

Shinzo-days go by

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What happens when the boys get on Binka's nerves one to many times? Is there more to the gypsy then meets the eye? Read to find out.

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1 - Jipcy's magic perfume

hi this is my first fanfic I hope you like it. oh and I dont own shinzo and allthat other stuff.please commit

The day was hot and tempers were also rising. "What is wrong with you?!" Binka shouted. She had asked Mushra to gather wood for the fire but, he had yet to do so. At this Binka was fuming. Yakumo had been trying to keep the peace but, as the day wore on it had become increasingly harder "Fine I'll do myself!" Binka stormed off leaving the others confused or worried. "What's her problem?" Mushra questioned. "I wonder," Sago said sarcastically from his spot under a tree. ~ Binka was furiously picking up sticks for the fire. When she had finished she bundled them up and strapped them on her back. As she headed off she smelt something cooking. Kutal must have started dinner without her! Typical! "You better not be eating withoutme," her last word trialed off, as she realized this was not her camp. "I assure you, dear, I am not eating anything," it was a fox entern. "Something troubling you, dear?" it was more of an observation then an actual question and her green eyes held that 'all-knowing' look about them. "Binka, isn't it dear?" she seemed amused at Binka's confused look. "I'm Jipcy the all knowing gypsy, dear." Binka tried not to laugh. "A gypsy named gypsy?!?" she could no longer hold back. "I'm sorry." "Don't apologize dear I get that all the time, jipcy said indicating a house on wheels. "Come in dear, come in." against her better judgment, Binka set the bundle down and went in. ~ "Where could she be?" Yakumo's motherly instincts were setting in. "She's fine," Mushra said. "She can fend for herself." "Mushra!" Yakumo was shocked. "What he means is," sago started, putting his hand on Mushra's shoulder. "That she's probably on her way back now and the most she'll come across are some woodland creatures." Yakumo, reassured, started looking around the woods near camp, the kittens following. "Mushra, you've got to be more careful about what you say," Sago whispered once he was sure Yakumo was out of range. "Unless your trying to upset Yakumo" "Of course not!!" ~ "Sit dear, sit," Jipcy said pointing to a beanbag-like chair next to a table with a crystal ball in the center. "Boys are your problem, are they not dear?" Jipcy said once they were both seated. "Your problem, is it not dear, is that they don't see things your way?" Binka could not believe her ears, these were her exact thoughts just moments before. "I have just the thing, dear," she chimed, as she shifted through a bottle filled shelf. Binka took this opportunity to take in her appearance. Jipcy wore a purple turban around her head. Her ears were pierced in many places with dangling earrings. She also wore a great many necklaces from chokers to ones with heavy looking pendants. A purple shawl was carelessly rapped around her shoulders and her dark blue rap skirt barely reveled her bare feet. Jipcy's black shirt was adorned with gold. "Ah, here it is dear," Jipcy whispered, putting down two very different bottles. One was tall, thin and blue. The other was stout, round and pink. "Now, dear, listen carefully, this blue one, spray only you, the other young lady and the three children," she was serious now. "Tonight, after you've done that, and only after that, spray this pink one over the campsite before bed and

the boys who trouble you will see things just as you do dear." "Sorry, I can't afford that," Binka knew full n well she had enough. "Oh, I don't charge dear. You can't price happiness, now can you, dear?" Jipcy chuckled. So she sent Binka off with her wood and the perfume. 'It can't hurt to try can it?' Binka thought. Through out dinner she debated with herself about it, until the boys started one of their stupid eating contests. "Can't any of you act like civilized beings?" Binka lost it. "Blowing off chores! Eating like pigs! Disrespect for others! I've had it!!" she stormed to the far side of camp. The perfumes were in her pocket she could...NO! Yakumo and the kittens came over in hopes of making her feel better. "You

know, their not all bad,” Yakumo said softly. “Their just different and don’t always see things as we do, but they try, ok?” before she could stop herself she found herself saying, “Yakumo, you want to try this new perfume?” Yakumo smiled softly “Sure.” Binka sprayed herself, Yakumo and ‘accidentally’ got the kittens in the process. Later after everyone else was fast asleep, she drenched the camp site with the pink perfume, leaving no spot unsprayed. As Binka lay back down she thought ‘things will start looking up tomorrow,’ and with a soft smile fell into a rest full sleep. Little did she know what the perfume’s true purpose was.

2 - missing

Binka awoke to one long, horrified, ear-shattering scream. Binka sat up immediately, finding Yakumo, on her knees crying her eyes out, looking where the boys should have been. But that was just it, they *should* have been but weren't. The only evidence that they ever had been were the kittens, who, thankfully, had not heard the scream. Binka went over to Yakumo and touched her shoulder. When she didn't move, Binka decided it was time to back track. She packed as fastly and neatly as she could. Then she managed to get Yakumo into hakuba. Then she softly, as not to wake them, lifted the kittens into hakuba with Yakumo, who was still looking at nothing. "It's going to be okay, I think I know where they are." 'I hope.' After awhile the kittens woke. "Where are we?" Este mumbled, rubbing her eyes. "Yah, where's Mushra, Sago and uncle Kutal?" Sen questioned. "Were they mad cause of Binka?" Ray wondered. They were all now on Yakumo's lap, she had now retained her cheerful smile. "We'll catch up with them soon," she said more to herself than them. Binka started to realize it was her who had done this, perfume or none, it was her fault. She had yelled at them, insulted them, and put them down. Binka's eyes began to tear. "It's not your fault, you know?" Yakumo said, noticing her tears. This only made her cry harder. 'I wish everyone would just stay out of my head!' Binka thought, grabbing the sides of her head. 'stop speaking my thoughts' ~ (2 hours later) ~ "We're here!" Binka exclaimed, as a far of town came into sight. "But where is 'hear'?" Yakumo asked, standing up to take a better look. "You don't remember?" Binka said blankly. "You loved telling me the story of what you did here, it was your favorite one to tell. This is Fly City!" As they entered the city Yakumo's heart began to race at the memories of this place, the place where her journey with the boys had begun. Memories of the bounty hunter, of being strung up over that hot fire, of how Sago put it out, of how Mushra got them down, of Mushra's fight with the bounty hunter, of meeting Kutal with his 'unusual' sense of direction, of that terrifyingly fast ride on that 'vehicle', not to mention the crash, of meeting Sago, and how all four of them ran from the hunting beings came rushing back to her. As she also remembered everything else that had transpired since then, tears flooded her eyes once again. "Is something wrong Yakumo?" Este asked, concerned about her friend. "No," Yakumo answered, wiping the tears from her eyes. "This is just where the four of us started our journey to Shinzo so, it brings back found memories." "So this is where you met uncle Kutal?" Ray wondered. She nodded. This place held her beginning, but what Yakumo didn't know was this was the start of a very new one.