

It was just another boring day, strolling through the mall, doing shopping, scrounging for bargains, just boring old everyday things. You were so bored in fact, you soon found yourself wandering the parts of the mall you didn't normally frequent, passing by perfume shops and clothing stores, nothing truly of interest to you, but then you caught something peculiar out of the corner of your eye. It looked to be a thrift store of some kind? Maybe a Pawn Shop. But whatever it was, it certainly was of interest, and definitely was worth at least checking out over the IT repair store right next door.

In the window of the store, you could see different items propped up on display, some pieces of jewellery and gemstones, a few sculptures, ranging from hand painted miniatures, to small paperweights with dragons carved into them, to larger gargoyles and sculptures that you'd often have out in the garden, or displayed on a mantle, and of course, some old fashioned toys made of wood, metal, and plastic. Most noticeably was a display set full of small windup animals, miniature cymbal monkeys, lions, dogs, elephants, tigers, and bunnies, all dressed up in colourful outfits. They honestly looked rather cute, you had to admit. Your intrigue was piqued, and so, you'd make your way inside.

As you opened the door, a bell above it chiming to announce your presence as you looked around its interior, its aged wooden floor and numerous shelves covered in random trinkets and items clearly indicating it to be your stereotypical antique or thrift store. You took your first step into the store, only to immediately trip over something as a 'Squeak!' Rang out, echoing through the store. Thankfully you managed to regain your balance before you face planted or otherwise embarrassed yourself, finding the offending item to be the trunk of a large plush elephant propped up against the side of the door. "Huh? A plush?" You'd question as you gingerly removed your shoe, the trunk letting out another squeak as it's stuffing puffed back up into shape

"Oh I'm so sorry dear. Sometimes the kids come in to play with the toys, and leave them lying out in the strangest of places. Don't worry about it, I'll just put it away" You'd hear as the shopkeeper made her way out from behind the counter. You hadn't even noticed her standing there until she moved, her long dress making it seem as though she was gliding across the floor as she made her way over to you, picking up the plush by the scruff of its neck, before gingerly placing it in a large basket full of other plush toys "Now, what can I do for you dear? Looking for anything in particular?~" She'd question as she made her way back over to you, her amethyst eyes gleaming with intrigue as she got closer. It was an unusual eye colour, you had to admit. Maybe they were contacts? "No no, I'm just looking for now."

Eventually, something caught your eye. A necklace, a fox wrapped cutely around a crystal orb, a cheeky grin etched onto its muzzle. Intrigued, you'd take it off its hook to take a look at its price tag. As you took it out into the light, it almost seemed to fade in quality. The crystal? Just a glass bead, and the Fox wrapped around it was clearly made of printed plastic, its details far more simplistic than you had first assumed when you noticed it. The price tag was the most surprising part though... \$60?! For a necklace?! Let alone one made out of cheap plastic

"Ah, are you interested in that necklace?" You'd hear the shopkeeper say from right behind you, taking you off guard as you spun around. How did she manage to sneak up on you like that? "It's a one of a kind find. Not a single one like it."

"Sixty dollars? For this?" You'd say as you held up the necklace to the woman's face.

"Yes. It is a handmade, one of a kind fox necklace. Sixty Dollars is a fair price, don't you think?"

"Handmade? It's literally made out of plastic! You can see the print lines and everything!" You'd angrily exclaim, sticking the necklace back on its hook. The fox's expression almost looked sorrowful, or panicked as it dangled there. It was probably just the dim light messing with your vision again. Honestly, how'd you even mistaken this thing for something of value? You scoffed, before turning to leave. There was no way you were going to pay that much for a necklace, let alone a cheap looking plastic trinket.

You didn't have much of a warning before something suddenly pierced into your back, the force of the impact knocking you onto your hands and knees. Your back felt numb, but didn't hurt? You reached back to try and feel the location, part of you fearing the worst as you felt around the area. Strangely enough, your fears were laid to rest as you found your back to be unharmed, not a mark or scar out of place, though perhaps that wasn't as good of a sign as you hoped, as you reached further along and felt... something metal, protruding from your back, something that seemed to react to your touch, your fingers sliding against it fruitlessly, unable to get a proper grip on its smooth surface, as the object began to slowly turn. Again, you felt... nothing? There was no pain, or discomfort, only a mild itch around the area. You impulsively scratched at it, but instead of soft flesh, it felt... hard, solid. Like plastic. You paused in mute shock. Silence only broken up by the sound of ticking, emanating from that numb spot in your back

'Tick, tick, tick, tick'

You only snapped out of your daze when you realised the numb sensation had spread further, making its way towards the front of your torso. Glancing around, the shopkeeper had vanished. Hadn't she been right next to you a moment ago?! Where had she gone off to? You needed to go find her. Obviously she had to know something about this... thing, embedded in your back.

You wandered the halls of shelves and trinkets, trying to locate the shopkeeper, or hell, just try and get out of this place! But their haphazard arrangement and tall size made it hard to get a bearing on where you were. Had you passed this shelf before? What about this one? That rack of hand-puppets looked familiar... eventually you'd walked so much your feet had begun to cramp up. And your chest, well... the entire thing had gone numb by this point, having been overtaken by whatever had been affecting your back. Your shirt strained against its larger more rounded shape, but you didn't feel it, just a slightly dull pressure.

At this point, you'd pause your attempt at locating the shopkeeper in favour of having another go at removing the thing currently impaled in you. This time was even harder than before. Your limbs felt stiff and numb, feeling harder and harder to move. You couldn't even bend your arms far enough to reach the object in your back, no matter how hard you tried. You strained and strained, but your arms just couldn't bend enough! In fact... they felt a bit... shorter too?

A 'Pop' would ring out, distracting you from your attempts to reach the pole still lodged in your spine, which strangely, or concerningly, you could now 'feel' inside you, spinning freely within a torso that was feeling increasingly more hollow, as you were made aware of something now atop your head. Rushing over to the nearest shelf, a gaze in an antique mirror revealed two large cream coloured ears jutting out proudly from your skull, shiny and smooth... like... plastic? In fact, they looked very similar to that of a rabbit's...? Why was that so concerning? You'd seen these before, but where...?

A slight glance down revealed your shirt had also lost its texture, instead replaced by the dull gleam of plastic. In fact, it looked like your clothes were now just printed onto your body? You were also dimly aware of the ticking noises emanating from your back being joined by clicks and whirls from within your new torso, the sounds of the gears and mechanisms that were filling its hollow plastic shell. But the most shocking thing was to come. Out of the corner of your eye, over your shoulder, you could spot something metallic rotate by, and as you turned your body around to get a better look, the truth of the object was revealed. It was a key, a large, metallic, wind-up key, and it was currently lodged into your back! Slowly rotating around, ticking and clicking... it honestly looked a lot like the ones you'd seen on those... bunny... toys... oh no. This was bad.

As you tried to navigate your way out of the maze-like arrangement of shelves, the cramps in your feet only continued to build and build. Unable to take it anymore, you finally yanked off your shoes. Instead of your regular feet, instead you found a pair of large, three toed paws, the remains of what was once your socks seemingly being absorbed into its neon blue surface. But you didn't have time to dwell on these changes. You needed to escape! You'd hop back up onto your new feet and continue to dash through the aisles, each step clacking with the worrying sound of plastic.

Your fingers felt unresponsive, and as you fought the sluggish movement of your changing arms, the reason quickly became apparent, both of your hands had completely morphed, replaced by orbs of shiny colourful plastic, with small notches carved into them to give the appearance of paws. And with that, your last chance of actually getting the windup key in your back removed without any outside assistance. You certainly weren't going to be grasping onto anything with those, that was for certain.

What was once the collar of your shirt began to puff out, turning a vibrant blue hue as it swallowed up your neck, taking on a appearance of a colourful clown ruff, and though it looked like fabric or paper, a prod with one of your new paws responded with the 'clink' of plastic on plastic. You definitely seemed to be transforming into a replica of those wind up rabbits, and it certainly didn't help your theory to notice the colours of your shirt and pants were slowly being overwritten by the bright coloured stripes that made up those bunnies torsos, the distinction between your upper and lower halves being further blurred.

As you continued to hasten through the rows of shelves, dull pressure would build in your face as it slowly pushed out, taking on a familiar cream colouration as you gained a cleft lip, slowly taking on the appearance of a rounded muzzle. Your nose would be absorbed into the tip of the new muzzle, turning into a pink triangle atop your changing mouth. Your top incisors would lengthen, pushing out into a pair of buckteeth that poked out over your lips, while the rest of your teeth would end up being absorbed into the sides of your mouth, which slowly rearranged into a cute and friendly grin. With some effort, you could still move it around and make expressions with it, but whenever you relaxed, it seemed like this was the new default state of it. Thankfully the changes stopped there for now, as you weren't exactly sure what you'd do if it reached your eyes. Would you still even be able to see if they were just prints? Hopefully it wouldn't come to that. You'd get help, and get this entire mess sorted out... somehow.

The entirety of your torso was now unrecognisable as anything human, its uniform roundness and smooth surface more akin to that of an egg than anything else, not at all helped by its surface now having been completely overwritten by the colourful striped patterns, the changes ending with another 'Pop!' as a small plastic bunny tail spontaneously spawned atop your new butt. Hopefully this was reversible, there was no way anyone would take you seriously with this goofy toy-like body.

Your arms no longer obeyed your commands, the last of it's form consumed by the bright hues of plastic, as you watched them slowly bend and reorientate themselves, as each arm was raised up to either side of your chest, paws pointing outward in a stereotypical bunny pose. You were running out of time. The remaining features on your head were vanishing, your hair having dissolved into a set of prints inked onto the shiny plastic, your vision blurring as your eyes followed suit, losing definition as they became large and cartoonish, with large cute irises that thankfully, somehow, you could still 'see' out of and look around with. The worried expression they were displaying would ease as you finally caught a glimpse of natural light at the end of the corridor. Finally! You were free! Now you could get help!

You'd attempt to cry out to the people outside to get their attention, only for nothing to come out! Oh right... yeah, your mouth had finally sealed shut, just a piece of plastic modelled in the shape of a grinning bunny muzzle, and you didn't exactly have any lungs or vocal chords... so why did you think you could speak? You'd have to try and get their attention in a different way. You made a break for it, running on legs that were starting to change, thighs and hips starting to fused together into one uniform mass, leg articulation completely vanishing as a result, before starting to shrink down. With your viewpoint slowly lowering with every second, you were more and more pressed to pick up the speed, even as each clunky step covered less and less ground, until pretty much all height your legs gave had vanished, what was left of them taking on a crouched stance as the remnants of your pants were finally consumed, painted over by the neon blue. This didn't stop you from continuing onwards, running on legs clearly not designed for much movement at all as your feet clicked and clacked haphazardly against the wooden floor. But rescue was near. You finally made your way out of the maze of shelves, you were free!

'Pop!' aaaaand suddenly you were no longer moving, your legs now completely disconnected from your body, now mounted on hinges that attached to either side of your rounded torso, a metallic pole connecting the two limbs the whirling mechanisms within your torso 'click click click, clack!' and suddenly your plastic body sprung forwards, landing a short distance in front of where you had been standing prior, motionless 'click click click, clack!' and then you bounced forwards once more! Hopping like the plastic bunny you now were. It was frankly rather embarrassing, not at all helped by how slowly you were moving.

Hop, Hop, Hop. It was all you could do now, slowly and rhythmically hop forwards with each click of the gears, and expansion of the spring, launching you forwards on plastic paws. With each bounce, the world around you grew slightly larger, as your shrank down and down, until all that was left was just another plastic wind-up bunny, hopping across the wooden floor, the key in it's back ticking methodically, the shadow of the shopkeep looming over its tiny form. You'd feel a dull pinching sensation as she picked you up by your head, your feet still hopping despite nothing being beneath you anymore

"I hope that teaches you to not disrespect my wares, little bunny. Cheap customers make for cheap products. Though I'm sure by now you've realised they're worth every penny on their price-tag~."

"Let's play a game. If you can make it out the entrance to my store, I'll turn you back, and I'll even give you that necklace you wanted for free! But you best hurry, I don't think I need to say what happens if that key comes to a stop before then, so you better hop to it little bunny~" The Shopkeeper would taunt as they placed you back down onto the floor, your body automatically resuming its methodical hops. Internally, you were panicking, trying to make your body move faster! There was no way you were going to make it out of here in time. You could practically feel the key slowing down within your back.

You needed to move... faster! You felt something crack within your internals, and suddenly, you were hopping with much greater speed, the distance to the doorway rapidly diminishing. You could practically reach out and touch it, if your arms weren't immobile pieces of plastic. You were about to cross the threshold when... 'Crack!' Something collided with your side, knocking you over

"Oh? Huh, what's that doing there?" You'd hear a male voice say as your key started to slow to a stop, your legs slowing down as they kicked fruitlessly against the air, the shopkeeper letting out a silent giggle "Oh, sometimes kids play with the toys and leave them lying out. It's nothing to worry about dear" As your key made its final few clicks, salvation an inch away, you'd feel yourself be picked up by the shopkeeper "Now, let's put you back where you belong, shall we?~" She say, carrying you over to the display "Maybe in a couple weeks, I'll give you another chance at escaping. Just for how entertaining you just were. That is, if no-one bought you by then. I'll try and remember, but you bunnies all look the same, so no promises~" She'd say, lowering you down onto the display as your key made its final 'tic', your panicked expression slowly fading into the cheerful exterior of every other wind up bunny, staring out the window as you watched shoppers come and go, constantly reminded of how close you'd come to regaining that life "Now, what can I do for you, dear?" You'd hear the shopkeep ask as she wandered over to the new customer, oblivious to the fact he might soon join you and the other unfortunate souls to have wondered into this place. But for now, you stood there, just one of many wind-up toys on display. You just hoped you wouldn't be stuck like this for long, but as time passed, and the store filled with more and more ex-customers, the chance of that happening grew slimmer and slimmer.

At least you had lots of friends to keep you company!