

Turns out that taking a shortcut to your work landed you smack dab in a construction zone. Although it appears that the construction is being done by toons. Specifically, a bunch of toon beavers are busy at work constructing something and they're taking up the entirety of the road. Great, you landed yourself in toon town by accident. Never know what kind of shenanigans you'll end up in here.

"Hey, Nyucklehead! We're working here!" One of them walks over to complain to you. It's kind of cute it is as it looks up at you, being a couple of feet shorter than you. One by one toon beavers begin to surround you, seeming pretty upset by your trespassing. The beavers are all short and pudgy, all sporting some rather pear shapes to them.

"Listen if yew're gonna be in the way, at least make yew'reself useful nyuk!" You try to apologize to the busy beavers but it's not like you're able to leave when they've surrounded you.

"Yeah, you'd be a treemendously help to us nyuk!" You try to deny their volunteering you for work since you don't know the first thing about toon construction.

It seems like they've more or less roped you in as they grab your hands and begin leading you toward the center of their construction work. You can't tell what they're even working on, only that they're certainly working on something with all the wood and a random assortment of construction materials around.

"Let's get you all spruced up and ready nyuk!" The crew quickly begins getting to work gathering up a bunch of extra gear they had laying around.

At first, they hand you a spare construction helmet. It looks like pretty standardized safety equipment.

"Here, don't be a sap! Safety is important nyuk!" They proudly hold up the helmet for you to wear. You lean down to tell them you have more important work to do but they just ignore you.

"Nothing more important than safety Nyuk! Woodn't want you to get hurt now!" They say as they roughly shove it on top of your head.

You feel lightheaded a bit after donning the protective headpiece. The sudden dizzy spell might be because the helmet is on too tight. You attempt to pull it off but it feels stuck in place. You try to tug, push, pry, twist, and do other movements to remove it but it feels forcefully stuck in place. No matter how hard you try you can't seem to take it off.

You're so preoccupied with the helmet that you fail to notice your front two teeth are starting to poke out, being much more pronounced and bucked. Your nose has also turned black and growing rather large and cartoonish.

"Now now just leaf that alone you blockhead nyuk! You still got to get suited up!"

They next hand you a safety vest. It looks like it would be far too small as it's suited for their height, not yours. Complaining only gets them to encourage you that 'one size fits all'. You stare at the garment in disbelief ... er disbelief. The bright safety orange-colored visibility vest complete with fluorescent yellow stripes will ensure everyone around you will be able to see you incredibly clearly. You're generally not one to draw attention to yourself but the beavers are being quite insistent.

"Oak-ay! Oakay! No need to Cy-press me on about it!" You reluctantly give in. Hmm, maybe your helmet is on too tight or something. You're starting to make tree puns just like all the construction crew around you. All this beaver talk must be getting to your head. You pick up the vest and attempt to slip into it. You manage to get one arm through but it's a struggle to get the other arm through. The vest is surprisingly stretchy, which is a good thing since otherwise it would have easily been ripped to shreds. Regardless of how flexible the material is, it's still quite a struggle to fit into such a tiny outfit. You tug and stretch the garment as if it were elastic in an attempt to fit into it. Finally, with one final big stretch, you manage to get your other arm through.

Your celebration is quickly cut short as you begin to feel a strange sense of compression. Before you can yell timber the vest acts like the world's most powerful corset and begins compressing your size to better accommodate. In a mere matter of seconds, you're now standing at eye level with all the other beavers, sporting your own short and squat shape similar to theirs.

"What the Nyuk is going on!?" You yell in shock! Your voice almost has a whistle to it as air flows between your now big buck beaver teeth. You pay little attention to your voice and new mannerism as you are more concerned by your sudden stature change. You attempt to tear off the vest, hoping that once it's off you'll go back to your original shape. Taking it off proves hopeless as the garment seems firmly attached to you. It's as if it's an unremovable part of your own body now but like your helmet. No matter how hard you yank or pull it just stretches like rubber before snapping back into its shape.

It takes your brain a moment to catch up with everything else that's going on. You watch as cartoonish fur spreads all across your body. Your nose and mouth push out into a stout beaver snoot where your big chompers are protruding out a couple of inches by now.

In your moment of distraction worrying about your changing body, one of the beavers startles you with a hearty slap on the back with its big flat tail.

"Looking to be a dam fine beaver nyuk!" He proudly boasts about you as if he's patting you on the back for a job well done. Another beaver gives you another slap on the back.

"Oh, fir sure! They're looking like quite the eager beaver nyuk!" A strange sense of pride begins to swell up inside you. All sense of worry and concern is melting away as you begin getting caught up in all the praise.

Gosh, you don't remember when you last felt this good. You begin feeling a strange twitching sensation in your tailbone. You can barely focus on it as all the beavers keep praising you and giving you pats on the back with their tail. Pretty soon that twitching sensation ends with a loud resounding slap sound. You look back in absolute delight and shock and see a big slappy beaver tail all of your own. You begin eagerly slapping it on the ground in an excited stupor. The sheer sound of your tail impacting on the ground and resounding in a loud and hardy smacking sound is incredibly satisfying. You could do it all day which you just very well might!

Before you get all too eager and begin flattening everything in sight, the beavers begin to reel you back into your senses by attaching your last piece of safety gear. With a quick snap of elastic, you're not sporting your own set of safety goggles. That snap also snapped something in your brain. It was as if all your priorities were now solely focused on safety and being a good beaver just like all your workmates.

You give the goggles a small adjustment to make sure they're on properly. Much like the helmet and vest, they're pretty much a part of yourself both figuratively and literally. Although at this point you're not sure why you would want to remove them, after all, they not only keep you safe but they make you look dam fine. You loudly nyuk it up at your own silly joke.

Before you can revel too much in your new toony life you hear a loud whistle blowing signaling the end of your break. You begin giving all the other beavers tail fives as they all head toward their duties. You better get back to work too! Your job is the most essential of them all! You stand around the edge of construction with a stop sign in your hand and begin keeping a lookout and warning off any humans or nonbeavers away from the worksite. After all, safety is VERY important!