Little Boy Blue did not like to ride in the fast cars, they made him feel sick. He liked the slow

and firm stride of horseback far better.

“Best not throw up back there Blue, if you do, you’re walking to Jackson” Ozma calls to the back.

“I Can’t he-eugh-lp it” he gurgles back to Ozma.

Vomit streams down from the car onto the freeway. Little Boy Blue leans back into the car;

lips dripping with poorly digested chicken soup and stomach acid. The car slows to turn onto

a long dirt track, the bumpy road not exactly helping Little Boy Blue get over his road sickness.

The car slows to a stop and Blue queasily slithers out of the back seat while Ozma swings her

door open with such enthusiasm it’s a miracle it didn’t swing off the hinges. They approach a

young boy sitting at a table.

“Tickets and proof of identity” The boy says not looking up from the ants crawling on the table.

“I’m with the band” Blue retorts, barely able to keep his smugness to himself.

The boy raises one eyebrow and scoffs “Right… Tickets and proof of-”.

He is cut off by Ozma’s fist shattering his nose and two front teeth.

“He’s with the band” she says, wiping her bloody hand on her silk scarf. She continues walking

Towards the entrance. The boy is in a puddle of tears by this point.

“Christ, you didn’t have to rough him up that bad” he says stepping over the boy

“Of course I did darling, when a brat acts that way in the presence of a war hero he’s got to

be punished accordingly” She hastily replies. Ozma approaches the entrance.

“I wouldn’t call myself a war hero per say” Blue sheepishly replies.

“Doesn’t matter what you call yourself my dear Boy Blue, the fact of the matter is that if it

wasn’t for you we would have lost against those godless Russians in the east”. She opens the

door with a loud click. Opening to a large hall bustling with life, fae creatures of all shapes and

sizes excitedly roam through the facility.

“Blue?!” A woman in a red cloak runs up and bear hugs Little Boy Blue. A man in a fine black

suit with wooden skin follows close behind.

Blue gasps out as he pries her off “Hello Red, nice to see you as well Pinocchio”.

Pinocchio walks up and gives all three a tight hug.

“It’s great to see the both of you” Little Red Riding Hood says as she escapes the death hug.

Blue brandishes his horn and coughs “I’d love to stay and chat but someone has to get these

people dancing” and he begins to walk towards the stage.

“Knock ‘em dead, Blue” she winks at him.

“I always do, Red” he winks back.

Pinocchio speaks up to Ozma “So Blue’s looking a lot better than when we last saw him”.

“Yeah, he stills blames himself for what happened in Moscow”

“He shouldn’t, Horner and Goldy would never forgive us for being this depressing at a party this fun”

Pinocchio chuckles as he leads them over to the bar “Ain’t it the truth”.

They sit down on the worn red bar stools with a loud creak. Red signals the bartender for 3

shots of Vodka.

“One each?” Pinocchio asks.

“Boy please, these are for me” as she downs all three in one go.

“Oh my god, is that the Good Witch of The North? Who is that she’s with?” Ozma

interrupts. “Looks like *hic* prince charming” Red tipsily replies.

“That cougar! He’s like a third his age.” Ozma cries out in rage.

“Jealous are we Ozma?” Little Red Riding Hood smugly retorts. She signals at the bartender

For another three shots.

“Darling please, I have my true love already back in Kansas, besides, how long have you been

trying to get Little Boy Blue to notice you?” she says as Red pulls her red cap over her face in

attempt to hide her shame.

“Oh god it completely slipped my mind, how is Dorothy these days?” Pinocchio says trying to

subject before someone starts crying. Ozma spins over to Pinocchio exited.

“Amazing, we recently bought a massive plantation in Kansas. I wanted to hire servants to do

the work but Dorothy insists that she wants to do it, sometimes I cannot understand that

woman for the life of me!”.

As Ozma goes off on one of her tangents Red slides an ‘I owe u’ over to Pinocchio.

“Ladies and Gentleman, I’d like you all to give a warm welcome to tonight’s Faerie Tale band

and special guest LITTLE! BOY! BLUE!”.

Blue takes in a deep breath. He slowly places his lips against his horn and the band begins to

play. A blinding flash of colour and spirits spew forth from the instruments and the crowd roars

into cheering.

Blue sits down at the bar next to Little Red Riding Hood and steals one of her shots.

“The gangs all here,” Pinocchio says triumphantly.

“Not the whole gang,” Blue says mimicking Red’s depressed puddle pose on the counter.

“Hey man, how about we have a toast?” Pinocchio tries to pat Blue on the back but can’t reach

So he just kind of sits there awkwardly.

“That doesn’t sound… terrible” Red perks up.

“Can’t be as terrible as the time Jack Horner got wasted at a Christmas party and tried to steal

the naughty list so he could rub his name out” Ozma chuckles.

Blue raises a glass to the sky “To Goldilocks and Jack Horner, may they rest wherever they

may be”.

Red stands up and kisses Boy Blue before holding up a nearly empty bottle of gin.

“To friend past, present, future and to beating those Rusky’s in a forty-year war!”.

The crowd once again erupts into a series of cheers and screaming. They celebrate long into

the night as if it were the last night on earth.