



Flashback

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 1363 words

by Arukir

Contents

Flashback 3

 Chapter 1: Bushroot 3

 Chapter 2: Liquidator 5

 Chapter 3: Quackerjack 7

 Chapter 4: Megavolt..... 8

Flashback

Fandom: Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Gosalyn Mallard, Reginald Bushroot, Liquidator (Disney), Quackerjack (Disney), Elmo Sputterspark, Drake Mallard (Disney), Fearsome Five (Disney), Four

Tags: Major Character Injury, Head Injury, Angst with a Happy Ending, Snow and Ice, Villains being good people, Flashbacks, Not Beta Read, No Betas We Fry Like Megavolt!

Words: 1363 Chapters: 4 chapters Status: Complete Published: 2024-05-22

When one of Bushroot's experiments explodes, Gosalyn is lost in the snow and badly injured. Luckily, she is saved by an unlikely source, learning more about the people who should be her greatest enemies.

So.... This is technically four flashbacks from a fanfic I will probably never finish nor publish. I needed a reason for Drake to trust the Four with Goz's safety, and it sorta became its own little story.

Hope you enjoy.

Chapter 1: Bushroot

Four Years Ago

Gosalyn, age twelve.

Fire. An explosion. Someone's screaming... Her dad? Pain! Now she's screaming.

She can't quite remember what happened, when the blackness fades. Her head hurts, it's hard to think, and some of the snow around her is red. That's bad, right?

"Come on, kid." Someone pants, holding out a hand — a leaf? "We- we've gotta g-g-go."

Plants don't do well in cold. It's an inane thought, but it's the one she has as she's pulled along through the snow by her father's enemy. She doesn't notice when he picks her up, her head's too clouded, but she's grateful that he does.

The snow gets worse, she's pretty sure it could safely be called a blizzard at this point, and she's almost ready to pass out again. Bushroot doesn't look too good either, shivering as he struggles forward.

She feels the vines holding her tighten, and feels comfort rather than fear as the plant-duck half drags them to a manhole cover. Now they're falling.

They're going to crash...

Chapter 2: Liquidator

Four Years Ago

Gosalyn, *age twelve.*

They never crashed. Or maybe they did, it isn't easy to remember. But one moment the air is rushing past, the next she's held up by something strong, stable, and... Wet?

Some clichéd slogan is started, but quickly cut off as the owner of a familiar burbling voice gets a good look at the unlikely pair. Gosalyn groans, and he stutters — Liquidator stutters? She'd always be unsure of that bit, later on, "B-B-Bushroot? W-what, what happened? We've got, got, g- have to get y-you to a hos—"

"No!" The duck shakes his head, and she would laugh at the way his purple head feathers-hair-foliage-whatever shook, except she is mostly sure it would hurt to do so. "The hospital's too far, I don't think she can make it. The warehouse is closer. Hurry, Bud!"

Hurry he does. With mutters like 'Hold on, little consumer' and 'Reggie, you're lucky your brand has survived this long.'

She's not sure how long they traveled, or if she's stayed awake the entire time, but she doesn't care.

At some point, the liquid holding her begins to heat up, more like a warm bath than a true boil. She knows it's more for 'Reggie' than for her, but she's still thankful, nearly dozing off in the comfortable warmth.

Cold water splashes onto her face, and suddenly Liquidator's head is twisted around to glare at her. She can't tell if he's angry or worried, and his tone doesn't help to clarify.

"Little consumer, I wouldn't recommend sleep's natural benefits at this time." He half-growls. "Ask your doctor, but side effects may include drowsiness, headaches, and death!"

His head twists back, just as they come to a new manhole. First they went down, now they're going up. She can't stay awake much longer, she's already losing consciousness again, when she's snapped awake by a bombardment of noise.

Whistles and bangs and kling-kling-klangs, it's like every toy store she's ever visited mixed with a gun range. And drowning the rest of it out, making her headache so much worse, is a shout of "It's PLAAAAAYTIME!"

Chapter 3: Quackerjack

Four Years Ago

Gosalyn, age twelve.

There's gasps, arguing, more voices. She barely understands anything at this point. But she's laying down now, and someone's taking off her wet clothes and she's being wrapped up in something... Her head is touched, and *pain!* She struggles, screams, and finally some words break through to her.

"I know it hurts, I'm so sorry. Oh, just a few more seconds, be a brave little girl." She knows the voice, she just can't place it. She dully thinks that it shouldn't be this quiet, this gentle, this subdued. "You can be brave, right? Sparky, hurry with those band-ages!"

"Don't call him Sparky..." She drowsily mutters as a near-identical phrase is shouted by a nasally voice she knows she should recognize but doesn't.

The darkness creeps in until she's pretty much blind, she's fighting a losing battle against sleep, but she won't give in that easily.

She's lost all sense of time, she doesn't know how long it is, but the too-quiet voice continues to talk. It's encouraging her to talk back, distracting her as something is wrapped around her head. She's trying, but it's difficult, and she's not entirely sure of what she's saying.

Soft things — she thinks they're blankets, but they might be large shirts — are tucked in around her, keeping her warm.

Her vision clears for a few moments, and she turns her head to the side. She sees the leafy man, whose name she *should* know, and he's being cared for as well. He's propped against the wall, wrapped in warm blankets, and the watery man is talking to him. There's a weird lamp shining on him.

Leafy's smiling towards her, and she's shakily smiling back. But she can't fight anymore, finally giving in to the demanding darkness.

Chapter 4: Megavolt

It isn't clear, but Gosalyn has spent a few weeks recovering, though she doesn't quite realize that yet. Her dad takes her to a hospital after this.

Oh! And I remembered that this is set in the same universe as 'Firsts', where 9-year-old Gosalyn meets Megavolt for the first time.

Hope you enjoyed! 😊

Four Years Ago

Gosalyn, age twelve.

When next she wakes up (that she can remember), she's being carried through the snow, briefly panicking that she dreamed everything and is still stuck in the blizzard with Bushroot.

But it isn't snowing, she doesn't hurt so much, and her head is a lot clearer. Besides, the arms under her and around her back are thicker than Bushroot's, and... Rubbery?

"Megavolt?" She asks sleepily. She's pretty sure it sounded more like 'Mrrgavll?', but he still responds.

"Glad to see you're awake, kiddo!" He's smiling, and she's relieved that it's his friendly smile, not his *I'm about to fry you* or *This lightbulb is my one true love* smiles. "That'll make getting you home a lot easier."

"How were you-?" She starts, but he cuts her off.

"Save your breath, kiddo, you got a nasty bump when Bushbrain's thingy exploded." He took the arm off her back, trusting his other arm and her loose grip around his neck to keep her in place as he scratches his head. "How were we going to... Oh, right! I'm gonna take you to one of the local schools. If Dorkwing doesn't pick us up, they'll be able to help."

She shakes her head, pointing a finger to the left. He follows her directions for a while, his nonsensical chattering pleasant in a way that almost reminds her of Launchpad, until they reach their destination. She doesn't know why she trusted him this much, but she's led him to 537 Avian Way.

He sets her down so he can knock, but she can't stay upright by herself, she has to hold onto his arm. He doesn't seem to mind.

The door opens to show her Dad, and he's so predictably worried, his precious baby girl is finally home. Now he's furious, lunging at Megavolt, ready to pummel him for hurting her.

But he didn't hurt her, and she's trying to explain that, but her head's still a little foggy and it's hard. But now he's taken over the explanation, and Dad's actually listening, though Megavolt can't remember everything perfectly.

Her Dad is quiet for a second. "I don't know what to say. Thank you."

"No problem at all." Megavolt sparks for a second, little bolts of light traveling from his whiskers to his tail. He looks awkward, whispering. "I don't know if I should tell you this, but this isn't the first time I've seen your kid following Darkwing around. I think she might be a superhero in training or something."

"I know." Dad shrugs. "But I think it's going to be a while before she's allowed to go out with him again. I can't believe this happened. Just... Thank you."

"No problem... Did I already say that?" Megavolt turns to leave, waving as he walks away. "Take care, kid, be safe. See ya around, Drake!"

Gosalyn smiles, strangely satisfied, when — after a few shocked seconds — her Dad just quietly replies, "Yeah, see ya... Elmo."

— end of "Flashback" —