

# Weath Turcocl

Description: it looks kind of like a feathery winged turtle, or possibly a feathery winged coconut with a wild-eyed turtle head attached to it. Weath Turcocl can fly; it's by definition the fastest winged turtle in existence, able to outspeed a running man. Unfortunately, once it gets going the Weath Turcocl can't turn worth a damn.

Yes, that's the name. A particular reality dreamer read [this book](#) at the exact worst, or best time; and so, here we are. Dealing with the damnable Weath Turcocl. And people wonder why the relevant authorities are so careful with reality dreamers! This is even worse than when one of the dreamers decided sunsets would be much improved with the addition of the color [Surgical Pink](#). The fact that she was right is irrelevant; it was still a chore and a half to get everything **else** in reality smoothed down afterward.

No, really, this is worse. Having an extra color option in sunsets is easy enough to make everybody believe it's always been that way. Feathered, ill-tempered coconuts whizzing through certain woods at head level, and at 25 miles an hour? Much more of a problem to retroactively cover up.

And of course Weath Turcocl are ill-tempered. And why shouldn't they be? They're insect eaters who can't walk very well; the species feeds by rolling itself long enough to get a good burst of speed in, then flinging itself into the air and straining out bugs mid-flight until it runs into something and then bounces off of it. That's why they live in woods: on the plains a Weath Turcocl would just bounce up and down a couple of times, and then roll to a stop. This species needs *vectors*.

Which would make them really annoying urban nuisances, sure. That's why there are **two** working groups out there. The first working group is supposed to create historical records for the Weath Turcocl; the second working group is being trained up with an eye towards triggering a mini-extinction event, using combat jai alai techniques,. Yeah, tennis rackets just weren't strong enough, and baseball bats were deemed a little too messy. Oh: and possibly also... cruel? That's often a consideration, one hears.

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