

THE REVENGE OF USAGI YOLISA

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“Peter, there’s no point in running. I will find you, and when I do I’m going to cut you up so small the worms won’t need to chew!” Lisa stomps through the gaps between all the magic boxes. Well, she tries to stomp, but her lapine body keeps making her hop, further increasing her already impressive fury. She stops, her long ears twitching, until she hears something moving a few rows down. She hops off after Peter. At least she hopes it’s Peter. Given where she is, it could be a particularly nasty strain of carnivorous carrot, or a small dinosaur. In which case, it was in real trouble, because she isn’t in the mood to deal with any more silliness from Peter today. She just wants to get back to being a human being and, right now, to chop Peter up into microscopic chunks. She continues hopping down the rows, part of her marvelling at all the different boxes and gadgets on either side, but most focused firmly on the sounds of running feet. “One good thing about this body, at least, its got hearing good enough to find him.” She stops, the feet have stopped. *Where’s he got to? Maybe he’s vanished himself. In which case I might not get back to normal for days!* Lisa continues padding down the aisles, straining to hear any sound. She stops at an intersection and listens. Still nothing. Her cute little rabbit nose twitches in annoyance. *Great. He’s gone into hiding. And he knows this place a lot better than I do. He’s probably hiding, waiting to ambush me with some other stunt he’s got planned. Well, he’s not going to catch me again.* “Peter, if you come out now, I won’t hurt you!”

“Like hell you won’t!”

Over to the right. She sets off quietly, padding along the smooth floor of the Magic Room. She smiles around her buckteeth, and her whiskers twitch again. *I’ve got you now, boy.* But when she gets around the corner, the aisle is empty. Her nose twitches. “You’re just making it harder on yourself, Peter.”

“Only if you catch me!” she turns to the right, following the voice, “And that isn’t going to happen!” she whips back to the left, as the voice jumps across the room.

“Peter! Where the hell are you?!”

“I’m around. Don’t worry; I won’t leave the room. Not ‘til you’re ready to give up, anyway!”

“Keep dreaming, magic-boy! When I catch up with you, you’re gonna be sleeping in separate time zones!”

“♪Run, run, as fast as you can, you can’t catch me I’m the magic man!♪” the off-tune voice switches position with every word, flipping from all sides of the cavernous room.

“You can run, Peter, but you can’t hide from me!”

“Watch me.” The voice says from immediately behind her. Lisa jumps. Given that she’s now half-rabbit, it’s a pretty impressive jump, “♪I’m the invisible man, I’m the invisible man, incredible how you can, see riiight through me!♪”

“Peter, enough with the stupid songs. You’re not making me any calmer, and that’s going to make it worse for you when I get my hands on you.”

“Promises, promises. How are you going to find me when you can’t see me, Lise?”

“I’ll find a way.”

“Of course you will.” A Cheshire cat smile appears just above Lisa’s head. “Of course you will.” The

light-sabre flashes up in a gleaming blue arc, scything through the grin, which fades slowly away. “Ah, ah, ah. It’s not that easy.”

“Fine.” Lisa mutters, hopping down the aisles. “I’ll just ignore everything you do until I find you. And then...” *And just how am I going to find him when I can’t see him and he sounds like he’s everywhere at once? Ah, quit whining, he’ll make a mistake, and then you’ll get him.* Lisa hops down the aisle, stabbing her light sabre through the boxes around her, just in case. She hears nothing, not even a surprised yelp for three-quarters of the aisle. She yelps, however, when she stabs into a box that looks like its made of smoky glass and thick oily smoke leaps out at her in a shower of flickering sparks. Dark red eyes, narrowed into thin, hate-filled slits glare at her from the billowing black smoke. The air becomes heavy and oppressive, pressing down on her; the smoke leaves a charred, oily taste in her mouth; the eyes burn deep down into her soul, making her feel dizzy and lost. Lisa jerks back, ripping the sabre free. The glass seals shut with a thunderclap. The eyes vanish from the smoke as it is sucked back in, vanishing into the glass. She thinks she hears a scream of rage, but she isn’t sure. Lisa breathes heavily, waiting for her heart to quieten down. *Right. That’s it. From now on, I’m leaving these things alone. I just hope Peter hasn’t hidden inside anything.*

She continues this fruitless searching for the next half hour, sometimes hearing Peter’s running feet, often from different sides of the room within seconds, and sometimes in silence. She occasionally notices something small scuttling under a box, or behind a crate, and in one case she catches a flash of black as it leaps behind a black oak guillotine. She never gets more than a glimpse, but a glimpse is enough to let her know it isn’t Peter, so she ignores it. She scowls, sitting on a small packing crate, massaging her furry feet. The pads mean she isn’t sore, but the floor is hard and she’s starting to get a bit uncomfortable.

“Give up yet?” Peter’s voice taunts her from the empty air. Lisa’s response is an inarticulate snarl and a quick slash with the light sabre. Unsurprisingly, she hits nothing. “I’ll take that as a ‘no’, then, shall I?” Lisa glares around her.

“You can take it as a ‘go to hell, you smug bastard!’, if you want, Peter.” She snarls.

“I’ll just stick to ‘no’ for now.”

“Fine.” She gets up, and hops angrily down the corridor, occasionally stabbing the light sabre through a particularly suspicious crate or a box that looked at her funny.

She continues like this for another half-hour before taking another break, just beside a thick wooden rack. She leans on the huge spoked wheel, looking suspiciously at the loops of rope on the thick wooden roller.

“This is getting boring, Lise. Want to make it more interesting?” the disembodied voice asks.

“No. What I want to do is find you.”

“And if that happens?”

“Then I want to cut you into little bits.”

“And if I promised to let you?” Lisa smiles, her eyes gleaming.

“Well, in that case, I’d ask what the catch is?”

“I’m hurt, Lise. Don’t you trust me?”

“Not as far as I could throw you with my hands tied behind my back.”

“All right. The catch is simple...”

“And would it include the words: ‘Lisa’, ‘magic’, and ‘no information about’, by any chance?” she asks sweetly.

“Possibly. And as we obviously can’t keep this up indefinitely, I think there should be a time-limit on how long you can search for me.”

“And, assuming I am stupid enough to agree to this, how long would I have to find you?”

“Oh, say another 2 hours?”

“Peter, given what happened last time I accepted one of your bets,” she looks down at her furry body, “why on earth would I be insane enough to take on another one?”

“Oh, didn’t I mention? As a bonus, I’ll turn you back to normal the moment you agree to this.”

“No, you didn’t mention it. And when will you turn me back if I don’t accept?”

“When you leave the room. But if you do that, and then try and dismember me anyway, I’ll have to defend myself. Just like last time. When you lost, as I recall.”

“Sod off, and let me think for a bit!”

“No problem.” Lisa hears a soft ‘pop’, like a soap bubble bursting, and sinks onto the rack.

“Great. So my choices are: continue the run-around until I can’t keep going, and then let Peter off; or I can give myself a two-hour time limit, and be subject to another dose of Peter’s twisted sense of humour. Fucking hell! I’ll just blame it on Joseph Heller.”

“Problems, dear?” Lisa’s head snaps up. Floating about five feet away on gossamer wings is a fairy. There’s no other word to describe the tiny woman. She’s only half a foot high, with sharply pointed ears and a long red dress with a white chevron around her waist. Her pale brown hair streams down her back, past a pretty and faintly familiar face, a long, in comparison, wand capped with a white chevron in her tiny hand.

“You could say that.” She replies carefully, “And who would you be?”

“Oh, I’m your fairy godmother.” Lisa looks at her sceptically, “Well, I’m a fairy, anyway. And it’s not as if you have an awful lot of options at the moment, is it? What could it hurt, talking to me?”

“Knowing Peter, and not knowing you, plenty could be wrong with talking to you.”

“All right. That’s reasonable, I suppose.” She pouts a little, though, “How about I prove you can trust me?”

“And how do you intend to do that?”

“Hmmm. Good question. Well, I can give you two things that you’ll find very useful in catching the magician who did this to you.” She swishes the wand through the air, sparkles of light trailing after the glowing tip of the wand. She taps the wand twice on the rack. In a swirl of colour, and a faint trace of pipe music, something glitters and appears on the wood. The colour fades, replaced by a ring made from an unearthly ruby red metal, with a brilliant white chevron on the ring. It looks to be exactly Lisa’s size.

“And what’ll this do for me? Or to me, for that matter? I seem to recall an awful lot of stories about how bad it is to accept gifts from fairies.”

“Oh, you know what people are like. One person gets pulled in half because they don’t listen properly and suddenly fairy gifts aren’t safe. If it will make you feel better, I pledge on my life that that ring will do neither you nor anyone else any harm, nor

injury, nor shall it affect your mind or that of others in any way.” She sounds like she’s quoting from memory as she gives the assurance, “Does that reassure you?”

“To be honest, no. I’ve been dealing with Peter enough to know that catches can be hidden quite easily in quite innocent statements. Now, what will the ring do?”

“If you’re not going to take it, why should I tell you?”

“Is there any reason you shouldn’t tell me?” the fairy pouts, tapping her foot on the empty air.

“You are a very suspicious, not to mention rude, young lady. When I was a girl, we were more respectful.”

“Had you been turned into a rabbit by your boyfriend by that point? Because that kind of thing really makes you suspicious of people in his house offering you help.”

“Fair point. All right, the ring will make you, items about your person, undetectable while it is worn. You will not be able to be seen, nor heard, nor scented, nor will magic detect your presence. And that is all it will do.”

“And when the ring is taken off? Assuming it can be?”

“It can be. Without any special conditions. When you take the ring off, you are immediately detectable again. And the ring itself will be visible only to you and I, as we were there at its creation.”

“OK. What was the other thing you were going to give me?”

“Knowledge. You and Peter are very close, closer than you or he will admit, in fact, so you should be able to sense each other. That way you can sense where he is and find him.”

“And he could do the same to me?”

“Not if you’re wearing the ring, he couldn’t.”

“And why are you doing this?”

“I know Peter’s type. They don’t understand how traumatic some things can be for their assistants. Not unless they have a dose of practical experience, anyway.” the fairy winks at her and grins conspiratorially.

“OK. How do I ‘sense’ Peter?”

“Well, I hate to sound trite, but the simplest way is to reach deep into you to find Peter. Just relax and think of him, and you should be able to find him.”

“Very new age.”

“Ancient wisdom, dear. Just try it. And I mean really try it, not just give up half-way through.”

“What have I got to lose?” Lisa closes her eyes. She tries to picture Peter.

“No, no. Don’t think about him, dear, feel him. Use your heart, not your mind for this.” Lisa tries again, doing her best to empty her thoughts and just feel Peter. She feels a tingle towards her right. She turns very slowly, feeling the tingle move around her body. “That’s it. Now open your eyes.” Lisa opens her eyes and the tingle vanishes immediately. “That was very good. Try again.” Lisa tries again. This time the tingle is stronger, raising goose bumps under her fur. “Oh, dear. It looks like Peter is coming back for your answer. Are you going to accept my help, dear?”

“Yeah, I’ll take the help. At the moment, I need it.” The fairy beams. The ring floats towards her.

“Now, keep this safe, dear.” Lisa nods and the fairy flashes out of her sight. She closes her eyes, feeling the tingling getting more and more intense. It stops getting stronger. She opens her eyes, but can’t see any sign of him.

A few seconds later, she sees a ghost image of Peter in the aisle. “So, you made up your mind yet?”

“Yup.”

“Annnnd?”

“And you’d better have a really good health plan. I accept.” The ghost grins.

“See you in two hours.”

“Ah, ah, ah, first you promised to put me back to normal.”

“Look down.” Lisa glances down at her smooth, non-furry hands. She looks up and Peter is gone.

“Typical. Well, this time he’s not the only one with a trick up his sleeves.” She slips the ring onto her finger. She looks down, and scowls at her still visible body. “I knew I shouldn’t have trusted that little...” she stops as she catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror further along the aisle. Or rather, doesn’t catch a glimpse. “It worked! Faaantastic.” A broad grin spreads over her face. “Look out, Peter. Here I come.” She closes her eyes and turns until the tingle, still quite strong, rests directly in front of her. She opens her eyes, looking at the wall of boxes, slightly at an angle down the aisle. She walks quickly along the aisle to the end of the aisle and walks along to the next one, staring down its empty length. Again, she closes her eyes and reaches out for Peter. She feels him further to the right.

At each aisle she repeats the procedure until she finds Peter five aisles over. She still can’t see him, but she knows he’s there now. She closes her eyes and starts up the corridor. A dark red blob wavers in her vision, sort of like looking at a light with your eyes closed. As the tingling in her chest gets stronger and stronger, the blob gets larger and larger. Lisa stops, her eyes still closed, when she thinks Peter is about ten feet away. She pushes her light sabre into her pocket and charges forward, her arms out by her side. She crashes into the blob, knocking it over. The blob crashes down heavily, with a loud grunt of pain. Lisa crawls backwards on her hands and knees and stands up. The blob continues to groan on the floor. Lisa opens her eyes, but still can’t see Peter. She pulls the ring off and jumps onto the blob, pinning it to the ground. “Got you!”

“Lisa?! Where did you come from?!” Peter manages to splutter, fading into visibility under Lisa.

“I guess you’re not the only one who has secrets, Peter.” She grins triumphantly down at him and looks blatantly at her watch. “Now, I believe the terms were that if I found you within two hours, you’d let me cut you into little pieces, right? Well, you look pretty well found to me, and all within 23 minutes. So, you ready to honour your promise?”

“Fine. Let’s go back to the door, where there’s a bit more room, and then you can tell me how you managed it.” Lisa’s grin remains in place.

“I don’t think we agreed I had to tell you how I found you, did I? You’re not going to try and wriggle out on this, are you? ‘Cause if you are,” she pulls the light sabre out, its blue blade humming softly, “I might as well start now.”

“No, I signed up to this. I just want to know how you found me.”

“Which I think will remain my secret. After all, you don’t tell me how you do things to me. You don’t even tell me what you’re going to do to me half the time. So think of this as a little poetic justice.”

A short time later, Peter stands in the space around the doorway. "OK. I'm ready. Let's get this over with." Lisa grins.

"OK." The blue beam swings out, cutting Peter's left hand off at the wrist. Peter gasps, gritting his teeth as the blade sears through his body. Lisa continues chopping Peter up, slicing him at each join and at his waist and under his ribs. She stops, looking down at the pile of Peter pieces, tapping the dark and silent sabre on her hip.

"I'm glad that's..."

"Who said it was over, lover boy?"

"What?!"

"We didn't agree where I could cut you, or how much? I think you're still a little bit large for what I want." The blue beam leaps out. "Now hold still." The sabre cuts down, slicing up Peter's fingers and toes at the joints.

"Lisa..."

"Oh, be quiet, and get out of the way." Peter's head floats up with a startled yelp and a surprised expression on his disembodied face. "Well, guess you didn't fix things as well as you thought, did you, Peter? Now, I just need to move one more piece of you out of the way." Lisa bends down and picks up Peter's hips. She leaves them hovering in the air and unzips his jeans.

"Lisa, what are you doing?"

"What do you think?" she pulls his pants down from over his erect manhood. "Ooooooh, looks like someone's enjoying this."

"Lisa, this isn't funny."

"Oh, it's at least as funny as being paralysed and dismembered, I think." She grabs hold and cuts him off at the balls. She takes his severed member and shoves it inside her jeans' pockets.

"I thought you'd forgiven me for that."

"I don't think I ever told you I'd forgiven you." A nasty smile creeps across her face, "And I don't even think I ever have forgiven you. But nothing inspires forgiveness like a little revenge. And by the time I'm finished, you'll be very little."

"Lisa..."

"Oh, be quiet." She chops his mouth off and proceeds to cut it into little lumps about half an inch across. "Now, as I was saying..." she turns back to Peter's dismembered figure and keeps chopping until only two pieces of him are greater than half an inch across. "Don't look at me like that, Peter, or I'll take your eyes earlier than I'd planned." She pulls the still stiff member out of her pocket and leaves it floating in the air, just above the light sabre. The blade flashes out and Peter's eyes widen like dinner plates. His balls slowly move away and Lisa hacks them into eighths, dropping them onto the pile of tiny pieces. Very slowly and carefully, she cuts his cock into strips, and then rolls it over, cutting it into thin batons before slicing them up into tiny little chunks.

"*Are you finished?*" Peter's voice asks inside her head.

"Nope." She chops off his nose and ears, cutting them into quarters before dumping them unceremoniously onto the pile of Peter. Then she hacks his head to pieces and drops them on top. "Now,

I'm finished. I think I'll leave you like this for a bit, Peter."

"I don't think so."

"What are you going to do, Peter? You're a pile of bite-size doggie snacks. It's not like you have options." The tiny lumps swirl up into the air, shaping themselves into a roughly humanoid form which quickly pulls together.

"I'm a magician, Lise. I've always got options."

"Did you enjoy that?"

"It wasn't bad. I mean, yeah, I did enjoy it, but I really don't want to do it again soon. But I really didn't like not being in control."

"What a coincidence, neither do I. And yet, it keeps happening."

"OK, Lise. I do get it. Really. I'll do my best to treat you better in future."

"You'd better."

"I will. Now, are you going to tell me how you did any of that?"

"Nope. You got your secrets, and I've got mine. This way, if ever do forget yourself, you'll never know what I'm going to do to get you back. But you will know you can't stop me." She grins, leaning in close and kissing him, "Now, how about lunch? All that activity has made me hungry."

"Right this way, m'lady." Peter bows, pulling the door open for her, and following behind her. The door closes.

"Well, that went well, I think."

"Really?" the oily black cloud hisses.

"Oh, yes. She's got talent for one thing. She's already doing things Peter hasn't taught her. That floating was a surprise to him. And she clearly loves him. That tie between them is very strong, you should have seen how quickly she managed to track him down. And, anyway, I like her."

"Agreed. And she copes well with unusual events and creatures. She was not fazed by your sudden appearance, nor did she trust it. So she's clearly able to deal with things like us."

"And when some big bully surged out at her from hiding, putting huge magical pressure on her to break and run, she didn't. All in all, I think she'll do fine. Don't you agree?"

"Agreed. Now, I think it best we leave this place before Peter senses our presence."

"Or Lisa does." The fairy flashes him a dazzling, superior smile. She holds out her hand. Thick oily smoke fingers enfold her hand and the two glide out through the wall of the room.



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