

“C’mon, you can’t swim out to sea. Without me, you’d drown, and die,” Ismaelle says, though her tone is light-hearted, as it usually is. Everything with Ismaelle is lazy and half-baked, slow and indulgent as she moves, taking her Shelon into her paws with a crooked grin on her little bunny face.

Perth—Ismaelle calls him ‘Little Guy’ more than she calls him Perth—moves his fins, dismayed at his bun owner’s words.

“Don’t be like that! You’re the one who was trying to swim out to sea. You’re a domesticated imp, Hutch says; you can’t return to the sea because you didn’t come from there. You were like, bred in a lab. Or... bred in Hutch’s Imporium,” Ismaelle talks to herself.

Somehow Perth looks unamused as he moves his small, rounded head up to blink slow eyes up at his owner.

Ismaelle simpers back. “It’s just the truth,” she says.

Perth relaxes his fins. Ismaelle pats him on his shelled back with a paw of hers, as if to soothe the dismay she’s imagining he feels. According to Hutch, Shelons were actually very down-to-earth, but Ismaelle rather liked making up a personality for him specifically because he was so docile, instead of just accepting that he was a pretty chill guy (er, imp?) from the get-go.

“You get enough of the ocean, sailing with me!” Ismaelle laughs. “Right? Little Guy,” she coos, rubbing his head in circles.

Perth makes no noise. There’s no reaction, either. Ismaelle smiles, unbothered by his lack of enthusiasm. “I wonder if you’ll ever be able to turn a color other than black. I mean... it suits you, it does... it does. But you’d look real cute if you were a bit brighter.”

She swears Perth perks up just a bit at that!

“Yep, you agree. Hey, let’s go grab some fish and chips.”

Ismaelle, with Perth cradled in her arms, strolls along the bustling docks until she spots a quaint little fish and chips stand. The fish, of course, is faux, but still delicious! The tantalizing aroma of freshly fried fish wafts through the air, making her stomach growl in anticipation. She approaches the stand with a skip in her step, the rhythmic sound of

her paws against the wooden planks merging with the lively chatter of marine corvats overhead, looking silly and cute with their little hats.

“Bet you’d want one of those as a brother, huh?” Ismaelle laughs.

Perth, of course, doesn’t respond, just wiggles a little.

“Yep,” Ismaelle breathes.

The friendly proprietor, a weathered bun with a bushy beard and a cap pulled low over his eyes, greets Ismaelle with a warm smile. “Ahoy there! What can I get ye today, lass?” he asks, eyeing the adorable imp in her arms.

Perth wiggles, as if showing himself off to this seaharty bun.

Ismaelle grins, “A hearty serving of your finest fish and chips, mate!” She cheers, snapping right into her sailor mode. “And a bit of extra for my little friend here,” she says, patting Perth’s shell affectionately. The other bun chuckles and begins preparing the order, the sizzle of frying fish adding to the symphony of maritime sounds.

Ismaelle finds a cozy spot on a weathered bench overlooking the sea.

She places Perth beside her, who seems to appreciate the change of scenery, his eyes blinking slowly in contentment... honestly very adorable. The fish and chips arrive, the golden batter glistening underneath the warm ball of light that illuminates the whole of Burrowgatory. Ismaelle eagerly digs in, savoring the crispy exterior and tender, flaky faux fish within.

“Here you go, little mate!” Ismaelle says, holding a small piece of fish towards Perth. The imp extends his head, delicately nibbling at the offering. Ismaelle laughs, her joy infectious as she continues to share bites with her Shelon companion.

As they enjoy their seaside feast, Ismaelle gazes out at the horizon, the salty breeze tousling her ears, all tied up. The rhythmic lapping of the waves against the docks creates a tranquil backdrop to their meal. Perth, perched contentedly beside her, seems to absorb the atmosphere with his slow, deliberate blinks.

With the light beginning its descent, casting warm hues across the water, Ismaelle leans back, feeling a sense of peace. She glances at Perth, who has adopted a slightly

brighter shade, perhaps reflecting the happiness of the moment. Ismaelle grins, "See, Little Guy? This is the life – good food, good company, and the vast sea before us."

As the last rays of sunlight dance on the water, Ismaelle and Perth linger by the docks, savoring the simple joy of fish and chips by the sea.

"Now let's get home, ok?"

Scooping Perth up in her arms, she begins the journey back home from the lively docks. The salty breeze carries the scent of the sea as they navigate through the narrow streets of Burrowgatory, away from the docks Ismaelle so loves.

As they approach her apartment, a cozy little abode tucked away in a corner of the burrow, Ismaelle feels a sense of comfort wash over her. The familiar creak of the door greets them as they enter, and Ismaelle sets Perth down on the floor, allowing him the freedom to explore.

"Home sweet home, Little Guy," she murmurs, scratching the top of Perth's shell before making her way to the small kitchen. The dim glow of a lantern casts a warm ambiance over the room as Ismaelle prepares a small bowl of water for Perth. Being a creature of the sea, he appreciates having a bit of water nearby.

With the imp happily investigating every nook and cranny of the apartment, Ismaelle makes her way to the bedroom. She changes into her comfy pajamas, fitting nice over her tunky bun body, the day's adventures weighing pleasantly on her tired limbs. As she settles into bed, she calls out to Perth, who soon joins her, curling up at the foot of the bed.

Ismaelle smiles, reaching down to give him one last gentle pat. "Sleep well, my little seafarer. I love you," she whispers cheerfully, her words carrying a genuine affection that even the seemingly stoic Perth can feel.

The apartment is filled with the soft sounds of the burrow settling into the night. Ismaelle drifts off to sleep, the rhythmic sound of the sea echoing in her dreams. Perth, in his cozy spot, closes his eyes, content in the knowledge that he's found a home with a bunny sailor who loves him dearly.