SEASONS WITH YOU



GALE GALLEON FANZINE

SECOND EDITION



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Aviary
COMPENDIUM



Credits
ARTISTS



Ozul
GALAH BIRD
ZOO | @MAWFISCHE
COVER & SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 33

Rune
CARIBBEAN BANANAQUIT
KKAE | @KKAEHOSHI
COVER ARTIST
SEASON PAGES





Layla
SHIMA ENAGA
SHINJOU | @ANH_LEE__
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 19



Calx
GOLD-FRONTED LEAFBIRD
CAS | @CASTERSEER
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 27



Rei
MONK PARAKEET
REI | @SAKMRB
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 21



Kiora
SHIMA ENAGA
KOMI | @_KOMIINII
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 15



Azellia
HARPY
AZRIXEL | @AZRIXEL_
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 14



Kit
LOVEBIRD
SEII | @ODDYSEII
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 20



Antares
CRIMSON SUNBIRD
ANGIE | @_KAOKAOS
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 12



Ribbon

MACARONI PENGUIN

MOKA | @MOCHA2RU
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 26



Pipkin

FERAL PIGEON

PUMPKIN SPIKE | @PUMPKINSPIKE
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 24



Hoku

STARLING

JAE | @CHROMATICDAWN
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 31



Peach

BOURKE PARAKEET

CHOCOLA YASMIN | @CHOCOLA_LADY
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 18



Eli

GHOST BIRD

ELI | @INF_ELI_X
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 30



Pecan

AMERICAN WOODCOCK

CHESTNUT | @PIP12091019
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 32



Damiaa

JACOBIN PIGEON

IKIN | @AKIRAMONSTA
SPREAD ARTIST
PAGE 25



Credits
WRITERS



Cece
CHESTNUT-BACKED CHICKADEE

ARIN LIGHT | @LIGHT_ARIN
WRITER
PAGE 12 | 13

Maren
COSTA'S HUMMINGBIRD

SARAH | @0210SARAH
WRITER & PROOFREADER
PAGE 14 | 15 | AUTUMN SEASON



Bubbie
GREYWING BUDGIE

MOON | @MOONFAIRYJOONIE
WRITER
PAGE 26 | 27





Berry
STRAWBERRY FINCH

BERRY | @JUSTBERRYFORNOW
WRITER & PROOFREADER
PAGE 24 | 25 | SPRING SEASON



Získa
RED-TAILED HAWK

KODA | @KIMIK0DA
WRITER
PAGE 30 | 31

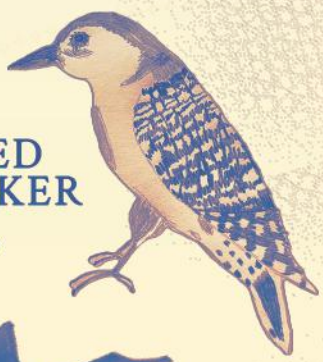
Maya
SUN CONURE

MAYA | @ECLIPSEMAYA
WRITER
PAGE 32 | 33



Linus
RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER

YUUKI | @YUU5878
WRITER
PAGE 19 | 20





Opal
BLACK-BROWED ALBATROSS

HANNAH B. | @BEENANA0_0
WRITER & PROOFREADER
PAGE 18 | 21 | WINTER SEASON



Credits
ADMINS



Umbra

DOUBLE-CRESTED CORMORANT

EVE | @EBAELYNN
ADMIN & WRITER
SEASON PAGES



Naih

FIELD SPARROW

NAIH | @NAIH_CY
ADMIN & SPREAD ARTIST & LAYOUT EDITOR
PAGE 13 | LAYOUTS



Nyx

ORIENTAL MAGPIE

NYX | @CHAMANTHUS
ADMIN & PROOFREADER
GENERAL PROOFREADING

Winter

Frost clings to the windows of the town's buildings, glowing softly from the warm lights within.

Above, the night sky shimmers with the northern lights, and the crisp scent of pine and winter air drifts across the harbor. A lone boat rests silently at the dock, its deck dusted with fresh snow.

Through the frosted windows, glimpses of the crew at ease come into view—some chatting quietly, others moving slowly across the snow-covered deck, their footsteps muffled by the snowfall. The soft hum of conversation blends with the gentle crash of waves against the shore, creating a serene rhythm that carries the calm magic of the winter night.



"Don't be shy! Come join us!" Berry hurried around, ushering newer members into seats and smiling as she recounted old tales of their captain. It was a busy night with the tavern bustling even more than usual. Pipsqueaks were having a blast socializing, old and new members of the crew mingling together.

"Oh, to be a new Pipsqueak again. Must be nice." Umbra smiled as she sipped her drink, looking up at the stars as she chatted with Maya, who was cleaning a nearby table. The bartender laughed, smiling back at the scene.

"Hah! You just want Berry to dote on us again." Umbra shrugged at Maya's comment, not denying the accusation. Despite the crowd, the tavern still radiated with a cozy atmosphere that embraced anyone who came in. Chatter and cheer filled the air as the stars winked over them, twinkling as if they were part of the celebrations as well.





"There it is!" Rune smiled brightly as she looked up at the sky. The colorful northern lights shimmered above them as they paused in a clearing of the forest.

"I have to admit, this was worth the hike." Rei looked around the peaceful forest with a soft smile. The northern lights made the snow glimmer, almost making it seem as though they were in a magical realm.

"I told you it would be," Hoku responded proudly, letting out a content sigh as she took in the beautiful scene. The three of them stood together in a moment of peaceful silence, their breaths fogging up the cold winter air. Then with a playful smile, Rune knelt down, gathering up the snow and pressing it together.

"Don't tell me you want a snowball fight." Rei started to reach down to make her own snowball, stopping in confusion when Rune shook her head.

Hoku glanced between the two before realizing her intentions. Without hesitation, they knelt beside Rune, helping her shape the snow.

"Come on, Rei. Let's make snow birds together!"



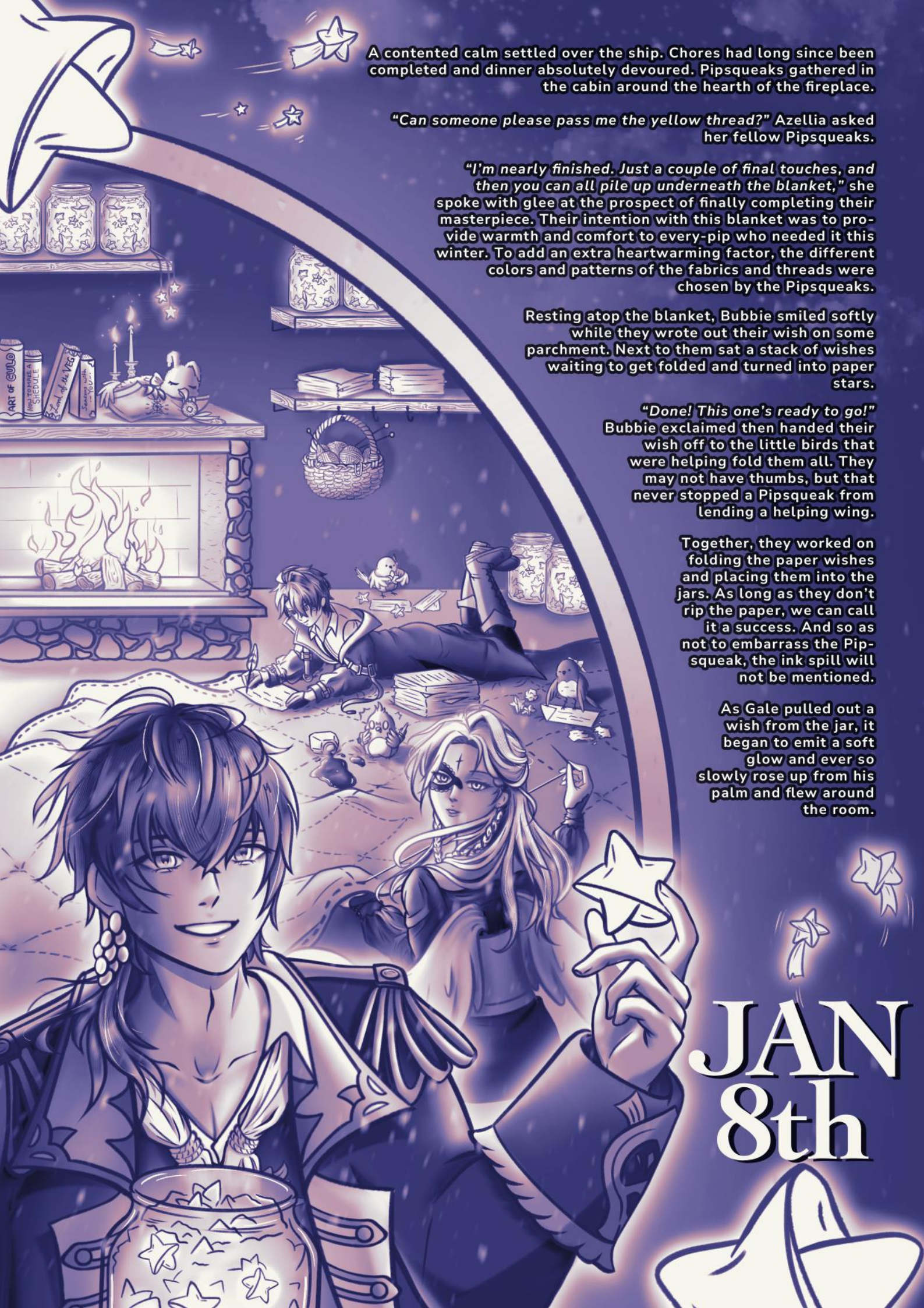
Pipsqueaks enthusiastically flocked to the shimmering, frozen lake that created the picture-perfect winter wonderland. The air may have been icy cold, but it was filled with excitement. Everyone was anticipating the activities lined up for the day.

Ice skating lessons were well underway! Kiora took it upon themself to teach their fellow Pipsqueaks the fundamentals of gliding with grace across the ice. One at a time, Kiora guided them across the surface while the students slowly but surely gained their balance.

"That's it, you've got it," Kiora shouted from across the way. Maren, inspired by their teacher's supportive words, slowly made their way across the lake with bent knees and arms out wide, trying to stay calm. Kiora skillfully skated backwards while holding on to Pecan's hands so they didn't lose their footing.

Above this scene, other Pipsqueaks flew through the air, their wings creating a gentle flutter as they hovered, occasionally offering cheerful chirps of encouragement that echoed to the new skaters.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the distance, the sounds of struggle and rather harsh expletives rang out. If you strained your eyes, you could just make out the blurred silhouette of the captain.



A contented calm settled over the ship. Chores had long since been completed and dinner absolutely devoured. Pipsqueaks gathered in the cabin around the hearth of the fireplace.

"Can someone please pass me the yellow thread?" Azellia asked her fellow Pipsqueaks.

"I'm nearly finished. Just a couple of final touches, and then you can all pile up underneath the blanket," she spoke with glee at the prospect of finally completing their masterpiece. Their intention with this blanket was to provide warmth and comfort to every-pip who needed it this winter. To add an extra heartwarming factor, the different colors and patterns of the fabrics and threads were chosen by the Pipsqueaks.

Resting atop the blanket, Bubbie smiled softly while they wrote out their wish on some parchment. Next to them sat a stack of wishes waiting to get folded and turned into paper stars.

"Done! This one's ready to go!" Bubbie exclaimed then handed their wish off to the little birds that were helping fold them all. They may not have thumbs, but that never stopped a Pipsqueak from lending a helping wing.

Together, they worked on folding the paper wishes and placing them into the jars. As long as they don't rip the paper, we can call it a success. And so as not to embarrass the Pipsqueak, the ink spill will not be mentioned.

As Gale pulled out a wish from the jar, it began to emit a soft glow and ever so slowly rose up from his palm and flew around the room.

JAN 8th




Spring
The moss-covered stones glisten in the sunlight as soft petals drift lazily through the warm mountain air. A gentle breeze carries the sweet scent of blooming blossoms, rustling the vine-wrapped columns and swaying festival lanterns strung overhead.
Laughter echoes between crumbling arches while quiet music filters through the scene, evidence of the crew's lively party among the forgotten ruins.
On the nearby mountainside, a clear spring winds in serpentine patterns around clusters of flowers, its serene flow a gentle contrast to the boisterous energy of the pirate crew.

April 2nd

april 2nd

"Look, Gale! There they are!" exclaimed Opal as she spotted one of the Pipsqueaks in hiding. She and Gale were searching for them as the highlight of this year's spring festival! The whole deck of the ship was transformed into an array of different shops and stalls, selling everything a bird on a pirate ship could ask for.

Now, as the highlight of the three-day celebration, some Pipsqueaks had participated in the 'Hide and Squeak' event. As Gale was having immense trouble finding the Pipsqueaks, Opal, the ship's scout, decided to help him out a little.

"Why did I decide to do this?" Gale sighed as he combed through a stall run by Suzu, the ship's clown (and sail maker).

As the time ticked away, not finding anyone there, the pirate captain moved on to the next shop. This time, he found himself in front of Needle's 'Future Seeing' booth. Looking through the bookshelves and crystal balls, he eventually found Antares—just as his time ran out.





MENU:

100- Fanfic	500- DHG	900- short cover
200- Pilk	600- Affirmation	1k- annoucement
300- Spicy QnA	700- Ringfit	1.5k- DHG QnA
400- Corndogs!!	800- Wishes	2k- Kareoke!!

CURRENCY: Pip-napping!!

May 10

On this fateful day in May, some Pipsqueaks were hanging around the dressing room of the ship and trying on new apparel. Damiaa was especially keen on readjusting her clothes while Layla kindly helped Damiaa with her dress. After some time passed, Nyx joined the others.

The three had a heartfelt conversation about fashion and the newest trends upon the ship. After a while, Nyx exclaimed, *"I haven't seen Gale around in a minute. Any idea where he could have wandered off to?"*

The other two looked at them confused. *"Gale? He's probably passed out drunk somewhere."*

Then—as if an angel had descended onto the ship—a bright beam of light appeared on deck. Shocked and blinded by this sudden ray of light, all Pipsqueaks in a ten-meter radius hit the ground trying to protect their eyes. Layla, worried about the ship's integrity, yelled, *"Who or what hit us!?"*

Not a second after, everyone realized that it was their beloved Captain, now dressed in an all-white outfit.





May 14Th

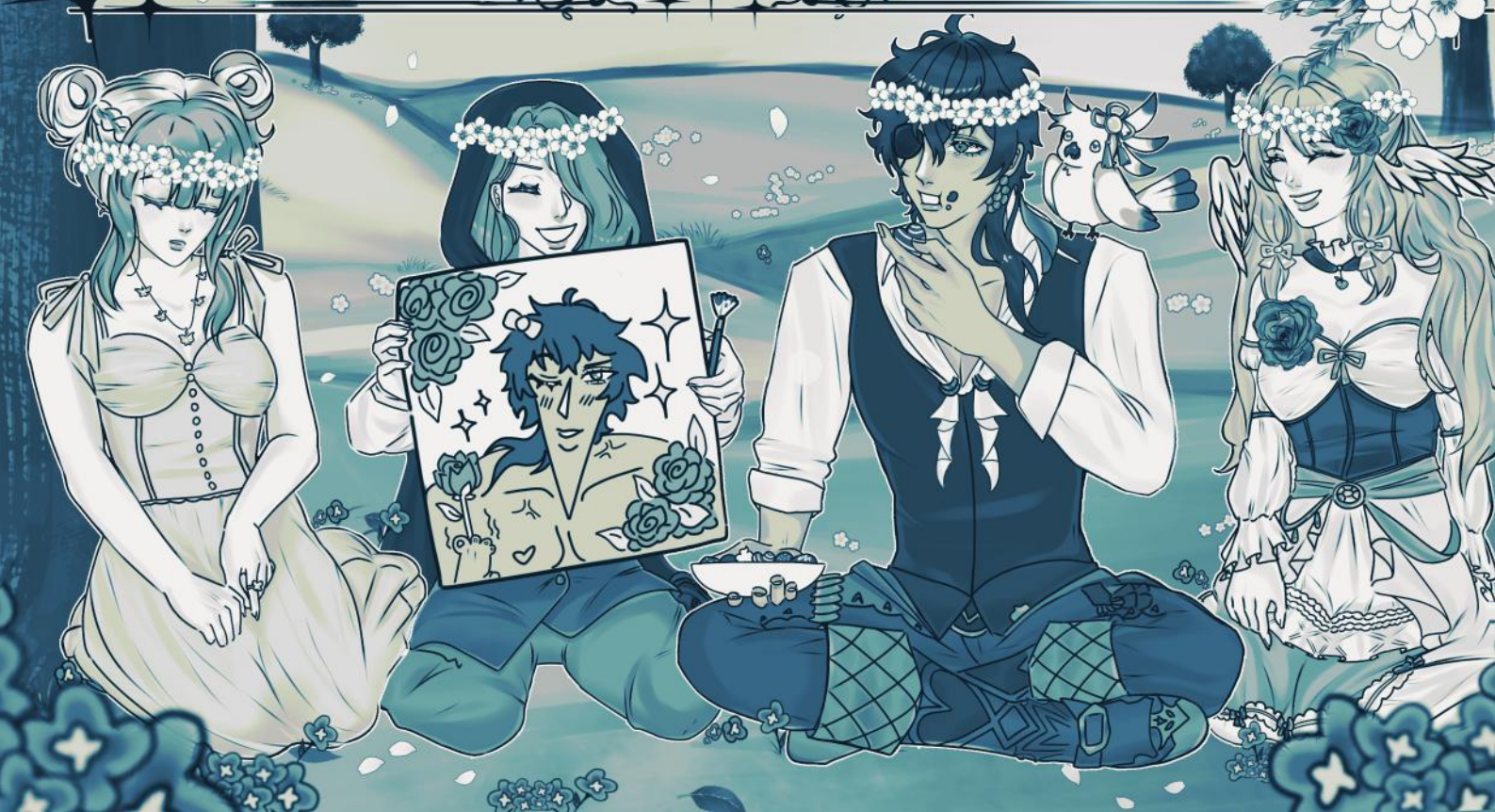
With the weather being so nice, Gale and the crew decided it would be a great idea to have a picnic to celebrate White Day. Everyone sat around in a semi-circle while passing around plates of chocolate prepared by the kitchen crew. Within the circle, Peach worked hard making as many flower crowns as she possibly could for the attending crew members. She even spent a decent amount of time trying to balance one on Ziska's sleeping form—that way, everyone could match.

"What are you working on over there, Eli? You've been going at that canvas for hours now!" Gale said after a few hours of relaxation.

"It might be my greatest work yet. Behold, our captain," she said as she whipped the canvas around for everyone to see. Cheers and laughter rang out as everyone took in the museum-worthy piece.

"I think we all can agree to that!" And so, they spent their day joking and lounging before another long day of travel.

"I couldn't think of a better way to spend the day than hanging out with my top-notch crew! Happy White Day!"



MAY 16TH


"This right here is why we need to budget better!"
Gale Gallons of Rizz chittered away while Ozul and Antares
haphazardly took notes.
"Uh, Mr. Rizz, if I may..." Ozul began. *"That big purchase was because you decided it was a good idea to buy giant banners to pull behind the airships in order to advertise your merch."*
Mr. Rizz shot him a confused look at that, seeing absolutely nothing wrong with that purchase. If anything, he thought it might be a necessary recurring expense. Not like the Pipsqueaks need food...
Not to mention, he had already listed many different ways that Pipsqueaks could make money all on their own; like winning the lottery, robbing everything and everyone, or marrying rich partners.
"Not the best advice, Captain. That last one would mean leaving the crew," Antares chuckled.
Sold Out

Summer

The sun beats down on white sand beaches where calm waters shimmer in ribbons of turquoise.

Beyond the shore, the island's greenery rises in vivid contrast to the clear blue sea while the boat drifts gently at anchor.

Most of the crew have scattered onto the sand—some stretched out to sunbathe while others laugh and splash in the cool shallows.

The sun dips behind the treeline, drawing the day to a close and painting the sky in shades of orange and gold—the perfect glow to crown the endless warmth of summer.





"That's it, Cece!" Gale's voice rang out loudly over the relative stillness of the bay. *"That's good form!"* Cece, her arms enveloped in inflatable armbands, offered a shaky grin to the Captain as she pushed her arms through the water in an awkward breaststroke.

"Am I doing it? Are we done?" Cece asked hopefully.

Gale shook his head. *"Not until you can make it to THERE without those swimmies!"* He gestured toward a buoy floating in the water hundreds of feet away.

Cece gulped; and Ozul and Kiora, who had been circling through the air overhead keeping a careful eye on her, swooped down closer to the water, chirping in concern.

Hearing the commotion, Umbra looked up, lowering her sunglasses briefly as she surveyed the scene.

"Seems like Gale's got everything under control here," Umbra declared, her head dropping back down to rest against her inner tube, Needle perched happily by her shoulder.

"Trust me!" Gale yelled across the water. *"Bend those knees as you kick!"*

"Ignore that," Sal said, surfacing from beneath the water next to Cece. *"You should keep your knees straight."*

Gale scoffed. *"Sal's just jealous of my stroke technique."*

"I am literally a fish—"

"Can I go back to reading now?" Cece begged.

June 14th

"This striker is HOT today!" Gale broke out into an obnoxious victory dance, oblivious to the Pipsqueaks glaring at him from over the net as they begrudgingly got back into formation.

Undeterred, Opal spun the ball with her left wing. *"My serve, then,"* she declared, intensity in her gaze as she tossed the ball into the air. The Pipsqueaks who drew the short straws to be on Gale's team braced themselves, heads tracking the path of the ball zooming over the net at an alarming speed.

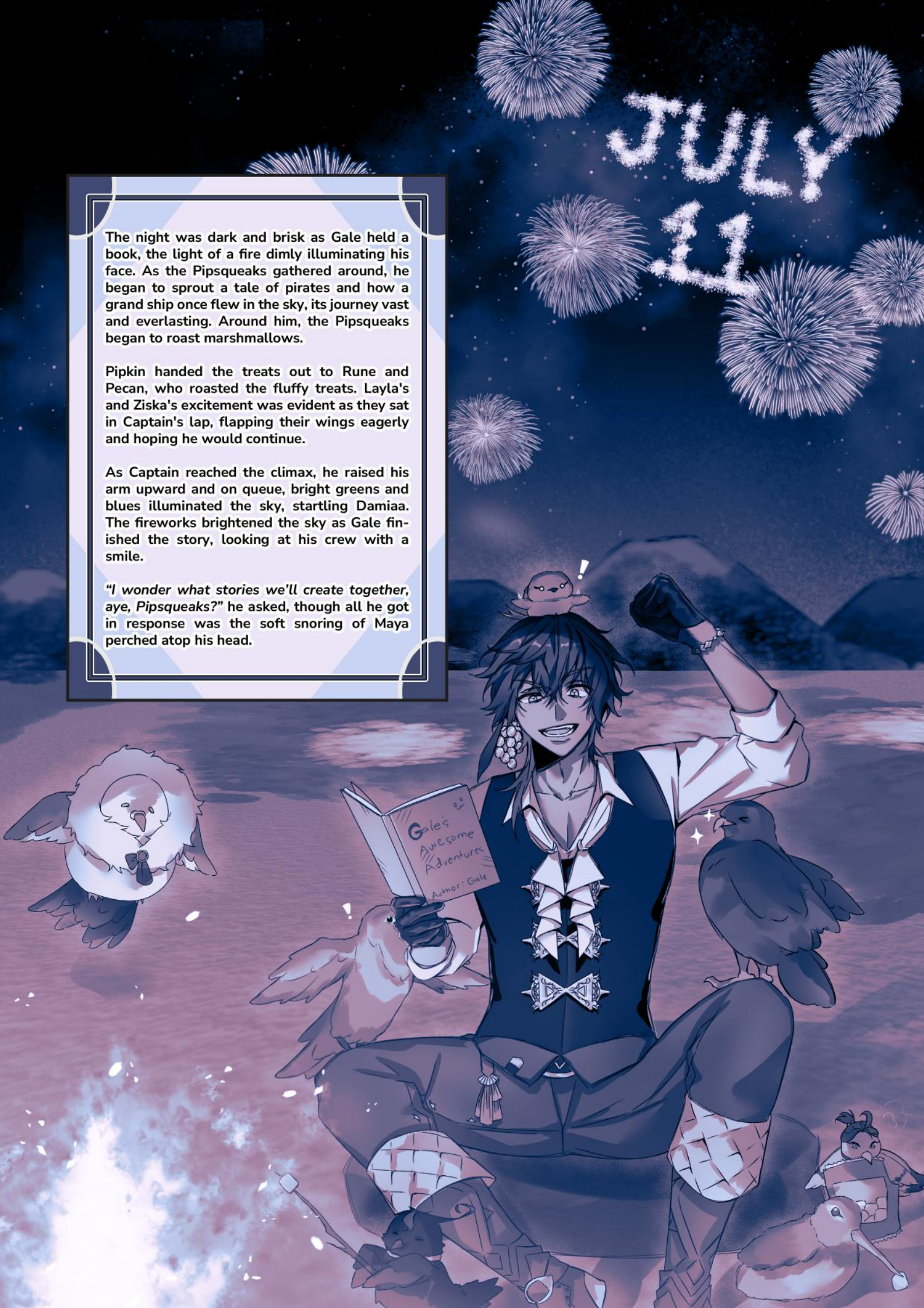
A resounding **CRACK!** pierced the air as the ball connected directly with Gale's nose. The players froze on the sand.

*"Oh, **COME ON!**"* the Captain cried, voice muffled beneath his hands as they reflexively covered his face. Peach sighed, putting her drink down onto the sand and picking up her medkit before trotting over to Gale.

"Let me see," she commanded. *"I think it's **BROKEN!**"* Gale whined. Peach rolled her eyes in response. *"I'll be the judge of that."*

"Well, well, well," Reika said, barely containing her glee at the unfolding chaos. Calx kicked at the sand with his feet in disappointment, not meeting Reika's gaze. She held her hand out towards him, palm up. *"That'll be $30, please."*

Calx cursed under his breath. *"I have got to stop rooting for Captain."*


JULY 11
The night was dark and brisk as Gale held a book, the light of a fire dimly illuminating his face. As the Pipsqueaks gathered around, he began to sprout a tale of pirates and how a grand ship once flew in the sky, its journey vast and everlasting. Around him, the Pipsqueaks began to roast marshmallows.
Pipkin handed the treats out to Rune and Pecan, who roasted the fluffy treats. Layla's and Ziska's excitement was evident as they sat in Captain's lap, flapping their wings eagerly and hoping he would continue.
As Captain reached the climax, he raised his arm upward and on queue, bright greens and blues illuminated the sky, startling Damiaa. The fireworks brightened the sky as Gale finished the story, looking at his crew with a smile.
"I wonder what stories we'll create together, aye, Pipsqueaks?" he asked, though all he got in response was the soft snoring of Maya perched atop his head.
Gale's Awesome Adventures
Author: Gale

The Goldwynd was bustling as the smell of spice filled the air. With Captain on the grill and the Pipsqueaks setting up for the feast, what could go wrong? Rei watched in horror as Gale grilled the burgers whilst Ribbon and Azellia began to set the tables around them.

"Captain, are you sure those are done?" Naih asked, looking at the blackened burgers on the grill. *"They're almost done, Naih, there's no need to worry,"* Gale said enthusiastically. *"After all, these are some of the spiciest burgers out there."*

Rei just looked at the grill disgusted as she sat perched on Captain's shoulder. Naih looked around, noticing some food that seemed perfect and grabbing a plate for herself.

Maya, who was cooking on the side, set aside some food so the crew would have... something edible. She eventually noticed Naih's thievery and shouted, *"Hey! Where are you going with that plate!"* Naih looked at her then at the plate. *"I was hungry already, and it's just sitting there,"* she protested.

Ribbon shook her head at Naih's words, continuing to help Azellia hang the lights as Maya approached. Naih began to run with her treasure as Maya gave chase. All the while, Gale remained oblivious to the growing fire his grill had started.

"Hey, where are you all going? We still have burgers left for everyone."





Autumn

A quaint cabin rests amid the golden hues of autumn, its roof framed by trees aflame in yellow and orange.

Leaves drift lazily across the orchard, crunching underfoot as the crew wanders between apple-laden trees. The earthy scent of the harvest travels across the landscape, a quiet reminder of summer's end. Overhead, the sun still burns brightly, breaking through the occasional clouds that try to cover its glow.

From the nearby town, the wind carries laughter and music as preparations for the night market unfold—its promised trinkets and treasures already sparking the excitement of crewmates eager for evening to fall.

Sept 6th

Apple Orchard Island

"*Cece, can you reach it yet?*" Calx called up to their friend on their shoulders, trying to keep their balance.

"*Al... most...!*" Cece was stretching as far as her arms could reach, but her fingertips couldn't quite touch the apple she had spotted moments before.

The rosy sunset glinted off the golden flesh of the apple as Calx found the perfect spot and stood up as straight as he could. A lucky breeze blew just at that moment, and Cece let out a triumphant "*Whoo!*" as she grasped the only golden apple the Pipsqueaks had seen all day.

Gale heard excited chirping and felt urgent tugs on the edge of his collar. When he looked down, he saw the yellow canary Jem, who had been accompanying him, hopping up and down and pointing her wing at the scene of Calx holding Cece up on his shoulders.

He let out a hearty laugh at the sight, but his eyes filled with wonder and pride as the golden apple reflected the last orange rays of sun through the branches. He let the bright red apple he had been tossing fall back into the bushel of apples he was carrying before catching Cece and Calx's attention and giving them a warm, proud smile at their conquest.



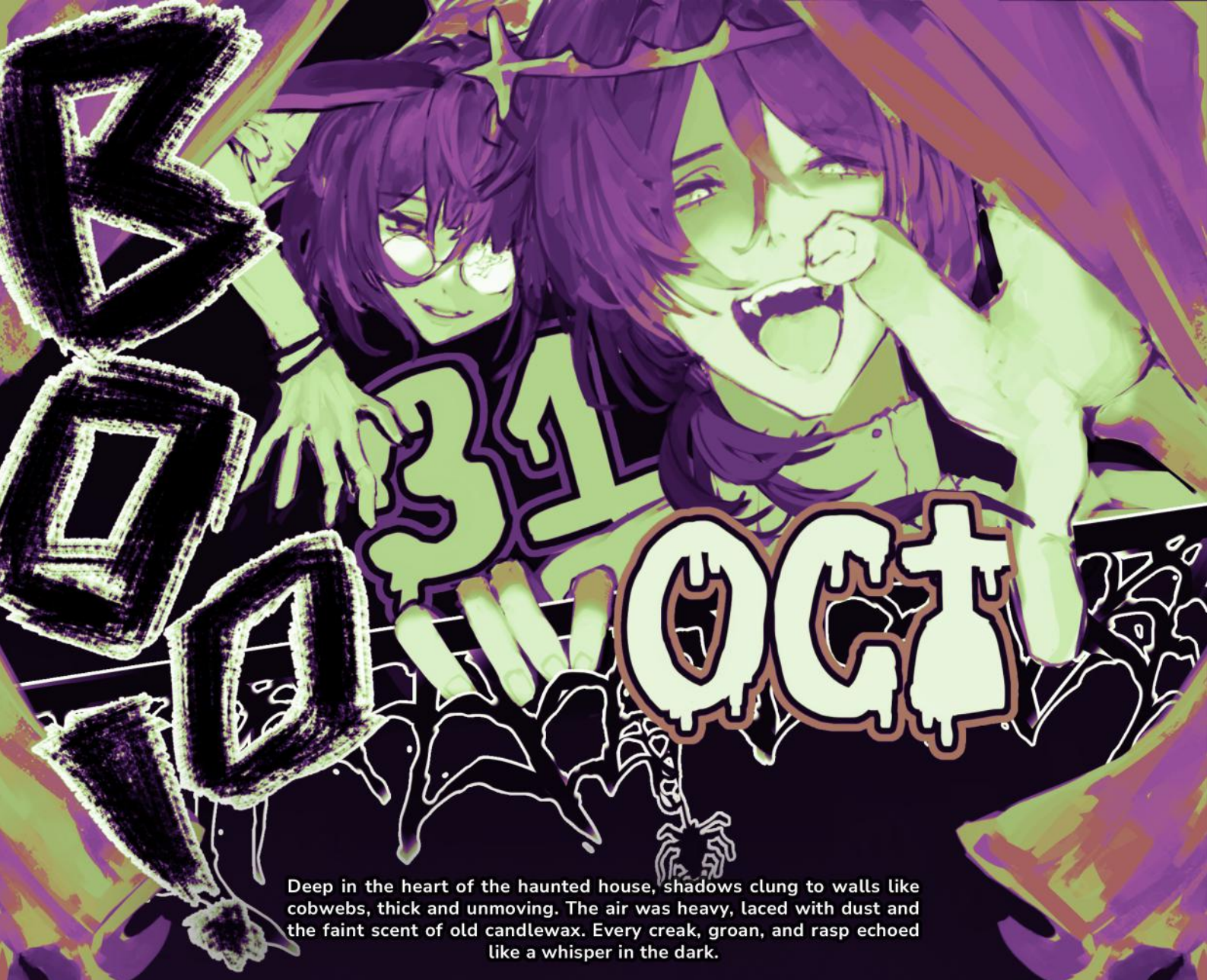


"Don't turn around until I give you the signal, okay?" Pipkin was putting the final touches on his jack-o-lantern, mainly making sure the hole for his head was big enough. With a satisfied nod, he placed the pumpkin on his head and even gave his best ghostly moan to complete the illusion. Maren held in a laugh but managed to fix her expression into one of mock horror as they both dissolved into a fit of giggles.

Across from them, Linus wore a proud expression as he turned his painted pumpkin to show Gale, a small smile crossing his lips as Gale turned his pumpkin to show his masterpiece: an unmistakable, albeit creative, carving of Pup!

"Very good, Captain. Despite pumpkin being a vegetable, you made quick work of it." Linus was a man of few words; but as a woodworker, this was high praise of Gale's carving skills while also poking some lighthearted fun at his well-documented dislike of vegetables of all sizes.

The kitchen was filled with Pipsqueaks going to and fro, enjoying their night filled with an excess of pumpkins and camaraderie, making the room feel warm with happiness despite the chill of autumn. Many were ooh-ing and ahh-ing over each other's creations, but many were stopping to enjoy the adorable pumpkin rendition of Captain's beloved Pup.



Deep in the heart of the haunted house, shadows clung to walls like cobwebs, thick and unmoving. The air was heavy, laced with dust and the faint scent of old candlewax. Every creak, groan, and rasp echoed like a whisper in the dark.

Kit, Hoku, and Bubbie crouched low behind a stack of crates, breaths held in anticipation. Further down the hall, Jade and Suzu waited in silence, tucked between flickering lights. Footsteps echoed, steady and slow. Candlelights flickered, casting tall, distorted shadows that danced along the corridor. Kit raised a hand to signal the others.

"BOO!" they all shouted in unison, leaping out with dramatic scowls and flailing arms. But instead of screams, there was only silence... followed by the soft creak of a ghost prop swaying from a hook above. Kit blinked.



"AAAAAAAAAAA!"

From behind, Gale and Naih sprang from the shadows, arms outstretched and faces full of mischief. The Pipsqueaks screamed, tumbling into tangled limbs and startled laughter.

"Nice try, but you'll have to do a bit more than that to scare me," Gale grinned. *"Perhaps next year?"*

The Pipsqueaks sighed in defeat. The Captain wins. Again. And just like that, the haunted halls, once filled with screams, echoed with life and laughter that drifted through every twist and turn.





As the leaves turned amber and winds grew colder, a soft glow from the night market shimmered beyond the maple grove. Fairy lights sparkled like fireflies above stalls of warm drinks, trinkets, and treats.

Ribbon and Sal strolled arm in arm, their laughter trailing behind them. Across the way, Jade, Umbra, and Nyx stumbled into their Captain, soaked from head to toe.

"What happened, Captain?" Jade asked, stifling a grin.

Gale sighed, pointing to a barrel of bobbing apples. Before he could protest further, the Pipsqueaks waved him over.

"Come on. There are more adventures ahead," Jade exclaimed as Gale finally smiled.

Under twinkling lights, surrounded by mischief and joy, the crew felt what they always did—together, they were home.



FIN.

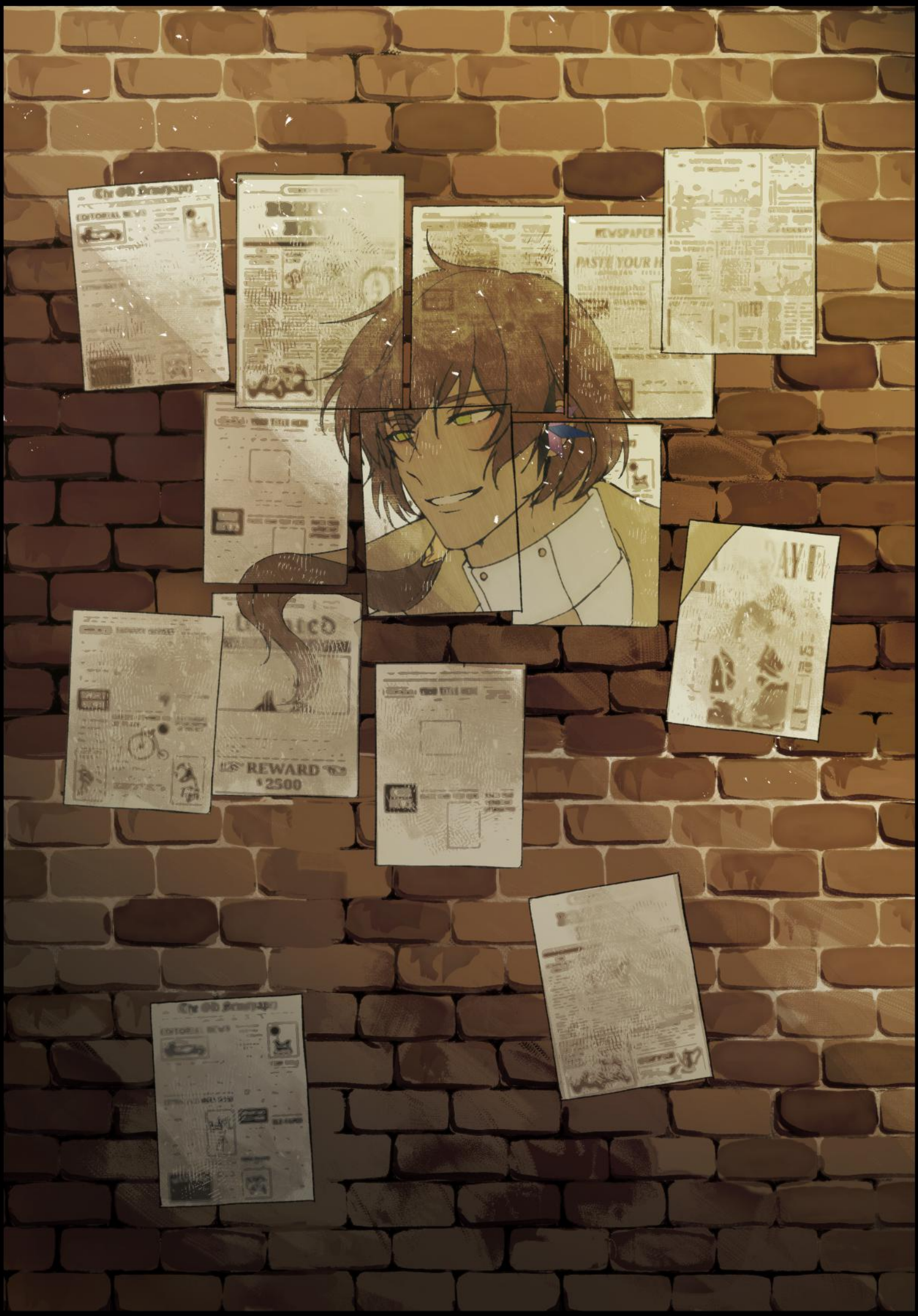
Thank you for being here with us once again!

We're honestly so happy to have teamed up again with our community's amazing writers and artists to make this year's zine happen.

Every page is a blend of our contributors' shared creativity with the real moments and streams that we've all enjoyed and hold close to our hearts. We couldn't be more proud of how it all came together in the end, and we hope you had as much fun flipping through this zine as we did putting it together. Here's to another amazing year, more ridiculous adventures, and another amazing birthday.

Happy Birthday, Captain!

With all our love,
The Pipsqueaks


REWARD
$2500