

When Eras Collide.

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Side story from end of season one. While on a solo trip in future England, Yakumo time travels back to 1996 England. There she meets a native who happens to be an ancient hero's descender.

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Chapter 1 - The trip through time.

2

1 - The trip through time.

Nottingham, England. September 13th, 2300

It was a bright, clear, sunny day in Nottingham, England. Enterrans of all sorts of shapes, sizes, and colors were busy doing their own personal tasks, including a young, brown-haired woman named Yakumo, the very last human on Earth.

“So this is Nottingham.” Yakumo thought as she walked a busy street filled with street vendors. She departed from the team, a couple months ago, to explore Europe solo. She needed a solo vacation after defeating the last evil enterra, with her friends Mushra, Sago, Kutao, and Hakuba. She had heard, from many good enterrans during her travels with her friends, that England was a great place for a vacation. In fact, she loved the idea because she had never been to England before.

Finally, after spending a good 45 minutes of walking and looking around, Yakumo sat down on the ground, next to a doorstep, pulled out a red apple she bought from a street fruit vendor, a minute ago, and started to munch on it. Yakumo loved apples all her life.

“It’s a shame Kutao missing all of this. He loves to travel.” Yakumo thought as she looked around her entire environment. Due to their superior enterran technology and intelligence, it only took the enterrans 10 years to rebuild England. A lot faster than humans. “England’s so beautiful.”

Over the past 2 months, Yakumo saw the towns and attractions England was known for. In London, she saw Big Ben, Scotland Yard, and West End. She also saw Stonehenge, and Edinburgh. Now she was visiting Nottingham. She even had some money she inherited from her father before she met Mushra. The amount of money she had was 15,500 U.S. earth dollars, which she exchanged for pounds. She also saw the statue of a famous hooded archer.

After spending 10 minutes, Yakumo got up and continued walking and looking around the marketplace. Most of the street vendors had English diamonds, jewelry, and anything she could find at any other marketplace. For souvenirs, she got some new clothes, a green archer’s hat, and a beautiful, silk-red scarf.

Yakumo paid for the gifts, then continued walking down the street, looking for more souvenirs to buy, until she saw something that caught her eye: a street vendor covered with pure-black drapes.

In an attempt to find something unusual for a souvenir, Yakumo went inside the tent and began to look around. For the first 30 seconds, she couldn’t find anything of interest. She was about to leave until she found something: a small, black box with a small, rotating wheel on it.

Curious to know what it is, Yakumo picked up the box and turned to the vendor owner, who was busy cleaning some of his shelves.

“Excuse me sir.” Yakumo said.

The vendor turned and looked at the brown-haired human.

“May I help you, my dear?” The vendor asked. His black cape was tied neatly around his neck.

“Can you tell me what this is, sir?” Yakumo asked the owner, pointing to the small box in her left hand.

The vendor owner took the box from Yakumo and studied it. Then he gave it back to her.

“This box, my dear,” The vendor finally replied, “is a time-traveling device, as well as a world-changer.”

“What does the device do, sir?” Yakumo asked with curiosity.

“The time-traveling part takes you back to any year you wish, my dear. You can activate it by rotating the time wheel to any year you wish to visit.” The vendor explained as he pointed to a small wheel, on top of the box, with decades bordering the wheel. “The world-changer allows you to change the world into the way you wish to have it in.”

“How do I control the world-changing part, sir?” Yakumo asked

“Ah, my good girl,” The owner replied slyly, “You control it with your thoughts.”

“In other words, “ Yakumo started to say, “it’s telepathic.”

“Exactly.” The owner exclaimed.

“How much is it?” Yakumo asked as she put her hand into her pocket and began to pull out some money.

“300 pounds.” The owner simply replied.

Yakumo pulled out a 500 pound note, gave it to the vendor owner, then left the vendor tent with the small box in her left hand. Eager to try out the box, Yakumo calmly walked down the street, then ducked into a small alleyway.

Yakumo pulled out the device and started at it. While staring at it, she thought about the kind of world she wanted to visit. The box, however, unbeknownst to Yakumo magically recorded her thought. It also placed a metamorphoses curse on her. It was gonna turn her into an anthropomorphic animal.

Then Yakumo thought about what kind of year she wanted to visit.

“Hmm.” Yakumo said to herself, “Let’s try this year.”

Yakumo rotated the time wheel to a year she wanted to visit. Then the little box opened and green light shot out. She wanted to scream, but, before she could even make a sound, she was magically sucked in. The box magically closed itself back up and dropped to the ground.

Nottingham, England. September 13th, 1996.

It was a sunny afternoon as a lone figure drove his dark-blue corvette through Sherwood Forest. The figure, a young, anthropomorphic red/grey wolfox named Nicholas Fitzooth of Loxley, was driving down a dirt path from a party at a friend’s house, when he saw a young, red-furred vixen lying on the ground, face-down.

“Oh my god!” Nick thought as he stopped his car on the side of the road, got out, and ran over to the vixen’s side.

In an attempt to find out if the vixen was still alive, Nick rolled her over to her back and checked her pulse by placing two fingers under her neck.

“She’s still alive.” Nick thought with a sigh of relief.

Nick then noticed a bloody gash on the vixen’s forehead. He walked over to his car and returned with a well-loaded first-aid kit. Then he opened up the kit, cleaned up the gash, and bandaged it up.

“This poor girl looks like she could use some hot tea and shelter.” Nick thought as he closed up the kit, and placed it in his bag. Then he picked up the vixen, carried her to his car, and took her to his home.