

# Firingwall Preview Guide: July 30, 2018

## Table of Content

Life Saving & Changing Pool Rescue – Page 1

Smoking Fine: Punking – Page 2

Toon It Up: Pupper Cheers – Page 4

Birthday Gifts, Fur, Muscles, and Bulges – Page 5

Caught a Case of the Silly Crime-ies – Page 6

Additional Charge Applied – Page 8

## Life Saving & Changing Pool Rescue

David glanced around and pointed at himself, staring at the odd lifeguard. “Yeah you!” The otter Pokémon responded, “What are you doing with your glasses still on?”

Fully embarrassed by the situation and worried that people would stare, David hurried over to the otter creature. “Ahhhh,” he quietly spoke, “What... what do you mean?”

“Well,” the Floatzel explained, “People tend to accidentally lose their glasses in the pool all the time when they wear them. Had to dive in and fish out plenty in the past or people often report on finding them.”

“Oh,” David mumbled, “I just...didn’t feel comfortable leaving them in the lockers.”

The Floatzel nodded and chuckled, petting his head playfully. “It’s cool man. Why don’t you leave them here by me? I won’t lose them!”

“Wait, really?”

“Really!” He said with a beaming smile, opening up his sunglass container, “You can toss them in here and I’ll hold onto them until you’re ready.”

David blushed and nodded, taking his glasses and putting them in the container. “Alright then,” the anthro chuckled, setting his container to the side, “Come by later when you’re all done and have a good swim!”

“Th-thanks... you too... I mean, have a nice day and stay cool.”

The Floatzel chuckled and nodded, waving goodbye as David hurried carefully back to the diving board. The world was a blurrier now, but in his mind, the large anthro was still clear as day to him. His sleek body, his handsome mug, the bulge in his red shorts...

David shook his head as he stepped onto the board. *No way, he thought, just forget about it. There’s way chance I have with this guy anyways. Besides, I don’t want to bother him on duty and stuff.*

With a small run and bounce, David leapt off the board and dived head first into the water. Smashing through the surface and into its abyss, the water felt so cool and refreshing upon his body. It was like a dream come true on a day like today.

David swam upwards, turning back to head for the surface. But as he swam, he felt himself began to struggle and swim harder than he needed to. There was a great pressure on his body, one that seemed to be preventing him from reaching the surface.

Growing worried, he glanced backwards, and, in the blurriness, he could vaguely see the outline of something shocking. It appeared to be a vortex, one that was slowly pulling him towards it.

## Smoking Fine: Punking

“And that’s today’s lesson,” the professor stated, “Be sure to review the chapter and what we discussed. There will be a test next time we meet.”

There were some light murmurs as people slowly filed out of the room in a local, community college. One person leaving, a young woman named Riley, hurriedly put all of her work into her bag. *Last class of the week*, she excitedly thought, *time to head back home and relax for the rest of the day!*

Brushing her long, blonde hair to the side, she hurried out of the classroom eagerly, not even tossing her bag over her shoulder yet. In her haste, she ran straight out the door and smack straight into someone else. She and the person fell backwards, both of their bags slipping from their hands and falling onto the ground, their contents slipping out.

“Oh man, sorry!” Riley reacted, rubbing her forehead, “I didn’t mean to-”

“What the fuck where you’re going!” The person snapped back, “Shit... everything is all over the floor!” Riley flinched, realizing who she smacked straight into.

It was Ember, a very punk rock type of girl. Thick black boots with a leather top and shirt. Her face, covered in thick makeup, glared harshly at her, a single thread of her red pompadour out of place from the impact. She wasn’t a bad person, but a very grumpy, no-nonsense individual who didn’t put up with anything.

“O-o-oh! R-right!” Riley stuttered, quickly getting to work putting stuff away into each of their bags, “H-here, let me help you with that!”

Ember glared at her more, looking like she was about to lay into her. However, instead, she decided to start putting things away as well. There were some mutters and curses under her breath, but nothing that Riley could make out.

A few moments of scramble cleanup and both young women back, standing up and holding their filed bags. Riley blushed and awkwardly mumbled, “Looooook, I’m... I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to run into you.”

Ember frowned, her black lips twisted to the side as she stared harshly at the girl. “Oh I know,” the woman muttered, “Doesn’t mean I ain’t pissed.”

Riley sighed, preparing again for whatever Ember was about to say next. However, the punk girl’s frown faded into a more neutral look, an eyebrow cocking as she looked her over. “Well, whatever. What’s done is done. Watch where the hell you’re running next time.”

“Oh! Ahh, right! Promise!”

Ember nodded and started strutting off, her heel boots clicking against the tile flooring off the hallway. She paused a few feet away and turned her head back at her, saying, “See you around.”

Riley nodded herself and hurried away, tossing her bag over her shoulder. She headed for the entrance, thinking, *well, that ended better than expected at least...*



## Birthday Gifts, Fur, Muscles, and Bulges

The young Hispanic man left the game store and stepped solemnly out into the main hall of the mall. “Dammit dammit!” He muttered angrily, but ashamed of himself, “I... I should have reserved them, but noooooo! Of course not. I just figured there would be plenty when I came.”

His name was Jose and he was in a sad state. The local gaming store was promising to get in a big order of adorable Pokémon plushies. When he had heard about it, he knew exactly what to get his boyfriend, Arc, for his birthday. A nice, cuddly, stuffed Arcanine!

However, when he showed up, there was no chance, no opportunity to get such a plushie. They had sold out almost instantly when the doors open, leaving behind nothing for thin, glasses-wearing guy to buy.

“There goes that present idea,” Jose mumbled as he trudged away defeated, “Guess I’ll have to come up with something else...”

“You there, sad boy! You look like you need help!” Jose looked to his right and flinched. There was suddenly an entire display stand filled with Pokémon plushies and memorabilia from top to bottom. He didn’t remember seeing anything like that before when he passed on by.

He certainly didn’t recognize the woman working the counter either. It was a green witch with long black hair and a stereotypical, long, green nose. Her yellow eyes were studying him it felt like. Looking at her nametag, he saw “Beatrice” upon it.

Looking between the stand and the witch, Jose mumbled, “Ummm... well, I guess I could, but... where the heck did you come from?”

“I’m wherever someone needs help!” She chimed happily, her eyes still piercing and scrutinizing as she laid upon him. “So, it sounds like you need something from my little collection here?”

“Welllllll, I could use an Arcanine plushie if you have one,” Jose suggested. The situation felt very sketchy to him... but, he wasn’t going to turn down an opportunity like this if just appeared before him.

“Oh sure!” Beatrice declared, grabbing an Arcanine from the shelf and a small box it was sitting on top of. “Even comes with a model Fire Stone as a bonus!”

*Oh man, that’s even better!* Jose thought excitedly, looking at both items. “I’m take them!”

“Welllllll, we’re also offering a buy one, get one free deal as well! I mean, I ain’t got much use for these things. Have another!” Jose’s eyebrows raised as his eyes glanced over the stand before him. Might as get one for himself to boot. He and his boyfriend can have matching plushies... kind of.

## Caught a Case of the Silly Crime-ies

Hannah yawned and collapsed onto her old couch in the living room, grabbing the remote and turning on the TV. The screen turned on... and went off again, causing her to have to turn the TV on and off for a bit until the screen stayed.

*Almost saved up enough*, she thought as the local news appeared, *soon, just please no new car repairs in the meantime.*

Two news anchors flashed on, a older pair that the young redhead had seen on for years now. The woman anchor spoke up, "We have exciting news for our city! Copperville's very own museum will be hosting a rare treasure that's rarely been shown to the public!"

"That's right, Carol!" The male anchor jumped in, "Copperville's Natural Museum will be holding the rare Rainbow Dazzle!"

Rainbow Dazzle? Hannah thought as tried to get comfortable on her flat pillows, I think I heard of that before...

"Reporting live from the museum, we have Cindy!" Carol declared, a small screen appearing beside her. "Cindy, how is it going there?"

The small screen widened up, showing a young reporter at the museum with a bright smile. A few feet behind her was a display case with something colorful in it, but Hannah couldn't make it out well due to the distance.

"Hi Carol," Cindy remarked, nodding to the case, "As you can see right behind me is the legendary Rainbow Dazzle. Geologists and gemologists have been studying this amazing gemstone for decades now, trying to comprehend its origins and its creation. The gemstone is one of a kind, big as baseball and with a peculiar rainbow pattern to it. It's harder than a diamond and was originally found, cut into the shape it is today.

"With me right now is the owner of the museum, Mr. Charles Lane! Mr. Lane, besides it's beauty, the gemstone has a very colorful history, if you pardon my pun." The camera panned a little to the left, revealing an older gentleman in a business suit and mustache.

"Thank you, yes, this gemstone indeed does have a history," he spoke, his voice droning and dry in his talk. "The gemstone mysteriously keeps disappearing every so often before reappearing in the custody of the authorities. Given its value and rarity, we suspect many thieves have tried over the..."

Hannah started to fade out for a moment. Her double shifts all week had been absolutely crushing her and she's been barely able to keep up with it all. The only light at the end of the tunnel seemed the possibility to a pay raise by the end of the fiscal year if she was lucky.

Just before she almost dozed off, the news story jumped back to the reporter and Hannah snapped out of it for a moment. “Thank you, Mr. Lane,” Cindy remarked, rubbing her eyes herself, “We hope you’re able to keep the Dazzle safe here. Remember folks, come on down this weekend to see the exhibit up close and personal!”

With that, the camera cut to some early filmed shots of the gemstone. Hannah stared long and hard at it, taking in its elegant-shape, clarity, and its beautiful colors. It truly was like nothing ever seen before and could easily see why people constantly stole it.

“Hmmmmmm! Looks sooooo good! I might just haveta pinch dat pretty jewel!”



## Additional Charge Applied

“Look,” Beatrice stated, “You wasted all of your potion in one foolish spray down when you could have used one simple spray.”

Ricky blushed, mumbling, “I know that. Traci said the same thing already.”

“Well,” she replied, “Clearly she should have realized then that you should have not gotten anything for free for being wasteful like that.”

“Sorry!” Ricky mumbled more, looking at the ground, “It’s over now though. What’s done is done. What do you want?”

“To pay for your refill obviously!” Beatrice said, giving him a warm, kind smile that didn’t remotely feel genuine or sweet at all, “Simple as that. One hundred dollars please!”

Ricky’s face turned redder and he looked at his feet. “Well ah,” he mumbled, “i just... ummm, well, here’s the thing. I-I-I don’t have that. I kind of spent everything I had paying rent for the month, so I’m a little short.”

The room went quiet... and then it went cold. Beatrice stared at him harshly with her piercing, bright yellow eyes. It felt like a dark cloud was forming over her, bringing a bitter cold wind that stung to the very core of him.

But after a moment, the coldness went away and she smiled. “Is that so?” She chuckled, “Well then, that’s fair I suppose. Can’t have you being homeless now, can I?”

Ricky looked up. The witch’s face seemed warmer than before, but he couldn’t help still feel a growing, ugliness lying beneath that happy expression. “Well then,” he said, “Since I can’t pay now or anything... how about a payment plan to pay back everything? I’m sure I can afford to pay you back over the next few weeks if you give me a-”

“Payment plan! HA! Oh, you’re soooooo funny!”

Ricky twitched, looking off to the side. *Well, I wasn’t trying to be funny...*

“No no no,” she explained, leaning in again, “What I want you to do is come with me, downstairs, where you can work on paying off that debt with interest.”

“In-interest?” Ricky gulped as Beatrice nodded, urging him to come around the side and follow her into the backroom. Nothing good could come from working for an aggressive, truly wicked witch like her. So much could go wrong... but yet, what choice did he have? Not like he could fight a powerful witch like her.

So reluctantly, the young man followed her into the backroom. There were several tables filled with curious items and potion making equipment, but Beatrice swiftly moved passed them and to a metal door in the far corner.

Tugging on it, Beatrice revealed a long, deep staircase, both her and Ricky heading down. It felt like it took several minutes of wandering down this long, dark, cramped staircase, but they eventually came to a strange room at the very end of it. It had many power boxes, heavy machinery, and other machines that he couldn't recognize in it.

The one thing that stood out the most to him though was the hamster wheel contraption with a power box hooked to it with thick wires. Beatrice grinned and pointed to it. "Ta-da! Your new workstation and assignment!"

Ricky looked at the wheel, looked again at the machines surrounding them, and looked back at the witch, who had the biggest grin on her face. Frowning, he mumbled, "This... this is..."

The witch simply nodded, looking so proud and happy. "And you want me to...?" She nodded once again, still proud with the plan she had cooked up in her mind.

"So," Ricky mumbled, his shoulders drooping, "What is it? Rat? Mouse? A hamster to actually fit that damn wheel?"

"Welllllll," Beatrice chuckled, running a finger down her long chin, "It's technically a rodent, but not one either. What we need here to run our operations, beyond machine, is power and tons of it. The city charges us way too much and our magical shop is off the grid obviously. We need someone to really give us a charge that can last a very long time."