

## She-Ra-tober 2021

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/34200958) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/34200958](https://archiveofourown.org/works/34200958).

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Catra &amp; Scorpia (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Adora/Catra (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Bow/Glimmer (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Perfuma/Scorpia (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Entrapta &amp; Scorpia (She-Ra)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Scorpia (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Catra (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Adora (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Glimmer (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Perfuma (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Melog (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Swift Wind</a> , <a href="#">Hordak (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Finn</a>   <a href="#">Adora/Catra Child (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Frosta (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Shadow Weaver</a>   <a href="#">Light Spinner (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Entrapta (She-Ra)</a> , <a href="#">Bow (She-Ra)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Shera-tober</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Late at Night</a> , <a href="#">Talking To Dead People</a> , <a href="#">Halloween</a> , <a href="#">Talking Animals</a> , <a href="#">Comfort</a> , <a href="#">War</a> , <a href="#">Mother-Son Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Gift Giving</a> , <a href="#">Day 10 is kinda lewd</a> , <a href="#">Comedy</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">Promises</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Coffee Shops &amp; Cafés</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-01 Completed: 2021-11-01 Words: 17,456 Chapters: 31/31

# She-Ra-tober 2021

by [VathySkotadi](#)

## Summary

A collection of fics for the She-Ra version of Inktober 2021. I managed to finish them all.

(You can find the prompts at [@dontgoproject](#) on twitter)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Day 1 - Universe

## Chapter Summary

Scorpia is out of Etheria for the first time in her life, and she's amazed by the expanse of the universe.

Catra isn't so impressed, though.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“It’s so... empty, isn’t it?” Scorpia asked, looking out the window, the infinite expanse of blackness and glowing stars spreading before her in the ship’s bridge. “I thought the stars and such would be closer.”

“Didn’t we explain to you how this all worked before we took off?” Catra asked. She was perched on top of the command console of the ship. Scorpia wasn’t sure of how safe that could be, but she figured it wasn’t too big a problem if nothing had gone wrong so far.

“Well, yeah, but... It’s different, being out here,” she walked closer to the window, softly pressing a pincer to it. “On the other side of this glass, there’s... nothing at all.”

Catra looked slightly nervous. “Yeah, that’s why I’m gonna ask you to take a step back, please. I’ve seen what those arms can break, and I’d rather not have you accidentally kill us all,” she said, softly pushing her away.

Scorpia chose to take that as a compliment, chuckling. “Yeah, I’m pretty strong. Guess that’s why they called me in for this particular mission, eh?” she said, flexing her arms.

“I’m not sure. I think it may be because the planet we encountered has some pretty awful thunderstorms, so we needed your help with the lightning.”

“Will my power still work away from Etheria, though?”

“As long as Adora is there, yes. She absorbed all the magic from the heart, remember?”

“Right, right. That whole thing’s fuzzy still, you know. I was brainwashed and all. Pretty awful experience.”

Catra scratched her neck, looking away. “Yeah.”

The both of them stayed in silence for a moment. As far as Scorpia knew, Catra had suffered the mind controlling a lot more than she had. Realizing she’d touched on an awkward

subject, she tried to steer away from it. “So... uhm...” she paused, realizing she had nothing else to say.

“That’s ok, no need to say more,” Catra sighed, hopping off the command console and lowering her head. “You were all chipped because of me, anyways. I’ll leave you alone,” she mumbled, starting to walk away.

Scorpia panicked for a moment. That hadn’t been what she’d wanted to say at all! As a kneejerk reaction, she simply surged forward, tacking Catra and hugging her. “You’re not going anywhere, wildcat!” she exclaimed, turning around and pointing her to the window. “We’re both staying here and enjoying the views!”

Catra fought the hug, trying to break free. “Ugh, why do you always do this?! Let me go!”

“Because I want you to be here! Plus, the others are asleep, I don’t wanna be alone.”

When Catra stopped fighting the hug, Scorpia released her. Catra stood there, for a second, before scoffing. “Fine, I’ll stay, if you want me to so badly,” she crossed her arms and walked to the only chair in the main bridge, sitting on it.

Scorpia smiled. She turned once again to watch out the window. “Really, now. It’s... Amazing, isn’t it? I can barely understand it.”

“I’m not a big fan. Though I guess I did spend a lot more time up here than you have,” Catra said, sighing. “And, well, the experiences I had up here haven’t been the best either.”

Scorpia understood that approach. Then, she got an idea. “Then that means all we gotta do is create some more experiences up here. Positive ones. That way, you’ll start to like it too!”

A sardonic laugh came from the catgirl. “Yeah, right. There’s not a lot to do on the ship.”

“Well, maybe. But it’s not about what there is to do, it’s about who you’re doing it with,” Scorpia turned with a wide smile.

Catra paused, looking away from her with a light blush. “You’re way too optimistic.”

“Come ooon, don’t you wanna try it, at least? That way, exploring the universe could be fun!”

“Exploring the universe could be fun... I find that hard to believe, unless you’re Entrapta,” Catra looked at her, at last, and hesitated before speaking again. “But... If you have ideas, then I guess I’m willing to try them out.”

Those words made Scorpia’s chest swell with pride. Catra had really come a long way since the defeat of Prime.

Smiling from ear to ear, she giggled. “Ok then, wait here, I brought some cards with me!” she said as she jogged away towards her room.

“Wait, Scorpia, can you even handle those with your pincers?!” Catra asked behind her, but the door of the main bridge closed before Scorpia processed what she’d said.

## Chapter End Notes

Can't say if I'll make a fic for every day, but I'll try. The idea is to keep them short, too, but we all know good ol' me and my inability to shut the fuck up.

## Day 2 - Scars

### Chapter Summary

Adora wakes up in the middle of the night, feeling more than just pain.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The peaceful lull of a pleasant dream came to an abrupt end, Adora's eyes opening suddenly as a strange, phantom pain suddenly made her senses come back to her, complete awareness of her surroundings despite the early hour.

It wasn't until a few seconds later that her body came to understand that the feeling hadn't been real and she was able to relax.

She scratched her back, where the pain was fading. Her eyes slowly closed again, but Adora made them stop, realizing the memories that were resurfacing in her brain. Unpleasant ones, hard ones.

Cold claws against her back, cutting her harshly.

The only scars she had ever inherited from She-Ra.

She sat up, determined to distract herself. The battle of Brightmoon had occurred a couple weeks ago, and even now she was unsure of how she felt. Catra wasn't kidding around, and not an ounce of regret had crossed her face as she'd nearly destroyed her and her friends.

But there was no need to think about that.

No matter how much her back seemed to itch.

She entered the bathroom, sighing as she washed her face, trying to clear her head. Her body told her she'd slept well enough, even if it was still dark outside. What to do until everyone woke up? Go out with Swiftwind, maybe? Do a check of the whispering woods? The horde hadn't stopped attacking quite yet.

But they had guards for that. Adora needed to learn to leave some work for others to do.

Instead, she figured she could train. She exited the bathroom, went to her room, and picked up her sword. She looked at it with a sigh. It had only been a couple of weeks, but she felt like she hadn't made any significant advances with Lighthope.

She started doing some simple exercises. Stretching, warming up, and then running through some of the exercises she remembered from the horde. Lighthope had corrected her from, as some of those movements could be repurposed thanks to the Sword of Protection, so now she ran through the motions without thinking too much.

After a small while, she paused, realizing that she hadn't even used the sword against Catra. She'd lost it somewhere along the way. She'd let Catra distract her. She stared at her sword, then at her own reflection on it. The room was dark, so she couldn't make out much of her face, but the sad tint of her look was evident even in the gloom.

Her back seemed to itch again for a moment.

Enough was enough. She walked to the mirror in her room, taking off her shirt. She turned, getting a look at her back.

There, the lines Catra had marked on her stood out, a bit paler than the rest of her skin. Lighthope said those should be healed by She-Ra's healing powers... But she hadn't yet figured how to use them. Not willingly, anyways.

She reached over her shoulder, barely able to brush her hand over the scar tissue. Catra had really hurt her—and Adora had really tried to hurt her back. The scratches didn't hurt physically. No, they ran deeper.

Adora made a fist, slowly putting her shirt back on. Why couldn't Catra see? Why was she so... determined? She knew what the Horde planned wasn't good for anyone. Just *why* hadn't Adora managed to bring her back?

She had no answers, and something told her she may never have them.

So she took her sword back up and continued with her training. If nothing else, at least *this* was something she could do.

## Chapter End Notes

This is meant to be set roughly between seasons 1 and 2. Can't be too sure if the timeline makes sense but I can't be fucked to go back and rewatch the first episode of season 2  
lmao

## Day 3 - Queen

### Chapter Summary

Glimmer has a break from her queenly duties, and she uses it to talk with her mom.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey, Mom,” Glimmer said, her tone low as she stared up at the statue of her mother. She had grown used to looking at it, of course, but as often happened when doing this, her chest suddenly felt a slight pressure.

Taking a deep breath, Glimmer tightened the grip on her staff. “Well, we... Won, you know? We actually managed to kill Horde Prime and rescue everyone. Things have been pretty hectic since then. Dad’s back, helping me with governing, but he didn’t take the mantle of King back. He said I was a good enough Queen,” Glimmer chuckled. “Not that I think I’m bad, but... You know, it’s hard,” she shrugged.

She shook her head, sitting down in front of the statue. Not a lot of people came by at this time. Angela’s statue, of course, remained stationary. “We’ve been rebuilding Salineas, and it’s going by surprisingly fast. A bunch of Prime clones turned good after Adora ended things. Wrong Hordak helped with that. Wait, have I even told you who Wrong Hordak is? Well, he’s this clone of Prime we found in space. Entrapta thought he was Hordak, it’s a long story. Well, he’s really been helping, is my point.

“And, well, now we’re... Preparing. We want to go out there, into the universe, to help free planets that may still be under the thumb of Prime’s clones. We’re sure there’s gotta be a bunch of Hordak-like guys wanting to prove they can also be like big brother Prime. If we do, we’re gonna be away for a while... But it’ll be fine! Adora has all the magic of Etheria in her sword now. Or a big chunk of it, anyways. We can use our powers as long as we’re not too far from her, even in space! So yeah, we’re doing that, and Entrapta is also trying to build more spaceships. Well, when she’s not in beast Island, anyways. We threw Hordak in there as a punishment. Not much of a punishment when his... uhm... friend? Girlfriend? Not sure what’s going on with him and Entrapta, but whatever, not much of a punishment when she’s going around every other week with food and help and stuff.”

Glimmer paused. They had argued for a while about what to do with Hordak, but most people agreed he needed *some* sort of punishment—even if he had been ultimately key to saving the planet, too. Beast island wasn’t so bad anyways, not when Entrapta had already turned off the strange beacon-thingy from the center of the island. Glimmer had never been there, but from what she’d heard, she preferred it that way.



“And speaking of punishments, we sort of chose not to do much with Catra? It’s... complicated,” she sighed, looking up at her stone-mother’s face. “She’s... Broken. Even if she’s been trying to piece herself back together. Half the alliance wanted to throw her into Beast Island along with Hordak, but the other half were against that. Can you believe the vote came down to me?”

She still remembered that moment. The members of the alliance had been arguing about it for hours at that point. Catra had said she’d accept any punishment they saw fit, but Adora almost turned into She-Ra multiple times with how angry she was growing at the discussion.

When an impasse had been reached, Glimmer had been chosen to make the final decision.

Because of Catra, she’d lost her mother.

But thanks to her, too, she’d been saved from Horde Prime. And she’d been the most important piece of the puzzle in the end.

Glimmer’s inner feelings about her were strange. She was a friend, but sometimes, especially on days like these, she found herself resenting the catgirl.

Was there a solution to that? Unlikely. “You would have forgiven her, wouldn’t you, mom? You were always too forgiving, with everyone but yourself. I...” Glimmer sighed. “I said I wouldn’t punish her. She’d done enough to earn our forgiveness, I thought. Mermista and Frosta still banned her for life from their kingdoms. Perfuma very passively-aggressively told her that she was only allowed to come to Plumeria for therapy sessions. Oh, and Huntara threatened to hunt her if she ever came back to the Crimson Wastes. No-one is sure whether she was joking or not,” she chuckled.

“But well, Adora is happy, so that’s fine. And, uhm... Well, I’m also kinda happy, I guess. Bow and I have been taking baby steps, too. Sometimes it’s hard to remember he’s not just my best friend anymore, you know? But it’s... nice. Too bad we’re so busy. All of us, too. I have to govern, Bow is helping Entrapta and the whole First Ones’ investigation, and Adora is using her magic powers all around the planet to help out wherever she can. And Catra is really progressing with that therapy! Well, sometimes. She runs away half the time. But Perfuma says it’s fine, since she still comes willingly.”

“And last... Well, Dad’s doing great. Mostly. He misses you. I think he blames himself for not being here. I guess we’re both feeling really guilty about all of this, but we’re not too affected by it anymore.”

A small alarm suddenly startled her. She reached into her pocket, where a device Entrapta had given her warned her of a meeting. “And... well, I guess that’s all the time I have for now,” she said, standing up. She stared at her mom for a moment. Oh, how she longed for her embrace. For a kiss on the forehead, and for her to say that everything would be fine.

“I hope I’ll be half as good a queen as you were, mom. See you,” Glimmer said, brushing the statue’s hand with hers before turning and walking away.

She had work to do.

## Chapter End Notes

I didn't expect this one to go on for so long, honestly. It was just a budding idea but I ended up really using it to flesh out how I headcanon the ending to go.

# Day 4 - Halloween

## Chapter Summary

There's not really a halloween equivalent in Etheria... as far as we know. But what if there was something similar to it?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Adora watched the kids running around, giggling as they shared bits of candy with each other, with some confusion. Plumeria had been decorated with gloomy green lights and dead trees, and its inhabitants went around, sharing different kinds of flowers and disguised as members of the Horde or as different princesses of the alliance.

“And you do this every year, you’re telling me?” She asked Perfuma, surprised.

“Pretty much!” Perfuma nodded. She had changed her usual attire for a black and purple dress, with flowers to match. “It started on the first anniversary of She-Ra saving us. It was just a night to remember ourselves why we’re still here, and we shared flowers and little else. But then, on the next year, we did a reenactment, and someone’s grandmother started to share candy with the kids. And, well, it’s grown into quite an event since then!” she explained, excited.

Adora scratched her neck, somewhat nervous. She wasn’t unused to parties being thrown for her, but the idea of an entire cultural holiday being created for something she did almost accidentally on what had been her first real mission as She-Ra made her feel somewhat iffy.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Catra pushed her from behind, as if reading her thoughts. “It’s a dumb party, sure, but it’s still a party.”

Adora nodded, walking out of Perfuma’s little tree-house and letting people see her. The reaction was almost instantaneous. No matter how much she grew used to being praised, the looks of hope and admiration in the inhabitants of Etheria when they saw her was something she had been growing more self-conscious of over time.

A bunch of kids approached her, offering candy. Adora took the bag of candy Perfuma had given her, and she smiled as she performed the ritual of sharing. Adults gave two candy for each one they received, until they ran out of it. When only one piece of candy remained, they ate it.

She spent a good while going around the forest. She found some enjoyment in watching the children re-enact scenes she recognized from her own adventures, even if they weren’t the

most accurate in their dialogues. The green lighting really made the forest look eerie, but it was hard to be scared when every so often the laughter of people could be heard.

She-Ra had really had an impact in society, hadn't she? Even beyond saving the world. Adora often forgot she was more than a warrior. She was a hero, a symbol. Maybe that's why she'd grown sort of uncomfortable at the admiration lately. The powers of She-Ra were so much bigger than her. What would happen when she was gone?

As these worries became more present, she reached into her bag to do more candy sharing, only to realize only one piece remained.

She looked at the kid eagerly wanting to exchange with her, smiling at him and offering him her last piece. "I'll give you this one for free, but don't tell anyone else, ok?" she asked, winking.

The boy smiled as he received the candy, running away with a giggle afterwards.

Somehow, the sight seemed to break the bad train of thought she'd been going with. It would all work out, in the end. With a smile on her face, she made her way back to Perfuma's, apologizing to the kids who she hadn't gotten to make a trade with.

When she went back in, Perfuma received her with a wide smile. "So, how was it?"

"It was fun. I'm honored, really," Adora admitted.

"Wonderful! Would it be too much to ask for you to play... well, yourself, in this year's reenactment?"

"Uhm... sure? I've never acted before, though. Well, I lie, I have kind of done it, but I'm really bad at it."

"You just have to be yourself, how bad can it be?" Perfuma insisted, pushing her own.

Behind them, Catra laughed. "This is going to be rich."

## Chapter End Notes

Took me a while to come up with the concept for this one, but I really ended up liking what I crafted. Even if it's not super complex.

## Day 5 - Shadow

### Chapter Summary

Catra's first night alone in a long time makes her feel a bit nervous in the darkness.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shadows.

Darkness.

There were few things in this world Catra was truly scared of, but this was the one thing that still to this day made her nervous. Who knew what laid within the dark? Shadows had created the worst person Catra had ever known. Her own darkness had almost led to the destruction of the universe.

So it was that, the first time she got to sleep on Brightmoon, she suddenly grew self-conscious about how dark her room was.

When she'd been in space it had been different. In Prime's ship all things had a similar cast to them, and there always seemed to be a faint glow even in dark rooms. Darla had been too small, and her worries there had come from the chip stuck on her at the time.

In the Fright Zone, she always had someone to sleep with. Or if not, she could leave the lights on. She didn't even know how the lights worked in this dumb castle.

She shifted in bed a few times, trying to find a source of light. But, by her own stupid request, they had given her a room with no windows. Why had she done that? She loved jumping off windows! It was so dark not even her cat eyes could see. She was starting to get... scared. No, no, she wasn't scared of nothing. Plus, Shadow Weaver was...

Catra hugged herself, curling into a ball below her sheets. They had given her a hard bed, like Adora's—even though she didn't actually mind the springy kind. But she didn't complain, of course. Just asking for this room had been hard enough.

She could tell she wasn't going to be able to sleep until morning came and someone came to wake her up. She could try to sneak off to find Adora, but there was no way in hell she'd...

Right as she was thinking that, someone jumped on her bed. A big paw started scratching at the sheets, and a second later, Catra poked out to see Melog there, looking worriedly at her. *Are you ok?* He asked in a combination of meows and grunts.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you were here,” Catra said, reaching over to pat his head. He purred, curling up next to her. His blue, fluid-like mane glowed softly now, seriously calming her. “Thank you.”

*Sleep?*

Catra hugged his neck, allowing him to curl even closer to her. She nodded, burying her head in his fluff. She felt a lot safer with him next to her.

Slowly, she felt tiredness catch up to her, and without realizing it, she was soon asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

I was originally gonna do something with Shadow Weaver, but then I figured I wanted this instead.

# Day 6 - Eyes

## Chapter Summary

Adora and Swift Wind take a break.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You have such pretty eyes,” Adora said.

The alicorn paused, blinking a few times. “You talking to me?”

“Yeah.”

Swift Wind cocked his head. “Are you feeling ok?” He asked, examining her closely.

“Shut up, I’m fine. I just don’t think I ever realized the sword turned your eyes blue! I mean, it changed you completely, so it was hard not to look everywhere else, but... I don’t know. It’s pretty.”

Swift Wind huffed and smiled proudly. “Well, yes, I admit I am astonishing. Seriously though, are you alright?”

Adora sighed, patting the equine’s neck a couple times as she walked closer to the edge of the cliff they had taken a break on. “I don’t know. I guess I just... Things have been kind of rough, haven’t they?” Adora said, thinking of everything that had happened at the Fright Zone. Reality warping, Queen Angela, Glimmer... And Catra. “I guess it’s nice seeing that you’ve still got the same eyes as always. Everyone else feels a bit different. Especially Glimmer.”

“Well, that’s great to hear! Maybe it’s just because I’m a horse, though. In that strange other reality, I had no wings, or horns, or sapience! It was horrendous,” he shook his head. “Why did everyone else get nice stuff, but not me?”

“Uhm... I don’t know,” Adora turned, smiling. Preparations for Glimmer’s coronation were hectic, and she’d been sent to retrieve some supplies for it, but taking a break from the stress was something she’d needed.

“Well, next time that happens, make sure the portal sees me as more than a mere animal. I am no mere horse!” he complained.

With a chuckle, Adora hopped on him again. “I’d rather that never happen again, but if it does, I’ll see what I can do. Let’s go now, shall we?”

Swift Wind nodded, that spark still present in his eyes as he flipped his mane dramatically before jumping off the cliff and spreading his wings.

## Chapter End Notes

I wasn't too sure what to do with this one, but for some reason I ended up using Swift Wind even though I'm not that big a fan of him. And it's made pretty obvious, but this is set between s3 and s4.



# Day 7 - Lord

## Chapter Summary

"Horde Prime will see that he was wrong. *I am not a defect. I am worth something.*"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*No.*

The sound of the hammer hitting the iron on the anvil was almost deafening.

*I refuse.*

Each strike brought him closer to his goal. It didn't matter that his body was weak. All that mattered was perfection. When he was satisfied with the piece he'd crafted, he turned. He walked over to the chasis of the machine he was building, measured, nodded, and then turned to smooth out the details.

*I will not be thrown away. I will not be cast aside like a rag.*

The work was arduous. Maybe the hardest he'd ever worked. Building machines from the scraps of his destroyed ship wasn't an easy task. But it was one he took without complaint. He used everything he could find that still worked, and what didn't, he changed, modified, and repurposed.

He had to take frequent breaks, but he still pushed his frail body to its absolute limit. Until finally, he had what he'd been working towards. How long had it been since he'd crash-landed? Months, years?

Irrelevant.

For now, he had the means to an end. He pressed a button, and the machine he'd been building suddenly sprung to life. A simple, rudimentary bot. A machine designed for little else than collecting scrap metal.

Also a machine that would accelerate his work tremendously.

And accelerate his work it did. The second bot was achieved in a fraction of the time, and the next thing he built was a machine to streamline the process of bot-building. Slowly but surely, what had once been his ship started to become a hollow shell of what it had been, as its parts were used for the raise of an army, a mechanic legion of soldiers who would aid in the conquering of a planet.

*You will see, Brother. I am not a failure.*

It was when he finally stood on nothing but a pile of leftover sheets of metal, when nothing remained of his ship but the unused scraps and before him stood a true legion of mechanized warriors, that he finally took his first step towards conquest.

He set his eyes on the nearby lands. He had found huge energy readings from the area, and he wanted whatever resource was creating that.

His army marched, relentless, unwavering. And when he stood at the gate of the kingdom of a name unfamiliar to him, he stood on top of the tallest of his machines and took a voice amplifier. "Surrender, and you shall be spared," he simply said.

It didn't take long for the guards at the gates to run away, and not long after, the monarch of the kingdom in question stepped out the gates. Hordak could have blasted him, but why make things more difficult?

The anthropomorphic creature, mixed with what he remembered to be called a 'scorpion' even though he hadn't seen one in who knew how long, approached him. He was nervous as he looked at the machines around him.

"We- we surrender, sir. Please, refrain from attacking," the king said.

Finally deigning to step down from his bot, the conqueror stood in front of the king, who bowed to him. "Open all of your gates and let my army through," he ordered.

"I, uh..." the king hesitated before nodding. "Of course, my Lord. What, may I ask, should I call you?"

The conqueror cocked his head. "Call me?"

"Your name, my lord."

This brought him pause.

A name. He didn't have one. He hadn't ever needed one before. "Horde-" no, that felt wrong. To take the name of his Big Brother was insulting. How could he compare himself to the magnificence of Horde Prime? "Hordak. You may call me Lord Hordak"

"Alright, Lord Hordak. Welcome to the Fright Zone."

Hordak let a glimpse of a smile cover his lips. Conquering this backwater planet would be all too easy.

I decided to go for a far, far more direct approach today. Sadly I couldn't find an excuse to shove Catra into this one, but hey, the idea came to me and I wasn't gonna let it go for a stupid self-imposed rule lmao.

## Day 8 - Giant

### Chapter Summary

Finn has a tall demigod mother. He doesn't mind it.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone was tall to Finn, but it was only when his mother turned into She-Ra that he really considered her a giant.

He recalled the first time it had happened. He'd only been around four years old, and Adora had taken him out of Brightmoon to pick some flowers for his mom's birthday—or found-day, as they called it, since it had been the day she'd been found.

Suddenly, from the sky, strange aliens had fallen. White-clad, green eyes—leftover troops from a tyrant that had once almost conquered the universe, he'd been told.

His mother had carefully set him down, and from thin air she'd summoned a sword. *The* sword. And a second later, she was no more. What had once been his mother had been replaced by a demigod. A gigantic warrior in white and gold who, with a mere flourish of her sword, destroyed the enemies in front of her. She then picked up the three at once and thrown them up into the air—where they had flown so far they'd disappeared from view before even starting to fall.

She turned, staring at Finn with worry. And without going back to normal, she picked him up. His young self had been scared, unaware of what was going on, but it hadn't last long. She-Ra had walked with a fast pace back to the castle, moving as if she didn't even realize Finn was in her arms.

Nowadays, he was ten—and he had seen She-Ra his fair share of times. During parties, during sparring sessions, and in other... less pleasant circumstances. He had seen the giant warrior cheer people up and fight off dangers no-one else could.

And all of it was his mother.

Maybe it was silly to be proud of a parent. As far as he understood it, it was supposed to be the other way around. But he couldn't stop himself from feeling pride in being the kid of *the* She-Ra.

Well, his mom was pretty cool too. As much as everyone insisted nearly conquering Etheria wasn't something good, he figured she must have been quite strong and smart to do that. Plus, she'd changed now, so what was the point in being all careful about it?

But she couldn't turn into a nine-foot-tall warrior with a magical sword.

So yeah, maybe Finn had a gigantic mother—but that only made her all the better, and he wouldn't change her for anything in the world.

## Chapter End Notes

I figured this was as good a place to introduce Finn as any other. Honestly, always been a fan of the idea of Catra and Adora having a kid. How do they do it? magic, of course. I mean Scorpia has two mothers, and she's very obviously a biological heir of them, so... yeah, magic.

# Day 9 - Mask

## Chapter Summary

To be a ruler is to wear a mask.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To be a ruler, to be a leader, was the same as wearing a mask.

Unwavering, unflinching. Direct, stern. To show weakness was to fail, to be lenient was naïve.

This is what Frosta had been taught on the very same day her parents had died. There'd been no time for mourning, for sorrow. How could she afford to cry, with a leaderless kingdom? How could they waste time with frivolities, when the sole heir to the throne needed to be trained on her job ten eight years earlier than expected, and within weeks instead of years?

It didn't help that out there, beyond the kingdom of snow, a war was waged against the space invaders of the Horde.

They called her a princess, even though she was supposed to be queen. Yet, it felt wrong to call such a young girl 'queen'. And Frosta preferred princess regardless—she wasn't a queen. Not yet. She wasn't a good enough ruler, not yet. She relied too much on counselors, she allowed her mask to slip all too often. To make matters worse, the next iteration of the Princess Ball was right around the corner. To have all those foreigners come in, some with uneasy truces or outright enmity... It was a scary prospect.

But she was the princess. She had the connection to the runestone. She was the heir.

It was her who had to wear the mask.

None of her counselors could substitute her. No far relatives who could temporarily stand in for her. When had been the last time Frosta had smiled? When had she had a break? She couldn't remember it. It didn't matter, either. No time for frivolities, no time for breaks.

To be a ruler was to wear a mask.

And no matter how tired of it she was, Frosta would keep on wearing it, for it was her duty to do so.

## Chapter End Notes

ngl not a big fan of how this one turned out. I didn't have a lot of ideas, this one was the most interesting, but in the end not a lot came of it.

# Day 10 - Ribbon

## Chapter Summary

Catra dresses with a ribbon. Kinda NSFW, though not too much. I honest to god don't know what else to put here. My mind is a mystery, even to me.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Will you just stay still for *five seconds?!'*” Glimmer complained, fighting against the growing mane of the cat-girl.

“I would if you didn’t keep pulling me!” Catra replied, squirming.

“I’m not! It’s just your hair’s a mess! How do you even manage to get it *this* tangled and unkempt? Do you even shower with something that’s not your tongue?”

“Hey, that’s offensive! And of course I do... I just don’t like the stupid shampoo you guys have here. It makes too many bubbles, it gets in my eyes!”

“Didn’t... didn’t you have shampoo in the horde?”

“Of course we did. It just wasn’t this... bubbly,” Catra kept fighting against Glimmer, but finally, she managed to get the ponytail done.

“There you go! That wasn’t so hard,” she said, trying to stay cheerful. Catra reached towards the back of her head, and Glimmer swatted the hand away. “You touch that and I’ll make you eat glitter for a week, you hear me?” she said.

Catra nodded slowly, turning to look at herself in the mirror of Glimmer’s room. Her hair had been tied up with a really cute and big red ribbon. Glimmer decided, after looking at her, that the pain of getting it done had been worth it.

The cat grimaced, turning her head and looking at the ribbon displeased. “Is this really necessary?”

“Yes. You wanted Adora’s birthday to be special, didn’t you? She doesn’t do well with material gifts, so this is gonna be a lot better, now...” Glimmer took out a much longer red ribbon and smiled mischievously. “We proceed with the actual fun part of this whole thing.”

Catra gulped some saliva. “You sure this is gonna make her happy?”

“As sure as can be. Now, *take off your clothes.*”



Adora blew the candles on the cake, not yet sure what the purpose of the ritual was after all these years. She could have asked, but she was too embarrassed to. Not that she was enjoying the party a lot—once again, it seemed, Catra had ditched social events to go be a loner.

She couldn't really blame her, but Adora figured that maybe, for once, she'd stay close to her...

"And now, it's the time for gifts!" Bow suddenly declared. Adora looked up, a bit surprised by how excited he sounded. She looked around, but there was no-one bringing any gifts whatsoever.

"Ah, I see. Well, Adora, we'll take it from here," Glimmer suddenly stepped next to her, touching her shoulder.

"I don't get what you—" Adora's confusion was interrupted by a sudden teleport. Glimmer dropped her right in front of her room's door. "Hey, what's going on?"

"Open your room ok bye," Glimmer said with too wide a smile and disappeared.

Adora was left standing, alone and confused. Had they just kicked her out of her own party? What could possibly be in her room that was so important?

She opened the door, but the lights were off. She turned to turn them on, but a voice suddenly stopped her. "W-wait, I'm not ready!"

"Catra?" Adora turned, looking for the cat-girl in the darkness.

"Yeah, just, uhm, gimme a second..." She seemed to be struggling with something.

Not willing to wait anymore, Adora turned on the light.

Catra was on her bed. She was completely naked, save for a red ribbon going around her entire body. Catra was tangled in it, one of her arms in an awkward position, the other one trying to place the ribbon to properly cover her chest. When the light appeared, she paused, looking embarrassed at Adora. "Uhm... Happy birthday? Meow..."

Adora's jaw was on the floor. She wasn't sure if she was supposed to be turned on or laughing. Or maybe both? She decided to start with the second, chuckling as she got closer to the bed. "How'd you get into that mess?"

"Sparkles said it was a good idea, but I was getting bored, so I moved around a bit. The ribbon got displaced, so I tried to fix it, but it got worse, and, uh... here I am," she sighed, looking away. "Sorry, I kinda ruined it. It was supposed to be sexy."

Adora smirked, climbing on the bed and taking Catra's awkwardly-positioned arm, releasing it from the ribbon and pressing its hand against her cheek. "Hey, I don't need no ribbon to think you're sexy," she explained, softly pulling down on the now loose red fabric to start unveiling Catra's body.

The cat-girl paused, gulping. “This is gonna be a long night, isn’t it?” she asked.

“Correct,” Adora whispered, leaning forward and kissing her girlfriend.

## Chapter End Notes

"Why?" you may ask.

"Why not?" I ask back, laughing manically as I write.

I don't know why it devolved into this. At first it was just gonna be about catra looking cute in the ribbon, but it just... evolved.

# Day 11 - Chains

## Chapter Summary

Living in a cell could have disheartened many others.  
Shadow Weaver wasn't like many others.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The passage of time was a fickle thing. What to one person could be no time at all, to one bored it could feel as long as eternity. Understanding this concept, however, didn't help with one's perception of it. Shadow Weaver was learning this lesson as of now, sitting on her cell, chained to a wall, for the ungrateful wretch she'd raised had deemed her too dangerous to simply be left alone inside a cell.

In all fairness, she was correct. Should the shackles not be around her wrists, should she have freedom of movement, Shadow Weaver would have almost certainly found a way to escape. Catra went around playing commander, not understanding it didn't matter. Helping others, conquest, all of these things were irrelevant. As fickle as time, they could change within the blink of an eye.

How long had she been here? It was hard to tell. Meals blended together as days passed. All of them personally delivered by that usurper and traitor of a cat.

But no matter. She would eventually get out of here. One way or the other. If Hordak didn't understand, that was fine. She had lost the Black Garnet, and that was definitely a heavy blow, but it had only, ultimately, been a means to an end.

She had her eyes set on something far bigger, far stronger, than any single runestone. Something so powerful, yet something only she knew about.

But she wasn't going to get it from here. Maybe others would have given up, or accepted their fate. Not her. She would rise again, she would break these chains and escape. She was driven, unlike most others. Shackles could not hold her back as the fire of her determination burned within her.

All she needed was a little help.

And as the force-gate of her cell disappeared and a gullible little cat-girl stepped in, Shadow Weaver put on her best act.

## Chapter End Notes

Short, but this one I do like. I've had this idea for days, actually, so it was pretty easy to write.

# Day 12 - Marriage

## Chapter Summary

Bow and Glimmer have been together for quite some time. Glimmer thinks they should take the next step.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So, I’ve been thinking, and... Shouldn’t we, like, get married?” Glimmer asked during dinner, turning to Bow.

Everyone at the table paused. Bow’s jaw dropped, a piece of the meal falling back on its plate. “What’s going on right now?” he asked, looking around. “Is this some sort of prank?”

“No it’s not!” Glimmer insisted. Bow had been trying to grow a moustache lately, but she hated it. She’d let him know that once he had some fun with it, though. “It’s just to make it official and whatnot. Adora and Catra married, like, a year after they started dating, but we’ve been together for almost four.”

“Well, that’s true... but Adora and Catra are different, you know? They almost kill each other and all of that, so...”

Adora and Catra exchanged looks. “Maybe we should leave you guys alone,” Adora said, standing slowly.

“Yep, not gonna deal with *this*,” Catra agreed, taking her plate as she walked off.

Glimmer deadpanned Bow. “Are you saying I should try to kill you, then we can get married?”

“No!” Bow shook his head wildly. “It’s just that we don’t have to use them as a guide. What brought this on? Have you been wanting to do it for a while? Have we ever talked about this, even?” He looked down for a moment, thinking. “Oh no, have I been too inattentive lately? Am I a bad boyfriend?!”

“Bow!” Glimmer interrupted him, and he looked at her with big, almost teary eyes. “Relax, it’s none of that. I just figured we could do it. Then you can be king! You could sign royal papers and stuff!”

Bow paused, raising an eyebrow as he smiled. “Are you suggesting we marry just so that we can split the royal duties?”

Glimmer shrugged. “Uhm, well... I mean, I want to marry you because I love you and stuff, but being able to split the work would be a nice bonus...” she tilted her head down, looking at Bow with a slightly shy expression that she knew always got him to drop his guard.

Reaching to the side, Bow took Glimmer’s hand. “Hey, if you want us to marry, we can set the date right now and we’ll do it, no questions asked,” he said, smiling. “And I can take two thirds of the royal duties, if you want me to.”

“That’s not what I want, don’t be silly,” Glimmer replied, squeezing his hand. “But... yes, I would like to. Then I can present you as ‘King Bow’. Imagine!”

“That does sound kinda cool... Oh, we have to start thinking about what to wear. And about guests. And catering. And-”

“Bow, stop,” Glimmer interrupted. “Let’s just finish our dinner and we can worry about that later, alright?”

Taking a deep breath, Bow nodded slowly. “Alright, alright,” he said. The two of them then went back to eating calmly. “Hmmm... King Bow... it does sound nice. I can present myself while twirling my moustache and have a great impact on people, like Seahawk!”

Glimmer winced at the idea. Maybe she needed to be honest from the get go. “Yeah, about that moustache...”

## Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I actually really dislike Glimbow. Not as a couple, I think they'd work great together. My problem is their development—the entire show just made sure to treat them as best friends, never actually implying they had romantic feelings for each other until the literal end. You know those people that say Catra and Adora 'felt like siblings' or 'were just best friends' or shit like that? Leaving aside how absurdly wrong they are, Bow and Glimmer really DID feel like that.

But I didn't want to use a Catradora or Scorfuma marriage story for this one. I wanna try to actually tackle those on their own some day, maybe.

# Day 13 - Costume

## Chapter Summary

Catra will partake in a play, so she dons a stupid costume. Adora loves it, though.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Aw, you look so cute!” Adora said, putting her hands together as she witnessed her girlfriend dressed up in a big cat suit. They were in the backstage of a small play they were making for the kids of Plumeria, and Perfuma had asked—well, more like forced—Catra to partake in it as part of her therapy.

“No I don’t,” Catra mumbled, looking at herself. “I look stupid. Why do I have to disguise myself as a giant cat? I’m already a cat!”

“Come on, it’s a play for children, you gotta look more... cat-like than your usual self,” Adora said, walking closer to Catra, unable to help the massive smile on her face. She reached with her arms, trying to hug her girlfriend, but the cat slipped away from her arms.

“There’s *no* way you’re hugging me looking like this,” Catra said, angrily. Nearby, Melog sneezed as a reaction to the outburst.

“Oh come on,” Adora said, pouting. She wanted to hug the fluffy suit. “What’s wrong with a little hug? Come here,” she extended her arms.

Catra paused, looking at her with disbelief, almost offended. “Ugh, I hate this,” she muttered, walking over and letting Adora finally hug her. The suit was too big for her, so it hung loose, but that only made it look cuter. “Why did I pick the cat role? I thought I was only gonna have to stand around meowing and nothing else.”

Adora chuckled. “Well, that’s how children stories are. Full of talking animals and stuff.”

“Well that’s...” Catra trailed off. “Well, there’s Melog and Swift Wind, so I guess it’s not so stupid after all, huh...”

“Ah, right, you can talk to Melog. I keep forgetting that,” Adora said, looking at the blue-maned magical cat.

“Yeah, well, he’s not as noisy as that dumb horse.”

“Hey, don’t badmouth Swift Wind!”

“He crashed into our window in the middle of the night because you said ‘sweet dreams’ and he thought he heard his name!” Catra exclaimed.

Adora cringed at the memory, as the both of them had been naked at the time. She still wasn’t sure if being seen naked by a horse was weird or not. “Yeah, I guess he can be a bit extra at times...”

Catra finally shook off the hug, looking at herself and grunting. “I seriously can’t believe Perfuma is making me do this.”

“You’re gonna do great, now go out there and purr like a pro!” Adora pushed Catra just as the cue for her to come onstage appeared, and then proceeded to enjoy the show.

## Chapter End Notes

I had NO ideas for this one. Zero. None. Nada.

Still, I went with my gut and ended up with something funnier than I expected.



# Day 14 - Potion

## Chapter Summary

While preparing for a party, Glimmer finds Mermista cooking a... potion? in the kitchen. She doesn't like it.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Muahahahaha!” The evil laughter coming from the kitchen was worrying, but nowhere near as much as the horrid smell, which was visible as a green steam slowly floating off it. Glimmer had no choice but to pinch her nose as she stepped into one of the weirdest scenes she’d seen in her life. Which was quite something, given that she’d seen a lot of weird things.

“What’s going on here?!” She exclaimed. Three people were standing alone in the kitchen—Mermista, Frosta and Scorpia, all of which were visiting for a banquet tonight. For some reason, they stood around a massive cauldron, and something fetid was being cooked in it. “Why are you trying to kill my kitchen staff?!”

Mermista didn’t look stoked about Glimmer’s outburst. “Uhm, excuse me? We’re trying to cook here, you don’t have to be so mean.”

Glimmer blinked. “Cooking? Cooking what? Undead zombies?! That thing smells awful!”

“It’s a traditional recipe from Salineas,” Mermista deadpanned.

“And I got to help!” Frosta exclaimed, excited.

“Yes, that, I’m helping too, cooking, yes... Ok, that’s a lie, I got lost and I don’t know how to get outside,” Scorpia shrugged with an apologetic smile.

Glimmer massaged her temple. “*Why* are you cooking a traditional meal from Salineas?! It’s a celebration about finally having cleared all the garbage the Horde left behind!”

“Well, the last piece of it was retrieved from *my* kingdom, so...” Mermista shrugged, stirring the pot.

“Oh boy, this is...” Glimmer took a deep breath, walking over to the pot. “What even *is* this?” she asked.

“Well, it’s got sea weed, and sea-cucumbers and-”

“Did you just say sea-cucumbers?”

“It’s not the kind you’re thinking of. They’re just cucumbers that grow underwater.”

“Then why does it smell so awful!?”

“Ugh, don’t be so judgmental, at least try it before complaining.”

“Alright, fine, give me so that I can try it.”

“Well, it’s actually three hours away from being ready, so…”

Glimmer’s eye twitched. “And you’re going to sequester my kitchen for three more hours?! Also, what was up with the evil laughter earlier?”

“Oh, that was just me pretending to be a witch. It kinda looks like I’m brewing a potion, doesn’t it?”

“What are you talking about? That’s not how you brew potions. That’s not how you do magic! We know plenty of witches!”

“You’ve never read *The Witch and the Evil Squid*, have you.”

“No! I haven’t! That’s not the point! Get out of my kitchen, we need to cook actual food for the banquet!”

“What a party pooper…” Mermista frowned, stepping away from the cauldron.

“Are you going to leave that there?!”

“Ugh, fine,” she said, rolling her eyes. With a gesture of her hand, the disgusting broth followed her. Glimmer was about to tell her to not do that, since it’d spread the smell over the entire building, but the idea of Mermista dropping that in the middle of a hallway was too present in her mind.

“Oh, I wanted to see how it tasted,” Frosta pouted.

“And I’m going to follow her to get out of here, see ya!” Scorpia ran off after the smelly liquid.

Glimmer sighed, looking down at the now empty cauldron. “I’m gonna have to be the one to take this out of here, huh,” she shook her head. “Frosta, would you cool it for me?”

“Oh, sure,” Frosta said, using a cold breeze to freeze the cauldron. The leftover heat melted the ice, and then it was fine for touch.

“Thank you. Also, tell everyone who is not part of the kitchen staff that they’re banned from entering this place, got it?”

“Sure, ma’am!” Frosta nodded and did a military salute.

Glimmer realized what she’d just unleashed.

She was too tired to deal with it, so she took the cauldron and teleported it to the middle of the whispering woods before coming back to continue dealing with the preparations.

## Chapter End Notes

This is extremely late 'cause I've been busy playing ace attorney lol.  
Anyways went for a comedic approach, hope you found it humorous.

# Day 15 - Rebelswap

## Chapter Summary

Just random scribbles of my ideas for a potential AU.

## Chapter Notes

I normally put these at the end, but today's an exception:

I started writing a story, but then the ideas got waaaaay bigger than I intended. So instead of actually writing a properly structured story, I decided to list down ideas for what could be my own take on this AU. Also add, I looked online what this universe was meant to be like, but I didn't find anything too consistent, other than Adora and Catra fighting on technically the opposite bands. So... yeah. I don't think I'll ever expand on these ideas, but they'll be nice to have a reference to should I some day want to. Also if more ideas keep coming to me, I may write them down and update this chapter once in a while lmao.

General Worldbuilding changes:

- The past of Etheria and the universe still mostly the same.
- The Horde crash-landed in Brightmoon. Angela(? (Either her or an antecessor, but she is said to be an immortal queen, after all), true to her 'cowardly' nature, gave up in roughly the same fashion as Scorpia's grand-grandfather did.
- Brightmoon now looks about as mechanized as the Fright Zone does in the show, while the Fright Zone looks... well, frightening still, but in a more natural way.
- The Horde has possession of the Moonstone instead of the Black Garnet, for obvious reasons.
- The leaders of the rebellion are, in turn, the Scorpioni. In this timeline, the reason the first alliance failed was because of the rough relationships the Fright Zone had with the other kingdoms.
- The Whispering woods still work as a natural defense mechanism between the Horde and the others.

-The rest of the world is roughly the same. Not exactly sure what the whole deal with Salineas should be, since, I'm sorry to say, SPOP's geography makes absolutely no fucking sense at times. If anyone reading this has a canonical map of how it's all supposed to be I'd much appreciate it.

#### Differences in Characters:

- Adora: She is still found by Hordak, obviously, and given to Shadow Weaver to take care of. She's still, of course, the next She-Ra, since she is the sole First One around. Instead of being raised with Catra, she was raised with Glimmer, though instead of becoming best-friends they have more of a rivalry (More in Glimmer's section). When she becomes She-Ra, she is fully entangled in Shadow Weaver's manipulations, with no rebellious friends by her. She starts hating Catra, who is too fast for her She-Ra form and seems to always have clever tricks to stop her.

- Catra: I accept the headcanon that Adora found her on a box. Therefore, in this timeline, it wasn't Adora who found her—it was Scorpia. They're actual best friends this time, but she still suffers from an inferiority complex. Not because of Shadow Weaver, but by the treatment she gets as a sort-of-adoptive daughter of the royal family, with far too many expectations placed on her. She develops an obsession with She-Ra as no one else can beat her, and she believes taking her down will be her ticket to approval. She is, too, friends with Bow.

- Glimmer: With both of her parents "dead", she is raised as a captain for the Horde, same manner as Scorpia was. Unlike Scorpia, though, she is highly competent in the logistics. She wants to prove herself worthy of being Angela's successor and has been promised by Hordak access to the Moonstone once he deems her worthy of it, which is why she's always pushing to try and surpass Adora's results, becoming increasingly frustrated when Adora proves to be a better fighter and strategist, and particularly after becoming she-ra. She is, however, being trained in magic by Shadow Weaver, who of course likes her for being Micah's daughter.

- Bow: Bow remains mostly the same in terms of personality and attitude. His backstory doesn't change in the slightest, either, with the sole exception that in this timeline 'joining the rebellion' means joining the Fright Zone. He's Catra's other best friend.

- Scorpia: In this timeline, both of her mothers are alive. She is still the same in terms of personality, though she has been trained far more loosely. She has a connection to the Black Garnet, too, but suffers from the same problem Glimmer used to have and needs to recharge every so often. She wants to make friends with other princesses, but both of her mothers prohibit it, far too bitter about the last alliance to even attempt it. She's Catra's and Bow's best friend, and is fully aware of Catra's inferiority complex, but has no idea of how to fix it, so she just tries to be supportive.

- Shadow Weaver: Her backstory with Micah and then joining the horde is the same, however she now draws power from the Moonstone. She manipulates Adora with no Catra around to impede her, and she has a firm grip on Glimmer with the usage of magic, actually treating the

two of them with some semblance of affection. Maybe she gets taken down by Glimmer at some point and thrown in prison, or not, who knows?

- Angela and Micah: They still fall in love and have Glimmer, but in this timeline this happens in secret. When Hordak finds out, he sends the both of them to Beast Island, not before taking their child and also giving it to Shadow Weaver.

- Swift Wind: He is still granted sapience by Adora accidentally, but in this timeline, he is in a deep struggle between his rebellious nature and his calling as the steed of She-Ra. He sort of acts as a double agent.

- The Others: Pretty much everyone else remains the same. Whatever changes may happen to their characters will come directly from the differences in how plot developments happen.

Plot Progression:

Fuck you I'm not writing this right now lmao.

# Day 16 - Blood

## Chapter Summary

Catra and Glimmer have an accident while sparring. Catra doesn't take it too well.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catra clawed at Glimmer, her swing blocked by the queen and countered with an attempted punch full of sparkles that Catra managed to avoid by ducking. While below, she swiped with her legs, but Glimmer jumped and then teleported behind her, a glitter bomb in her hand as it crashed into Catra's back. Catra hissed after the hit, turning as fast as she could, claws out, and slashed the queen across her stomach.

Glimmer felt the sharp pain and yelped. Suddenly, the training stopped.

"Oh stars! Sparkles, I'm sorry!" Catra said, eyes wide as she instantly rose from the ship's floor and lifted her hands in a sign of surrender.

"I-It's ok, you just took me off guard," Glimmer said with a strained voice, holding on to her belly and trying not to cringe too hard at the pain.

"Let me see," Catra leaned, pulling on Glimmer's arm. The shift in her expression was all Glimmer needed to see to know it didn't look good.

She looked down. There was blood coming out of the slashes, though it was fairly obvious the cuts weren't too deep. "It's nothing, really. We just need to get Adora and-"

"No! Not her," Catra panicked. "Don't you have some magic healing you can do or something?"

"No, dad hasn't gotten to teaching me that kinda stuff yet, and Shadow Weaver only ever taught me things that would be useful to her..." Glimmer winced as another pang of pain shot up her body. "Let's just get Adora. She-Ra can heal me in a heartbeat."

Catra pressed her lips, but then she nodded, looking down. Only then did Glimmer realize that the hand she held against her arm was shaking.

"Hey, are you ok?"

"I..." Catra paused, shaking her head. "I don't want her to see that I hurt you," she explained.

It dawned on Glimmer what she meant. She shook the hand off her arm, only to take it between hers. “Hey, it was just a training accident. Do you know how many times Bow has hurt people with his arrows? Or how many times Adora destroyed something she shouldn’t have?”

“I know, it’s just...” Catra sighed. “No, you’re hurting, let’s just go find her.”

Glimmer patted her hand a couple of times before freeing it, and walked to the door of the room they’d dedicated to training inside Darla. Outside, Melog was pacing nervously, clearly distressed by Catra’s mood. Catra followed the queen with a grim expression.

When Adora saw them enter the bridge of the ship, she didn’t take too long to figure out what had happened. “Those claws hurt, eh?” she asked as she summoned her sword.

“Yep,” Glimmer nodded.

Catra didn’t say a word as Adora transformed. After Glimmer was healed, she could still feel a light, phantom sensation, as if the cut was still there, but not really. It was common of She-Ra’s healing.

“I’m just gonna go to my room,” Catra mumbled, turning.

“No you don’t,” Adora said, taking her. “We haven’t eaten yet, and you need a shower.”

“Plus, we’re making Wrong Hordak’s special today!” Glimmer said.

Bow entered the bridge at that same moment, smiling widely. “Did I hear Wrong Hordak’s special? Nice, I’m starving!”

Catra took a deep breath and nodded. “Ok, then I’ll go take a shower,” she simply said, shaking off the grip and walking away.

Adora sighed, turning back to normal. “I hate it when stuff like this happens.”

Bow looked at them, confused. “Did I miss something?”

Glimmer deadpanned him, pointing at the gashes in her clothes. “You think?”

“Oh, I get it. Well, at least she’s not shutting herself off in her room like back in the day, I guess.”

“We just need to help her understand it’s ok to make these mistakes. She punishes herself more than any of us do,” Glimmer explained, feeling bad for having reacted so strongly.

“She just needs time. Maybe we should have spent some more time in Etheria to give her some recovery time before hopping to our next adventure,” Adora said.

“Too late for that now! Going back would take twice as long as reaching our destination!” Entrapta suddenly jumped from out of nowhere, wearing her goggles as she moved like a spider with her hair, looking at Darla’s systems.



Glimmer sighed. “Well, maybe you should go shower with her, Adora. That’ll make her feel better.”

Adora paused, growing red. “You think?”

Bow chuckled.

Glimmer simply pushed her off the bridge, and then went on to make dinner. *I need to change clothes, too. I’ll do that after showering.*

## Chapter End Notes

This coming in late 'cause today was a busy day. Still, I'm happy with what I ended up with. I'm really fucking good at this.

# Day 17 - Promise

## Chapter Summary

Adora wakes up in the middle of the night having remembered something important. She talks with Catra about it.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*You look out for me, and I look out for you. Nothing really bad can happen as long as we have each other.*

***You promise?***

*I promise.*

Adora opened her eyes, with a cold chill running down her spine.

Tears were welling in her eyes, so she blinked them away and sat up, wiping them away as they fell down her cheeks. She felt awfully awake, despite it still being the middle of the night, and she realized something was wrong—her bed didn't have the familiar weight at her feet of Melog, or the warmth of Catra next to her.

Well, it wasn't *that* uncommon for Catra to go out at night. She enjoyed the peace and quiet of the dark hours, and she could sneak around the castle more easily.

That promise... Adora grabbed her head, slowly coming into herself as the fog of having just woken up vanished. All that remained was confusion and the strange feeling like she'd just come to understand something important.

Standing from bed, she wondered if she could even attempt to find Catra in the middle of the night, or if she should wait for her to come back. She approached the window, looking outside. The moon told her there were still a few hours until dawn, and she didn't want to wait that long.

It was warm today, so she threw on some light clothing as she stepped into the silent hallways of Brightmoon. Without shoes, she was able to move rather soundlessly, which she figured was for the best, lest Catra hear her, mistake her for someone else, and run away.

As she looked out the glass panes of the hallway, towards the Moonstone's light, she saw something—a shadow moving near the runestone. A familiar one.

Correcting her course, she started on her way there.

The light of the Moonstone was enough to perfectly lit the entire platform upon which it floated. Below it, on the bench—Altar? Adora wasn't quite sure what that was supposed to be—sat her girlfriend, gently patting Melog's head. The enormous cat purred softly as the only sound around.

"Can't sleep?" Adora asked.

Catra jumped in place, yelping. Her tail stood alert as she turned, but then she relaxed. "Stars, you almost give me a heart attack. Hey, Adora," Catra sighed, sitting down.

Adora sat next to her, and took her hand into hers. "Do you come here often?"

"From time to time," Catra shrugged. "Nobody but Glimmer actually comes this way, and she's fast asleep right now, so it's a nice place to be alone."

"I see..." Adora trailed off, taking a deep breath.

"Why are *you* awake, though? You usually don't even realize I'm gone," Catra asked, looking her way. Her yellow and blue eyes seemed to glow in the dark. They always had.

Adora chuckled. "Actually, I always realize when you're gone. Today I just chose to come look for you."

Catra looked genuinely surprised by the revelation. "Oh, huh. Sorry about that."

"Don't be silly, you've always liked your nightly escapades," Adora bumped her with a smile. "But... can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Do you remember... the promise? About looking out for each other?" Catra's pupils suddenly thinned. Adora frowned, knowing that meant she'd touched a nerve. "I take it yes?"

"You... remembered?" Catra asked. Her hand was tense.

"Kinda. Just now, kinda. In a dream. I..." Adora went quiet as Catra slowly turned her head away. Her breaths had become shallow. "Hey, kitty, are you ok?"

"Ye... No," Catra shook her head. "No, I'm not."

Adora's heart dropped to her feet. "It's the promise, isn't it? You've... remembered. All this time. Even while..."

Her girlfriend nodded. Adora didn't need to finish the sentence. There was a long, rather uncomfortable silence between them. But Catra didn't pull her hand away from Adora's which was something.

“I’m sorry,” Adora mumbled, breaking the silence.

Catra’s eyes were teary when she turned. “Don’t be. It was just a silly promise.”

“No it wasn’t! Clearly not, for you,” Adora turned her body, releasing Catra’s hand to pull her into an embrace. “I’m really sorry, Catra. I... I’ll make it up to you.”

Catra hesitated for a moment before hugging her back. “Don’t be an idiot. You’ve already done more than enough. I’m just happy we’re here now.”

Adora sniffled, realizing she’d begun to cry. “I’ll take you wherever you wanna go tomorrow.”

With a chuckle, Catra patted her back. “You want to pamper me because you feel bad?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I won’t complain about that,” she said. She pulled away from the hug for a moment. “But if you really want to pamper me, then...” she leaned in again, but this time, she placed her lips on Adora’s. It was a soft and slow kiss. Tender, kind. “Stop crying.”

Adora nodded, sniffing again as she tried to clear away the tears in her eyes. “O-ok.”

Catra sighed. “Come on, let’s get back to bed. I think the tiredness is making you emotional.”

Adora allowed Catra to pull on her and guide her towards their room. “Where do you wanna go?”

“Let’s figure it out together tomorrow, alright?”

“But-”

“No buts, I wanna go to a place we both want to go, so let’s figure it out together.”

“... ok,” Adora nodded.

Catra’s smile, at least, helped her relax.

## Chapter End Notes

I think I went for a rather straightforward approach for today's word. Not that I've been actively trying to subvert these words or anything, but I think this may have been the one I've played the most straight. [Insert obvious gay joke here]

# Day 18 - Portal

## Chapter Summary

Entrapta really likes the project Hordak has invited her to partake in.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Entrapta hummed, a strand of her hair twisting a screwdriver as another couple of them used a welder. The frame of the machine was coming together nicely. She giggled excitedly as she finished welding and shook the result, making sure it wouldn't come apart. The Fright Zone had so much material it often felt overwhelming, but a lot of it wasn't the best quality, so Entrapta needed to make sure it worked properly.

As she circled around the contraption to get started on the wiring, she wondered what the universe would look like. The real universe. With stars, and other planets, and galaxies. Hordak didn't talk about it, but she was certain he missed it. Etheria's sky was always dark, even when the moon was out. An endless black void.

Through the usage of a portal, the scope of what they could do would widen so, so much... It was almost too exciting! Her hair began to work more quickly, its movements reacting to almost instinctive maneuvers as her brain worked faster than Entrapta could really process.

She smiled maniacally as her brain went through what the implications of opening the portal were. Access to a whole new *universe* of understanding! Technology she couldn't even fathom, all of it available if she managed to finish this project! And it would make Hordak happy too. He was always grumpy and liked to speak in grumbles, but Entrapta could easily see through his façade. He was just lonely.

Well, if she managed to do this, he wouldn't be anymore. He had said he had family on the other side, or something like that, she wasn't too sure. Regardless, the more she thought about it, the more impatient she grew, so she set to finish as quickly as she could.

After all, it was all for the furthering of science. What could possibly go wrong?

## Chapter End Notes

Not gonna lie, I didn't really know what to do today, so I just figured I'd try to write something from Entrapta's POV.



# Day 19 - Helmet

## Chapter Summary

Adora gets her head stuck on a helmet. Glimmer helps her out.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’m... stuck,” Adora said, pointing to the green helmet on her head. Her voice sounded distorted.

Glimmer blinked. “How?”

Adora shrugged. “I think the guy’s head was a bit too small for me, so...”

Glimmer took a deep breath. This mission could *not* go wrong, or she’d never hear the end of it. “Alright, how about you turn into She-Ra? Your clothes always change when you do that, maybe it’ll get rid of the helmet?”

“But when I turn back it’ll just be there again. And I can disguise myself as She-Ra, there’s no uniform big enough for her,” Adora tried to scratch her head, but the helmet impeded her.

“Ok, just... continue with the disguise, we’ll figure that out later!”

Adora paused. “I guess we could do that, but I think I’ll be too distracted if we do...”

“Ugh, alright, let me try this...” Glimmer approached Adora, carefully placing her hands around the helmet.

“What are you trying?” Bow asked.

“I’m going to try to teleport the helmet away from her.”

“Glimmer, you’ve never done something like that, what if you take her head off?!”

“Well I have to try something! Unless you happen to have some arrow that could help,” Glimmer said, staring harshly at him.

Bow’s expression of uncertainty was all she needed to see, so she closed her eyes and tried to focus on Adora. Truth be told, she had never thought too hard about her power. Whenever she touched someone, they would teleport—along with everything they had on them. Clothes, items, anything touching them or just attached in some way.

But that wasn't all there was to it. Someone holding on to Glimmer's cape could teleport with her, too, even if she didn't know they were there. Glimmer figured it was because she considered her cape as a part of herself—so touching her cape was like touching her. Opposite to that, sometimes, people holding on to unusual objects wouldn't have them when they reappeared. It had to do something with perception, probably.

Which meant Glimmer should be able to take the helmet off. Adora had only worn it for like a minute.

She took a deep breath and teleported. The light lurching of her stomach when she did that was familiar—it was light. The more energy she spent, like travelling long distances or with more people, the more sick the lurch made her feel.

She cracked one eye open. To her surprise, the helmet was in her hands—and the rest of Adora wasn't.

“Boy, thank you, I was having trouble breathing,” Adora sighed in relief.

Glimmer threw the helmet to the side. “Next time don't force it on your head, please. We need to take out someone a bit bigger.”

Adora smiled and pulled up a sleeve. “I've got this,” she said, turning away from the little hiding place among the bushes and rushing to ambush another guard.

## Chapter End Notes

I had the general idea for this one, but I didn't expect to go on a limb about Glimmer's power. Guess my hard magic side took over for a moment.



# Day 20 - Coffee

## Chapter Summary

Coffee shop AU lmao.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Welcome!” Adora said as the door to the shop opened, the bell above it tinkling softly.

She was only surprised when, after turning, she saw who had entered: Catra.

“Hey, don’t make that face, I’m a client,” the girl said, her almost feline smile stirring a cocktail of emotions inside Adora.

“Yeah, sure,” Adora narrowed her eyes. “What the hell do you want?”

“A coffee, of course. This *is* a coffee shop, isn’t it?”

Of course, Adora didn’t believe a word she said. While they had been friends forever, it seemed that for some reason Catra had taken a turn for the bad when they hit college. And it wouldn’t have been too bad, save for the fact that she’d also taken it upon herself to try to ruin Adora’s life too. She’d tried to get in the way of her studying, she’d gotten her fired from three jobs, and then she’d joined a strange group—maybe a cult, Adora wasn’t sure—and hung out with strange people.

“Fine. What will it be?” She said, cautious.

“Pure black.”

Adora lifted an eyebrow. Back when they’d still lived together, Catra would have never had a coffee with anything less than half the cup being milk. As a black coffee lover herself, she’d never understood why people bothered to drink coffee if they weren’t going to enjoy it.

“Really?”

The girl shrugged, her heterochromatic eyes sparkling with enjoyment. “What can I say? I’ve matured.”

“Drinking black coffee doesn’t make you mature,” Adora said as she turned and started brewing. “Now seriously, why did you come here?”

“I just passed by and decided it’d be nice to get a coffee, there’s no deeper meaning to it,” Catra smirked in the evil way she so often did. Adora refrained from kicking her out, boss

Angela would fire her if she did. “Aren’t you happy to see me? It’s been quite a while.”

“It’s been a week. And it doesn’t even need to be that long, we share half of our classes, you just skip most of them!”

Catra paused, deadpanning. “You’re no fun,” she said, shaking her head. Adora finally handed her the black coffee. Catra, surprisingly, paid for it. No-one else was at the shop at the moment—it was a small one in an out-of-the-way alley, sustained only by university students rushing it on exam periods—so Adora didn’t mind too much when Catra didn’t move from the counter, instead taking her coffee and drinking it slowly at her place.

Only, the way her eyes twitched were a dead giveaway that she wasn’t enjoying it.

“You don’t actually like black coffee, do you?” Adora asked, smirking. “Wanna seem cool in front of me?”

Catra almost spit what she’d drunk. “What?! No, of course not. I just...” she looked away. “I guess I’m not that in the mood for it. Here, keep it, I’ll just go.”

Adora looked at it, an idea sparking in her head. “Wait... Did you do this to indirectly invite me a coffee?”

The absolute shock and embarrassment on Catra’s face was almost funny. “What? No! Ugh, what poor customer service, I’m leaving,” she said, pretending to be angry, and storming out of the shop.

The commotion made Glimmer come out of the break room with worry. “Something happen?”

Adora took the coffee and drank from it. “Nothing serious.”

After a few seconds, Glimmer shrugged and went back to her break.

To Adora, the coffee was pretty great, if she did think so herself.

## Chapter End Notes

By far the hardest time I've had trying to write for a day. Jesus fuck I had no ideas, so I ended up resorting to... A coffee shop AU. Sigh.

# Day 21 - Corrupted

## Chapter Summary

Catra is falling into an infinite void. Or is she?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The world was falling apart. Reality itself shattered into infinite pieces. Time and space collapsing on themselves, the notion of timelines and parallel universes nothing but a blur, a faint memory in the endless messes the pull of a lever had caused.

And in the middle of it all, Catra fell.

Spite. Anger. Sadness. Regret. So many emotions dancing inside her. She had caused this, but she couldn't remember why. All she could think of was Adora, and that Horde badge. Pieces of the world that had once seemed to flash around her—memories, maybe, even if she didn't remember them. Memories of Adora, of Scorpia, of Hordak, of Entrapta.

And of Shadow Weaver.

The sight of the black haired, masked woman stirred something inside the cat girl. Once again, the memory vanished—like Shadow Weaver had. Like Adora had. Alone. She was always alone, Catra realized. Why, though? What had she done to deserve it?

Nothing. That was the thing, people just left her. Why should anyone else get what they wanted, then? What made Catra different from anything else?

The emotions inside her stopped stirring, for one of them started to overtake the others. Her anger. She extended a hand to the side, grabbing a loose piece of reality and anchoring herself to it, even while still feeling the pull of the portal.

She climbed on top of the floating rock, and started seeing strange things—those memories from before, but distorted. She saw Shadow Weaver being nice to her. She saw Adora staying. She grit her teeth, growing only angrier. Were those fake? Or alternate timelines? Was there, somewhere, somewhen, a happy Catra?

Why should there be?

Catra stepped into these memories. Like a corridor, like a stepping stone, like a pathway to go back. She wouldn't let Adora fix this. Shed try to, of course she'd try—she was miss hero She-Ra. She would manage to do it unless someone opposed her.

At times, it felt like something kept pulling on her. On her arm, on her face. It felt like clawing, forcefully trying to hold her back—but she wouldn't stop.

She wouldn't stop until it was all gone.

The entire world would perish. It would get what it deserved.

Everything and everyone would feel as Catra had all of her life.

## Chapter End Notes

Have I ever mentioned Catra is my favorite character?

## Day 22 - Human

### Chapter Summary

Adora goes through a small existential crisis.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What does it really mean to be human?” Adora asked, looking at the planet they’d just left. It had been a long campaign against a big group of rogue Prime clones who had managed to keep control of the planet, and they were all exhausted.

“What do you mean?” Catra asked.

“The people of that world were, by all accounts, humans. But they didn’t like being called that. It’s just semantics, but what does ‘human’ even mean?” She turned to Catra. “You have cat features, Scorpia has scorpion features. I think Scorpia’s people called themselves the Scorpioni, but are they still human? She acts like a human.”

“I think you’re thinking way too hard about this.”

“I know, I just...” Adora looked at own hand. “Am I human? As far as I know, I’m the last First One in the universe. I had to be born from someone, but we haven’t found any remnants of a living civilization for them. Just ruins all over. Prime made sure to tell me he’d wiped them all out, but...”

“If you’re here, that’s impossible.”

“Exactly. But what if he *did* wipe them out in the years between my birth and now? Can I really be certain that I’m human?”

Catra stepped closer to her, taking her hand. “Don’t be stupid. Why wouldn’t you be? You look like one, you act like one, you feel and think like one, and you’re organic too, so...”

Of course, Catra was telling the truth. Adora understood her worries were silly, just a small bit of an existential crisis, probably due to the stress of having just saved a planet. Knowing this didn’t really help the bad mood she was in. “Even after all I went through, I still have so few answers. I’m just tired, I guess.”

“You will get your answers. Or maybe not, who knows? But you’re still you, whatever you choose to call yourself. I don’t need you to be human to love you,” Catra said, resting her head on Adora’s shoulder.

Adora smiled, turning to place a kiss on Catra's hair. "That's comforting, at least. Thank you."

"Now let's go to sleep, please. I'm very, very tired."

"Did you just say those nice things to get me to shut up?"

Catra shrugged. "Maybe," she said with a smirk, walking away. "Now come on, first one there gets the covers."

Adora started. "Wait, what? Since when?" She asked, surprised, but Catra ran away. "Hey, wait!"

At least, the existentialism was no longer in her mind.

## Chapter End Notes

Not much to say about today, really. Just a short, easy story.

# Day 23 - Magic

## Chapter Summary

Glimmer does stage magic, but Bow and Adora don't get it.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Aaaand... ta-daa!” Glimmer said as she pulled a small forest creature out of a hat.

Adora looked at it, confused, not really sure of what that meant. “Ok? What’s the purpose of that?”

“It’s stage magic! Aren’t you curious about how I did it?” Glimmer asked.

Bow, next to her, shrugged. “I mean, you probably used a spell, right? Not that I wouldn’t want to learn some magic here and there, but...”

“No, no! You guys aren’t getting it, I’m not doing this with *spells*! It’s an illusion!” Glimmer explained. “There was no glowing stuff or magic circles or anything, right?”

Adora paused, scratching her chin slowly. “Ah, so you’re not actually using magic?”

Glimmer sighed. “No. It’s just a trick. That’s what makes it fun!”

Adora and Bow exchanged a look, shrugging. “Well, then... how did you do it?” Bow asked.

A smirk crawled onto Glimmer’s face, the twinkle in her eye explaining she had been waiting for that question. “I can’t tell you. A magician never reveals her secrets.”

Adora rolled her eyes. “Come on, it’s just a trick, why would you hide how it’s done?”

“To keep the illusion!”

“But you already told us it’s an illusion!”

“Yeah, but you don’t know how I did it.”

Bow shrugged, examining the hat. “Well there’s no hidden compartment here, so... you used your sleeves, maybe?”

Glimmer opened her mouth, but then closed it. “How’d you figure it out so quickly?” She asked, pouting.

“You never wear sleeves,” Adora pointed out.

“I...” Glimmer trailed off, annoyed. “Ok, you know what, forget it,” she took off the jacket she was wearing. Cards and what looked like a string of ribbons fell from it. She turned around and walked away.

“Glimmer, wai-” Bow started, but Glimmer slammed the door behind her, leaving the two of them alone in the room. Bow pressed his lips. “I think we made her upset.”

Adora pressed her lips. “Maybe... Should we have shown a bit more excitement?”

“I think so. She was really having fun, but we didn’t really get it,” Bow scratched the back of his head. “I’m gonna go talk to her.”

Adora nodded, standing. “Yeah, maybe we should.”

## Chapter End Notes

You'll see the end is a bit abrupt, but that's 'cause this story will continue tomorrow!



## Day 24 - Fire

### Chapter Summary

Glimmer is upset, and in her anger she cause a small accident.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Glimmer was upset. She knew it was silly, and not that big a deal, but she still couldn't help it. As she stormed into the kitchen—being the only place she figured the others wouldn't look for her—the cooks looked at her with cautious looks.

She walked to a corner, where she could sit, while trying to unravel the things that she was feeling. She'd been excited to show her magic to her friends, but they hadn't gotten it. But why would they? It was stupid fake magic. She could do *real* magic, of course they'd be unimpressed.

Why did she even bother?

“Glimmer, there you are,” Bow said as he entered the kitchen. Behind him, Adora. Both of them looked worried. “Hey, we're sorry we didn't understand your tricks. We should have put a bit more effort,” he said, putting on the puppy eyes he always used when he felt bad.

Glimmer crossed her arms, not wanting to hear any of it. “It's fine. It's not important. I just wanna be alone.”

“Come on, Glimmer. Maybe you can show us some more of that stuff?” Adora pushed.

Glimmer, starting to get real annoyed, stood up. “Leave me alone!” she said, waving her arms wildly.

She accidentally flipped over cook's pan.

The oil caught fire.

A few seconds later, the kitchen was burning.

“Oooh my stars,” Glimmer said as she jumped back. Half the cooks noticed what was going on and ran away, while the others went to fetch the fire extinguisher.

“Stay back!” Adora pulled Bow and Glimmer back, summoning her sword from thin air and turning into She-Ra without a second thought.

“Ugh!” Glimmer groaned, teleporting away to fetch the fire extinguishers before returning and putting the fire off herself. “Stupid kitchen with its fires and its... pans,” she complained in a mumble.

When the fire was out, she sighed, putting the extinguisher down and staring tiredly at the mess she’d made. “Someone bring me a mop,” she ordered.

“N-no, your majesty, please, just let us-” A cook started.

“Bring me the damn mop!” Glimmer ordered. The cook jumped, startled, and went to fetch it.

After he brought it, the cooks slowly left the kitchen. The only ones left were Glimmer, the mop she was using, and Bow and Adora, who stared at Glimmer awkwardly.

“Stop staring. Just leave,” Glimmer said.

Adora didn’t say anything. Instead, she stepped forward. She turned She-Ra off, but she kept the sword in her hand, turning it into another mop as she helped Glimmer out. Bow, instead, took a rag and started wiping the counters.

“We really are sorry,” Adora said, in the end.

“Yes.”

Glimmer sighed. “I know. I just... I found out how to do those tricks, and I wanted to impress you. I should have figured...”

“No, no, it’s ok. Show us some more later, ok?” Adora insisted.

Glimmer looked up. Adora and Bow nodded and smiled. “Alright,” she accepted. “But first let’s clean up this mess.”

## Chapter End Notes

And this is the end of this epic 2 chapter saga.

## Day 25 - Dream

### Chapter Summary

Adora wakes up from a bad dream, but Catra doesn't let her walk away from bed.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Adora didn't like dreaming.

At times, it reminded her of Light Hope, and how she'd send her messages in her sleep. At others, she'd dream about the past, good or bad, and wake up feeling alien. And in the worst cases, she'd have outright nightmares, visions of how the world would be if she'd failed as She-Ra at any point. The universe collapsing on itself at the hand of Horde Prime, Etheria overrun by machines, all of her friends gone...

So when that very night she had a dream that started normal, but turned bad, she stood up from her bed inside Darla and decided not to go back to sleep.

She walked off from bed as careful as she could, but she knew Catra would realize she'd gone off anyways. And she did, for even before Adora left the room, the feline stirred. "Something happen?" She croaked.

"Not really, just a bad dream, don't worry," Adora said, smiling as she tried to leave.

"Come here," Catra ordered. Adora sighed, walking back towards the bed and lying down. Catra pulled her close, purring softly as she placed her head against Adora's chest and caressed her back. "I'm not gonna let you go without sleeping," she mumbled. "Remember what happened at HT-88?"

"Oh, that's hardly fair, we had just found out what coffee was, I didn't know drinking it wouldn't let me sleep."

"The point is, I'm here. Even if you don't sleep, at least rest," Catra insisted. "For me?"

Adora sighed. Putting one arm over Catra, she pulled her closer and buried her nose in her hair. "Alright, I'll try."

Catra purred a bit louder as an answer, and a few moments later, her breathing steadied and her hand stopped moving. Adora smiled, closing her eyes, and somehow knew she wouldn't have more troubles sleeping tonight.

After all, her current life was already sort of like a dream already. Or maybe better, as she hadn't dreamed of something like this not that long ago.

"Good night, kitty," she mumbled, slowly dozing off once again.

## Chapter End Notes

Short, sweet. I think these 300 words little snippets of story are really helping me slowly come to understand how to write shorter stuff. Who knows, I may be able to write a compelling fic in less than half a million fucking words yet.

## Day 26 - Cute

### Chapter Summary

Scorpia gets a new dress, but it takes some convincing from Perfuma before she tries it on.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Scorpia saw the dress Perfuma was offering her, she got excited. It was long and cut in an old style, with a big bell-like skirt that she didn't know the name of, and was entirely green, likely hand-made by her from plants. "Oh stars, Perfuma, that looks, just, great!" She took it with careful pincers, getting a feel for it, stretching it to see how resistant it was.

"If you're worried about it breaking, don't worry! That's some of the strongest fiber I could make, you won't be able to cut it even with your pincers, I promise!" Perfuma said, smiling excitedly at it.

Scorpia nodded, satisfied. She wanted to try on the dress, but then, she paused. "Well, maybe I'll try it back at home, then!"

Perfuma's reaction was instantaneous, with a big pout and a frown forming on her face. "What do you mean 'at home'? I want to see you try it!"

A light heat started to climb up Scorpia's cheeks. She looked around Perfuma's hut, finding a mirror framed with flowers and imagining herself wearing the dress. "Well, it's a bit hot today... I think," she tried to come up with an excuse, failing miserably at it.

The deadpan Perfuma gave her was enough to understand it hadn't been believable in the slightest. "What's going on? Oh, you don't like it, do you...?" Her eyes saddened.

"No, no! It's not that, I promise," Scorpia made sure to not let the misunderstanding get any worse. "It's just- It's kind of a frilly dress, and I'm not sure It'd fit me," she explained. "It's so cute, while I..." she looked at the mirror again, touching her shoulder spikes. "I'm sharp and harsh."

"Not this again," Perfuma sighed, scooting closer to Scorpia. "You've got to stop looking at yourself that way," she said, softly placing a hand on her arm, caressing the spikes there carefully. "You look wonderful. You know this."

Scorpia's face only got hotter at the touch. "I... Know we've talked about it, but will this even suit me? It's such a contrast."

“It’s not about whether it suits you or not—which it will, I promise—but about whether you want to wear it or not. Do you want to wear it?” Perfuma asked, looking at Scorpia with big eyes.

Scorpia hesitated for a moment before nodding. “Yes, of course I want to wear it. Especially since it was you made it,” she admitted.

Perfuma smiled, lifting herself off the ground just enough to peck Scorpia’s lips. “Then change so that I can see you in it, will you?” she said in a rather imperious voice.

Without feeling so doubtful anymore, Scorpia moved to do so. She changed in front of Perfuma—not like they hadn’t seen each other naked before—and tried on the dress.

It was light, and surprisingly breezy. It felt resistant, too, and after her initial carefulness she started feeling like she could really move freely with it. “Wow, this feels... Great,” she admitted. Then, she turned to look at herself in the mirror. For a moment, she was surprised. The green really contrasted with her red exoskeleton, but not in a bad way. On top of that, it really made her look a lot more... regal, in a way. “So, how do I look?” She asked, nervous, turning to Perfuma.

She had wide, shiny eyes. She looked amazed. “You look so cute!” she said, standing and rushing over, examining her more closely. “But here, let me finish the job...” she said, materializing a pink flower on her hair. “There, to tie it all together.”

Scorpia smiled, feeling her earlier embarrassment had been silly. Why would she ever doubt Perfuma? Of course her dress would look great. “Thank you, really.”

“Oh, no need to thank me. I should be thanking you for letting me see you like that. It’s a blessing for my eyes,” Perfuma said.

Once again, Scorpia felt some heat crawl up her cheeks. “Oh, stop that. You’re making me blush”

“And you look all the more cute for it,” Scorpia said with a cheeky smile, throwing her arms around Scorpia’s neck and kissing her strongly.

Scorpia eased into the kiss, putting her arms around Perfuma’s waist and gently pulling her closer.

Being with her really made her feel cute, both inside and outside, and that was something she wouldn’t trade for anything else.

## Chapter End Notes

"Oh look another story about Scorpia being insecure about her appearance but Perfuma telling her to be more confident oh wow how original you must be so proud"

I know it's kind of trite at this point BUT IT'S SUCH A FUCKING GOOD TROPE I REGRET NOTHING.

Also, I couldn't let this month end without doing SOMETHING Scorfuma lol.

## Day 27 - Cat

### Chapter Summary

Catra sees her first cat.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What the heck is that?” Catra asked, her tail standing on end as she saw the strange creature in front of her.

“This... is a cat!” Entrapta explained, talking to her recorder.

Catra stared the feline in the eyes. It was so... small, and fluffy. So different from Melog. “*This* is a cat?” She asked. The animal purred something, but she couldn’t understand it. “But... but...”

“Oh my gosh is that a CAT?!” Adora stepped into the house the locals were letting them use and stared at the creature. “I never thought I’d see one! They’re extinct in Etheria, right?”

“Not extinct, but they are exceedingly rare,” Entrapta said. “I think I could clone a few of them if Catra lets me use her DNA, though!”

“Nooo thank you, I need nothing of the sort,” she said. For some reason, she couldn’t get her eyes off the cat.

Then, the animal started licking his privates.

“Oh, how cute. He’s doing the same thing you did when you-” Adora explained, but Catra nearly tackled her before she could finish.

“You speak another word and I’ll bite your tongue off,” she threatened.

Adora chuckled.

“Can you understand it?” Entrapta asked her.

“No, I can’t,” Catra shook her head, turning to watch it again.

Melog approached the creature, purring. The cat meowed back to him. A second later, Melog shrugged, seemingly unable to understand either. “Maybe it talks, like, this planet’s version of cat language,” Adora suggested.

“Ugh, why is it even here? Doesn’t it have an owner or something?” Catra asked.



“Why would you assume it’s a pet?” Adora asked.

“Because it’s obviously not an intelligent creature, unlike me,” Catra said.

“Wait, since when are you intelligent?” Adora asked. Catra deadpanned her. “Come on, you set yourself up for that one.”

Sighing, the cat-girl approached the cat, stretching her hand. The cat seemed to smell her for a moment before rubbing its head against her. “This is so surreal.”

“Really? I figured you’d love this.”

“Imagine you found an animal that’s a version of your species but non-sapient. Wouldn’t that feel weird to you?” Catra explained.

Entrapta jumped excitedly. “Oh, but there is such a thing! Primates, also known as Apes or Monkeys! They’re kinda like humans, but hairy, and some have tails! Ah, how I wish we find some in one of the planets we’ve yet to save!” She explained, smiling.

Adora frowned as Entrapta showed her pictures of the things, and Catra laughed at her reaction.

Then, she turned to the cat once again. It was looking at her with big, golden eyes. Catra rolled her eyes, patting it softly. “I guess you’re kinda cute.”

“Just like you,” Adora said, drawing closer and patting the both of them.

Catra sighed, hoping they didn’t take any of these with them.

## Chapter End Notes

Kind of a comedy focus here. Idk I just thought it'd be funny.

## Day 28 - Kiss

### Chapter Summary

Scorpia wants to know how kisses feel. Entrapta suggests an experiment.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So... how do you think kisses feel?” Scorpia asked, looking at Entrapta work on her latest invention.

Entrapta, not even bothering to turn around, kept working. “Moist, possibly warm, though some people are cold-blooded. They can be soft or not depending on if you have skin or scales, maybe uncomfortable if your face has fur? Though plenty of furless people grow beards, so that doesn’t seem to be a detriment,” she said in a matter-o-fact way.

Scorpia sighed. It wasn’t like she wanted to kiss anyone, she was just... curious, about how Catra’s lips would feel. Against hers. Sometimes, only. And it was just silly curiosity... though if Catra was down for it they could maybe do it more than once! Well, assuming she agreed to it in the first place.

“Aren’t you curious?” Scorpia asked. “About trying them yourself, I mean.”

“I see no need for them. It’s a way of showing other humans your affection—for most, it’s one of the highest shows of affection you can give someone else—but it has no real scientific applications,” Entrapta shrugged, her hair moving almost like a spider as she circled around the machine making preparations.

Scorpia sighed, supposing that was very much what she should have expected from the inventor. Oh, she should just ask Catra. But she didn’t usually like physical contact, and always ran from her hugs. Maybe she should surprise her? No, no, this was too big a thing to do something like that.

“Oh, wait,” Entrapta suddenly stopped, raising and looking at Scorpia. “Were you perhaps hoping to engage in kissing with someone?”

Scorpia blushed. “Oh, no. Well, maybe, I don’t know. I just wanna know how it feels I guess?” Scorpia said, chuckling nervously and scratching the back of her neck.

“Ah, I see. Do you want to experiment with me?” Entrapta asked. “Since you’re interested, I can spare a minute for it. I theorize it could be an interesting experience!” she explained, lifting herself up with her hair to be able to stand eye to eye with Scorpia.

“No, no! It’s not like that, I just...” Scorpia paused. If she ever did kiss Catra, she’d like to know what to do. Maybe she could take this offer and just feel how it felt. “Well, I guess if you’re not bothered by it...”

“Great, then! How do we do it?”

Scorpia paused. “Don’t you know?”

“I just told you I haven’t ever experienced it. I know the theory, of course. We’re supposed to mash our lips together, I believe.”

Scorpia stared Entrapta in the eyes. She looked as excited as ever, clearly not thinking of this as anything else than another experiment. “O-ok, I... I guess we just do this and...” Scorpia leaned forward. Why was her heart beating so fast? Oh, she was so nervous!

And when the kiss happened, she wasn’t expecting it. Entrapta also moved forward, and their lips met. It caught her by surprise. They both stayed still for a few seconds. Entrapta’s lips were... not moist. But they were warm.

Then they split. “Interesting,” Entrapta said, nodding slightly as she took out her recorder to talk about it.

Scorpia just stayed there, touching her lips with her pincer. Her heartbeat still raced, but she hadn’t felt much else beyond nervousness. “It was almost disappointing,” she admitted.

“It was unimpressive, yes. I guess I was right in my assessment that it wouldn’t be of much use to me!” Entrapta explained.

Scorpia sat down, wondering if she’d been stupid stressing over it. “I guess I just don’t get why it’s supposed to be such a big deal?”

“Well, maybe the subject you perform the kiss on is also important! All variables matter,” Entrapta suggested.

“So you’re saying we just did that for nothing?” Scorpia deadpanned.

“No, of course not! If nothing else, we now have a point of reference for future experiences! Data is always worth it!” She explained, and then put her goggles back on and continued working.

Scorpia shook her head and sighed.

Ah, it looks like who she really wanted to kiss was Catra after all...

## Chapter End Notes

Idk why this came to mind but I wanted to experiment a bit with this idea.



# Day 29 - Heart

## Chapter Summary

Adora and Catra have a bit of a *heart to heart*.

Fucking kill me

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was only first light in the morning when Adora groggily opened her eyes with a familiar weight at her feet. A weight she hadn't felt in a long, long time. She moved her toes to tickle said weight until it turned and cracked an eye open. "What?"

"Why are you down there? Come here," Adora said, patting her side.

Catra groaned as she moved, her eyes still half closed before she dropped right next to Adora and went back to snoring away. Soft purrs came out of her throat from time to time, and she was now weakly clutching Adora's shirt.

Adora smiled, putting an arm around her and pulling her closer. Orange sunlight streamed through their window, and while she wasn't sleepy anymore, she had no intention of leaving this bed until Catra did.

Up and down, Adora moved her hand to caress Catra's back. Until she stopped. Her hand over her upper back, she realized she could feel the soft thumping of a heart.

It was beating pretty fast, though.

"... Catra? Are you still awake?" She asked, softly.

Catra stilled unnaturally, pretending to be asleep. Adora chuckled, moving to place her chin on top of Catra's head. She enjoyed how the heartbeat accelerated even more. "I can feel your heart change rhythm," she whispered, softly restarting her caressing. "Is there any reason you don't want to wake up?"

The cat girl pressed herself against Adora. "I just... Don't want to let this moment end."

"It won't," Adora said, kissing the top of her head. "But I'd like you to look up."

Doing as told, Catra raised her head, meeting Adora's eyes. "What is it?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to see your face," she said, smiling widely.

Embarrassed, Catra looked down again, burying her face in Adora's chest. Adora was unable to hold back a chuckle, which she released in Catra's hair. Her entire body was coursing with energy now, a strange need to squeeze Catra and have her as close as possible. After everything they'd gone through, she was finally here, and she could hug her, kiss her, and...

"What are you thinking about?" Catra interrupted, her voice muffled by Adora's shirt.

A blush rushed to cover Adora's face. "N-nothing!" she exclaimed way too loudly.

"Your heartbeat suddenly spiked."

Well, that made sense. "I'm just... really happy that you're here," Adora explained, tightening her hug. "It sort of feels like my heart is going to burst out of my chest with how much I love you."

"Ugh, that's so corny," Catra complained. Yet, after snuggling for a moment, she sighed. "but... I get the feeling, I guess..."

"You guess? Come on, say that you love me."

"I refuse."

Adora booped her side. "Say it..."

Catra twitched. "Don't you dare-" she was interrupted by Adora tickling her. She started laughing. "Ah, alright! Alright, cut it out, I love you!"

Adora laughed and stopped her tickles, taking Catra's face and kissing her slowly. "There, was that so hard?"

Catra looked vacant for a moment. "Uh, no..." she shook her head. "Hey, that was unfair."

"Maybe it was. But you still love me," Adora replied with a smug face.

"Shut up," Catra mumbled, but she still curled up again to press herself against Adora. Adora smiled and hugged her again.

They should probably go get some breakfast, and then there was a lot of rebuilding to do.

But for now, Adora just wanted to make this moment last.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the summary I couldn't help myself. Anyways yeah it was a silly idea hope you like it yada yada.

## Day 30 - Suit

### Chapter Summary

Adora makes Catra wear the suit she did back in Princess Prom.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Why do I have to wear this, again?" Catra asked, looking at herself. She wore the red suit she had used for the Princess Prom, and looked very much like she had that night.

Adora took a moment to admire her girlfriend before responding. "Because last time we were enemies and I didn't get to truly admire how good you look on that getup," she explained.

Catra started, looking away and scratching the back of her neck, her ears flattening against her head. "Alright, I guess I can put up with it."

Adora nodded, then turned around and went behind her bed's curtain and quickly changing her own clothes. A minute later she came out with the dress she herself had worn that very day. "And I figured maybe you'd like to do the same?" She asked with some embarrassment.

The wide eyes Catra gave her were almost better than anything she could've said. Her mouth was gaping open and her pupils had widened to almost cover her entire eyes.

"I... already knew that you look great in that, but... wow, Adora, you're stunning," she said, making Adora blush.

"Ok, now all we need is..." Adora fetched a small device in her pocket, turning it on and recreating the Princess Prom mood.

She walked closer to the cat girl, and took her hand. Catra didn't need any further prompting and soon the two of them were slowly dancing together, to a rhythm that was both familiar and slightly new to the both of them, as they weren't concerned with anything else.

"This is new, isn't it?" Catra said, ever so slightly trembling due to nervousness.

"Yes, I suppose it is, or at least the lack of fighting between us is making a lot of difference," said Adora, smiling lightly, wondering if she should try to not bring up the past in order to make your girlfriend more comfortable.

They made a sharp turn, and suddenly Adora was on top of Catra, hanging on to her and to the lapel of her coat.

"Is this what you had planned all along?" Asked Catra with a slight blush covering her face.

"What if it was?" Said Adora, with a smirk of victory on her face.

"Then I would say you are an idiot," she said, a smile plastered all over her face as she wrapped her arms around Adora's neck. "And then kiss you of like if it was the last time I would do so."

Indeed she did, leaning forward and slowly leaned in, pressing her lips softly against Adora's. She smiled into the kiss, letting herself melt into the cat, enjoying the feeling of warmth and happiness that came with it.

"You look very hot in that suit yourself," Adora whispered into the kiss.

"I know. I picked it because I sort of knew you'd be into it," Catra said back.

Adora chuckled. "Then it worked," she admitted, and the two of them kept dancing away.

Maybe they wouldn't get to go to the Prom again in a while—or ever, as Catra was probably gonna get banned from it forever—but this was just perfect as it was.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm posting "late" 'cause I just came back from a wedding, but I technically finished writing this yesterday so I'm not gonna admit I'm late this time.



# Day 31 - Moon

## Chapter Summary

The best friend squad has a chat... on a moon.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Ah, what a beautiful moon,” Glimmer said, staring at her surroundings.

“It is kinda pretty,” Adora nodded. They had landed in the moon of a planet they needed to liberate from the leftover clones of Prime, and the place was surprisingly lush with alien vegetation. Where plants on Etheria were usually green, these ones were varying colors of blue, ranging from aquamarine to violet. And in other areas, like the trunk of a tree-like plant nearby, they had a beautiful deep purple, with glitter-like shine. Glimmer was a fan of that.

“Kinda? This place is mind-blowing,” Bow said, pointing at his surroundings.

“Yeah, see, that’s the problem,” Adora explained. Every time we arrive in a beautiful place we uncover some dark secret and have to fight for our lives or do something morally questionable. This moon being so beautiful is making me suspicious.”

“Oh. Now I’m thinking about that too, great,” Glimmer said, shaking her head. She advanced into the vegetation—as far as they knew, no sentient life inhabited this moon—and looked at it from up close. It had a strange wavy texture to it. “I hope no-one tries to kill us... again.”

“There are no signs of animal life anywhere in Darla’s radars, so I will say that is veery unlikely,” Entrapta explained, moving around the foliage. “I’m gonna go look for something edible, assuming there is anything. If not, we’ll just have to keep on living off rations.”

“But we don’t have that many,” Adora said.

“Precisely why I hope to find alternatives, lest we die on the way back to Etheria. Ok bye!” Entrapta vanished among the trees.

Glimmer sat down, and next to her sat Bow. “You don’t think we’re gonna get attacked, right?” Bow asked.

“Entrapta said no, so... I’ll believe her. Still, I just wanna admire the scenery some more. It’s cool that this moon has an atmosphere.”

“Yeah, otherwise we’d have to stay in the ship or wear the space suits. Which are cool, don’t get me wrong, but... you know,” Bow shrugged.

“It’s crazy how we’ve gone a bit paranoid over the last few months.”

“Well, it’s normal. I just hope it’s not permanent,” Bow said. “Can you imagine being nervous to sleep back at home? I’d rather not deal with that.”

“Were you ever able to sleep peacefully? Even in downtimes the threat of the Horde always loomed,” Adora said, sitting. “I was taught to sleep on alert.

“Well... I guess there was some of that...” Glimmer nodded. “But it wasn’t that important to me.”

“Or to me,” Bow added.

“Huh.”

“Where’s Catra?” Glimmer asked, looking around.

“Sleeping. May be for the best, she would pretend to hate this place,” Adora said with a laugh.

“Yeah,” Glimmer looked around for a moment. “Think this’ll be the last planet we have to liberate?”

Adora paused. “Well, we haven’t received any more calls for help, so... for now, at least, it is.”

They all stayed silent for what felt like hours, even if it was just a few minutes. “It’s been quite a ride,” Glimmer said.

“A lot of fights,” Adora nodded.

“A lot of plans gone south,” Bow pointed out.

“A lot of people helped,” Glimmer deadpanned the other two.

“Yeah,” Adora smiled. “I guess we did help a lot of people.”

“And now we can finally go back home and enjoy it,” Bow nodded. “Well, not *now* now, we have to liberate this planet too, but...”

“Yeah, we get it,” Glimmer nodded. “Ugh, going back to queen stuff after this is going to be a *pain*.”

“And I’ll have to do hero stuff probably,” Adora sighed.

“And I... Don’t really know. I guess I may actually study something? Maybe train under Entrapta.” Bow scratched his chin.

“You’re gonna be king, idiot,” Glimmer punched him jokingly.

Bow paused. “Right...” he sounded a bit surprised. “I hadn’t thought about that.”

Again, they stayed in silence for a while. “It’s been fun, I think.” Adora said. “Thank you for coming with me.”

“Of course we’d come. We’re the best friend squad! We wouldn’t have let you alone,” Bow leaned over, pulling Adora into a hug.

Glimmer joined. “Always together, Adora. If you ever wanna go on more space adventures, call us.”

Adora smiled. “Always together,” she whispered, hugging them back.

## Chapter End Notes

And this is the end. It's been a long road, but a pleasant one. Maybe even a bit of a preparation for Nanowrimo, which is a far more laborious challenge to live up to. But hey, I hope if you read some of these you enjoyed them.

## End Notes

If you enjoyed this, and would like to see some more of it, consider checking out my twitter or contacting me through Discord!

-Twitter: @BillErak (95% of this account is retweets of shitposting or gay stuff, check pinned tweet)

-Discord Tag: VathýSkotádi#1696

I'd really appreciate the support!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!