

Green, Goose, Gone

About 580 words

Dear diary, today certainly has been an interesting affair. It was only our 3rd day here in the Silver Raven Inn. We had barely begun our research into the local flora and fauna of the region before the events of today transpired. The following account had transpired shortly after my teammates returned to the inn after speaking with the local clergymen at the encampment down the mountain to discuss the strange happenings around the woods and to invite a priest over for good relations.

I had just left my room of study when I saw everyone gathered around the center table of the dinning hall, some looking over Morgan's shoulder and others in close huddle on the other side. I walked up to get a better look at what was going on.

“Oh my, what is everyone looking at exactly?” I said.

“Morgan borrowed a green feather from the priest during their visit and turned it into a pen.” Kris replied with an annoyed tone of voice.

“And making a pen is that exciting?”

“No...it is also writing on its own now as well.”

“...wait...it is!?”

I walked forward and pushed through the small crowd to see for myself and there it was, a pen writing on its own at great speeds.

On the pages of the notebook Morgan had out read:

“Fuck you, I’m not a goose.”

Confused, I asked out loud, “why does it say that on the page?” Kris, who had moved to stand by my left side, said,

“Because a certain someone here keeps calling whatever is controlling the feather a goose. WHICH IT’S NOT, it is probably the Cockatress the priest warned us about so I don’t know why she would make fun of such a creature.”

Kris had turned his attention to the small pale woman that stood to my right, holding a grin of satisfaction upon her cheeks. “Ah yes, this makes sense” I thought to myself, having only known this older foreign woman for 3 days, I knew her temperaments and bouts of absurdities fairly well at this point.

“Geisha” I said, “why are you making fun of a dangerous demon over the...pen connection?”

Geisha looked at me with a smile and matter of fact tone in her voice. “Whit I do? All I told them was not-hin' but the trooth, they be ah goose.”

“It is NOT a goose Geisha, it's a dangerous demon” Kris retorted.

"Awright lissen, if it acts like a goose, talks like a goose, an' writes like someone wi' nae arms, then tha' be a goose."

“BUT THAT’S NOT WHAT IT IS”

The two went on back and forth for a while and after a moment I decided to try something myself. I walked up to Morgan who had been sitting at the table with his notebook and watching the pen. “Morgan, may I try writing something with your pen?”

“I suppose so? Just don’t write anything weird with it.”

“Thank you.” I said as I took the pen and notebook. I sat down to write a message with the pen that read “Do you have arms?” It took but a moment for the pen to reply.

“...YES I HAVE ARMS?”

I turned the book over to face Kris and Geisha and showed them the new writing.

“Look, it seems to be at least a goose with arms, it said so right here.”

...Kris did not speak to me for the rest of the day after that.