get it! First name, Answer! Middle, The! You are practically a command!”

The giant door creaked open and the other royal guard walked in, his tail waving behind him. He walked next to the throne to the left of the big brown door that closes on it’s own. It closed with a snap. The other guard yawned, stretching his arms and tail.

“ Oh yeah! That was another great feast from the royal chef! *BURP!* S’cuse me. You missed out, Shovern!” the other guard said. Shovern growled.

“ Well, you missed the part where the king revealed his name to me, Shadoom!”

“ WHAT?!?” Shadoom gasped.

“ Alright, lets not get feisty...” the king warned. They both looked at the king, then at their feet in shame.

“ I’m sorry, King,” Shadoom apologized.

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“ I’m sorry, too,” Shovern said. The king’s stomach growled.

“ Now that thats resolved, I am going to go eat,” said the king.

With that, the king got up and walked out of the throne room with his royal guards trailing behind him.

Back at the training facility, Rails was strong! Klaus motivated Rails to train by telling him, ‘ By the end of your training, your arm muscles will be firm enough that, if you punched a punching bag with all your strength, you would’ve made a hole in it.’ From that time forward, Rails trained hard with the weights . He was almost done training his arm muscles!

“ ... SevenTEEN... EightEEN... NineTEEN... TWENTY!” Rails huffed.

” Hooo... I am feelin’ the BURN,” He shouted.

“ Time to take break, Rails,” Klaus said.

“ Ok, Klaus,” Rails replied, looking at his stomach, “ I’ve had enough, anyways. Besides, I am a little hungry...”

“ Then we will EAT,” Klaus shouted.

He picked up a picnic basket and a backpack and walked to the facility’s door, opening it. Rails put away the weight set and walked outside, trailing behind Klaus. The two foxes walked out of the facility and sat down at a picnic table under a tree nearby. Klaus opened the basket, whistling. Rails took a peek inside.

’ So much yummy food! A loaf of bread, a butter tub, peanut butter, a cheese wheel, one gallon of milk, cups, a dozen cookies, and blueberry pie?! Awesome!’ Rails thought, eyeing the food in the basket.

” Mmmm! All that looks good,” Rails said as he looked.

Klaus put the backpack beside the table, taking out a portable battery the size of a car motor and a griddle. He set the battery down next to the backpack, plugging it into the griddle and starting it up. Klaus started to pour milk into two glass cups. As he did, Rails started to butter the bread, wondering what the scrolls were called that the king wanted so bad.

“ Hey, Klaus.” Rails said.

“ Huh?” Klaus replied.

“ What are the scrolls that the king wants called?”

“ King says they’re called ‘The Wisdom Scrolls’ and that there are three of them.

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Rumor has it, that, whomever opens all three of them at once, will forever be able to answer any question that is brought up. Even their own.”

“ So THATS why! Now I get it!”

Klaus got out plates, napkins and a knife. Rails handed him the buttered bread and started to spread some peanut butter on the crackers.

‘ I also wonder,’ Rails thought, ‘why I’m the one who has to retrieve them.’

When the food was ready, they heard rustling coming from a bush behind Rails. A shiver was sent up his spine.

‘ Somebody is behind me!’ Rails thought nervously.

He slowly turned around with a bewildered expression. Klaus readied into a battle stance. The thing that was behind the bushes quickly jumped into the tree and jumped to the front of the picnic table. It had its back turned when it landed. It seemed to be a grey fox with a black-tipped tail and a black cape. Rails signaled Klaus to come over to him. He walks over to Rails very slowly.

“ Who is that fox?” Rails asked.

Klaus isn’t able to answer. Just then, the mystery fox turned around and said, “ My name is Virmir.” Klaus suddenly weakens. Rails gasps as he starts to approach him.

“ My, my. Klaus is training another shrimp?” Virmir mocked, “ Weak. For once I thought you were going to train an athlete to become more athletic.”

“ What do you want with us, wizard?” Rails shouted.

“ Maybe, I want to have a little fun.”

“ Wh-what?!”

“ What if I went,” Virmir walked closer to them, ” and changed you,” He pointed a wand at Klaus, making him wince, “ into a form more suitable for training young whelps like this one! ” Virmir finished, poking Rails in the stomach.

“ Klaus does not need any help with training me!” Rails shouted, angry.

“ Virmir is right, Rails,” Klaus said sadly.

“ WHAAAT?!”

“ Klaus’s body is getting old, Rails,” Virmir said, satisfied, “ He’s been training for thirty years now. His body is weakening.” Rails is too shocked to speak.

“ However... Klaus does not like the idea of transformation too much.”

“ Klaus?! Is this true?!” Rails gasps. Klaus only sighs.

“ It was only a matter of time, Klaus. I would’ve come anyways. One of your ‘great king’s’ messengers came to my Castle study and gave me a scroll saying, ‘ the great King Q requests that blah blah blah change Klaus because his body is weakening, blah blah blah and so on,’ Virmir said while reading a paper scroll.

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“ So? What will you do to him?”

“ To make him as fiery as his spirit is.”

With that, Virmir traced the infinity sign in the air with his wand and pointed it through the middle of the sign at Klaus, blasting him with a wild beam of red, orange, and yellow. Rails winced as the beam struck Klaus. At first, he became too bright for anyone to look directly at him. Rails turned his eyes away from the light's intensity. When the light diminished, Rails blinked out the glare in his eyes to see, a very bulky Blaziken in Klaus's place. Virmir chuckled softly. “ However, he has never known about **Magic** transformation!”

“ H-how?!” Klaus the blaziken stuttered, “ B-but, it wasn't itchy, o-or anything!”

“ Thats because it was magic!” with that, Virmir disappeared into thin air. Rails watched in shock as Klaus flexes his new limbs.

“ Klaus... Y-you're not mad at him?” Rails stuttered.

“ N-no. He actually fixed me, Rails,” Klaus finally answered.

“ What are you saying?!”

“ I-if it wasn't for him, I would've died overnight. It was just about my time.”

Rails just stood there, blinking in surprise. Klaus stared at him.

“ Well? Don't just stand there! the food is gonna go bad!” Klaus urged.

With that, the uneasy kitsune and the blaziken got to eating the rest of their picnic.