

The desert sun beamed down over the hill like piles of metal that filled the scrapyard, as a gray furred weasel wiped the sweat from his head. Dumping scrap into more scrap was certainly heavy labor at times, but it paid well at least. Dropping another pile of pieces into a growing pile of pieces, Rick stretched his back, and wiped his forehead once more. Only a couple more piles for the day, he thought to himself. Moving on to another pile, he began to pull the least rusted looking pieces out, until something caught his eye. Glinting from underneath a battered car door, Rick found a pair of massive steel toed boots, his eyes lighting up at the sight of them. They looked like they were made of leather, with large buckles and even larger footprints. How did something like these end up in a desert scrapyard? Examining them closely, Rick found that, aside from some dirt and tape on them, they were in surprisingly good condition, despite laying in a rusted out scrap pile for goodness knows how long. They didn't even smell weird or have any sort of damage or anything inside of them. Either way, Rick, curiosity getting the better of him, decided to take off his work boots and try them on, maybe add them to his collection back home. Pulling the boots on tight and buckling them, Rick took a few tentative steps around the scrap pile, liking how they felt, and deciding that he was definitely keeping these.

As Rick admired his scrapped together boots, he failed to notice some nearby pieces of scrap in the piles beginning to shake and loosen from the piles. They slowly began to pull themselves from the pile, moving in Rick's direction, towards his back. One by one they popped out of the pile and flew at Rick, slapping onto his back and in turn knocking him onto his stomach. Immediately getting onto his knees and shaking the dust off himself, Rick looked to see what hit him, and saw the various torn up pieces of

a few different size tires, covered in scratches, stitches and even spikes on the biggest pieces on his shoulders. They had somehow stuck themselves together on him, forming a chest piece on him, albeit one that was for a much more barrel chested person, with the various small tires on his arms taking up the majority of the space on them. Rick of course tried to pull it off, only to find that the various pieces of rubber had somehow bonded together into a single piece of quote unquote “clothing”. Barely a second passed before more items flew from the junk piles, this time giant scraps of neon blue and green fabric with leather braces thrown into their mix, swirling around Rick before wrapping around his forearms tight, the leather braces locking them in place. One particularly big piece of blue fabric wrapped itself around Rick’s waist, before suddenly tightening like a belt to it, effectively giving him a giant loincloth. And, as if to complete the impromptu outfit, a chain with either end stuck to a hubcap landed on and swung around Rick’s neck like a ring toss ring landing on a bottle, before coming to land on his chest. Rick looked over himself and found that the mounds of scrap seemed to have come together in order to dress him up like a character from a post apocalypse movie or something. The weasel couldn’t really pull it off, in both the fact that it was several times too big for his noodly body, and that the pieces stalwartly refused to be removed from their place on him. Try as he might, the outfit refused to give, and as he pulled and tugged at it, Rick could feel a sudden wet sensation forming from them. A bright orange and yellow goop suddenly started to pour out from underneath the outfit, and began crawling over and engulfing the rest of Rick’s body. Attempting to pull it off only led it to coat the weasel’s hands, layer after layer forming on his body, bulking it up until it fit the outfit perfectly, Rick growing to twice the size he was before, and as top heavy and

barrel chested as can be. From shoulder to shoulder he was practically three times as wide, holding his arms up and seeing just how much bigger they were, like tree trunks now, muscle packed tightly onto Rick's once lithe arms. Despite his now more extremely bulky body, somehow Rick could support it with his still thin legs, which somehow stayed mostly the same, despite the boots making them as orange coated and colored as the rest of his body, they managed to hold the weight perfectly. Everything had been engulfed by the scrap goop in a matter of moments, save for the Weasel's head. Of course that was immediately corrected as the goo rose up and clamped over it before Rick could realize what it was doing, causing him to frantically pull at it in an attempt to free himself, stumbling and falling to the ground in the process. The goo layered tightly to his head, squeezing it as a new head of features slowly molded itself to him, a skull mask with a blue mohawk welded to it and pink and orange spray paint running across it formed, with pointed ears, big yellow eyes, and a massive sharp tooth grin all fading into view, until with a pop, Rick's new head fully formed, and somehow tightened even further to him. He fruitlessly struggled to rip it off, or gain any form of leeway really, pulling at the rubbery features only for them to snap firmly back into place. His head was hurting, it felt like it was being squeezed like a...fruit or something, whatever they're called, his inte..intelu...his...his smarts were being squeezed right out of his skull, his name, his whole...him...who was he again?

The giant tiger's struggling, slowing down up to this point, finally stopped as his massive arms flopped besides him, and the vice like feeling in his head began to yield. Thoughts slowly came to him...came back to him? A wasteland of rust and nuclear energy...kart races... and being king of both. Tiny slowly remembered himself and got

up, his previously static face beginning to move and emote like the real thing as he rubbed his head. He needed to get back to the rustland grand prix and protect his place as champion! But first, where was his kart? Searching around for any form of kart, picking through the scrap piles for one, inside the nearby building, even looking under rocks, Tiny roared with anger at his lack of a fine tuned wasteland rider. Fine, if he can't find one, he'll make a new one! Lifting the rusted out chassis of an old car out of one of the piles and placing it in the sand, Tiny pulled the hood open (or rather pulled it completely off) and got to work. He may not be the smartest when it came to...well many things, but he knows enough to make a working kart right? As he got to work taking parts out and dropping parts into the engine block, the car wreckage seemed to start rippling like water as Tiny attempted to tinker with it. It slowly came to life, heavy spiked wheels inflating underneath it, and various other spikes and "repairs" consisting of duct tape across its surface. Its seat count and size shrunk to a single seat, for the cart driver of course. Various other embellishments appeared on it, even a green paint lined sawblade through the hood, before a toxic looking green glow started emanating from the grill and headlights, as its "engine" roared to life. Tiny placed the hood back on the kart with a satisfied growl and immediately hopped into the drivers seat, and started revving the engine with his massive boots. With a cocky grin and a roar, he stomped on the gas, and tore off out of the scrapyard.