

The first in a (hopefully) series of shorts set in BNAA canon, in the style of Fire Emblem Awakening/Fates' support conversations. Hope you enjoy. -- Strife89

For any guests coming in, Skye is a Kirlia and Phoenix is a Torchic; both live with Brendan in Goldenrod City.

Part 1

(Music: ['The Vaike never forgets! I just don't always remember.'](#) from *Fire Emblem: Awakening*)

Skye: Hmmm. Lunch is tough to pick today, for some reason.

Skye: I'll have ... no ... maybe -- nah.

Skye: Phoenix, why not tell the waiter what you want?

Phoenix: ... wnbtdedahemberger.

Skye: What? Speak up.

Phoenix: [outburst] I wanted a hamburger!

Skye: (sigh) ... We didn't come here for hamburgers. We all need to eat healthier, and you really need to add some variety to your diet.

Phoenix: Are you saying that just because Brendan told you?

Skye: Hardly. *I* told that to *him*, a few days ago. He thought it over, and now he wants to take it seriously, so we're all going healthier starting today. And I'd hardly call a hamburger grade "A" health food.

Phoenix: But ... that's just dumb! Why do I have to eat stuff I don't like just because the two of you are doing it? What if I want to stick with my own choices?

Skye: Because your own choices are slathered in grease and fat! All of them! You'll grow into a weakling Combusken if you keep it up.

Phoenix: I don't care. I want a hamburger, so I'm going to get a hamburger.

Skye: Welp, sorry to burst your bubble, Phoenix, but they don't sell hamburgers here! Or did you not notice the kanji on the sign with the restaurant name?

Phoenix: ... Well, then I'll go somewhere else.

Skye: On foot? You know I won't teleport you there.

Phoenix: Fine! I'll go right now. I can find the Goldenrod Grill with my eyes closed.

Skye: [annoyed] ... and then how will you pay?

Phoenix: I'll put it on Brendan's tab!

Skye: He doesn't have a --! Ooooh, that bird. He's already out the front door ...

Waiter: ... miss? Are you ready to order?

Skye: No. I'll come back in a few minutes.

Waiter:

Waiter: I suppose I could have asked the cook to make a hamburg steak ...

Part 2

(Music: [‘Agh! Won goph in mah mough! Blech! Ptooe!’](#) From *Fire Emblem: Awakening*)

Skye: Dear Arceus, that was embarrassing ... I swear, Phoenix. You’ve got to stop being such a picky eater. I mean, you already like noodles!

Phoenix: Yeah, but I told you: they had all that stuff on them that I’ve never seen - or smelled - before. I don’t want it, and I’m pretty sure I don’t like it anyway.

Skye: But you don’t *know* if you don’t like it. You should try new things at least once in a while, Phoenix, or when you evolve into a Combusken you’re going to have enough flab to make a Snorlax jealous.

Phoenix: You make it sound like I eat nothing but junk food.

Skye: Well, I am a detective. I deal with facts, not fiction.

Phoenix: Hey! I’m really not that bad! I eat lots of different foods!

Skye: ... All right. Name them.

Phoenix: Well, uh ... spaghetti, and hamburgers, and pizza, and hot dogs, and ... er ...

Skye: Breakfast cereals.

Phoenix: Cereal, yeah! And, um, what else ... ?

Skye: ... So. That’s five, give or take.

Phoenix: ... I can do better. I really can.

Skye: Then do it. ... Tell you what. We’ll go back to the restaurant tomorrow. Pick something different - anything, as long as you haven’t eaten it before -- and isn’t too close to something you have.

Phoenix: Phooey.

Skye: If you eat half of it, I’ll take you to the Grill for a burger on me right after that - and I won’t tell Brendan you cheated on the diet.

Phoenix: You mean that?

Skye: As much as a saint under oath.

Phoenix: ... Deal.

Part 3

(Music: [Training](#) from *Fire Emblem: Awakening*)

Skye: All right, Phoenix. What will you order?

Phoenix: I spent a lot of time thinking about it last night, actually! I'm ready to try *katsudon*!

Skye: ... are you sure? They serve pretty big bowls here. I know you're a big eater, but that's still a lot of rice.

Phoenix: Just you watch! I'll even eat the entire meal!

Waiter: Good after noon, lady and gentleman. What can I get --

Phoenix: [eagerly] One bowl of *katsudon*! No, you know what? **Two** bowls! I'm going to show what I'm made of!

Waiter: Certainly, sir. And for you, miss?

Skye: ... thanks, but I'm sure I'll get by on whatever he doesn't finish.

Waiter: ... As you wish. I'll bring that out soon.

Skye: (Sheesh, what's gotten into him? Did he take my offer as a challenge to beat? Does he just not realize or care that he's raised the bar so high on himself?)

Several minutes pass.

Skye: (Oh, here come the bowls now. The waiter set them in front of Phoenix, and he's wasting no time in devouring them.)

Skye: (It's ... impressive, actually. I know for sure he's never tried eggs, and he doesn't take to rice very well ... but you wouldn't know it the way he's chowing down.)

Skye: (... or maybe ... maybe he's forcing it?)

Skye: (He's eating way too fast to really be savoring any of the flavor, like he usually does on a pizza or burger.)

Skye: Phoenix.

Phoenix: Canft thalk. Mufst. Pfihnish. Pfhood.

Skye: Phoenix, you really don't have to eat all of --

Phoenix: I'm gonna (gulp) prove (gulp) that I (gulp) can do this! (gulp)

Skye: Seriously, Phoenix, stop. You're going to make yourself sick --

Phoenix: Jusft hang on --

Skye: No, really, you're starting to look a little green.

Phoenix: Almost thereeeeeeee-- (hurk)

Skye: Oh, no.

Phoenix: (hurk) (hurk) (huuuuuuuuu--)

(No music.)

Skye: Well ... thank goodness I teleported to that bucket and back in time. How're you feeling?

Phoenix: (exhales) A little better, I think. ... Man, that was dumb, wasn't it?

Skye: ... Yes, it was. But ... please tell me why you did it.

Phoenix: Just read my mind and find out.

Skye: No. I want you to say it.

(Music: ???)

Phoenix: ... I knew going in that I wasn't going to enjoy that stuff. I hate rice. Never liked it. So I thought ... that if I could just force myself to swallow quickly, I wouldn't even taste it.

Skye: Did you?

Phoenix: [shudders, pained expression] I did. It was ... not quite *horrible*, but the chicken with eggs and the rice was all still *really* hard to eat.

Skye: ... And you put yourself through all that for a burger?

Phoenix: ... No. That's not why.

Phoenix: I did it ... so that you and Brendan would stop teasing me about being picky.

Phoenix: Deep down, I already knew being picky was unhealthy. I wanted to do better, but on my own. Whenever someone points out that I'm picky, I just feel bad and I go eat more of the foods I like. It's stressful and just puts my motivation back at zero.

Phoenix: Yet at the same time, I can't resist a challenge, especially with a reward like what you offered ... so I spent a lot of time last night and this morning preparing myself.

Phoenix: But I just ... couldn't do it. I couldn't shut out that part of me that doesn't like all those foods. ... I couldn't shut out "picky".

Skye: [concerned] ... Truth be told, Phoenix, I didn't know you felt that badly about it.

Skye: I'm sorry ... for putting you through that.

Phoenix: I know why you did. You were just trying to help.

Skye: (nod) I won't talk about it any more, if you don't want me to.

Skye: And don't feel discouraged. You're still the youngest. I know that human taste receptors change as they age, and they start to enjoy - or at least tolerate - more foods. Maybe the same will happen with you.

Skye: Just ... promise you'll take anything new *slowly* from now on. Get more out of each bite.

Phoenix: ... I'll give it a shot.

Phoenix: ... So, um. When can we get that burger?

Skye: [smiling] (sigh)

THE END