"It's okay..." Fluttershy nudged the little, trembling ball of feathers that lay curled up on her floor. "It's only a thunderstorm." She squeaked a little herself as a particularly loud thunderclap boomed, with an accompanying torrent of rain. "The sun will come out in the morning and it'll be safe for you to go home then."

A pathetic chirp. Also, something else, as Fluttershy's ears twitched back. In addition to the sounds the blue jay was making and the sounds of the pouring rain and occasional thunder... She gave the bird another sympathetic bump with her nose before lifting her head and trotting across the room. This time, when the squawk came, there was no mistaking it.

Fluttershy gasped. She pushed the window open and was immediately greeted by a flurry of rain in her face. Taking a deep breath, she shoved her head outside and looked down. "You!"

Glowing, red, terrified eyes met hers.

"Oh, you poor thing. Please come in; you're getting all wet out there."

The cockatrice shook its head.

"Please?"

A more emphatic nod.

"Young man, you come in here right this instant."

It risked another look at the Pegasus's blue eyes, remembered them wide and glaring, and hurriedly hopped in.

Later, when the cockatrice was curled in a corner, wings folded and no longer soaked, it watched, still in awe, Fluttershy hurriedly still fetching more items, scarves, leg warmers, hats, anything to dry off and keep warm little creatures as more and more sought refuge in her home. It still squawked in fear and surprise when she suddenly appeared in front of him, eyes big. "Are you comfortable? Are you warm enough?"

All it could do was nod its head dumbly. And watch as the pony actually bumped him with her nose gently and smiled.