

Watt sighed of relief after dumping off a large pile of scattered documents on top of the filing cabinet. He dusted his paws off with a smile on his snout. It always felt so refreshing for him whenever a project was completed. A loud whistle sounded in the lab. It was music to both their rodent ears! The scheduled cheese break was at hand, and both were eager for a nibble after a job well done. These scattered documents could be sorted or shredded later! Watt was already plotting in his mind what sorts of cheese he was going to sample for today's break. Dimm was eagerly following behind. They were both deep into plotting what to nibble on, when Dimm suddenly halted when he felt his paw step on something. The black rat scratched his head curiously. They could have sworn Watt had cleaned up all of that mental mess. Dimm tugged at his fellow rodent's lab coat and pointed towards it.

"Oh, what's this? A little scrap I missed?" Watt said as he reached down for it. Judging by its lightweight, it was probably of little significance. The moment Watt turned it over, his eyes literally bugged out of his head, gasping in shock. In bright, red, bold lettering, the words "Foghorn Leghorn" was clearly written. "Dimm! Now you put in the right mental data needed for that new Foghorn, yes?" Watt inquired. Dimm pondered for a moment, scratching his skull as if to recall the event. His expression changed to a happy smile as he eagerly nodded.

"AND you are absolutely, positively certain you put in the correct mental data we had set aside?" Watt added. Dimm once again attempted to recollect the events from earlier. He placed his paw underneath in deep thought before finally giving a big shrug. Watt face palmed, stretching out his own muzzle as his hand slid downward.

"So if it wasn't Foghorn's character we put into their noggin, what DID we put in!?"

The two lab rats scrambled out of the lab. Dimm burst out of the doorway with an oversized bug net at the ready while Watt scanned around the parking lot with a pair of binoculars. They hoped the rooster hadn't gotten too far away. They didn't need the director bursting out with rage at them for bungling up the production schedule. That short toon weasel had a large temper with too short of a fuse to go with it. After a couple of moments, Watt finally got the bird into view. He was strutting his way towards the set. Watt kept them in view carefully observing them.

"Hmmm, their mannerisms and personality were clearly Foghorn in nature. Nothing appears off model. Even their walk cycle was perfectly on point. Perhaps there was nothing to worry about." Watt was about to relax and overlook this minor mistake when he noticed something critical. Sparks began to fly out from the rooster's brain as they went stiff as a board. His eyes grew wide, almost looking blank from being put into a trance.

"Surely that's not a good sign." Watt breathed in through his buck teeth. Dimm was eager to get a view as well, pressing upon Watt's head to get a look at the distant bird. They two could only watch from their distance as the avian's symptoms began becoming more prominent. He had frozen in place and his whole body was quickly vibrating. Smoke emitted from his mind like a broken-down car. Seems like the two rats had been premature in their celebration. They couldn't present this bird as the Foghorn Leghorn to the studio in this state. The two lab rats needed to grab the rooster and do a thorough inspection and fix it before someone finds out something is wrong.

More sparks began erupting from the bird's head as they attempted to walk. He was completely unaware of his own condition, despite its severity. His whole body would rapidly tremble and shake like

a jackhammer every couple of steps, all the while having a dumbstruck grin on his face. The symptoms only got worse with each passing moment. Different parts of their body began rapidly shrinking and expanding along with an accompanying sound effect like a balloon being stretched and squeezed. Dimm and Watt were close behind, staying out of sight from the malfunctioning toon. The rooster remained unaware anything was wrong, despite his gait having to heavily adjust with every expansion and shrinkage of random body parts. Watt was hastily scribbling notes of all the conditions being displayed. Dimm gave a couple of swings at the net, signaling he was more than ready to bag the bird. Watt rolled up his sleeve to check at the watch that appeared.

"Okay. We need to get this in one go. We're already late delivering this birdbrain to the director!" He noted. Dimm gave a couple of playful waves with the net he was carrying, singalong that he was more than ready. With a nod, the two slowly crept up behind the Foghorn double. He was currently stuck in mid animation, stuttering mid-speech like a video struggling to buffer. Now was the perfect opportunity. The two rats got as close as soon they could. Watt grabbed the bug net handle to support with the capture. The two gave a mighty swing. Seconds before the net would have captured their prey Foghorn began to violently shake around once again resuming his movement.

"I say, looky here! What a lucky day! For me that is!" He bent over to pick up a shiny penny off the ground, the net missing him by a feather. Foghorn's bird butt massively ballooned up like an airbag, sending the two rats burdening into the studio walls behind them. The rooster was none the wiser as he flipped his shiny new penny before stuffing the coin into his pocket. Dimm and Watt sat in the rubble of the wall they have crashed into. Watt drummed his fingers on the ground in frustration while his fellow rodent had his tongue stuck out seeing stars.

The two cartoon rodents were not having much luck catching the flawed fowl. Any attempt to capture him would be thwarted by a glitch at the perfect time. The timing of the glitches was almost comical. It was a shame this wasn't being used for a cartoon short instead of stopping their work from being finished. Dimm pulled out a giant mallet from behind his back. The black rat knew stealth time was over, now it was time for a more forward approach. One bop on the head with this, and that birdbrain would be good as theirs.

"Excellent point there Dimm! Way to get bluntly to the point!" Watt stifled a laugh at his own joke. With a big mischievous grin, Dimm walked over behind Foghorn who was just walking into the same wall repeatedly like a fly ramming itself into a window. Dimm rubbed his paws together and lifted his giant mallet. He shook his posterior and adjusted his grip. Dimm was certainly preparing for a hard-hitting strike.

"Oh hey, there you are!" A familiar voice chimed. Dimm pulled back on his swing. It sounded like a car screeching to a halt from such an abrupt stop. It had been inches from the bird's noggin. Dimm quickly hid the hammer behind himself and began to silently whistle as he rocked back and forth on his feet feigning innocence.

"Hey! How's it going?" Barnyard dawg waved to Dimm as he passed by. Dimm gave a thumbs up with a big cheesy grin still feigning innocence.

"I've been looking all over for you! You were supposed to be at the studio by now!" The canine grabbed Foghorn by the wing. With a rough yank Barnyard Dawg began to lead Foghorn. The canine was

oblivious to the sparks and smoke coming out of the rooster's head like it was an electronic suffering from a major malfunction. Foghorn Leghorn jostled rapidly up and down with a dumb grin on his beak as he was being pulled. Dimm and Watt watched nervously as they could only watch their subject being taken away towards the studio. Foghorn got an expression on his face like wire inside his brain had snapped. He began spinning like the Tasmanian Devil.

"What duh-" Barnyard Dawg managed to blurt out before getting engulfed in the rapid spinning whirlwind. Foghorn instantly halted with Barnyard Dawg held up in a tender embrace. The canine's mouth was clueless agape and wide-eyed in bafflement.

"Oh mon cheri, my zittle rutabaga, zeh apple of mon eyes! How has I have missed you!" Foghorn spoke much differently as he wooed. It was as if he had suddenly switched to a Pepe Le Pew imitation. Foghorn kept stroking Barnyard Dawg's head, professing sweet nothings. Then, just as quickly as it started Foghorn dropped Barnyard Dawg like a piece of wood.

"I say I say what are you doing there slack jawed like you're catching flies? We don't got all day to go just sitting around! We got work to do boy!" Foghorn squawked roughly. Before Barnyard Dawg could get a chance to respond, Foghorn began dragging him by the tail.

Dimm and Watt stood by looking at each other in awe as Foghorn pulled Barnyard dog by the tail, seeming more than eager to get back to work. Barnyard Dawg had a completely puzzled expression on his face about the sudden behavioral whiplash he had witnessed. You could see the frustration clearly on Dimm and Watts faces. Dimm's whiskers twitched as his paw tapped in annoyance.

"Seems like we might have to fall back and rethink our strategy." Watt said as he began to pace back and forth. Foghorn was well on his way to the studio and any second the director would notice something was amiss with this feathery doppelganger. The two rats dreaded having to deal with the poorly tempered weasel. Their ears were ringing just thinking about the last time his fuse blew into the megaphone.

"Ugh, how could this situation get much worse!?" Watt vented his frustration. As if to answer him, the ground began to quake and rumble. Both rats braced against each other. The sounds of boards breaking and steel bending sounded. Both rats watched as they wanted a colossal shadowy figure raised out from the studio with one loud kaboom! At first, they could only make out a massive silhouette. It was hard to make out, but it almost resembled a dragon. A loud booming squawk sounded from the giant. Both Dimm and Watts rubbed at their eyes to get a better focus. Their jaws nearly dropped to the floor when they made out that the colossus was none other than the Foghorn Leghorn they had been trying to catch. It was quickly apparent that the glitch had gotten majorly out of hand. Not only their troubles had gotten much bigger, but the entire studio was now in a smoldering ruin. Watt nervously adjusted his lab collar while Dimm frantically pointed and motioned towards the towering Foghorn standing on the rubble of the studio. Foghorn was clutching his head as sparks and smoke spewed out.

Pointed horns had sprouted out from his skull while his comb now continued downward, combining with the scaly plating trailing along his spine. His large avian tail feathers had become a rather menacing and thick tail, ending with a pointed tip. Red scales spotted around his thick thighs and along his draconian tail.

The rooster dragon lifted his beak and let out a piercing combination of a squawk and roar. A giant breath of fire escaped from his beak. Both rats could feel the intense wave of heat the fire breath caused. Once they could open their eyes again, they saw the bird had torched a nearby building. It had been instantly reduced to ashes.

"Rawr I say! I say Rawr! Well lookie here! They sure don't make buildings like they used to! EheHehe" Foghorn chuckled to himself. The dragon turned his attention to another building, wiggling the digits on his talons before unceremoniously stepping on another building. Watt tugged at the scruff of fur on his head, watching the destruction. This was certainly a disaster!

"Oh the humanity of it all! All this destruction and chaos, and the mountains of paperwork we'll have to go through!" Watt lamented.

"This monstrous rampage cannot be permitted to continue!" Watt continued. Both rats tugs at their sides as if they were pulling up their belts as they stormed off to give the dragon what for. Foghorn halted mid destruction as he felt a small tap on his foot. Looking down he saw Dimm hopping on one foot while nursing his other paw. Watt was waving his arms wildly as if lecturing and chastising, but all Foghorn could hear was the sounds of high-pitched rodent squeaking.

"Hehe, cute critters, but none too bright are they! Rawr I say!" Foghorn chuckled before giving the two a burst of flame breath.

"Yipe!" Watt exclaimed as he jumped into Dimm's arms, narrowly avoiding the fire. Dimm licked his fingers and extinguished the small flame that had caught on Watt's hair tuft. The two couldn't rest easy as the oversized monster was looming over them. Foghorn lowered his head down to their level, squinting at them.

"Now why'd you go do a thing like that? Now I gotta terrorize yah more son! Rawr!" Foghorn sounded his usual cock-of-the-walk attitude. You could see the smile in his beak. Watt turned to Dimm sheepishly "I'm open to any suggestions on how to deal with this." Dimm scratched his brow in thought. A light bulb appeared overhead in a eureka moment. The black rat dug into his hammer space pocket and pulled out a large bottle of seltzer water. Dimm's tongue stuck out as he hastily shook the canister up and aimed the nozzle.

"Hehe! Lookit that! The boy is trying to use the oldest trick in the book!" The rooster pointed at the rat and turned his face to talk, as if he were speaking directly to the fourth wall. With a smug look on his beak, he bent back down to the rat's level. The double shook his head in a conceited manner, as if to boast to the rat that his trick wouldn't work. Dimm took this perfect opportunity to lift the seltzer bottle up and crashed it upon the rooster dragon's skull, sounding like the hard smack of a frying pan.

Foghorn gave a quick spin in place. His tongue stuck out in a very goofy fashion as his eyes crossed. "I say son- i say yah fight dirty!" Foghorn stuttered as he wobbled about off balance. His eyes rolled upward as he began to topple over. The dragon rooster crashed down with a quake, shaking the entire ground with one massive heavy thud. Foghorn lay in his rotund gut, stars circling around his head. Dimm and Watt needed to act fast, or the bird would go on another rampage soon. That was the last thing they needed to happen. Most of the studio had been leveled thanks to the rampage of the giant monstrous bird. Most of the wreckage had either been leveled by his talons or burnt or cinders by their breath.

"Dimm, you go retrieve the proper Foghorn Leghorn personnel files, we certainly don't need a repeat of this incident! I'll work on sorting out our rooster's behavioral problem!" Watt instructed. Dimm did a little salute and bolted off towards the lab. Meanwhile, Watt paced around the dazed bird. The rat muttered to himself, deciding the best course of action. First, he had to figure out how to cut the birdbrain to a more manageable size before he could attempt to remove these problematic files. Watt searched around the dragon, hoping to find some switch, lever, or some other such comical contraption that would solve the issue. Foghorn murmured nonsensical gibberish while in his daze. Watt scampered up on top of the dragons back hoping to get a better view of the patient. He wobbled around as it felt like he was standing on a giant inflatable bounce house. His paws sank down slightly into the cartoonish feathery mass. Luckily, the vantage point gave the perfect view. Upon closer inspection, Watt was able to see Foghorn's thick dragon tail was slightly misaligned. He slowly wobbled his way over to the tail, the footing a top the rooster being very unsteady. Watt rubbed his paws together and braced himself to yank at the draconian tail. Watt pulled with his knees and gave one hard yank.

The tail popped out like an electrical cord being unplugged. Foghorn's body began to shake and tremble. The sounds of electrical shortages and similar sound effects played. Before Watt could hop off, the rooster went careening around in the air like a wild balloon, zipping through the air wildly. The once giant dragon was quickly getting reduced as he deflated around in the air. The draconian features were disappearing while all that hot air inside of him was released. Foghorn landed with a hard thud on his bottom right in front of Watt.

"I say that's the last time I fly that airline!" Foghorn managed to say before going back in his daze. Watt began to unscrew the top of Foghorn's head as if it were a light bulb. The moment he pulled off the lid, he looked down into the nearly empty cranium.

"My you do have a lot of unused storage space up here; guess the last time we did pull out most of it!" Watt commented before reaching in and fishing around for the bad file that caused all this. It took some digging, but he managed to pull out the shabby lone piece of paper inside.

"Now, let's see what the problem is!" Watt scanned over the paper, squinting attempting to read the chicken scratch it was written in. It was so hard to read with the heavy spelling mistakes, messy writing, and smudges everywhere. Watt rubbed at his temples, trying to minimize the incoming headache.

"Egh! This someone's failed script or fanfiction? The writing in this is deplorable!" Watt's expression soured as he looked at it. He held it out like it was contaminated. Dimm had perfect timing, as he came running back waving the Foghorn Leghorn character file about.

"Ah! Dimm, perfect timing!" Watt elated. Dimm took one look at the files Watt was holding and his eyes bugged out. The black rat roughly swiped the bad documents out of his lab partner's paw and quickly shredded the file up into little tiny pieces. The confetti scattered to the winds. Dimm did his best to feign ignorance but Watt rolled his eyes at the display. He stuck out his paw and tapped his foot.

"Ahem, now for the real documents this time I hope!" Watt admonished while holding out his hand. With a huge grin, Dimm did a little 'ta da' before proudly presenting the correct document. Watt squeaked in joy, seeing the official acme seal stamped on the manila folder. It was as official as you could get. It housed all the necessary character information about Foghorn. Every single thing needed to

talk the talk and walk the walk to be the very rooster himself. Watt ran his fingers through the document, making sure everything was all sorted out. There was to be no mistakes this time.

Watt was seconds away from placing the Foghorn Leghorn documents inside and fixing their malfunctioning cartoon bird. All he had to do was place the documents inside the empty cranium and screw their comb back on. Watt had spent so much time fully confident that everything was over, he failed to notice a high speeding studio cart zooming by. All it took was one giant splash of the cart driving through a nearby puddle to utterly soak the two rats. Both rats had their lab coats and fur totally drenched. The folder that Watt carried began to crumble and dissolve until it was nothing more than a useless soggy pile of mush. Watt clenched his paw around the balled-up mess, wringing out a stream of water from it. His rational and professional behavior deteriorated away. His well-kept whiskers began to fray as his tidy fur tuft got raggedy. His breathing got heavy as water began evaporating off him from his burning anger. It wasn't until a familiar voice grabbed at the rat's attention.

"I say I say what's all the commotion out here! You're all giving me a headache!" It was the original Foghorn! He had a giant ice pack applied to his throbbing brain. Somehow, he had managed to stumble his way out of the lab and avoid all of the earlier chaos. Both Dimm and Watt stared at the rooster who had unceremoniously appeared at both the best and worst timing.

"Dimm, this is generally your territory, but would you mind terribly if I had a crack at it?" Watt expressed in an exceedingly polite tone. Dimm gave a small bow and motioned him to go ahead.

"Oh good!" Watt said calmly. Despite his upbeat and polite tone, you could feel the menacing intent behind his words. In the same manner as one pulls out a switchblade, Watt brandished a plunger.

"I say boy, what's all the hubbub about? I-" before Foghorn could finish, Watt silenced him with the plunger to the beak, dragging him over to the replica. He began roughly shoving Foghorn headfirst into the empty cranium. It was like shoving a giant inflatable back into the tiny packaging it came from. Stuffing him in with pushing seemed ineffective. Watt crawled up on top of the original's posterior. The giant pear-shaped rump was exceedingly stubborn going in. The rat jumped furiously down upon it repeatedly in an attempt to cram the entire body of the original Foghorn into the tiny little space.

"Down! down! down! In! In! In!" Watt yelled with each jump. Each shove inched the bird further in. He had to take a moment to wipe the sweat off his brow, being unused to such physical exertion. He had crammed most of Foghorn inside their double, all that was left was the oversized posterior that was sticking out. While Watt was taking a momentary rest, a black light bulb sparked above Dimm's head. He fished out a pencil from his jacket and held up his hand to signal to give him a moment. Watt saw this and hopped off from standing on top the large chicken posterior he was perched on. Dimm licked the tip of the pencil and scribbled something across Foghorn's exposed gigantic rear. Before Watt could question as to what they had just scribbled, Dimm gave one hard shove against the real Foghorn's rear. It let out a popping sound as it squeezed the rest of the way in. Dimm slammed the top of the Foghorn double's skull back on and gave it a hard spin to lock it into place. The Foghorn doppelganger's noggin was swollen from the large mass that had been shoved in. His eyes flickered on like a computer monitor's as a loading bar appeared on them. The bar quickly filled up and once the download had finished, the words "Congrats, you are now 100% Chubby Chicken!" flashed a couple of times before the mass filling Foghorn's brain began to diminish, it rapidly shifted down causing the doppelganger's already generously portioned figure to swell out further, leaving him looking far more pleasantly plump

than the original. With a big smug grin on his face, Dimm dusted off his paws with a job well done. It was done with perfect timing. The Foghorn double rubbed at his aching head as he slowly awoke from his daze.

"OooOoo, ever get the feeling yah just have something crammed into your brain?" Foghorn muttered out. Dimm and Watt gave skeptical looks at Foghorn.

"Ah yes, How are you feeling at this moment Mister... ?" Watt questioned as he closely examined him with a magnifying glass. He was intently looking for any signs of glitches.

"Foghorn's my name, don't wear it out kid!" Foghorn spoke as he gave Watt a hard slap on the back. This rough hit nearly knocked the rat over.

"As for how I'm feelin', fine I suppose, 'cept for my achin' noggin. I say, I say my noodle feels like a nail that just got right too friendly with a sledgehammer and more stuffed than a thanksgiving turkey!" Foghorn continued. No signs of sparks, smoke, or other such glitches seemed to be appearing. Dimm and Watt nodded to each other. This was certainly Foghorn alright.

"And speakin' of stuffed birds, seems like I put on a few extra lbs when I wasn't lookin'." Foghorn scooped up his extra large belly in his arms and gave it a playful jiggle.

"Guess I might have to lay off the buttered corn bread for a bit." Foghorn said with a laugh, but as he gave his stomach another shake and found that he enjoyed the feeling of his squishy belly fat ripple and quiver, he then murmured to himself quietly,

"Then again..."

The three were suddenly startled by a loud honking sounding from behind them. All three turned to see the not-so-mild mannered weasel hopping out of his parked limo with Barnyard Dawg following behind him.

"Oi! You cheese heads! What took you'se so long! We had ta take an unscheduled lunch break cause of you'se two were slow getting him back ta us!" The weasel angry tapped his foot. Though despite his temper, he seemed completely oblivious to the destruction that had been wrought to the studio grounds.

"Ah yes, sorry we ran into ... complications." Watt bit his lip, not wanting to explain the situation in full detail.

"Does it look like I cares about anything other than results!?" The weasel shouted, practically lifting himself off the ground by the force of his voice alone. The temperamental weasel glared at Foghorn. At first, both rats thought they had been caught, Dimm and Watt began to nervously sweat. The weasel's eyes narrowed as if in suspicion.

"Hey, Birdbrain looks like he's been snacking too much on dah popcorn again, next time keep him away from that stuff!" He rudely remarked as he prodded at the large chicken pudge with his finger, then gut pressing in with each jab. It was as if he was poking at a giant marshmallow. The director flicked his beret upward, continuing his rant in his booming voice.

"You! Rooster! On set! NOW!" He ordered before storming off to the wreckage of where he was last filming.

"Lovely fellow, ain't he? Ah heeheehee." Foghorn chuckled, causing his large belly to jiggle, as he began to strut his way off to work, his extra-large bottom and tail feathers swaying with each step he took. Both Dimm and Watt breathed a sigh of relief. Happy that this was all over. Just as Watt was resting on the laurels of a job well done, his eyes managed to catch a small glimpse of something as Foghorn Leghorn and Barnyard Dawg were walking next to each other. He couldn't quite put his paw upon it. Something felt slightly off about how Foghorn was walking alongside the dog. He was slowly moving in closer to his canine co-star. Foghorn looked around, making sure no one was watching. He reached down and gave a playful pinch of the cartoon dog's smooth rump. Dawg jumped up with a loud 'yipe'. The moment he landed, he quickly searched around for the culprit. Foghorn whistled and played innocent while he strutted on ahead. Watt turned to Dimm with a raised eyebrow and stern face. Dimm gave a silent laugh before giving a mischievous wink.

"I hope your incessant shipping doesn't cause any more trouble like that again, you cheesy romantic." Watt sighed as he shrugged at his fellow lab rat's antics.