



HOW THE DUCKS WERE SAVED

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First Published on fanfiction.net 02-19-12





Once upon a time, there was a Mommy Duck.

One day, the Mommy Duck had to make a nest. So she made a nest by a window in a tall building.

The Mommy Duck started to make a nest. When she was done, the Mommy Duck laid seven eggs. Then she waited for them to hatch.

All the eggs hatched and the Mommy Duck had seven baby ducks. The Mommy Duck went to find food for the baby ducks.

Then there was a fire at the building. A man called the firemen to put it out. But the Mommy Duck was not home. She was looking for food for the baby ducks.

Uncle Mike drove the fire engine to the building. Uncle Hank scolded all the people to go away from the fire. He scolded Uncle Marco and Uncle Chet to put out the fire.

"Wait a minute," Chet started to protest. "He *scolded* us? Roy what've you been telling your daughter?" He flicked a grimace at Cap who had his head bowed and shaking his head, palms flat and spread on the kitchen table, trying to hide his grin.

"Don't take it so personally, Chet. She's only what—?" Marco had a hand out and looked to Roy, sitting on his left at the table.

"She's almost five."

"See?"

"Well, maybe 'yell at', instead of 'scolded.'"

"Maybe not from her perspective," DeSoto answered, biting into a danish.

"Keep reading, Kelly," Cap encouraged, his eyes twinkling with amusement. Chet sighed and held up the paper.





Daddy and Uncle Johnny went to help the people with boo-boos.

"Chet...." Mike growled, determined to head off any more of Kelly's literary critiques. Chet closed his opened mouth and looked back at the paper.

The Mommy Duck came back and saw the fire. She saw that the baby ducks were there. But they could not fly. She was sad because she did not know how to get the baby ducks away from the fire.

She saw Uncle Hank and flew to him and said 'Help.' But Uncle Hank does not speak like a duck

"Little does she know," Chet jibed under his breath.

Captain Stanley's head snapped up, teeth gritted. "Chet..."

Then the Mommy Duck saw Daddy and Uncle Johnny saving some puppies. So she went to Daddy and Uncle Johnny and said 'Please Help.'

Daddy followed the Mommy Duck and he saw the nest. Daddy told Uncle Hank because Uncle Hank is bossy.

"I'm sure she meant 'the boss'," Chet assured his grimacing captain.

"Mm hmm," Stanley mumbled, eyes narrowed at Roy, who shrugged at him with a Mona Lisa smile.

Daddy and Uncle Johnny drove the Snorkel –

"The Snorkel?" Chet wondered.

"It's her favorite fire truck," Roy beamed and he bit into his danish again.

"It's everyone's favorite fire truck," Stoker confirmed.





Captain Stanley drew his hands across the table back to himself as he eyed his engineer in astonishment. "You having Engine Envy, Mike? Never thought you'd just abandon Big Red like that," he said, laying on the sad voice awfully thick.

Mike threw his captain a bemused look, "Haven't you ever wanted to work the Snorkel, Cap?"

Hank's eyes lit up and a smile tugged at him and he leaned back in his chair, eyes distant. "Yeah..." he answered dreamily.

Marco elbowed his shiftmate. "Finish the story, Chet, before Cap transfers to 127s and we get stuck with Hookrader."

Daddy and Uncle Johnny drove the Snorkel up to the nest. They took the baby ducks one by one and put them on the ground. The Mommy Duck was very happy and all the ducks were safe.

The End.

The kitchen erupted into applause.

"Well that was very nice, Roy," Captain Stanley smiled.

"Thanks. Yeah, Joanne helped her out with it, mostly. She likes to have us read it to her at bedtime, now."

"So, tell us, Roy. Were there any injuries to the ducklings?" Chet wondered.

"Yeah, Desoto," Stoker chimed in. "Did you need to put a call in to Rampart?"

"Well, now that you mention it, we did have to treat a couple of those ducklings for smoke inhalation," Johnny added. He grinned at his partner, only to be met with a stern expression.

"Did the ducklings survive?" Cap asked, his eyes twinkling.





"Oh yeah, they were fine," Johnny answered, still grinning.

Roy looked almost appalled at his shiftmates. "Guys! She's four years old! She's a little young for IVs and sinus tachycardias, don't you think?"

"Well, sure, Roy, but if she's gonna write accurately about your job and what we do, she's gotta start sometime."

Roy yanked the paper out of Kelly's hands. "Besides, I kind of enjoy the notion of an injury-free rescue," he grumbled, folding the paper, dismayed eyes roaming the faces of his brothers.

The klaxons went off and scraping chairs ensued as the men rose to their feet.

"Sounds like you might have to treat a case of ruffled feathers," Cap leaned in to Johnny as the rescue paramedic moved past him.

Johnny eyed his partner and he chuckled as they made for the apparatus bay.

"Why do I suddenly feel like the pigeon?" DeSoto muttered. He climbed into the Squad, grabbed the address from Cap and moved the Squad out, lights and sirens running, to answer the call.

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