Username: Iceland Peppermint  
Length: N/A  
Theme(s): Giraffe, Dancing, Parties  
Character(s): Leo the Giraffe, Hellen the Giraffe  
Plot: A giraffe love story, except in space.  
Delivery: The public would be lovely. <3

Of Love and Giraffes

Leo stood by his favorite tree, long purple tongue grasping at the leaves that clung to the high branches. His eyes swiveled between the tree and the window. This was the reason why he loved this tree so much, he could gaze at the pinpricks of light that shown through the darkness. The darkness that surrounded the ship he called home.

Space was certainly a wonderful place. So vast and possibilities. The humans hadn’t believed the giraffes, which had declared themselves fit for space. Calling them dumb animals, animals who were unable to function a simple lever. But they had proved the humans wrong.

Now the giraffe race was more numerous and scattered than the humans, who had been reduced to mere shadows of themselves. It was quite sad, and the giraffe race had taken pity on the humans and employed them on their ships, allowing them the access to new technologies.

Arching his neck, Leo bit at the bowtie that was wound around his neck. He really didn’t get this new fashion. Bowties were itchy and restrictive, however, Mary, his personal human, said that it was the height of fashion and no one would take him seriously as captain if he didn’t stay on top of fashion. He, of course, felt like a common house pet. Those who dictated fashion were insane.

Getting his fill on the leaves, Leo looked around for his second in command, Hellen. She was the pinnacle of giraffe beauty and intelligence. He was a little surprised that she hadn’t applied to be captain, for if she had, he would be the one as second in command and her the captain. He shook his head a bit, she had chosen to be second in command, and he wasn’t going to question her.

That didn’t stop him from wondering what exactly she had planned however. Holding back that type of potential was cause to watch the person who held it back. And possibly encourage them to reach that potential.

His long bony legs started to move as he recognized the familiar head of Hellen. She had wanted to meet him here for some reason. There had been a lack of eye contact, and Hellen was one who looked someone straight in the eye. Be they holding a ray gun or not. She was absolutely fearless. Obviously what she wanted to talk about scared her. Leo hoped that one of the male members of his crew wasn’t harassing her, he had thought that he had made it clear that there would be no harassment.

Composing himself, Leo told himself not to jump to conclusions. A captain of an elite spaceship needed to know all the facts before making a decision. First he would hear Hellen out, then talk to any of the perpetrators or victims. Hellen could be coming to him about a different crewmate who was being harassed. They usually went to her about such problems. He was only notified if the problem was not coming to a close like it should.

Meeting her between two trees, Leo bobbed his head in greeting. He noticed that she was wearing the red ribbon, around her right ear, he had given her at Christmas. He paused for a second; she had been acting a little strange since he had given her that ribbon. Maybe he had insulted her somehow. Some of the other tribes of giraffes had different customs; maybe red was a reason to fight in her tribe.

It seemed that Hellen wasn’t going to start speaking as the silence between them stretched. Leo shifted from hoof to hoof, and finally broke the silence, “Hellen, what is it that you wanted to speak about.” He paused, before continuing, “If it is truly embarrassing we could go somewhere even more private.”

He hoped that it wasn’t too embarrassing; he wasn’t good about talking about female giraffe things. He had two sisters, and they still hadn’t prepared him for such talks.

Hellen cleared her throat, and began to speak, her voice wavering. “Captain, I wish to talk to you about something very close to my heart.”

Leo let out a mental sigh. Good, it wasn’t about female giraffe things.

The fur around her cheeks seemed to darken as she cleared her throat yet again. “I have been having strange feelings that have only been described to me. They are interfering with my work, and I was told that the only way to get rid of them was to inform the object creating such feelings.”

Leo tilted his head, this couldn’t possibly be going where he thought it was going.

Hellen looked him directly in the eye and said, “Captain I believe I have a crush on you, though if might also be love. My fellow shipmates were unclear as to what love actually feels like, and so I am still unsure. The code for the crew has nothing about inter-crew relations, and I was hoping to start a relationship with you.”

Leo couldn’t believe it. He had a crush on her ever since she had stepped foot on his ship. Pure bliss ran through his body, as he took a step forward. She gazed at him curiously, but didn’t take a step back. “I accept your proposal.” Was all he said before pecking her on the lips.

Turning, he gestured with his head, “Will you join me for my favorite pastime?”

A small smile graced Hellen’s lips, “I would love to Captain.”

He flicked her with his tail as she got level with him, “Hellen, we are in a relationship, you must start calling me Leo.”

Hellen smiled, “As you wish Leo. Now what is your favorite pastime?”

“Why it is gazing at the stars of course. Though now they seem dim compared to your beauty.” Leo snickered as Hellen hid her head yet again. This would indeed be an interesting relationship.