

Zero peered down the long hallway before him, the final step before his prize. *Who designed this dumb museum anyway?* He wondered. The whole thing had been laid out quite securely, making his latest heist a tremendous headache.

The round scoundrel had been separated from his sidekicks an hour ago, but had pressed on alone, unable to resist the prospect of pulling off such an incredible escapade. What the chunky skunk lacked in acrobatic and athletic ability he had, as he often did, made up for with a clever scheme. But the way he'd plotted to break in without alerting anyone would surely be discovered in the morning, and so tonight was his only chance to get his paws on the treasure that awaited him.

The green skunk spotted a small jade sculpture, part of the last exhibit he'd had to slip through. It likely was of mostly historical value, but something about it caught his eye, so he quickly snatched it and slid it into his bag of goodies from the night, which he then slung back over his shoulder. None of it would compare to the crowning jewel, but Zero just couldn't resist the interesting baubles.

He slunk as quietly as he was able down the surprisingly unguarded hallway, quite unlike the rest of the place, and reached the giant metal door -- the vault. The museum vault was practically impossible to cheat and impenetrable with any tools the mastermind knew of... But you didn't have to cheat a lock if you knew the combination. He raised a pudgy paw to the keypad.

15 18 73 55 0

Clunk... clunk.... clunk!

Yes! Zero thought, barely managing to keep himself from vocalizing his excitement.

He stepped into a large room with high ceilings. Hard metal walls contrasted with the wealth of objects that filled the vault -- famous paintings, jewelry, you name it. But Zero had his eyes trained on a particular prize now. There was no time to collect anything he wanted at a leisurely pace, as the loud vault door had probably been noticed.

"There!" he exclaimed. He ran up to the center pedestal which, absurdly enough, was highlighted by a spotlight like in some sort of heist film. Laboring a bit to catch his breath, he declared, "chalk up another successful caper for the great Zero!"

The big skunk leaned over his protruding tummy to lift the lid of the plain metal box, ready to grin at the expected glimmer of scarlet light. But... no. This couldn't be! Where was it?

"Looking for this?"

Zero spun around to see four slender figures emerging from the shadows in the corners of the room behind him. He'd been so focused on the bright center of the room... careless. One casually held it aloft: The Lunar Ruby. Its holder, a badgeress who stood out from the others, wore a tight blue catsuit and a masquerade-style mask. Her presumed henchfolk all wore their trademark ridiculous blue spandex bodysuits and plain blue masks. "You!" Zero said furiously. "You can't just ride my coattails and take my hard work, Baroness! That ruby belongs to me! Give it here!"

"Hmm... I don't think so. I hadn't planned on taking it, but it contrasts so nicely with my outfit..."

"You hadn't planned-- why, you scrawny little traitors--" Zero sputtered. He put his paws on his wide hips and glared at them.

"I'm here for you," said the Baroness.

"You'll regret this, you-- wait, what?" His great, fluffy tail forsook its usual curl to stand on end as it dawned on him that this was real trouble.

"We're thieves... but we have *rules*. You've ruined our plans over and over with your harebrained schemes. You even stole *my* barrette! A worthless family heirloom!"

"You're just jealous that I outsmarted you," Zero fired back, cocky as ever. "And the best you could do was this? You're pathetic."

"And worst of all," she went on, "you call yourself a thief and behave like a lazy pig! Thieves are nimble, quick and elegant, not fat, gluttonous beasts like you. You bring dishonor to all of us. You're a disgrace to this profession, Zero, and we're gonna teach you a lesson... until you give up your precious stash."

"Yeah, right! How could someone as sorry as you ever teach me a thing? You'll never get your nasty paws on it."

"Oh, we'll see about that..." she said, all four stepping menacingly towards him.

Zero awoke. What was happening? He opened his eyes to see that he was in a spacious room of some kind. The lighting was dingy and weak, but enough to see that this place had seen better days. The concrete walls were damaged, crumbling, and painted a hideous dark yellow. The room's sparse furnishings included large tables within arm's reach on either side of him, a few distant desks with chairs and computers, and a block of blue lockers. This only made the building look emptier.

This place sucks, the distinguished thief thought. *I'm getting out of here*. He began to stand, and only then discovered the most important part of his predicament. He couldn't. The skunk looked down. He was seated in a cushy chair, large enough to hold his wide frame easily. His soft, full belly filled more than half his lap and much of his vision as he looked down, still clad in his black jacket and burgling attire. But thick, brown straps stood stark against his clothes, crisscrossing over his gut and chest, holding him in place. Though his arms were free, he had no way to reach anyplace where he might be able to undo them. The fat skunk hadn't been able to see his footpaws easily in a long time, but an experimental wiggle proved they, too, were trapped.

"Is anyone there?" He called. No one responded.

Zero did the only logical thing: he tried to figure out how he could escape. He tried pushing himself out with his arms, but he simply wasn't strong enough to break the tightly binding straps. He found that nothing sharp remained on his person, nor any possessions at all. He twisted about to try to get out; the

straps were a little loose, but he was simply too big.

While considering what else he could do, Zero let his eyes roam over to the cake. It was covered with white and blue frosting and had the word "Congratulations!" written on it in blue icing. It was covered in plastic wrap. *It must be for some sort of celebration*, he thought. *What did they leave it here for? Well, their loss. I'm hungry, and sugar will help me think.* He removed the wrapping and started to grab pawfuls of it. The sweet treat began to disappear quickly. Eventually, as he continued to munch, this gave him an idea. What if he could use his size to his advantage?

Zero licked his paws clean. Then he lifted himself up what little he could beneath the restraints and bounced down on the chair, hoping to break it with the force of 400-plus pounds of obese skunk. But impressively, the chair took his weight with only a slight creak or groan each time; it showed no signs of breaking. *Damn. I can't get away right now. I'll need more information and opportunities. Time to get those traitors here.*

"What is this?" He called into the recesses of the room. "Let me go! Don't you know who I am? This is an outrage!" He continued raising his voice.

Eventually, the echoing racket brought company. The Baroness and several cronies entered from the far side of the room. She still wore a mask, but had exchanged her outfit for a flowing purple evening gown.

"Ah, good," she said. "You're finally awake. You took your sweet time." She noticed the half-gone cake and made a disgusted face. "Seriously? Have you no manners at all, or can you think of nothing save for glutting yourself? There goes your party, Ramon." One of the blue-clad cronies, a bat judging from his wings, stiffened.

"Give me my ruby and let me go!" Zero railed, his chubby cheeks flushed with anger. Though he was calm before, seeing his captors brought out the emotions.

"Tut tut, boy. Calm down and mind your betters."

"Better? I'm a better thief in my sleep than you'd be with an army of blue guys!" Zero might not have the upper hand now, but he would find a way to turn this around on her if it was the last thing he did. He strained hopelessly against the bindings.

"Even now, in my power, you remain boastful and mouthy," she mused. "But you'll learn the error of your ways yet, in addition to giving me what I want."

"Fat chance! I'll never tell you a thing about my stash!"

"Hmm... fat chance indeed," she said more quietly. "You're more right than you know." But the skunk was no longer listening. "Boys. You know what to do. Handle it." With that, the badger turned and left, a trailing hem making it look as though she was gliding across the floor. The others looked at each other, cackled and left in a different direction.

He must have passed out at some point, because the next thing Zero knew of was the sun pouring into the warehouse through smudged and cloudy windows, as well as the many gaps and cracks. He didn't stay groggy for long this time, as he immediately smelled food and, ravenous, bolted awake.

No one was around, but someone had made him breakfast. Five plates full of omelettes, bacon, french toast and waffles lay in arm's reach. Zero didn't think twice, grabbing the plastic fork and knife provided and setting to it. The chunky skunk inhaled three plates' worth of breakfast in no time flat, savoring the sweet flavor of maple syrup that suffused practically everything on the plates.

Zero licked syrup from his lips and dug into the fourth plate a little slower. His usual habit was to stop himself after thirds, but he was especially hungry as he'd missed dinner the previous night. Only as he more calmly munched on a side of bacon, the cavernous emptiness in his stomach replaced by a more pleasant satiation, did he notice that the food tasted a little strange. It was still good, of course, but most everything was just a bit overseasoned. Though Zero was far closer to a garbage disposal type of eater than a gourmand, he was able to detect a hint of a flavor he couldn't identify. A preservative, or some herb he wasn't used to? But the hungry thief had bigger concerns, and so he carried on until he finished the fourth plate.

At this point, he felt much better, and so he put the fork down. Zero unzipped his jacket and rubbed the oversized globe of his belly. The big thief let out a satisfying burp, a content smile crossing his face for a moment as he was lost in the high of a hearty meal before he recalled his predicament. Even this bigger meal than usual hadn't completely filled the gluttonous skunk, but he knew he had to restrain himself if he wished to stay agile enough to continue his thieving ways. His rather advanced size was already pushing the boundaries on that front, after all.

The green skunk was huffing and puffing a little after the effort of shoveling carbs between his round cheeks about as fast as he could with little regard for breathing. A mischievous thought occurred to the hefty skunk, and he pushed the plastic knife off the table. It was a small thing, but it could give him valuable information.

A few hours of painful boredom and frustration later, several henchmen brought in his next meal. One had removed his hood; he was a brown bat with a terrible scar marring an otherwise kindly-looking face, just as scrawny as all the others. Zero almost felt for the lithe and rail-thin henchmen, evidently so lacking in skill at thievery they needed to starve themselves to compete. Zero took this opportunity to attempt to bargain with them, but the bat turned away all his suggestions and offers with hardly a thought. "Mistress warned us about your tongue, *embaucador*. I will not fall for your tricks." Damn, but she was prepared, Zero admitted to himself. And not wrong, either; he'd had not the slightest intention of keeping any promises he made to get out of here.

They unloaded their cart onto the table, including a platter full of burgers, another laden with sandwiches, plenty of fruit and a huge milkshake. Zero was interested, but his hackles were beginning to rise with suspicion. "Why are you giving me all this?" He asked, eyeing the bat. "Shouldn't you be depriving me to get me to talk, or something?" He winced after saying that, hoping he hadn't given them an idea. *The spread looks like a meal for five furs*, the round skunk mused, *not my usual two. ...Well, two and a half, tops.*

The bat made a now-familiar dismissive gesture. "Please. We are civilized. You will talk when you wish to be free; we have no need to resort to such *procedimientos*."

Zero snorted at the idea that he was so weak of will as to give up his secrets for nothing. "Sure... but this is a ton. And it..." He trailed off, his mind wandering to the delicious smell of well-cooked meat. "It looks delicious. It doesn't make sense."

"A ton?" The slender bat cocked his head. "Is this not a normal amount of food for a fur with as little self-restraint as yourself?" The derision in his voice was obvious, but if he were insincere, he did a good job of hiding it. "Surely you must eat like this constantly to have reached such an... advanced... size." He gestured toward the skunk's wide, full belly. This was a fair criticism, but Zero still wasn't sure the logic sat right with him.

"Uh, yeah, I guess you're right," Zero said, though he wasn't quite sure why. He would figure this out later. He was feeling pretty hungry, despite the desolation he'd wreaked on breakfast not too long ago. He grabbed the shake and started sucking it down. It was a thick, rich chocolate. The two henchmen stayed for a while, questioning him and looking to glean any hint they could press him on. All the while, Zero wolfed down sandwich after sandwich, paying little attention to anything other than the battle of wits as he invented useless "slip-ups" to waste their time. He hoped they'd waste energy investigating them.

Eventually, he tired of the game and stopped answering, but the browbeating continued. Though at this point he was stuffed to the gills and had stopped eating, as Zero grew more and more bored, he found himself reaching for an occasional burger just to pass the time. Finally, after the fifth time in a row the extra-corpulent thief answered a question with only silence or, in the last case, a sly grin followed by a very loud belch, the bat gave up. "Fine then," he said harshly. "The hard way it is, since you insist. Poetic justice will serve for you." He strode away, back straight as a rod.

Feeling quite satisfied with himself, not to mention satiated -- as he, rubbing his overstuffed and oversized gut with one paw and reaching with the other for more, realized he'd somehow eaten nearly every bite of the small feast -- Zero decided this wasn't all that bad. Not that he would let his captors know that. He paid little mind to the way his shirt was riding up a bit more than usual.

Once they'd been gone a while, Zero leaned to the right side of his chair, squeezing his bulk uncomfortably so he could peek over the side. There lay the plastic knife, poking out from beneath the seat. Interesting. The next day, he swiped a plastic fork, stuffing it between his folds for safekeeping, and soon after managed to nick another knife.

After a couple days of this treatment, Zero noticed the changes. He might not have were he not bored absolutely out of his mind. When he'd first gotten here, he was quite sure, he'd fit easily into the wide chair, not even touching both sides of it. Now, it was becoming a squeeze to get back into it. A thick roll of fat squished uncomfortably against the sides of the chair, and no matter how he adjusted, the facts were clear -- he had put on a noticeable amount of weight. Indeed, he felt less nimble on his paws when

he was allowed to walk, a clearly fuller and chubbier face greeted him in the restroom mirror, and his appetite seemed to be growing. Plus, his restraints were starting to chafe against his bulk.

The skunk was a big eater and prone to weight gain due to a slow metabolism, and sure, he'd been shoveling down everything in arm's reach, but he wasn't stupid. Even he couldn't possibly be swelling so quickly.

Sure enough, only a few meals after his suspicions were raised, Zero was halfway through inhaling enough pasta to feed a family when he spotted a dash of white powder on one of the dishes. A lick it proved it wasn't something that belonged in his food -- it tasted metallic. They had to be slipping him metabolism retardants, appetite stimulants, or both. Were those milkshakes really gainer shakes?

This didn't stop the rapidly fattening glutton from polishing off every last noodle, but as he rubbed his uncomfortably full and considerably plumper belly with a thick paw, he hatched a plan. He'd been observing the patterns in his watchers carefully, his natural knack for casing a place working to his advantage nearly unconsciously. And he knew the pair who would come to get this meal weren't the same ones who'd served it. So, feeling clever, he swapped the metal fork and knife for the plastic ones he'd swiped earlier. It was a bit uncomfortable hiding metal silverware among his fat rolls, but he'd endured worse in the name of thievery.

That night, when he hoped no one would even be on the premises, Zero began to act. He carefully picked a spot where he could saw at his bonds with the knife without risking cutting himself, a difficult proposition considering how the skunk's blubber swelled and strained against the restraints practically everywhere they touched him. The chair creaked ominously under his weight and he shifted and struggled. The skunk gripped the knife tightly in his chubby paw, sawing for all he was worth against the brown material. Though he kept a close watch, nothing disturbed the entryway.

He worked and worked at it for all he was worth, then finally looked down, and... nothing. He hadn't been able to make the slightest dent in the stuff; though he had no idea what it was made of, this confirmed that his captors had done their job without cutting corners. Whatever it was, he wouldn't be able to defeat it with silverware. This was frustrating, but he was too clever not to have a backup plan. It just wasn't one he'd hoped to use...

Over the course of the next couple of days, Zero cranked his attitude up to 11. He took every possible opportunity to irritate his captors. He threw around the best insults he could think of, from needling at what he guessed each guard's insecurities might be -- and a few long silences and frustrated noises told him he'd hit the mark about half the time -- to more rote general commentary about their intelligence, their mothers, you name it. He improvised prop comedy with whatever was in reach, ideally including the guards themselves. He spilled drinks, chewed loudly, spat at them, mooned them, everything. He took every opportunity to mention how scrawny they looked and remind them about his ballooning weight, not that it was possible to look at the blubber-swollen skunk and not be impressed or disgusted by the sheer size of him. He had a pretty good idea how they'd try to get revenge.

The huge thief knew his scheme had come to fruition when the rail-thin bat personally delivered a much larger meal than usual the next day. "Wow," Zero said at a higher volume than necessary, "What a treat! The service here just keeps getting better, it's like the Ritz!"

The bat snarled at him. "Orders *de mi tejona*," he muttered venomously. "S'posed to try bein'... *nice*."

Perfect. There was no chance she'd ever try being nice; that had to be a lie. His plan had worked, and the henchmen hadn't consulted her about their petty revenge. He hated what he was about to have to do, but he had no choice. And he was confident he could do it.

Zero took the picture they were painting and pretended to buy it. "Glad someone around here can see reason," he said as grandiosely as he could manage. "Must just eat at you to see me treated better than you are, huh?" He figured continuing to act smug and self-important was key to making sure they didn't think he suspected anything.

The bat appeared to fume, but Zero could read the merriment in his eyes. "Don't get used to it, lardass," he said before stalking off.

Zero forced himself to wait, though the delicious aromas were practically intoxicating to the gluttonous skunk. Once he was sure everyone was long gone, he prepared himself.

He paused to give one last thought for his figure. Weight had long been a careful balance for Zero: to remain just light enough on his paws for his life of crime despite his slow metabolism and love of food, clocking in at exactly "quite plump, but still agile." The weight he'd packed on thanks to his cruel captors, perhaps a hundred pounds in a ridiculously short time, was going to be tough enough to lose already. He shuddered to think of what this would do to him. Was the stash worth this? Worth, at minimum, months of self-deprivation and his next exciting caper either going on hold or risking failure? But he couldn't let this beat him. And on the plus side, it'd be a little fun.

With that, he turned towards the table. Even this caused his excessive gut to squeeze against the restraints, rolls of green-furred flab spilling out between straps and over them. His shirt had ridden up to above his midsection, just covering his full moobs, and wouldn't stay any lower.

The shakes were back in force, as there were eight on the cart instead of the usual two. This set the tone for the rest of the contents -- just insane in quantity. Most of it was just easy stuff to produce in bulk, like cheesy pasta (apparently served in the same big pot it was cooked in), several soups and stews, chili, pizza, cookies, whole chickens, and just so preposterously much of all of it, even to a greedy skunk hopped up on appetite stimulants. He doubted he could finish even half of this; it was truly absurd, and perhaps beyond anyfur. But that wasn't what he was counting on. He was sure they would have used a truly reckless and unsafe quantity of the substances they'd been slipping in his food. Probably so much he'd be able to taste it, as they seemed to think him stupid.

The skunk took up his fork, tucked a napkin into the collar of his shirt, and dug in. As usual, he was extremely hungry, the stimulants bringing out depths of hunger he hadn't known were possible. He went for the pizza first, rolling up slices to get them down faster and chewing the bare minimum in order to get it all down as fast as possible. He would have liked to savor the flavors, but he couldn't count on

having time. And besides, he was right: the metallic tang was strong, though not so much so that he didn't enjoy his feast. In a way, he was only giving in to his nature.

Both large pizzas were demolished in a hurry, yet Zero only felt hungrier than ever with his appetite whetted. As more and more of the cart full of food was shoveled down the fat skunk's throat, that skunk found himself expanding. Could there be some new ingredient this time? he wondered with the next forkful of spicy chili nonetheless making its way into his muzzle. In any case, it suited his purposes. He'd planned to execute his escape later, when he'd gained more weight from this meal, but now would work just as well.

He lifted the last third of a bowl of stew and began to suck it down straight as his already impressive waist thickened further. He felt the straps digging in painfully to his visibly growing belly and pull tight against legs, even more incredibly thick than they'd been already. The huge and growing skunk guzzled down everything he could, and took heart as he felt the seams of his long since unzippable leather jacket popping. The napkin came in handy as his recently plumped up paws fumbled with the fork. Eventually, one such mishap led to the loss of the fork, the helpless fatty unable to reach it on the ground, so he shrugged his wide shoulders and used his paws or the cups from the now-empty shakes he'd chugged.

Zero focused as best he could, eating like a machine. Bite, chew, swallow... Bite, chew, swallow... Bite, chew, swallow, burp. He was a one-skunk cacophony of poor manners, not that anyone was around to hear. He felt a tightening sensation in his stomach, but pretended it was just the straps growing tighter and tighter, and pushed through the pain. Finally, halfway through a rich, creamy soup, he was rewarded with the first SNAP! as he busted through one of the restraints. The release let Zero's great belly spill free, jostling forth an unexpected BUUUUUUURRRP. He felt immediate relief in his packed stomach. It was working!

He tried not to dwell on the volume of fat now rounding him out and engulfing his whole lap and then some, though it was hard not to notice when it meant he could no longer reach his knees to try to free them. He tried, but Zero was just too fat and couldn't get his big arms around himself. But the tight, painful bonds told him he was nearly free, so Zero pulled an apple pie out of its tin and began to go at it whole. The tangy, sweet flavor danced across his tongue, and he was able to find room in his high-capacity stomach to cram in the dessert. Zero took a breather two-thirds of the way through the pie, not sure he could squeeze another bite in, and was pleased to see himself still growing from what he'd already done.

He tried pushing his legs outward and... SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! Suddenly, he was free!

Zero tried to stand up and immediately found it difficult. He pushed up with his arms and felt himself lift up a little, but... he just couldn't get to his footpaws. "Damn it...urrrp!" he said, straining with all his might. But his legs simply hadn't had time to get used to carrying around the considerably more obese skunk, and his arms lacked the power to get him up. Finally, he risked pushing himself off the chair in the hopes that his legs could take it, and... yes! With a grunt, he pushed against the ground and managed to stand. He'd be slow, but he could walk.

Zero lumbered towards the exit, breath coming laboriously and steps seeming to shake the ground ever

so slightly. Was he imagining that? He didn't care; his mind was only on freedom now. He just needed no one to see him make his escape. Blessedly, he reached the street without encountering anyone, and the door was unguarded. But then his heart dropped into the pit of his huge tub of a middle.

"Well, well, well," said a sleek, malicious voice.

Zero spun around. Of course, it was the Baroness, clad in cerulean silks. His face cycled through fear, loathing and fury.

"I suppose I should applaud your ingenuity," she said, drawing out each word. "Though it seems you've only proven my point, you licentious degenerate."

Zero collected himself and turned to his usual bluster. "I could've escaped a thousand ways," he claimed, trying to save his dignity. "I just thought I'd--BWURAAAP!" Zero grimaced and put a paw on his stuffed gut. His full green cheeks didn't show the slightest shade of red as he continued. "Thought I'd embarrass you while I was at it. A thief's pride may have caught me this time, but you're still --UUURP-- second-rate." He finished with a satisfied expression. Even in the direst of circumstances, even though he'd become quite a massive green blimp, rolls of fat cascading down his sides beneath his ruined clothes and his huge belly extending at least two feet in front of the rest of him, the skunk was in his comfort zone: being loud and brash.

"Pride is certainly something you have in spades," the badgeress snorted. "I'm going to make this simple for you, you ignorant swine. Tell. Me. Where. It. Is. And then you can leave. And I'm very, very good at spotting a liar, even one as accomplished as I'm sure you are. You have one chance."

Damn it. He couldn't do this anymore. What choice did he have? He couldn't go back in there. Being tied up again and fattened up even more... he couldn't. He had to get out, now. It was against his nature to admit defeat, but calling her bluff would just be stupid. Contrary to popular belief, he was quite clever when you got down to it. But he'd been outfoxed today. "...Corner of 11th and Hull. Ask for Konstantin."

"There," she said with a cruel smile. "Was that so hard? Now get out of my sight, if you even can." She swept away to the building across the street. Once dismissed, it was like the enormous master thief was not even there.

As he trudged away, making one of his less dignified exits to be sure, Zero considered his predicament. He'd gotten fat. Well, fatter, anyway, and tremendously so. This was definitely going to be a problem for him, but perhaps he could take it as a challenge. How would he entertain himself now? He'd have to come up with a heist so brilliant, he could pull it off despite being broader than some doorways. That would show anyone who looked down on him for being big, too. And he'd lost the stash. He'd just have to start over. Or perhaps find a way to steal it back...

"Yes. Konstantin. That's what I said, *idiot*." The bat paced impatiently as he waited for the attendant to confer with someone over the phone.

"Well, I guess I gotta take you," the attendant finally said. "I'm pretty sure I remember the guy who

rented this room. Big fella. Always boasting about the latest addition. But hey, that ain't my job." They produced a key and led the ill-tempered bat to room 224, unlocked the door, and scuttled away.

The bat opened the door, a little excited despite himself to see the collected riches.

He stepped in with a gleam in his eye, knowing he would be the one to inform his mistress of the take.

"What the... WHAT?"

Before the little bat lay a sea of small figurines, some with different decorations but the most common being the traditional red and off-white.

Matryoshka.

Russian dolls.

The bat grabbed one and opened it along the seam at the center. Inside... another *matryoshka*.

"It must be a stupid scheme. He's hidden his gems away inside these to fool an unintelligent observer into giving up. But I know better!" It couldn't be. What would he DO? The Baroness would want to know why he never thought, even once, to ask a different question. Not where... but what.

He pried open each doll until finally, the last one was small enough to just hold a small jewel. "Here it is, here it is!"

pop

...Nothing. *Nothing?*

Frantic, he grabbed another, and another, hoping against all reason that this was a trick. But eventually, he had to confront the truth. Zero's vaunted "stash," the one he talked endlessly about, his prize collection, was just that... A collection. The bat dropped to his knees, despairing.

"ZEEEEEROOOOOOOOOOOO!"