



A Nutty Request

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 1296 words

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Alexander wants a pet. Alexander would take very good care of a pet. Now all he has to do is convince his parents.

No clue how old Alexander is in this, but he's somewhere between four and ten? I think?

I'm not that good at writing Fox, so any suggestions to make her more in-character would be appreciated! 😊

I'm looking for good nicknames for Alexander Xanatos. I like Alex, but I don't think it feels quite like him. Which do you think is best:

- 1) Xandi/Zandi/Sandi (or with y)
- 2) Xander
- 3) Lex
- 4) Something else

Oskr is a double pun, points to anyone who figures out both the things his name references.

"Can I have a pet?" Alexander asked one day, standing on his tiptoes to see over the arm of the couch.

"You have a pet." David answered, putting down his newspaper. At his son's confused expression, he added "Bronx."

Alexander pouted. "He doesn't count, Pop!"

"Why not?" David lifted the boy up, setting him next to him on the couch. "You play with him all the time."

"Yeah, but he isn't *mine*!" Alexander whined.

"Who isn't yours?" Fox came into the living room, Owen trailing behind her.

"Bronx." Alexander answered. "He's the gargoyles' pet, and I can't play with him during the day or show him to friends or decide what tricks he learns or *anything*! He'll always like the gargoyles better than me. That's why I should get my own pet."

"So you want some creature that follows you around during the day, likes you better than other people, and does tricks you like?" Fox asked, sharing a look with David.

David grinned, catching on to her convoluted train of thought, but was interrupted before he could finish her joke.

"If you make a single comment about myself or the Puck being Young Alexander's pet," Owen said calmly, "you'll be doing your own paperwork for the next month, Sir."

"Hey, I would never!" David lied, eyes wide in mock-innocence. He chuckled, turning his attention back to his child. "Though, I guess I can agree that Bronx *doesn't* really count either."

"So I can have a pet?" Alexander asked hopefully.

"I don't know." Fox said warily. "A pet is a big responsibility, sweetie."

"I can handle it!" Alexander insisted.

"You'd have to clean up after it, feed it, keep it mentally and physically healthy, take care of it when it got sick..." David listed on his fingers, trying to remember everything animals needed.

"I'll do all of it." Alexander promised. "Uncle Puck can even teach me how to spell it so it doesn't shed."

David narrowed his eyes. "Alexander, if we agree to this, you have to be the one responsible for it. If you make Owen take care of it, I'll have him tell me, and we'll get rid of it."

Alexander narrowed his own eyes, annoyed at the implication he'd ignore his pet. "If Uncle Owen started taking care of it, Uncle Puck would bond with it and wouldn't let you get rid of it."

All eyes turned to Owen, who moved his shoulder in a very slight shrug. "He has a point, Sir."

"But that wouldn't happen." Alexander's expression turned very serious and solemn. "I promise I'll be the one to take care of it, so long as I'm able."

Whether from growing up with Puck or from his fey DNA, Alexander never broke a promise if he could avoid it. David sighed, knowing that Alexander really would do his best if they agreed, and looked at Fox.

After a few moments of silent communication that those close to each other tend to master, Fox turned to Alexander. "What kind of pet do you want?"

Alexander squealed happily. "A squirrel!"

"A squirrel?" David and Fox repeated, staring at their son. Their gazes switched to Owen when he started chuckling under his breath.

Noticing, Owen cleared his throat, stifling the laughter that might've belonged to Puck. "Apologies, Sir, Madam. Puck was teaching Alexander how to speak to animals the other day, and I believe he bonded to one of the squirrels in the city park."

"You want a squirrel from the park?" Fox asked. Alexander nodded. "Sweetie, wild animals aren't safe to take from the wild, not for you or for them."

"But Oskr isn't wild, Mama." Alexander explained, setting off another series of chuckles from Owen, who began a whispered argument with himself soon after. "He's a pet already."

"If he's someone else's pet, you can't keep him." David tried not to think about the irony of him of all people explaining something like *ethics*. Fatherhood could really change a guy.

"But his owner went back to Avalon!"

David and Fox went silent. David glared at Owen, who paused in the middle of his whispering. "Hey, guess what? I think it's time for Puck to teach Alexander how to explain things properly."

"Sir, that isn't really-"

"Now."

Owen sighed, taking off his glasses and putting them in his front pocket. "Yes, Sir." A whirlwind of green later, and Puck was rolling through the air, crowing with laughter. "The look on your face, Bossy! Priceless! Oh, shut up, Owen; I can say what I like."

Ignoring the aside comment, David opened his mouth to question the fey, but Fox beat him to it. "Puck, why is my son trying to adopt a squirrel from Avalon?" She said the word as if it was something disgusting.

Puck bristled at that, not liking insults to his homeland even after being banished, but reminded himself that she had good reason to dislike the place. He bowed midair, paying the respect owed to a daughter of fey royalty (respect he rarely showed to *actual* fey royalty).

"Milady, Oksr isn't from Avalon." He explained, patting Alexander's head with a wink. The kid had done a good job convincing them so far, now he had to get them to actually agree. "He was the pet of one of my fellow Children, left behind during the Gathering." He wiped away a fake tear at the thought. "He's hardly a normal squirrel, and I can promise you he'll be better behaved than *any* mortal beast. I wouldn't recommend anything that could hurt Alexander."

Technically, he was physically *incapable* of purposely allowing harm his charge, but Puck figured he'd probably be just as protective over Alexander even without the curse -- so, it didn't really need to be brought up.

The adult Xanatoses still looked unsure, so Puck signaled Alexander to unleash their secret weapon: puppy-dog eyes!

"Please, Pop? Please, Mama?" Alexander asked, pouting.

"Yeah, pleeeeeease?" Puck added, complete with a pout of his own.

David and Fox excused themselves to another room for a few minutes to talk it over, leaving their son and his fey guardian to wait nervously. Finally, they came back in, David looking considerably happier than Fox.

"If the thing doesn't destroy the house, you can keep it." Fox turned her attention from her son to Puck, "We better not regret this."

"Of course you won't." Puck insisted, very glad David hadn't been the one to say that. Guilt was an emotion he didn't understand well, making it actually *unpleasant* to lie to Mr Xanatos. Would wonders never cease?

"I guess we need to go get the squirrel, then?" David asked with a certain gleam in his eyes, smiling widely. It would be an absolute miracle if a week passed before he started trying to convince Alexander to let him run experiments on his new *magical* pet.

"Okay, kiddo, time to practice that summoning spell I told you about." Puck addressed Alexander, who bounced excitedly at the idea.

"Uh, when did Alex get a squirrel?" Brooklyn asked, watching Alexander happily walk through the castle with his new pet on his shoulder.

"More importantly, since when are squirrels *green*?" Lexington asked, peering around him.

"Oskr isn't a normal squirrel." Alexander explained, walking away before they could ask more, excited to show Oskr the entire castle.

"Who cares what color a squirrel is? I'm hungry." Broadway grumbled, leading the others towards the kitchen for some breakfast.

— end of "A Nutty Request" —