

# Parry the Parrot

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Parry wants to play in his sister's dungeon and dragon game and is willing to play any character, unfortunately only one is available.

The Costume Box

2022

*Chapter 1*

## Parry the Parrot

"I get to play today!" Parry reminded his sister, Gloria. He sat on her bed in her room as she read through some notes. "Remember?"

"We are in the middle of a campaign." Gloria told him, flipping through her pages. "I can't just add new characters."

"I'll play any character." Parry pleaded to be included with his older sister's friends. "I just want to play." He snapped.

"Any character?" His sister thought out loud. She pondered for a moment and collected a character sheet from her pile of notes. "What about Aaron's familiar?"

"Like his pet?" Parry said in disgust, making a scrunched up face.

"Well kind of" She trailed off. "But more like his partner. The familiar has a few special abilities" His sister offered. "Let's call it a trial run, if you can roleplay this then you can make your own character."

That got Parry's attention, he could play every week if he had his own character.

"Okay." He said uneasily. "I'll play his familiar then" How hard would it be to roleplay an animal?

"Great, let's set up for the others then" Gloria informed him, and she handed Parry a few books to carry downstairs. He

helped set up a table in the basement for them to play on and noticed his sister also brought down a large box.

Gloria's friends started arriving; her boyfriend Aaron, her best friend Jenny and Aaron's best friend David. The five of them met in the basement waiting for the game to begin.

"Hey guys, I just wanted to let you know my little brother, Parry, will be playing the game with us today." Gloria told the group. Some of them rolled their eyes and glared at Parry.

"What character will he play?" Aaron asked Gloria.

"You're familiar." Gloria cheerily confirmed

David and Jenny started giggling. "How fitting. Parry is going to roleplay Parry." Jenny gasped.

"I'm confused." Parry told the tall teenagers.

"It was an inside joke." Aaron stumbled. "Since you asked to play that one time, I named the familiar after you."

Parry's face started glowing red, was he just a joke to these teenagers? He tried to smile a little through his embarrassment. "Funny joke." He said awkwardly.

"At least you will remember the name easily." Gloria told him. "Should we get ready?"

The teens started pulling garments out of the box Gloria had brought down earlier. "Oh, you guys actually dress up for your game?" Parry asked. "That's pretty cool." He trailed and whispered knowing he was lying.

"Here, you can wear this." Gloria said, handing him what looked like a folded up ball of colorful feathers.

"What is that?" Parry demanded and took it from Gloria.

"It's a Parrot outfit." She exclaimed. "Aaron's familiar is a parrot afterall."

Parry's ears felt hot and it felt like his stomach was falling. "You want me to wear this, like all night?" He unfolded the mass of costume feathers and finally recognized what it was.

"I had to improvise, but I think it will work." Gloria said smiling.

Parry held out a deflated parrot toy Gloria had won at a carnival ages ago. She had removed the stuffing and added buttons up the back. The legs had been cut off and was just left with holes for him to stick his own legs into, even his boxer briefs would stick out of them.

Parry looked at the teenagers who seemed amused at his feathery outfit. "I'm going to change in my room." He declared and ran away, there was no way he would change in front of everyone.

Finally in the safety of his room he tried to push his legs into the holes but his jeans kept getting caught. "This is dumb, why am I trying to make this work?" He asked himself.

He removed the jeans and stood there in just his boxer briefs. "This won't work either." He grumbled and rooted around his dresser until he found an ancient pair of briefs.

Finally in his old briefs he hoisted the feathery monstrosity up. "Do I really want to play this bad?" He asked himself, still unsure it was a good idea.

"Sure you do." Gloria said standing behind him.

"Hang on, I'm almost done." Parry said, now weaving his hands through the feathery wings.

"Here let me help you with the hood." Gloria grabbed Parry's head and pushed it into the face of the bird.

"It's tight, this isn't going to work!" Parry whined and tried to tug down the outfit from the leg openings.

Gloria quickly buttoned up the back and took a step back. "You look cute." She cried.

"This is giving me a wedgie." Parry complained.

Parry looked at himself in his mirror, red, blue and yellow feathers covered his torso and arms with his skinny bare legs completing the bird look. The headpiece was cut in a way that it went over half his face with holes for his eyes cut out, more feathers stuck out the top.

He moved his arms out to reveal the colorful wings of the parrot, although stretching out the costume only made it feel tighter.

"Let's show the others." Gloria said and pulled him by his feathery arm, his bare feet slapping on the hardwood floor. Heading down the stairs the long tail feathers annoyingly kept brushing against his bare legs. "Everyone meet Parry the

parrot!" Gloria announced.

Parry stood amongst the teenagers as their confused looks turned into mocking grins. He bashfully turned away from them, his legs felt overly exposed and the suit was tight against his body. "I look ridiculous." He told them.

"We all look silly!" Jenny told him while showcasing her cleric robes.

"It's not the same." He sniveled.

The group laughed at his whining and headed for the table, they added a stool beside Aaron's seat so he could see the table properly. Parry clambered on top of the stool feeling perched up there, his legs couldn't even reach the floor!

"So now what?" He mumbled to the group.

Gloria recapped the last session the group was on the way to save a village. Parry was starting to get excited and held onto the stool between his legs as he leaned forward. The teenagers started speaking in character with accents, was he supposed to do that too?

"Come on, it'll be fun!" Aaron announced in a heroic tone, replying to Jenny, he looked at Parry and gave him a nudge with his elbow.

"What?" He asked him.

"Parry repeats what I say." He whispered to him.

"Oh! Um. It'll be fun." He said, however Aaron looked

dissatisfied.

"You should sound more parrot-like." Aaron whispered to him.

Parry felt anxious but he wanted to make a good impression. "It'll be fun." He squawked in his most bird-like mimicry. The teenagers stared at him and giggled, clearly that moment had already passed.

The party made their way to a dungeon. So far all the others had rolled for various skills. Parry looked down at his character sheet, more of an index card with little information on it.

"Can I use mimicry here?" He asked Gloria who had a wide grin on her face.

"Roll the die!" Gloria commanded. "What are you trying to mimic?"

"Some big monster to scare them away." He told her and tried to pick up the die which proved difficult through his feathery wings.

"Here let me roll." Aaron helpfully offered and tossed the die forward.

"Okay, success." Gloria told him. "Let's hear that roar."

All eyes were on him and he nervously let out a meek roar. His face flushed and he looked away from the teenagers while they laughed.

"Maybe we should get some snacks?" David asked the table.

Parry kicked his legs back and forth while he waited for David and Jenny to go get snacks.

"What do you think of the game so far, Parry?" Aaron asked him.

"It's a little fun, but I feel stupid. How long do I have to wear this for?" Parry asked him.

"The games last well into the night! That's why I agreed to let you play today, since I'm supposed to be watching you." Gloria reminded him.

"Isn't that going to be past his bedtime?" Aaron asked.

"I'll be okay." Parry squeaked. "I can stay up late."

David and Jenny came back down the stairs giggling.

"You were gone pretty long to grab a couple plates of snacks." Gloria teased. The two set down plates of crackers and cheese.

The two blushing teenagers just started giggling more at each other.

"Does Parry want a cracker?" Aaron asked while trying to hold back a laugh. Gloria looked almost concerned and stared at Parry, was this joke going to push him over the edge?

"I'll get my own snacks." He declared and tried reaching his feathery arm toward the plate.

Parry leaned forward and the feathers pushed all the snacks around the plate. He gave up angrily. "Whatever, who even wants crackers?" Parry whined. He looked at his feather clad arms and wondered why Gloria didn't make holes for his hands.

The game continued for a few hours and Parry was getting a little tired of repeating Aaron's lines and making animal noises. The story had gotten the party on a chase scene and he had hoped he could fly ahead or something but he had been put in a bird cage.

"Can't I squawk or something to be let out?" Parry asked Gloria.

"No one is close enough to let you out." Gloria told him.

"Fine, I need a break anyway." He jumped off the stool. "I'm going to the washroom" He told the party and walked away from the table.

Parry went to the washroom a little glad to be off the stool for a bit. He looked in the mirror and saw his parrot self staring back at him.

"I look like an idiot." He remarked to himself. He reached around his back and tried to maneuver the buttons of the outfit. "Stupid feathers, stupid parrot." He cried, getting louder until he heard a knock.

"Hey buddy, you okay?" Aaron spoke softly from the other side.

"You okay?" Parry repeated absentmindedly. "I just can't get this thing off."

"Need help?" he asked.

"Need help." Parry repeated.

The bathroom door opened, how had Parry forgotten to lock it? Aaron towered over him and spun him around.

"Why are these buttons so little?" Aaron complained while fiddling with them.

"So little." Parry squeaked softly, still repeating Aaron's words.

Aaron yanked the hood down in front of him. Parry felt the cool air of washroom rush over his head, he didn't notice how stuffy the outfit was. Aaron continued to unbutton the outfit and pulled it open for Parry.

"Looks like Gloria's dorky brother still wears tighty whities." Aaron teased.

"Tighty whities?" Parry repeated, his face lit up in a rosey pink. He spun back around and started to push Aaron out of the washroom, which he quickly backed away knowing he got his laugh. Parry slammed the door and made sure to lock it.

"Who is he calling a dork, he's the one playing D and D every week." Parry muttered.

Finally free of the tight bird costume Parry took an extra

moment before finally going to the washroom and washing his hands. He looked at the feathery Parrot and had second thoughts about putting it back on.

It's not that far to his room, he might be able to just run for it and change? He aggressively stomped his foot on the tile as embarrassing as the costume was. He still wanted his own character in DnD and bailing on his first session will probably get him banned from the table.

Another knock on the door. "Hey Parry, it's still Aaron. Need help with the buttons?" He asked through the door.

"The buttons!" Parry squawked, startled by Aaron still being right outside. "Yeah, I think so."

The door knob rattled indicating Aaron wanted in.

Parry once again pulled his legs through the leg holes, as he mentally prepared himself for the inevitable wedgie. He slid his arms into the feathery sleeves and once he was convinced he was covered enough unlocked the door. It shot open with too much eagerness.

Aaron looked down at him and Parry turned around while he pulled at the costume roughly. "It's already tight enough." He whined while he buttoned it up.

He looked in the mirror, Aaron was wearing his swarthy poet's shirt with only half the buttons done up. His character was the cheeky bard who always made snide remarks and sang songs with his lute. "There's Parry, ready to play?" Aaron asked him.

"Play." Parry repeated this time on purpose. He was bothered at how cool Aaron looked compared to him, he really was his pet.

Parry made his way back to the basement, where the others were waiting for them. "You were right Gloria, Parry did need help." Aaron announced to the room.

"Need help." Parry once again repeated followed by his cheeks flushing at his childish comment. Why did he keep repeating everything Aaron said?

Before Aaron sat down he picked up Parry and placed him back on his stool, the action causing his outfit to ride up more than before. "I don't need you for this." Parry demanded.

"I'm just helping." Aaron said.

"Just helping." Parry mockingly replied.

The game finally started again and the chase scene gave way to a long battle. Parry, the parrot, finally free from his cage was squawking at the villains actually helping the party. He was finally enjoying himself until David and Gloria started bickering about some obscure rule.

Parry had lost track of time, the little window in the basement had revealed it had been night time for a couple hours now. He wondered how one fight seemed to take longer than everything else their characters had done so far. He didn't want to admit it but he was getting tired.

David, Jenny and Gloria were scouring large text books

looking for the obscure rule. Parry's eyes felt heavy and more than once felt had to catch himself from dozing off.

In a moment of tiredness Parry leaned back in the stool, only to lose his balance. He frantically flapped his arms around trying to right himself. Parry tried to lean forward but it was too late, the stool was already tipping over, he was falling. He shrieked but he felt himself being picked up and saved at the last moment, hearing the stool crash into the ground with a large clatter. He was placed in a lap and when he looked up breathing heavily at his savour it was Aaron who had a look of relief on his face.

"Whoa, careful. Just sit right here." Aaron told him and positioned him in his lap with a protective arm around him.

"Right here." Parry repeated bashfully.

"Look, can't Parry just fly over and steal the artifact?" Aaron asked the others.

"Steal the artifact?" Parry repeated.

Gloria stared daggers at her boyfriend. "Parry, give me a strength check." She told him.

Aaron placed his own red glittery twenty sided die into Parry's wing covered hand. Parry gave it a toss at the table and everyone waited with anticipation at the result. The die bounced around and ended up in a tantalizing spin, it banged around on glasses and plates before stopping and revealing a twenty on the top. The five of them all gasped.

"A natural twenty." Aaron yelled.

"Natural twenty." Parry repeated.

Gloria described how Parry, the parrot, swoops down and collects a magical artifact depowering the villain allowing for the party to easily capture him. Gloria slides Parry a second index card describing the item's magical powers, now in his possession.

Unfortunately he wouldn't be able to actually use the item in question, but at least he was able to help out the party. Gloria had the party return to the village where everyone seemed to be casually conversing and buying gear. Parry waited with his eyes getting tired again.

Gloria was softly narrating the village leader's thanks to the party, getting a little tired in Aaron's lap Parry leaned against his chest. He had been sitting up straight all evening and Aaron's lap was intoxicatingly comfortable.

Parry kept blinking in and out and had lost focus about what was going on in the game. He wondered how late it was now, it felt like hours since he had lost track of time. He nestled his head on Aaron's chest and closed his eyes, he could just listen to the game for now.

Eventually Parry's repeating murmurs turned into a soft hiss of steady breathing. The teenagers concluded the night's session under soft whispers and dimmed lights as he dozed off. Parry had fallen asleep hours past his bedtime, Gloria was impressed he lasted this long.