

It had only been meant to be a shortcut on the way to the grocery store. A straightforward trip to pick up bread, salad, and chicken. There was no chance of any mix-ups or forgetting anything from that list his boyfriend had sent him out on. The shortcut through a ToonTown alleyway and he'd save a couple of minutes off his trip to the grocery store. Little did Brendon realize that a 'simple shortcut' would turn out to be some convoluted maze through the backstreets. Ten minutes in, he was starting to think maybe he had made a wrong turn. Twenty minutes of still walking down the same twisting and turning alley, and he was feeling much more definite of that conclusion. Thirty minutes in, he had turned back several times, not knowing which way was the way he had come. By the time he did eventually find an exit, he was smack dab somewhere in the bright and colorful main street of ToonTown.

The world of cartoons is such a bizarre experience for any non-toon who happens to find themselves exploring the streets. It's as if the layout of the place is intentionally designed to be complex and disorientating. The vibrant and bright colors that composed everything felt very surreal. Buildings and other objects are just slightly tilted in seemingly random directions that would mess with your perceptions. If that wasn't enough, the denizens certainly don't help with their loud and distracting antics while running amok. Almost everything they did, had an audible sound effect with it. With all those noises mixed together, it was as loud as any city.

Brendon pulled out his phone, finally accepting the fact he was very lost and needed to use his GPS. That would have been a fantastic plan, but when he checked his phone, he saw there was zero service. No Wi-Fi. No cell reception. That immediately ruled out that plan. The street sign was of course no help. It was a signpost that pointed in a myriad of directions, but each way pointed to the exact same thing. "Get Lost". Brendon tried to flag down a couple of cartoon critters to ask for directions, but they paid him no mind. It was as if they didn't see him. They continued running about their chaotic lives.

Brendon was really starting to regret his shortcut more with every passing moment. All he could do is wander around hoping to find some way back home.

All this wayfaring was starting to wear Brendon out. His feet were starting to get sore. He checked his phone. He'd been walking for at least an hour and a half, and he was still no closer to getting back home. Not only that, but he had also almost gotten flattened once or twice by a couple of pachyderm cartoons who weren't watching where they were going in a hurry. With a frustrated sigh, he looked for someplace to take a small break. Perhaps sitting and gathering his thoughts would help. Luckily there was a bench and a vending machine nearby.

The moment Brendon's eyes spotted the vending machine, he immediately noticed how parched his throat was. It felt dry as a desert after having walked around lost. A drink would be a perfect pick me up! He quickly walked over it, eager to get something. The vending machine looked strangely normal for being in ToonTown. The machine was big and bulky, making it seem to be an older machine. What would normally be bright and catching colors on it, looked dull and reserved compared to the bright and striking colors his eyes had recently come to adjust to. Even the drink choices seemed oddly normal. The only thing noteworthy is all the brands were extremely generic. It was hard to tell what flavors the pop had. The labels only said "Soda" or "Drink" on them. Brendon would have opted for the safest bet of water, but something drew his eyes to one bottle that simply read "punch". It had been years since he'd drank any, and the sound of a sweet cold refreshing drink sounded perfect right about now!

He pulled out his wallet and tried pushing in a dollar. It quite forcefully and literally spat it back out. He tried it again, picking up the dollar bill and shoving it back in. Once again, it spat it back out. The bill slot gave a raspberry to add insult. His dollar was soggy and useless from the vending machine's saliva.

"Ugh! Never using this dollar again!" Brendon dropped the bill, being repulsed by the slobber. Next, he tried plucking coins in. It took a couple of tries, but it finally accepted the coins. The coins clunked and clanged loudly as they dropped into the machine. Progress! Next, he pressed the buttons on the keypad and . . . nothing. He tried again. Still, nothing. Hitting anything into the keypad seemed useless. Even pressing the button to return his cash didn't work. Being frustrated with the whole thing, Brendon gave the useless thing a slap. The machine began to loudly bounce around, playing an assortment of slot machine sounds. Brendon cautiously stepped back. Whatever he had done, probably hadn't been a good idea. The word "TILT" lit up on the big LED screen before ejecting a spring-loaded boxing glove straight into his gut. Brendon gasped as the wind was nearly knocked out of him. After a couple of coughs to catch his breath, he slunk away before a potential round two could occur.

After that horrendous experience, it was time to take a break. Brendon nursed his stomach from the blow. Glancing over his surroundings, he spotted a nearby bench. Putting up his feet for a short rest sounded great! Brendon walked over to the bench and plopped down. Immediately upon sitting he was overcome by a sudden dizzy spell. Apparently, he had sat way too fast. Brendon shook his head, trying to shrug it off. As he did that, he heard what sounded like a rock rattling around an empty can. Brendon immediately stopped, the mysterious sound ceasing as well. Was he starting to hear things? Or perhaps, the sound was coming from him? No, that couldn't be! It was probably the ambient sound in ToonTown he wasn't used to. Brendon shrugged it off. For now, he was going to relax.

Brendon hadn't been seated for a minute before his leg began to twitch. Something was making him feel restless. He moved from side to side on the bench, having trouble getting comfortable in his seat. Being lost in such a strange and wacky place was making him feel antsy. He had to think of a plan. Surely there was a map for this place. Maybe, he could check to see if any shops had a map. Or maybe he could catch one of the denizens scrambling around to lead him out! The bouncing in his leg had started out subtle. The longer he sat, the more erratic the movements had become. Brendon attempted to use his phone to see if he could find his way, GPS coordinates, or street maps. Though not having any cell signal made that task impossible. His leg was bouncing up and down as if he had a severe case of the jitters. Brendon rapidly kept turning on and off his Wi-Fi, hoping by some miracle to get it working. He kept fussing and fiddling with it. His actions were becoming ever more impatient. An overwhelming surge of energy was welling up inside him. It was as if he had drunk a couple of energy drinks and was ready to run a marathon but didn't have any way to channel this frenzy.

Concentrating on one thing was getting difficult. His mind didn't seem to want to focus on one subject for long. Attempting to retrace his steps soon shifted into daydreaming about the toons he'd met along the way. Brendon kept fidgeting around in his seat. He kept flicking his phone on and off, whatever to keep his hands busy. Sitting in one place for more than a second or two was becoming near impossible. Recalling possible landmarks that could help trailed off into wondering if he could find a toon friend to hang around. They sure looked like they were all having fun today! Their big jovial smiles and playful pranks! It sure would be fun to join them! Imagining himself joining worsened his restlessness. He eyed some toons sprinting down the streets, desperately wanting to follow the chase. Only a modicum of self-control held him back.

The more he tried to concentrate the more his mind jumped around. A tingling sensation began in his chest and slowly spread outward. It was akin to the TV static your legs feel when they fall asleep. Except the feeling was permeating through his chest towards the rest of his whole body. For once his mind was able to focus again. This strange new feeling grabbed his undivided attention. The sensation was prickling every part of his body. This would normally be when Brendon would begin to panic, but instead, it was the opposite. Exhilaration and glee were radiating through him. It was like being lightly tickled with a feather. A small snicker escaped from his mouth, before growing into a light chuckle.

"What's going on?" Brendon attempted to stifle his outbursts, although suppressing them only made it worse. Everything was growing humorous. What a funny place this was! Everything is so colorful and cheerful. All the objects were so wacky in their designs. Even his own situation was becoming comical. He couldn't believe he'd gotten himself lost! What a dope! How funny was that? No longer able to hold it back, he burst out laughing.

"Hahaha-gah huh huh- huhh!?" His laughter had warped midway, sounding comically dopey. Both his hands immediately covered his mouth and the laughter ceased.

"Excuse me!" Brendon blurted shyly, dreading the thought of having anyone heard the sound he'd made. Perhaps it was his voice cracking somehow. He hadn't gotten anything to drink after all. Sure! That had to have been it. There was no way it couldn't have come from him! It sounded so unlike him, far from his general quiet nature. This voice was so ... funny and silly! Just like the pair of hyenas he'd seen earlier! Now they had a goofy laugh! They did look like they were having such a fun time. Too bad they were long gone, he wanted to hear all the funny things they had to say! He could feel the need to laugh welling up inside. It felt as if every pore of his skin was being tickled at once.

"Guh-huh huh huh!"

Okay, something was seriously wrong! Brendon tried to maintain composure enough to find out what was amiss. His whole chest felt extremely ticklish, that even his shirt was setting him off on a Giggle fit. Upon lifting his shirt, he had discovered what was causing his fit of giggles. His jaw about dropped at the sight. It was hard to believe what he was seeing was real. Surely this was a strange dream he was going to wake up from! Spreading across his chest and stomach was bright technicolored fur growing! The center was an electric purple while the surrounding area was becoming a stunning cyan! Brendon's face was a bit flush at how bright and flashy colors stood out! Even by ToonTown standards, that palette was extremely loud and striking. As awkward as the situation was, he couldn't stop staring at it! The fur looked like it blended right into his skin tones as it spread. His belly looked much flatter and featureless than before. Any definition of muscle or other human anatomy was much more simplified and basic shape now.

Curiously, he reached his hand down touching it. It was softer than anticipated. It was soft and smooth like fur, but you couldn't feel the individual hair follicles when running your hand over it. It was as if you could sense the one singular texture when touching it. Brendon pressed his hand further against his fuzzy bright purple belly, letting his hand sink into it. It was like pressing your hand into a mattress.

Brendon poked and prodded at his stomach for a while. His mouth was slightly agape in astonishment at the changes that were happening to him. He could see the toon fur spreading across his body as he watched. The cyan fur was slowly creeping along his arms and back. Ensuring this wasn't some wacky dream, Brendon gave his left arm a pinch. He could feel his finger and thumb gripping at

the skin into a tight squeeze, yet it didn't hurt in the slightest. In fact, the skin was quite stretchy there, like it was made of a stretchy material. The moment Brendon released the pinch, the skin snapped back into place. Next, he tried grabbing at his flat stomach and giving it a sharp tug. The furry skin was bizarrely elastic, being able to stretch it. Letting go, it easily quickly snapped back into shape like a rubber band. This left Brendon without a single doubt in his mind. He was becoming a toon!

Brendon was strangely calm about the revelation. The thought occurred to him that perhaps he should be at least slightly worried but instead was oddly content. Perhaps it was all this extra energy he had surging through him. Never had he felt this exhilarated!

"Heys! Watch it wiff dose bright colors! Whatcha tryin tah do, blind a toon!?! Mess 'round wiff you's tint some other place'?" A passerby weasel chided upon seeing Brendon with his shirt lifted still. The weasel flipped on a pair of sunglasses and looked the other way, sticking his snoot straight up in conceited fashion. Brendon immediately tucked his shirt back down in embarrassment.

The tickling sensation had subsided from his chest and had migrated into his hands, which were throbbing. The cartoonish fur had spread all the way to his wrists but had mysteriously stopped right before his hands. Much of the muscle definitions and structure of his arms had been simplified, having a cartoonish rubber hose look to them. Despite their change, they felt much more limber and flexible than before.

The strange pulsing sensation continued to increase. Fingers were starting to swell up like a balloon. The once pinkish tones in his skin were turning redder by the moment. Brendon stared in awe,

watching his hands change color and shape. Each of his fingers except his thumbs began losing their shape and merging with one another as they continued to puff up. It wasn't just the size and color that were changing. The texture was shifting, becoming bright, shiny, and smooth. It was as if they were rubber! Moment by moment, they continued to turn to a more vibrant shade of red. The shape was quickly becoming apparent as to what his hands were turning into, giant oversized boxing gloves!

Brendon stared in amazement at his transforming hands. They had grown almost double, if not tripled in size! Brendon's face went about as flush as his bright shiny red gloves. He was certainly becoming quite the wacky toon!

Brendon tried tugging at the base of the gloves, wondering if somehow his hands were still somehow still there, buried deep down underneath the enormous gloves. But no matter how much he tugged, they remained stubbornly fastened into place! He wiggled both his remaining two digits on each glove's hand, testing their movements. Despite how unwieldy and cumbersome they appeared, they felt as dexterous as before the change. It was just as bewildering as he could feel the sense of touch through them. For all intent and purposes, these were his hands! It was an incredible sensation how pliable and cushioned they were. Brendon smacked his two gloves together. Despite their soft and squishy feeling, they could still pack quite a wallop if needed.

As he fidgeted with his paws, a sudden buzz inside his pocket startled him. His phone! Had he finally gotten a signal!? He instinctively reached towards his pocket and gave his thigh an audible

"Bap!"



"Okay! Note to self. These are not made for reaching into tiny pockets!" He grumbled, struggling to inch his phone. After a bit of finagling, he managed to peek out his cell enough for him to be able to pull the rest of it out. Brendon quickly powered on his phone and came to the lock screen.

He punched in his pin with muscle memory.

"Incorrect pin entered!" Wait, that couldn't be right. Brendon tried again. Still, incorrect. His tongue stuck out as it took an exaggerated amount of his concentration. Perhaps these mitts weren't as dexterous as he originally believed. After failing his third attempt it became immediately clear why his phone was refusing to open. Failed attempts were beginning to have a wait time before he could try again. Each key he was punching in was also typing three others alongside it on accident. His oversized thumb was far too bulky to be so precise to properly manipulate such tiny keypads. Brendon struggled hard, having to backspace constantly. It took nearly ten minutes before submitting his final attempt.

"Incorrect pin entered! Too many failed attempts. Please try again in 30 minutes!" Brendon gave a loud and exaggerated sigh of frustration before pocketing his phone. Regardless of if he had a signal, it wasn't like he was going to be able to make use of it!

"What good are these things when I can't even use my phone with them?" He griped, swinging at the air. A tingle crept up his spine. The sensation was akin to the relaxing feeling of releasing tension from your joints with a satisfying pop. He gave another playful swing in the air. This time, a rush of excitement overcame him. Something about these motions was giving him a boost in adrenaline. A thought wormed its way into his brain.

“Man, what I wouldn’t do for a punching bag to test these on right about now!” Brendon shook his head, once again hearing that rattling sound. Golly! Were those words his own, or was his mind getting filled with looney and toony thoughts as well? But even if they were, would it really be such a bad thing? Sure, it probably wasn’t normal of reactions upon seeing your hands transfigured like this, but a craving of curiosity to explore his changed body took hold.

His whole yearned to be bouncing around with vim and vigor. His willpower of restraint was waning rapidly. The thought of being a happy-go-lucky toon sounded more appealing with every passing second. It was then that Brendon noticed the tingling and pulsing sensation in his face. A pressure inside his skull began to build up, feeling as if a volcano was nearly ready to explode.

"Sproing!"

In one fleeting second, the tension released all at once. A big colorful cartoonish snout sprung straight out into view. Brendon's eyes went crossed as he stared at the cyan snoot which was within the focal point of his vision! Brendon's mouth was agape as his gloves grasped at his fresh muzzle. His face was a little flush at how far it was protruding out. Instinctively, he placed his massive boxing gloves over top of his muzzle and tried pushing it back inwards in the hopes of pushing it back into place. The snout was so oddly pliable. It squished and scrunched up as he pushed against it. Although the more pressure he pushed in on it, the more tension it pushed back. His mitts wobbled around, struggling to contain the entirety of the snoot within his grasp.

The task was starting to prove more difficult by the moment. The pressure within his gloves was becoming overwhelming. It was then that he began to question why he was holding it back so hard. Was

he so embarrassed by it? His grip was starting to weaken. No, he wasn't! Sure, it was big, but that wasn't a bad thing! He hadn't had a proper chance to give it a good look over. He had always secretly admired those long cartoon muzzles. His grip was waning fast. Gosh, what if he had a large snoot like one of those toon weasels he saw earlier today!? He hadn't realized how envious he had been of them until now! It didn't take too long for his snout to slip out of his relaxed hold, exploding out of his grip with a loud audible

"Boing-oing-oing!"

The giant toon snoot wobbled up and down for a bit until it settled. Once his eyes could focus, he saw that not only had his snoot enlarged, but it had also gotten a brand-new addition. A large shiny bulbous red nose now adorned the tip. Brendon could see his new face through the reflection on his shiny snoz. He could hardly recognize himself! There wasn't much left to his human identity at this point.

"Gawrsh! Is dat really my mug?" Brendon gasped aloud. His voice was already beginning to warp and distort. Brendon paid little attention to this. Instead, his attention was more drawn to the large snout taking up a good portion of his focal point. It was so captivating to stare at. The giant shiny red nose was difficult for him to take his eyes off it. Not only was it taking up a lot of focal space, but it was also becoming incredibly difficult not to gawk at it. It was so big and goofy and rather impressive! The longer he stared at it, the more he began to admire it!

"Dis t'ing ain't half bad! Actually, got me a pretty spiffy new look if I do say so myself!" He boasted in his new goofy voice. Normally, Brendon would have been embarrassed by the new way he spoke, but instead, he was quite proud of it!

Brendon could deny it no longer. The longer he gawked at his cartoonish face, the more he loved it and the greater the desire for the rest of his body to change! Those human features were beginning to ruin his enjoyment of his toony proportions! Desires of bouncing around haphazardly and testing out his freshly changed bappers were becoming a huge desire. The last thing he wanted to be reminded of was that thing he was before all these wonderful changes! Being unable to contain himself any longer, Brendon gave his giant honker a few good playful squeezes.

"Honk! Honk!"

Brendon chuckled when he heard his sudden nose squeaking like a bike horn! This only helped to further elate his cartoony mentality and make him feel much sillier and playful! Brendon crossed his eyes to use his bright shiny nose like a mirror once again, checking over the rest of his face. Almost everything had become perfectly proportioned for a proper toon! There was only one blemish that was besmirching his new toon identity!

"Hmm eeyup! Still Gots 'dose boring ears! Need tah change dat all pronto-like!"

Brendon grasped both of his ears and gave one hard yank upwards. Both ears easily stretched up, becoming long, and pointed. Brendon gave another good yank to ensure they were properly stretched and adjusted. Brendon moved his head around, feeling his tall, pointed ears bob around as he moved his head. They were as impressively large as his snout was!

"Poifect!" Brendon motioned the best chef kiss he possibly could with his bully boxing gloves!

As perfect as his face and features were now, something about his body felt lacking and incomplete. He had all this energy waiting to be released but his legs felt so clunky and stiff compared to the rest of his body! What he wouldn't do for a pair of big bouncy kangaroo paws! Why he could really

move around town then! How long did he yearn to hop, jump, skip, bound, and gambol about! It was almost criminal that he had walked this far in life without them! As if answering his desires, a familiar pulsing feeling began to spread through his feet. Brendon's ears leaned forward as he eagerly stared down at his shoes in anticipation. His heart audible thumping in his chest, waiting for the grand reveal that was going to happen! The shoes were begging to grow tighter, as his feet were beginning to swell up inside. He could see bulges starting to show through the tightening materials of the shoes. The laces were starting to dig and tight into the tongue. Brendon could feel his digits were pressing up against the toe cap of his shoes, while his heels were digging into the back. The strong material creaked and groaned, straining to its limits.

Any moment now! He waited breathlessly for his paws to tear through in all its cartoony glory! One by one, Laces began snapping like violin strings. Then, in one loud sound, his shoes finally burst open through the front like opening a can of biscuits. Brendon wasn't sure what startled him more, the rupturing of his sneakers, or the changes they had contained! Instead of the big paws he expected, it was a sight similar to what had happened to his hands not too long ago. His feet were taking on a very similar appearance to a large hulking pair of oversized sneakers! He watched the remains of his toes swelling and smoothing out. The bottoms of his feet grew grooves and bumps as they turned into the tread. Brendon wiggled around in his enormous stompers in astonishment. They had grown so gargantuan and heavy yet were surprisingly springy and soft. What an upgrade, going from size 11 to a 26 plus! He lifted one of his shoes and brought it down hard, making him lightly bounce an inch off the ground. Brendon giggled in excitement, being thrilled to pieces by this!

"A good t'ing I gots me a free pair outta 'dis! Shoppin' fer 'dese woulda been a right pain in the tail!" Brendon boasted.

Brendon had become so engrossed at gawking over his oversized shoes that he'd become oblivious to his surroundings. The sneakers were clumsily colossal in their size! A step made a satisfying 'thud' on the sidewalk pavement. Playing with his newly changed feet was so gratifying, though sensing touch through his shoes and tread was bizarre, but surprisingly easy to adjust to. They couldn't seem to sit still, ranging from pacing in place, doing little hops, playfully kicking the air.

He paid little attention to what was around him. Only when he was interrupted by a loud deafening trumpet that blasted his ears drums did his attention get drawn back. It didn't take too long to figure out what he had done when a large imposing pachyderm was looming over him. His sneakers had accidentally left a gigantic shoe print right onto the rounded posterior of a humongous elephant clad in a fine business suit.

"I dare say! Watch where you put those giant things!" The elephant scolded, shaking his trunk like a fist. Normally he'd brush an event like this off with an apology and carry on with his day. Not this time. There was something about the tone or perhaps how it was worded that immediately got under his collar. The kangaroo huffed, putting up his dukes, and threw a few intimidating punches at the air.

"Hey, Dems fightin' words! Youse got a problem with my footwear!?" Brendon retorted, puffing up his chest. The elephant's brow furled, obviously in no mood for their nonsense.

" Oh, tough guy huh?" They scoffed as they grasped Brendon's muzzle and lifted him into the air.

Squirming did little good in their tight and powerful grasp. They stretched and scrunched his cartoon body as easily as if he were putty in their hands. After a bit of roughhousing the elephant stretched the rowdy roo taut one last time and shot him off into the distance like a rubber band.

Brendon landed with a hard thud, flattening for a moment before popping back into the proper toon shape.

"Duuh, I sure showed him!" Brendon giggled as his tongue stuck out as stars spun around his head in a daze. It took him a couple of moments to shake off the stupor. After a quick dust off, the kangaroo hopped up and got a look at his surroundings. It was yet another block of ToonTown, still as lost as before. His location was the least of his concerns. What really captured his attention was the store window he had landed in front of. Here he got his first good look at his new reflection in the glass. It was the first time clearly seeing his renewed body in all its glory. Brendon immediately struck a pose, flexing for his own reflection. His rubber hose arms showed off a small lump of muscle for his efforts. This gave Brendon a huge goofy grin. He felt like a strong kangaroo jock fresh from the gym! He couldn't help but blow a kiss at himself. Boy, was this the best he'd ever looked!

Although now was no time to brag and gloat! Brendon tried his best to focus his thoughts back on his transformation. He could come back anytime to admire his own reflection at any time! There were still very important changes left to make after all. It would be a crime against cartoons everywhere to go about being incomplete like he was! No way was he going to go about idling around anymore for this to finish itself! He was going to do what cartoons do best: shenanigans! Brendon leaned back and began taking in a deep breath; bringing in as much air as his lungs could possibly manage. Next, he stuck out his thumb on his glove and began blowing as much air into it as if it were a balloon. The steady flow of air started to build up pressure at the base of his spine. With each huff and puff, tension continued to accumulate. A noticeable nub was forming and pressing out on the back of his shorts. The fabric was starting to dig into his thighs and behind as they expanded. The frame of his bottom half was becoming

more pear-shaped by the moment. This did little to stop Brendon, in fact, this only encouraged him more! What better shape for a toon kangaroo to be in than to be bottom-heavy! Each breath increased his size and shape. His shorts struggled to maintain their integrity, seams, and thread stretching to their limits. By now, it appeared as if Brendon's bottom half had been stretched into a smooth and round shape like an exercise ball. The tip of a tail was beginning to peek out of the top of his shorts. The thick, growing tail was being compacted like an accordion in his cramped shorts. His thick thunder thighs appeared more like haunches. All it would take was one more budge, shift, or slight movement for it to explode out. Brendon took a brief pause to appreciate the last remnants of his human self fade away. Then, in one smooth movement, he bent forward, sticking his rear out slightly in anticipation to give his new appendage plenty of room. With no other place to go, his tail ruptured out the back of his shorts creating confetti of fabric in its wake. All that was left was a big burly and dense kangaroo tail over a soft and smooth flat mono butt. No trace of any unsightly unmentionables to be seen!

The toon kangaroo stood in place with a huge dopey grin, the look of satisfaction was written all over his face. His tongue stuck out as if he was panting excitedly like a dog. His body began to vibrate, excitement levels increasing exponentially. There was nothing holding him back now! He readied his spring-loaded haunches and leaped forward.

"BOING!" The sound effect played as his giant sneakers hit the pavement.

"BOING! BOING! BOING!" The sound continued with every hop and bounce he made. The whole time he's laughing like the big dumb goof he is, having an absolute blast!

"Gawrsh! Dis is duh life! Guh-huh-huh!" He giggled. He hadn't remembered the last time he'd ever had this much fun! He was bouncing around up and down the streets of ToonTown on his shoes and tail that acted like a trampoline! The vividly colored kangaroo hopped around like a crazed roo, almost in a frenzy of pure excitement. It didn't occur to him until after a short romp that something was



amiss. A giant exclamation point appeared above his head as he realized the grievous mistake, he'd made by celebrating a bit prematurely. He had gotten so caught up in the moment that he had nearly forgotten an incredibly important detail. He tried to come to a halt, landing hard from a big bounce. His shoes screeched as he slowly came to a halt, having created a couple yards of skid marks from his braking.

"Duh, Oh yeahs! Yah can't be a proper roo without one o' dese!" He reached into his hammer space pocket and pulled out a pencil. With a quick lick to the tip, he drew a line across his belly. As if by magic, the line grew depth and shape forming a large pocket along his pear-shaped stomach. He reached into his newly formed pouch and gave it a little snap across his stomach.

"Dere! Now dat's much better! tho, it's missin' a lil somefin'" With a flourish of the pencil he added a small zipper to the side of his pouch. There! He nodded at this perfection in satisfaction. His ears and snoot bounced a little from the movement.

The newly made kangaroo admired his reflection by using a nearby store window. From obsessing over his big snoot to flexing with his thick strong tail, and even getting a personal air boxing match or two; He wanted to revel in it all! Worries about being lost had been completely dissolved. Instead, the jock roo was too self-absorbed in his new body to care about insignificant stuff like that. There were far more important matters going on in his mind now. Thoughts drifted from planning workouts for his tail or daydreaming how high he could hop. One of the things that was bugging him was how was he going to refer to himself now. That human name just seemed so off. It didn't suit a huge, tough, and silly kangaroo like himself! The name felt uncomfortable, like an itchy sweater.

No, he required something much more befitting of his redesigned self. This was going to require tough contemplation! They leaned backward, propping themselves up upon their thick sturdy tail. The name needed to be perfect, just like him. Preferably a tough sounding name! Or perhaps one that would let everyone know how great he was! He scratched the tuft of fur on his head as his tongue stuck out deep in thought. Focusing was not one of his strong suits anymore. Instead, he began daydreaming about putting his gloves to use! Throwing punches. Showing off his strength and boxing skills. That Ol' vending machine could use a good one-two! He'd love to leave that hunk of junk in a smoldering mess. The crowd would cheer for him, calling his name, all while he lifted a brand-new championship belt.

"Champ! Dat's a perfect name fer a toons like me!" They shouted overjoyed at their brilliant idea.

"Champ! Champ!" They giddily repeated to themselves. Saying it aloud sent excited shivers along his spine. The name slipped on him perfectly like a boxing glove. That old name was as good as gone with how much he loved it.

Champ had a jaunty bouncing through ToonTown, hopping and bouncing to his heart's delight. They were having a fun romp through the city streets, fitting well with all the other cartoon animals gallivanting around. It wasn't until the town's clocktower struck the arrival of late midday that it dawned on him what time it was. Wasn't there something he was supposed to be doing?

"Duh, oh yeahs! Dah groceries! Almost forgots about 'dose!" Champ smacked his forehead upon remembering. He gave a brief pause, trying to recollect what he was supposed to bring back. For some reason, he was struggling to remember. Was he supposed to go to a grocery store? Champ shook his

head. No that couldn't be it! Why would he get groceries in toon town? A dim light bulb appeared above his head with a chime.

"Oh yeahs! He said I could get any gym stuffs I wanted!" He nodded with a proud grin, extremely certain that had somehow been his boyfriend's request.

"Now, where's dat sports shoppin' place again?" Champ reached into his pouch and pulled out a map of ToonTown from the bottomless hammer space that was contained within. He turned it around several times before finally prodding the map with his boxing glove.

"dere it is! Oh boy, is mah boyfriend ever gonna be proud of me's when I gets home!" With that the happy toon bounced off, eager to get his mitts on punching bags, dumbbells, weights, and other such equipment. Boy, was he going to give his boyfriend a big surprise when he got home!