

It was another dull rainy day. The drab gray clouds filled the sky. It didn't seem like there'd be a break in the weather anytime soon. It has seemed like it has been like this all week. Lucky was getting a bit tired of it. He was starting to feel a bit cooped up inside. At the very least his friend Mogg was visiting. That has been his only visitor at his hut all week. The company eased the doldrums of the dreary weather.

Mogg sat at the countertop idling sitting by. He wore his usual attire, A black button-up shirt with a red undershirt underneath. Lucky was busy with an inventory checklist of his alchemical supplies. He was wearing his typical lab attire for his work.

"Tough break about the weather! Seems like it's not going to be letting up anytime soon!" Mogg said, giving idle chatter. Lucky grumbled a bit.

"I'm running low on supplies. I'll have to go gathering rain or shine soon." The prospect of gathering herbs and mushrooms in the pouring rain was not an ideal situation.

"Well, if there's a break in the weather while I'm here, I'll help you with your foraging!" Mogg offered. His friend nodded with a grin.

"Well if there is any, I'll hold you to that!" Lucky laughed, knowing the likelihood of sunshine was slim today. However, the prospect of being outside sounded so good right now. He wanted nothing more than to get out of his hut for a couple of hours and enjoy the outside a bit.

As if to answer that wish, a strange noise began to fill the room. The two men jumped up in fright at the spontaneous surprise. Crackling, fizzing, and whirling sounds grew louder as a strange blue light appeared. Mogg was eyeing the strange magical appearance with a rightful caution. Sudden appearances of magic were never a good sign.

Lucky was more familiar with these noises. While they had come as an initial shock, he was now looking with curious interest. The sounds only grew more intense as the light grew bigger. Papers went flying. Shelves and their contents rattled. Magic continued to swirl and form. Then in one last burst of magic, it finally took shape. A large triangular gate in the middle of Lucky's lab.

"What the heck even is that thing?" Mogg shouted in surprise.

"That would be an Omenpath, although strange for one to appear here!" Lucky scratched his chin as he stared at the portal with scientific curiosity. He had gone through these several times before, but one appearing in his lab was a new experience. One would never know where they would lead besides an alternate plane of reality.

The two eyed at the strange portal. It was hard to take your eyes off the ever-twisting fluctuations of magic swirling about. A constant motion and flowing in on itself like some kaleidoscope. It was as mesmerizing to watch as watching a campfire burn. Mogg who was distrustful of this appearance couldn't help but watch with curiosity.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Let's go!” Lucky laughed as he was grabbing his gear. The glass tinctures and potion bottles clanged together as he lifted his pack. Mogg shook his head and looked at his friend like he was crazy.

“You want us to go into that thing?” Mogg pointed at the planar portal. The loud and swirling gateway hummed and crackled. It was easy to see why he thought it was a bit ominous, especially with that name.

“Yeah, it's safe! Especially since I'm around! It shouldn't lead to anywhere immediately dangerous. Besides, you DID offer to help me with some gathering!” Lucky tossed an extra backpack over. Mogg opened his mouth but found nothing to retort back with. A promise was a promise after all!

The two stood right in front of the portal. They were standing side by side ready to go in. Lucky stood just a hair taller between the two. They could feel the slight tugging sensation from the magic attempting to draw them in. He was busy doing one last inspection of his bag before turning to his friend.

“Looks like everything is here! Okay! Ready?” Lucky said as he took a step forward.

Mogg hesitantly nodded, unsure about walking into some unknown place. Although he trusted his friend to know what he was doing. Lucky was the first time to step inside, followed behind by Mogg. He didn't want to risk getting separated by his reluctance.

The bright blue light was almost blinding. Everywhere you looked there was the cyan colored magic whirling and crackling around. Keeping their eyes steady was difficult. The ground rotated in a spiral-like fashion. Occasional glimpses of images passed by. Small peaks into other realities and planes of existence. It was like looking at a broken mirror into other planes of existence. Although the images faded too fast to make much comprehensible sense. It was all a rapid blur of visions.

Lucky was the first one through the portal. Stepping down onto the firm ground of the plane. He conducted a quick survey to check for any nearby danger. It seemed to be an empty clearing surrounded by a dense thicket. Once he deemed it safe enough he turned back to the Omen portal.

“See? Nothing to it!” Lucky grinned as he watched Mogg stumble through the portal.

“Easy for you to say! Those things should come with a motion sickness warning!” Mogg said as he tried to steady himself.

“Woah!” Lucky shouted in awe. He was only taking notice of the scenery around him now.

“Mogg, take a look!” Lucky pointed to the landscape they walked into. The two’s jaws almost dropped. What they had mistaken for a dense forest brush were blades of grass. Grass that stood taller than both of them combined. Dandelions swaying with the breeze were the size of trees. Everything around them was so staggeringly massive. What they had taken for a cliff was a colossal oak tree they couldn't quite make out the top of. The idyllic forest scenery was breathtaking. It was like walking into some cozy fable filled with magic and adventure.

“Did ... did we shrink?” Mogg managed to ask. Despite the beautiful surroundings, the towering foliage was concerning. Lucky shook his head.

“No, sometimes you can undergo temporary transformations when going through the Omenpath. Your size stays relative to your own plane... everything here is just really REALLY big!” Lucky explained as he continued to survey. He had gone adventuring several times in other planes but he hadn't come across any place like this before. Although there was something familiar about it. Like remembering some whispered rumor. Something about a special land with unique inhabitants. He scratched his chin in thought but struggled to recall what it was. He shrugged. Perhaps he'd think of it later. For now, there was exploration. Oh, and work. Almost forgot about that.

The two kept gawking at all the grass, weeds, and bushes. It was hard not to get caught up gawking at everything, especially when this perspective was so new.

“Wait, what happened to your lab coat?” Mogg was the first to notice. He pointed at Lucky’s outfit which had changed once they had gotten here. The alchemist’s lab coat he was wearing had been replaced with an open green vest and pants. Acorn decorations adored his outfit as embellished shoulder pads. Even the glass potion vials he carried in his pack took on an acorn shape to them. Lucky looked down blushing seeing his exposed belly displayed out in the open.

“Huh? Oh yeah, sometimes clothing and other items change to match the world. Look, yours have changed as well!” He said pointing back with a chuckle. Mogg glanced down with a startle. He had been caught up in everything else around him to notice. His casual clothes had taken on a more fanciful look to them. The outfit had become a deep burgundy adventurer's petticoat. Golden trimmed fabric lined the shirt's edges. The flat cap he had gone in with was now a wide-brimmed bard hat complete with a feather adornment. All the buttons and ruffles made Mogg feel a bit foppish and silly. At the very least it was shockingly comfortable despite the ensemble's appearance.

“At the very least we’re fit to be adventuring around and shouldn’t stick out too much if we come across any of the locals. Although I hope I don’t look too stuffy wearing this thing.” He wasn’t used to wearing such formal adventure wear.

“Oh don’t worry, they’ll change back when they return. It’s only temporary so have some fun!”

Once they had gotten used to their new wardrobes, they began to wander around the small clearing. Mogg took a deep breath of the clean pure air. The apprehension he was feeling had since melted away. This place seemed to be filling him with an excited vigor. He found it hard for himself to sit still.

“Well, it certainly doesn't LOOK dangerous here. Actually, this seems pretty awesome! Are we able to go off and explore?” Mogg was already starting to wander off while asking. It was hard to fight the urge to run off. Lucky chuckled at his friend’s excitement. It was good to see him having fun already.

“Let's just try to stick together though!” Lucky called out. Yet Mogg was already several paces ahead. He felt just as exhilarated to explore as well. There was something about this place that made him feel vibrant and full of energy. Little did he know the extra vim and vigor weren't the only change. Lucky scratched at his ear, unaware of the purple strands of hair sprouting into tufts onto his ears. Each one formed into a fine pointed tip.

Mogg hadn't gone far. He had immediately gotten distracted inspecting a wild berry bush. The remarkable thing was the fruit it bore was about the size of a large watermelon. He had carefully managed to pluck one from the prickly bush and was holding it in both arms.

“You think it's safe to eat?” he questioned holding up the berry to his friend.

Lucky inspected it very closely. The fruit was a glossy black covered in delectable drupelets. He was certain of his identification of the morsel. Yet it's always good to double-check and ensure. The alchemist leaned in closer for a sniff. His nose twitched as he took in the mildly sweet scent. Immediately his mouth began to salivate at the earthy aroma of the large treat.

Perhaps just one more test! He had to be certain! The best way to be sure was with a taste test. Lucky couldn't help himself by giving it a quick nibble. The familiar taste of a blackberry filled his mouth with its juices.

“Yup! This is definitely a wild blackberry alright!” Lucky managed to say before taking another large nibble of the fruit.

“Woah! This thing is a blackberry!? It's bigger than my head!” Mogg rapidly motioned with his hands. Already this place was seeming more fantastical and magical by the second. He turned towards the bushes to find another one of his own to snack on.

Lucky was busy chowing down on the tasty ripe fruit. Biting down into the treat was easier thanks to the two front teeth growing large and bucktooth like a rodent's. His nose twitched in between bites as his face slowly pushed out into a short muzzle. The animalistic facial features were starting to become more apparent. Deep Purple fur had overtaken his entire face, making him look pleasantly fluffy. Yet, the alchemist was too caught up in the sweet taste of his snack to notice the changes that were happening. Instead, he mirthfully kept munching, oblivious as to what was going on.

Mogg was busy around the corner attempting to pull one down off a high above stem. He had gotten extremely lucky the first one was so close to the ground before. All the others were so high up. Even on his tiptoes, he struggled to wrap his fingers around the succulent berry. He stretched for every bit of reach he could muster. Only the slight itching down his back was distracting him from his prize. He ignored the slight irritation and continued to reach forward. His whole body stretched for every inch it could muster. There was a small popping sound. All along his spine there was a release of tension, like when you pop your knuckles. Finally, he got a good enough grip with his fingers thanks to an unnoticed small spurt in height. With a steady grip, he managed to pluck the fruit off the sturdy stem. The sudden release sent him falling backward. The tumble landed him right onto his bottom with his prize landing safely into his lap.

Lucky's tall tufted ears twitched as he heard the excited holler of victory. Lucky couldn't help but chuckle at his friend's enthusiasm. It was good to hear him having fun. Lucky had already half finished the berry he'd been continuously nibbling on. It was hard to put it down. Although it was about time to get to work. As much as he'd like to frolic. There was work to be done. After all, he'd come to gather more than just food. Lucky shifted his shoulders to get access to his bag.

"Guuuurple. Grumble" His stomach called out. Despite having eaten well past what he would for a meal, his stomach was hungry for more.

"Well, I suppose a couple more bites couldn't hurt!" He picked his bag back up. It seemed he was going to finish what he started. Lucky sheepishly indulged his grumbling tummy. While he was savoring his treat, he was unaware of the effects satiating was having. His gut grew bigger with every bite. Dense soft fluffy purple fur spread across the swelling stomach.

Yet despite how fast his frame was rounding out, Lucky still kept stuffing his fuzzy cheeks. The more he snacked on, the bigger of a gut he grew. Pound after pound filled his frame. From his gut, arms, thighs, and legs. His whole body was filling out rather quickly with hefty weight. What had once been a very loose vest now appeared several sizes too small. The pants were looking rather snug, especially around the waist they tightly hugged.

Meanwhile, Mogg was busy collecting more fruit for later. He had managed to free another fruit from the prickly bramble bush. Once the berry was in the pack he absentmindedly wiped at his wet nose. His ears started to grow and round out into semicircles. The light skin on

it has blotched into a deep jet black and was changing shape to be more animalistic. It seemed he too was unaware of the effect this plane was having on him. Mogg looked upwards to gather more delectable treats. One of these would probably be enough to fill a whole pie or produce a lot of jam! He couldn't pass up an opportunity like this! Mogg stretched out to reach the high-hanging fruit. He had found it getting progressively easier of a task thanks to his lengthening torso.

Lucky was almost done polishing off his meal to satiate his growing appetite. The alchemist's belly had gotten rounded out past a large potbelly. The once loose-fitting green vest was a couple of sizes too small now. The vest only served to accentuate the fat belly all the more. Already most of his torso and face were coated in the thick purple fur spreading across his body. His underbelly was a light lavender color while the rest was a deep shade of purple. It was thanks to this eye-catching color that Lucky was able to notice his oversized belly. It was prominently displayed out in the open. His squirrel nose rapidly twitched up and down as he stared in awe at his hefty frame. The layer of purple fuzz was what first caught his attention. His hands gripped his love handles to confirm this was all real. The fur was exceedingly soft and pleasant to the touch.

It was here he also noticed the sudden weight gain. There was quite a lot of it too. How had he not realized it? His hands pushed into his gut. It was surprisingly both firm and squishy. It was like kneading dough in his mitts. Now that he was looking at it he could feel the extra pounds on his frame weighing him down. It was a strange sensation of comfortable bulkiness. Despite its heaviness, it made him feel more sturdy and warm.

"Oh gosh!" Lucky whispered in both fascination and slight embarrassment. It must have been more than fifty extra pounds at least! The doughy stomach jiggled with every one of his movements. His fingers kneaded and squished it around like a stress ball. His face was bright red when he realized he was playing with his bulky belly. It was hard for him not to get wrapped up in watching and toying with it.

The changes happening to Mogg were more subtle than his friend's. Perhaps Lucky was far more attuned to planeswalking. That or it was the result of walking out of the portal first. Yet the signs were starting to show that this plane was starting to affect Mogg as well. The most prominent was his lengthened torso, giving him almost a slight tube shape to his chest and belly. It was thanks to this that he kept absentmindedly tugging his shirt to cover his exposed midriff. He just assumed these new clothes weren't fitted properly. Although it was thanks to these bulky clothes that fur growing on him had gone unnoticed. White cream-colored hairs grew alongside the underbelly. Meanwhile, dark brown pelt spread across the back.

Mogg had finished stuffing another berry down into his pack. Four should be more than plenty! It was best to not fill the entire pack full of food. There had to be room for herbs and other forageables they had yet to collect. The entire backpack wasn't meant for food, but a large majority could be! Mogg looked around at his surroundings. In his haste, he had wandered off

farther than he expected. Probably not his smartest move. Even if it felt safe. It wasn't a good idea to be separate for too long. Especially not in a different plane of existence. Oops!

It was time to meet back up with Lucky. Mogg picked one last berry to share with his friend before heading back. The silky brown fur that had engulfed his skin underneath his clothes. Traces of it were starting to peek out from underneath his collar and sleeves. It still wasn't enough to draw attention to itself. What was noticeable was the tip of a pointed snout started to form on his face. Yet Mogg was too consumed with this wondrous place to take notice of anything else. The changes happening to his body went unnoticed. Even the twitching of his tailbone was neglected as he searched for his friend.

Lucky was still staring down at his sizable gut. His eyes had been glued to it this whole time. Seeing it wobble like a waterbed with every squish of his hand was mesmerizing. Wait. Was it growing bigger? Lucky blinked, making sure he wasn't imagining things. Somehow it felt heavier in his grasp. He gave it a couple of testing jiggles. As if reacting to the movement, it expanded out in a quick puff. Another couple of pounds had instantly amassed while he was watching. Really? It was growing bigger? How much bigger was it going to get? Lucky was already looking overly plump. As if to answer his question, his stomach expanded out again. It let out a loud growl as if it hungered for more to continue its growth.

Lucky was so caught up in the sudden bulk, he'd completely forgotten the rest of him was still changing. The back of his pants was starting to tent from his tailbone pushing out. Nor did he notice the purple fur was continuing to spread across his body. It had already overtaken his entire head and torso and was now spreading down his arms. The pelt spread like a wave, traveling down his forelimb. He could also feel the tingling sensation in his legs. Soon there wouldn't be a bald patch of skin on him. The thick and fullness of the fur didn't help his overweight appearance. The denseness of it made him look all the larger and heavier, almost helping to exaggerate his shape.

Although he hadn't the time to focus on that as a sudden noise started him. His tufted squirrel ears twitched as they tilted toward the direction of the noise. When it sounded again he immediately recognized the voice that called out to him.

"Hey Lucky, you there?" The voice was getting closer. Not wanting to look like he was slacking off, Lucky stuffed the rest in his mouth. He quickly and licked the last bits of berry juice off his hands to hide the evidence.

"Woah, Lucky? Is that really YOU? What happened!?" Mogg shouted, nearly dropping the fruit he was carrying. The sight of his friend looking more like a giant squirrel than a man had startled him. It had mostly been a surprise, yet there was more amusement in his voice than concern. Lucky blushed as he tried to swallow down his meal before speaking. Just as he opened his mouth to speak a loud rip sounded behind him. A long bushy tail burst through the seat of his pants. The massive squirrel's tail flicked about after it had been freed of confinement.

“Well, I did say that traveling to different planes can have transformative effects!”

“Yeah, “some” effect! I almost didn’t recognize you looking like that!!” Mogg casually joked. This wasn’t the first time Lucky had transformed in front of him, and it wouldn’t be the last.

Mogg continued to stare at his friend. Lucky was more squirrel than human at this point. The entirety of their face had completely changed by this point. The purple fur had spread along most of his body, leaving only his hands and legs untouched for now.

“Hey, it’s only temporary while we’re here.” Lucky reminded him. Despite the initial surprise of the change it wasn’t unwelcome. It made exploring the plane all the more exciting and fun. Especially since he’d have a new shape to adventure around with!

“Besides, it feels kind of nice actually! It’s all warm and fuzzy.” Lucky added.

It was hard for Mogg to keep a straight face seeing his friend’s tail swish around as they talked. It was amusing to see it move about with a mind of its own while Lucky was unaware of its distracting movements.

“Well, you certainly ended up quite the big squirrel there! And I thought I was being greedy for picking a bunch of berries. You’ve already had your personal picnic from the looks of it!” Mogg teased. He gave Lucky’s belly a quick pat; it made a faint deep drum sound from the light touch. Lucky’s face went flush for only a moment until he noticed Mogg’s changes.

Lucky tried hiding a smirk. His hand quickly covered his buck-toothed grin. It seemed that for the teasing Mogg was giving, he was unaware of his changes into a critter. Mogg’s face had pushed into a distinctive pointed snout, the kind you’d see on a weasel or ferret. The more Lucky stared at it, the funnier it got. How had they not noticed yet? The thing had to be poking into their center of vision. It was getting hard for Lucky to stifle his snickering.

“What’s so funny? My joke wasn’t that amusing...” Mogg looked confused as he watched Lucky snickering to themselves.

“You’re looking pretty fuzzy yourself there bro!” Lucky teased back, unable to resist himself any longer. Mogg gave a confused look before looking down and finally noticing what was right in front of his face.

“Huh?” Mogg gasped aloud as he reached his paw up to feel at his muzzle. Wait, paw? Mogg paused for a moment upon seeing his changed hand as well. His nails had been replaced with black sharp claws. His digits were fuzzy. The sudden animal features had caught him completely off guard. He stood there dumbstruck for a bit in awe. As if to break him out of the stupor, a long thin tail sprang out from the seat of his pants. It thrashed around having freed itself from the confines of the stuffy pants.



Mogg glanced back at his sleek long mustelid tail. Seeing and feeling it move about to and fro was quite the experience. Truth be told he had gotten a tad jealous when he had seen his friend's tail. Now he had one all of his own. Sure, Mogg should be concerned about the sudden changes to his body, yet there wasn't any fear. He was more curious and excited. Besides, he recalled what Lucky had said earlier. This was all temporary. So why not enjoy it while it lasts? That's when he remembered the berry he had been carrying.

"Well, I guess since you already started the picnic, might as well enjoy it! You didn't get too full did you?" Mogg said as he split the fruit in half and handed off half to his friend. Lucky's belly let out another loud rumble as if to answer the question for him. Despite having just had a large filling, Lucky had yet to feel full. Perhaps it was the dessert-like sweetness that spiked his hunger. Regardless he took the offering and began to happily munch. With each bite, his belly swelled bigger and larger. It didn't take long before the once pudgy squirrel was sporting a larger more rotund swollen gut.

"You must be getting ready for the winter with that appetite!" Mogg lightly teased before taking his first bite. The juices rolled down his muzzle with a sweet yet tart flavor. He was quick to go in for a second, and third nibble. Unbeknownst to him, Mogg's shirt began to grow tighter along his stomach. Buttons strained as the fabric grew taut. With only a couple of bites, his belly was rounded out into a noticeable potbelly. Lucky grinned upon seeing his friend's increased weight.

"You're packing on quite the winter weight yourself! Looking like quite the stout stoat!" Lucky taunted back with a teasing laugh. Mogg's face went red as he looked down at his engorged stomach. The furry belly poked out from underneath the tight-fitting garment for all to see. His paws immediately tugged down his shirt to cover his new gut. The act accomplished little, the petticoat kept riding back right back up. Instead, all it was accomplishing was to jiggle the new pudgy mass as it grew in size. His once tube-shaped body now comically resembled a gourd.

Mogg stood staring and holding his bulky stout stoat belly in his paws. He held the folds like they were an oversized hamburger. With a testing couple of squeezes, he confirmed it was quite real.

"Gosh, we really let ourselves go and fast" Mogg blurted aloud. The forest got quiet. Only the gentle rustling of the leaves sounded. At first, a smile crept up on Mogg's face. Then he began to laugh. Lucky found himself joining in. The two had a big jovial chuckle. Their bellies jiggled with their merriment. It was hard not to find their situation amusing. They had both become rotund woodland critters. Not only that but the resource excavation had turned into a picnic frolic in the cozy woods. Not the worst turn of events. A favorable one at that!

"Well, since we've stopped for a bit, might as well finish our snacks huh?" Lucky said, raising his berry as if to toast with it.

“Sounds like a plan to me!” Mogg mirrored the motion. The two critters sat down enjoying the rest of their improvised luncheon.

The newly made squirrel and stoat sat in the clearing. Both were sitting off their meal and enjoying the nice weather. The sun felt warm and comforting on their fur. Their tails swished about as they lazily reclined. Lucky nursed his engorged stomach with his paw. He enjoyed how round and full it felt. The heaviness was like a weighted blanket, making him want to nap. The squirrel let out a huge yawn. Everything felt so wonderful. The way his new body felt. How content the surroundings made him. Everything felt so fresh and new. His bushy tail slowly swished about in contentment.

His stoat friend was anything but tired. Mogg’s tail swished about in an eager energy. The curious mustelid was all too excited to see what other wonders were around this place.

As if picking up his restlessness Lucky chimed.

“You ready to go explore some more?” He didn’t need to wait for a response. Mogg immediately stumbled his way up to standing. His bulky frame made him rather awkwardly clumsy. The stoat groaned as he heaved his new weight around to fully stand up.

“Phew, guess I’m not used to carrying all this extra weight yet. Need help up?” Mogg offered his paw to his friend. Lucky grasped it for assistance to stand up. With a quick pull, the squirrel was standing as well. The two dusted themselves off from having laid on the ground.

As Lucky finished picking up his bag, something of interest caught his eye. In the distance, a tree that towered over the rest caught his eye. He squinted his eyes and leaned forward to get a better look. A colossal tree stood out from the rest of the treescape. Instead of the usual pines and oaks, this was a humongous willow tree that stretched into the sky. It even seemed to glow compared to the other trees. Wait, those were lights!

Lucky squinted harder, trying to focus in on the central tree. Lucky took a couple of steps forward, ensuring he wasn’t seeing things. Not only was there light, but movement as well. A lot of it at that! It appeared to be a city brimming with all sorts of inhabitants of various walks and crawls of life! From birds, and rodents to amphibians and lizards, it was brimming full of diverse life. Lucky motioned over to Mogg and pointed it out. Immediately, the two needed to go get a closer look.

It didn’t take long for them to pass by the first inhabitants of this plane on their journey towards the big tree. A friendly-looking bluebird was walking alongside a mouse companion of theirs. The duo of critters greeted the former humans.

“Good day, travelers! Are you heading towards the Three Tree City?” The Bluebird asked. Lucky and Mogg looked at each other for a second. The animals they had met seemed friendly enough.

“Oh, Uhh I guess so! We’re new around here and were out on a gathering expedition and happened to notice it!” Mogg explained, reluctant of how much he should be saying to strangers. Lucky took over.

“Do you know if there’s a good place to pick up local herbs?” Lucky asked. The bluejay scratched his beak in thought for a moment.

“There's a couple actually. I prefer the one on the east side of the city! If you enter the city and go left at the third root, you can't miss it.” The Bluejay said as he waved about his wing and pointed in the general direction. Their mouse companion squeaked up.

“Oh! That's where my uncle works! You both should stop by his stall while you're there! He sells all sorts of baked goods there. From the looks of it, you both look like you'd enjoy trying a couple of samples!” The mouse giggled as both the chubby critters' bellies rumbled at the mention of food.

“Oh, thanks! We'll be certain to stop by!” Mogg blushed as he attempted to tug his shirt down in an attempt to quiet his stomach.

“It's a pretty big city, but if you get lost, just squeak at the nearest critter. Everyone there is pretty happy to help out!” The mouse added.

“Thanks again for your help!” Lucky added. The two waved to their new acquaintances before heading toward the Three Tree City. Both were eager to further explore and meet more of these charming charming locals.