

The Curse of Thunder Canyon

Bush Rescue was a job that never ended, but when trouble was afoot, the team were always there to lend a helping hand, and a 'rang or two. This time though, Ty the Tasmanian Tiger was only just returning from a mission to find the alarm going off yet again. "Crikey, no rest for the wicked today" he sighed wearily.

Racing inside, he found that, despite a distress signal going off, both Sly and Shazza were casually playing cards. "What's going on guys?" Ty insisted. "We got a bush rescue to do!"

Sly looked up slowly, and tilted his head to the large computer screen displaying the surrounding area, with the emergency apparently coming from a long distance away from Burrumudgee. "What's that area? I've never gone that far before" the orange marsupial said loudly over the siren.

Shazza sighed as she turned the alarm off, leaving just the icon still blinking on the map. "It's called Thunder Canyon, and it's a no-go zone Ty" she explained patiently.

"Thunder Canyon?" Ty repeated, scratching the back of his head with a rang. "Never heard of that place, but there's still a rescue request coming from there."

"That's pretty much on them bro; Thunder Canyon's cursed" Sly cut in.

"Cursed?"

"Pretty much Ty" Shazza nodded. "Nobody really knows what happened, but everyone who's gone there has swollen up like a balloon and floated away."

"No way!" Ty scoffed.

"It's true bro. I've heard it happened once, back when I was working for Boss Cass. He sent one of his Frillies out to hunt there for a talisman, and he ended up in the medical facility taking up four beds" the edgy Tasmanian tiger asserted.

“But you didn’t go look?” the orange marsupial inquired.

“It was... look it was a time when I was trying to be a lone wolf; not caring about anyone. Back then I just shrugged my shoulders and said he deserved it for slacking off. But I’m telling you Ty, Thunder Canyon is no joke. I don’t know what’s out there, but there is some kind of curse to keep people away. You should listen to us and stay away” Sly warned.

“Nuts to that, I’ve got someone to save. We’ll see how tough this “curse” is when I send my rangers flying” Ty boasted, pounding at his chest and rushing off.

“Well, I suppose there’ll be one good thing about my brother coming back a balloon” the grey marsupial remarked.

“What could be good about that?” Shazza frowned.

“The Burrumudgee parade is next week. And they need a new parade balloon” Sly smirked.

The ground whizzed by below as Ty hung out the side of the Bush Rescue helicopter, with Ranger Ken at the controls. “You sure you wanna head to Thunder Canyon Ty? Everyone knows it’s cursed” the Tasmanian devil warned.

“Well I didn’t!” Ty answered back.

“They say someone went there and they-”

“Came back looking like a balloon, Sly told me. But has anyone even seen it happen?” the Tasmanian tiger rebuked.

“Well not in person, but everyone knows the place is no good Ty. There’s still time to turn back” Ken warned.

“Not when there’s someone in need of rescuing Ranger Ken. A Bush Rescuer never turns down someone in need!” Ty said proudly.

“Well, don’t say you weren’t warned” the vast marsupial shrugged as the scenery blended together.

The area was growing more rugged, more wild, and a small part of Ty was beginning to question what somebody would even be doing out in such a remote place. Still, he was Bush Rescue, and it was his duty to save those in trouble no matter where they be. The be, in this case, being a large dark canyon, with thick vines coated in thorns strangling the rock and anything they could weave themselves around. Ty had gotten a good from above, and the vines even crossed across the wide cavern, barely letting any sunlight in. It was dark and foreboding alright, but the Tasmanian tiger wasn’t afraid one bit. “Last chance Ty. This place is no joke” Ranger Ken warned from the chopper.

“No can do Ken, I got a job to do. Just keep the engine warm for me until I get back” the marsupial requested.

“You got it Ty” the Tasmanian devil said with a big thumbs up.

Swapping to his pair of Magma Rangs, Ty carefully scorched his way through the thick vines blocking the mouth of the canyon. Trekking carefully through the snarl, a chill overtook the Tasmanian tiger as he stepped into the darkness. “Cripes, I didn’t think it’d be so cold” Ty shivered as he huddled closer to his weapons.

They helped with the dim too, as the suffocating vines only allowed the thinnest of beams to shine through. It was no wonder nobody went here though, even without the threat of a curse. Dark, dreary, with a slight chill, you’d have to be totally balmy to wanna come here on anything other than a dare. Relying solely on his rangs’ glow, Ty was cautious as he moved round the smooth stone. Maybe once it had been weathered by rain water, though it was unlikely that a single drop would make it in here. Like, the vines weren’t too bad, but the black thorns with the red tips did not look friendly in the least. Wouldn’t fancy getting stung by that. The brave marsupial breathed loudly, his cool breath captured in a beam of light; and as he moved into the darkness, he failed to notice the darkness behind him as the

vines regrew around the entrance. And the deeper he went, the more unnatural the darkness seemed to grow. The vines were getting thicker, and soon he was just a ring of light surrounded by darkness. Ty swallowed, his lips feeling dry as the tiniest sounds were forcing him to turn around suddenly. *"This place is driving me nuts. A single noise is gonna make me jump outta my fur!"*

But there was light at the end of the tunnel, or in this case, light in the canyon as the area widened and grew a little lighter, with one large opening allowing enough light to let Ty see more than a foot in front of his nose. Better yet, there seemed to be someone huddled in the middle of it. "Hey!" the Tasmanian tiger called excitedly, "I'm Bush Rescue! Wait right there!"

Rushing back into the light, Ty's run became a stumble as he felt a burning across his muzzle, courtesy of a sharp thorn he couldn't see. Muttering an obscenity under his breath he rubbed at the cut. The darn thing burned and itched, but he ignored it as he made it to his ward, who was wrapped up in a thick blanket. "Hey it's Ty from Bush Rescue, are you alright?" he asked earnestly, placing a hand to where he thought the shoulder was.

Rocking it about, the only response he got was a clanking sound. Brows furrowed, he pulled on the blanket to find a small satellite device, emblazoned with- "Boss Cass" Ty snarled, stomping on the machinery and smashing it, before kicking away the remains. "I should've known that bush turkey would do something like this. Send me out into the middle of nowhere so he can do who knows what to Burramudgee. Darn, I gotta get back before he tries to take over!"

Nodding to himself, the marsupial looked about for the way he came, but the darkness was making it harder than ever. Heck, he couldn't even see a few inches in front of his nose. "What the heck? There was plenty of light out here before" Ty muttered, looking up to find the roof obstructed. "What the...?"

Something orange was getting in the way of his sight, and it was spreading out before him. Worse yet, his nose was itching like crazy, and it was feeling stuffed up as well. Gripping the obstruction, the Tasmanian tiger gasped as he squeezed into what felt like his own face. "My schnozer!" he gasped.

The front part of his face had somehow gotten all swollen; correction, actually, it was still swelling. Almost like a balloon, Ty's muzzle was getting bigger and tighter as it dwarfed the rest of his head, his view disappearing as almost everything in front of him was his big fat

nose, which wiggled irritably. Staggering about as he fumbled with his taut mug, Ty rubbed against another vine, the sharp thorns digging into heels and limbs. Flinching and pushing off them with his hands, the marsupial's teeth grit as his nostrils wiggled about. "What is happening to my face?!" Ty grimaced.

Squeezing at this swollen shnoz, it felt all tight and yet kinda puffy, like what a balloon would sort of feel like it. It was not a comfortable experience, cuz he really felt like he needed to sneeze, badly. Also, he felt like he really needed to take off his gloves, as they were feeling pretty tight. His fingers just weren't flexing like they should be, and his feet weren't feeling good either. Getting back into the light, Ty found parts of his gloves, especially the palms, had been torn by the thorns. Worse still was that his palms seemed to be forcing their way through. Hastily ripping the ruined accessories off, the Tasmanian tiger was at a loss for words as his hands seemed to be swelling up, his lithe fingers plumping up into taut round balloons. And it wasn't just there, as the bloating was running up his arms as well. Yeah he had just a little muscle, but the only thing you could find on his forearms and biceps now was just roundness. Whatever was beneath his fur was making him swell up like a darn balloon! Ty's heart was pounding as his hands got fatter, his palms wider than what his face would be if not for his gigantic puffy nose in the way. And then, for some reason, he forced himself to look down as a light bulb went off. The marsupial groaned at the state of his feet, looking more like big fluffy paw-shaped slippers. His legs too had not escaped the blight, getting thick and lacking in flexibility as they ballooned, taking up all the space in his shorts. The leg holes dug into his inflated thighs, forming a seal around them. "What's happening to me?" Ty moaned, his feet going up another shoe size and his toes barely able to wiggle.

Moving less like himself and more like a blobby snowman, Ty's hands were as big as dinner plates, with feet big enough to smash those plates with one stomp. Everything was just so tight and full, his fingers incapable of bending as they ran along to his barely flexible arms. Grunting loudly, he could just manage to reach his huge shnozzer, which dominated his view to the point he could only see about an inch in either direction. His big nose wiggled about, and he could swear he could feel air whistling out his nostrils. But that was nothing to the sudden inflation of the rest of him, and his less-than-dextrous stompers. "Cripes, this curse is no joke" he said through grit teeth.

Trying to wobble his way out of here, the marsupial's big fat foot stripped on uneven ground, sending Ty tumbling arse-first onto another vine. The Tasmanian tiger whimpered as the thorns dug into his behind. "I really... don't like this place" he squeaked as he forced himself onto his belly.

Rolling about to try and get back up, the marsupial managed a hand hold to force himself back up. Man now his butt was itching badly, just like his nose had before. "Oh no" he realized, trying to crane his neck around.

His fears rapidly came to light, as his flat behind fwomping out the back of his shorts, inflating into big fat coconuts. "Not you too!" he moaned, pressing his ham fists into his cheeks.

But the more he tried to struggle with the surging of his butt, the more it seemed to fight back, growing even faster. His flat behind was already reaching Wombashian levels of size, putting his shorts to the teeth as they **creaked** and curved around them, his deepening crack quite visible through the fabric. And then, Ty felt a little rumble. More of a quiver of the insides, but something was amiss and it was not feeling good. Doubling over he gripped his entire front with just one engorged hand, an eye twitching as the **rumbles** ran through him like one big lump. "Not here, please" he begged as the **groans** and **gurgles** surged through him.

Stampeding through his insides, Ty was forced to bend over as he could feel a powerful force build up inside his bowling ball-sized buns, and he knew he couldn't stop it.

PPPLLLBBBB! PPPLLLBBBB! PPPLLLBBBB! PPPLLLBBBB! PPPLLLBBBB! PPPLLLBBBB!

Ty's fart echoed through the canyon, to the point that, on the far side, Ranger Ken cocked an ear as he wondered what that was. But on the other end, an enormous bubble suddenly swelled up in the inflated marsupial's pants. The seal formed by his legs and waist had gotten so tight, there was nowhere for the bubble to really go. Worse still, the trapped fart was being forced around by his still-growing behind. His sweaty cheeks were taking up all the new space formed, with his pants fwomping up around his waist as that was the only way left to go. A bead of sweat formed and dripped down Ty's brow, and he braced for impact as his waistband gave way, a gust of wind blasting upwards. He was prepared to gag loudly, but the strangest thing was his fart didn't even really smell all that bad, or like much. It was actually kinda planty really; like a little dirt and the smell you get from a cut plant. "That's weird" he mused. And then.... **"BUUUWWARP!"**

His belch likewise echoed throughout the canyon, some rocks and dirt shifting off the side of the wall. What the heck was that though? The fart he kinda got, but why did he suddenly have a plant-tasting belch? Shaking his head, it kinda kept going as his inflated snoot

whipped about, his nostrils still kinda whistling from escaping air. *"I need to get out of here and get to Julius! He can fix me!"*

But stomping was even harder with his bloated size eighteen feet; heck, they were so big even his toe beans were bulging now. And his waddle wasn't aided by his hecka big booty filling up the entire seat of his shorts. It was like every inch of fabric was dedicated to just covering his blimping backside, which left little in the front and his waistband was getting pretty tight. His stomach **groaned** fiercely, before another thick and dirt-like belch blasted out of him. Looking down, he forced his muzzle aside and found, to his shock, another of those damn thorns dug into his middle. Pulling it out, it was almost like pulling the cord on a parachute, as his disgruntled and slightly pudgy middle rose like a soufflé. Ty gasped as inches of, well, not quite fat, but more like air suddenly filled up his insides. Rubbing at it with his disproportionately giant hands, the marsupial could feel bubbles brewing and surging downwards, his large booty blasting another sick beat from the "Down Unda". Ty grimaced from his waistband constricting his inflating middle; shorts suddenly seeming like a bad idea as he looked like he had eaten an entire turkey, bones and all. Gone was the trim and athletic hero, replaced by what basically amounted as an inflatable version of himself. **PPPLLLLLLRRRRRBBBBB!** The marsupial winced at that one, the back of his shorts **creaking** as the fabric was starting to give round where the thorns had penetrated them. His stripy orange cheeks pushed through, widening the holes into a sort of mosaic to the derriere. **"BUUWARP!"**

Ty's taut body trembled as his pants blew out, his enormous, sweaty cheeks forcing their way into the cool open air. Rounder than a sphere, they held a slight, almost buoyant jiggle to them. This buoyancy was best express as they vibrated from another earthy blast quaking out between them. Cripes this was beyond humiliating now, especially as to how stupidly he had fallen into Boss Cass' trap. *"I should've listened to Sly and Shazza"* he scolded himself.

Heck, as he gazed off into the dark, how the heck was he going to even make it back in this state? Because with the way his front was feeling, he was carrying one hefty spare tyre, and there was no way his massive hips and rear was going to get through the mouth of the canyon. He was trapped like a rat, and by the jiggling of his bulbous body, he knew it too. Looking up to the roof, he had some serious doubts of how he was going to get up there and out, especially with his flexibility reduced to "arthritic scarecrow". He was all kinds of wobbly like this, and his belly really wasn't feeling the best as it kept bulging. *"Maybe I could throw a rang up there as a distress beacon? Nah, I can't get Ken to chase in here after me, he'd just turn into a blimp too."*

Desperately racking his brain, Ty paced to the left, only to trip on a sudden vine that hadn't been there before. His super bloated form sailed to the nearest wall of vines, where so

many of their thorns dug into his beach ball belly. Recoiling off with several of the things stuck into him, the marsupial belched loudly, and powerfully. His big stompers slid across the smooth stone one way, only for a sudden gust out the other end pushing him the other way. And very suddenly, it all clicked in. "The ruddy thorns!" he exclaimed. "They're the curse!"

He had been so shaken up by his sudden inflation he hadn't even put two and two together, but it all made sense as his shnoz was the first thing to swell up, and it had been the first thing that was cut by the thorns. Whatever was in those things, they were making people inflate like balloons. Balloons.... Ty swallowed, as it now just occurred to him that his tum did just get jabbed about fifty times, and he was feeling a little... full. "This ain't grouse" he burbled, small bubbly burps slipping from his jaws.

Grabbing at his middle, Ty groaned from the sudden pressure, the many thorns falling from his tightening skin as his stomach surged outwards. Inches went by in seconds, building up front, sides, and back as he became the first ever Tasmanian tiger balloon. Air twisted about inside him, his sides rounding out as his vast cheeks clapped with another thunder down unda. It was beyond embarrassing at this point to be such a gas bag, but being able to vent suddenly seemed a lot better right now. Especially as he could just barely hear the hiss of running gas below him, the rest of his obscured view now being taken up by his balloon belly. It was so bizarre being so big yet so light, feeling almost like he could float away as his stumbling made him feel like he was on the moon. His innards **groaned** from all that gas as his middle started to meld into his thighs, their thickness becoming one as his big inflated groin was getting lower to the ground. And as it got lower, the rest of him got higher as the **rumbles** got deeper, more quaking while his torso rose above it. His flat chest quivered as a pair of moobs suddenly inflated, their squish rubbing together enough to cause a sudden static shock. Still, Ty could feel his body stretching as it inflated, and could only thank whatever Yowie watching over him that he was so flexible. But just how stretchy he was was another question, as his arms were puffing up now; big enough that creases formed around his elbows and shoulders, all ability to bend vanishing as he was forced into an awkward T-pose. Even his cheeks were swelling like his muzzle had, his lips squishing together from the pressure as his nose whistled just a little louder.

The marsupial was, in two words, bloody massive. His belly alone qualified for the world's largest air mattress, and his feet were probably pushing some kind of world record too. He was so tight now, and everything that was rubbing together was sort of, **squeaking**. The Tasmanian tiger truly was just a big balloon now, and the pressure was so much in his middle there was a shudder, and suddenly- **POP!** His bellybutton had finally been forced out into a big round outie sprouting off his massive middle. Ty was an absolute mockery of his former self, looking fatter than ever with such a gargantuan gut. And yet he was feeling lighter than ever, especially after his couch-filling butt trembled from another window-

smashing fart erupting out of them. *"I really should've listened"* he lamented as another belch thundered out.

He could barely walk like this, his massive stompers barely getting him forwards anymore, and every step just made him jiggle more, and upset his guts even further. Gas was basically coming out of him every few seconds now, and yet his body was still getting tighter and tighter; and above all else, bigger. His calves were swelling up enough to start covering his feet, and his arms were starting to sink into his torso. Ty's belly, especially, was bloating even faster and consuming more of his front, filling out and stretching him out as he had since doubled in height, and was still going. And then it hit him; his feet were having trouble staying on the ground now, and that wasn't just because his calves were engulfing them. There was so much air he was gently lifting off the ground, and his quick wits formed one last desperate plan. With a desperate waddle on practically just his toes, the Tasmanian tiger walked into the light, just below the gap in the vines. If this plan worked, he would be able to escape, though he just hoped somebody would be able to save him before he floated away. Or worse.... It hadn't occurred to him at the time, but there was a very real chance he could go boom. Shuddering (and farting), Ty let the gas take him, his feet leaving the ground as they started to sink into his belly, while the last of his biceps were lost among his airbag moobs. Closing his eyes, the marsupial let rip with all his might, pushing his body upwards. He kept his eyes shut as he felt the vines pull and tug at him, more thorns digging into and getting stuck in his swollen figure.

But he could feel the sun, and a nice warm arid breeze. Eyes wide open, Ty was relieved to find he had escaped Thunder Canyon, with him now floating above the nest of thorns. But now what? By the second the vines did their dirty work, his body inflating even faster now as his belly, which kept the rest of him up, was looking to be at least ten feet across now, and accelerating faster as his forearms submerged, leaving his big hands stuck in a ring of his own inflated fur and skin. His outie bellybutton swelled faster, though it was still but a pea on his pumpkin belly. Worse still, he could feel his arse getting bigger and fatter, engulfing more of his feet that had grown to become larger than his head. Ty was feeling frantic, belching desperately as thick rings of neck and moob and back formed a circle around his head. It was held back, but barely, by his watermelon-sized cheeks, but that was merely keeping it at bay. He was getting engulfed faster, getting bigger than a hot air balloon as he realized he was rising. Was this the end?! "TY!"

The Tasmanian tiger expelled large quantities of gas in shock as Ranger Ken hovered in with the helicopter. The Tasmanian devil was sweating bullets as he aimed a length of rope with a heavy rock tied to the end of it. Swinging it around he released it, the makeshift grapple managing to barely wedge itself between Ty's gigantic taut fingers. But it was enough as he managed to push them together, securing the anchor. "Don't worry mate, I'm getting you

back to Julius!” Ranger Ken called, getting the chopper into high gear as he towed his friend home.

By the time they made it back to Bush Rescue, Ty’s face had nearly submerged into his neck, his massive form as big as a house and looking taut and red. Ranger Ken pulled hard on the rope, pulling the inflated marsupial to the ground as Sly and Shazza burst on the scene with Julius close behind. “Thrmfs” Ty grunted desperately, his lips parting to unleash another heady belch.

“What did he say?” Shazza asked.

“THRMFS!” the blimp grunted, wiggling his big hands.

Something fell from a fold; a black and red thorn. “Thorns?” Sly asked, picking it up.

“Dn’t gut prikked” Ty warned.

“You may want to drop that” Julius advised, pulling out a pair of tongs.

Sly did so, the koala soon scooping the plant matter up and sealing it in a bag. “Hmm, I see” he muttered.

“Is it the reason why Ty’s a blimp?” Sly inquired.

“It’s ingenious, now that I think about it” the koala chuckled. “See inside? There’s seeds in this thorn. Now Thunder Canyon makes more sense as to why such a lovely area got consumed by those vines.”

“Is it like mistletoe?” Ken suggested.

“Mistletoe?” Shazza asked.

“Yeah, nasty stuff. Birds eat the fruit, but the seeds don’t get digested. So when they uhh, do their business, it plants the seeds on other trees so it can grow on them as a parasite” the Tasmanian devil explained. “It can be a real pest sometimes.”

“I get it” Sly nodded thoughtfully. “So the thorns make you swell up like a balloon, but some of them get stuck in you. So when you get airborne, you blow away elsewhere and drop the thorns there to grow new plants.”

“Exactly Sly. But it seems Thunder Canyon is so overrun with the things, anyone who gets affected probably pops before they can seed them elsewhere. It’s why we aren’t up to our knees in the stuff” Julius surmised.

“But can you fix Ty?” Shazza cut in, eyeing her pal that was looking a little sore as his entire bulk swelled another inch.

“Oh yes, I’ll make an antidote for the venom right after I assist Ty in letting off some excess air. Don’t want to lose him before I cure him” the koala chuckled.

The massive blimp winced as a thunderous fart echoed out of him, followed by a sudden chain of belches. “Phwoar, I think Ty’s doing a good job of that himself” Sly grunted as he held his nose and wafted at the air.

“He was doing that all the way back here” Ranger Ken said with a wry smile.

“Pity dad’s not here; he’d be so proud right now” Sly remarked.

“Oh you boys and your farts” the dingo sighed as she went off to help Julius.

“She just wouldn’t get it” the edgy Tasmanian tiger stated.

Ty grunted loudly as he swelled again, both sets of cheeks bulging before rippling from another loud ripping of gas.