Chapter One:  
“Great work everyone!” Ryder said as the returning team parked their vehicles. “Another successful rescue for The Paw Patrol.”  
“No thanks to Rocky.” Zuma glared. Rocky looked back annoyed.  
“No fair, you know I hate getting wet.” He retaliated.  
“Come on dude,” Zuma jests, “it’s just a joke.”  
Rocky rolls his eyes and watches as the rest of the pups exit their vehicles, Rubble stumbled out of his bulldozer and hopped over to Chase, Zuma, and Ryder who were already heading up the elevator. The final vehicle came to a stop, a big red thing that starts with F and ends with U-C-K, a firetruck! Out hopped Marshall and Rocky trotted up to meet him.  
“Hey Marshall!” Rocky yipped excitedly.  
“Oh,” Marshall turned to speak. “We still on for tonight?”  
“Yup, the reservations are all set. It’s kind of surprising how much a little fame goes towards getting freebies.” He smiles smugly.  
“What are you two talking about?” Skye interrupts.  
“Oh!” Marshall speaks up. “Rocky got us reservations at that new restaurant down on fourth, they’re supposed to have the best buffet in all of Adventure Bay.”  
Rocky started to just imagine the metal trays full of fresh Italian meatballs, juicy hamburger steaks, and an unlimited Soft-serve Ice cream machine, he drooled at the mere though. Skye looked at him, slightly concerned.  
“Well,” She turned to head upstairs, “knock yourselves out kids.”  
“We’re all kids here.” Rocky protested. “You know that, right?”  
“Whatever you say kid!” She shouted as the elevator vacated her from the room before they could respond.  
“What time is the reservation again?” Marshall asked.  
“It starts at six-fifteen, but we can show up early.”  
“Really?” Marshall tilted his head. “It’s only five-forty.”  
“I’ve spent enough time driving for one day.” Rocky admitted. “I thought a nice walk would be good. You know; fresh air.”  
“Honestly, if a small walk under the stars is the price I pay for free food, that’s not unreasonable. Besides…” Marshall’s face turned to a comic grin. “Exercise makes it less calories.”  
“It’s technically the same number of calories, you’re just burning extra so the effect is mitigated.”  
“That one went right over your head.”

Marshall joked.  
“Nothing goes over my head, my reflexes are too fast, I would catch it.” Rocky returned, quoting Guardians of The Galaxy.  
The two pups laughed and began walking under the night sky, the stars illuminating their path. And yet, beyond the stars, a dark adversary was plotting their attack, and the pups wouldn’t be safe for long.

Chapter Two: Green Mitosis Duplicating Gelatinous Blobs  
A large spacecraft is making its way across the Milky Way. Not your typical spacecraft, nor a flying saucer. This one looks more like a long dart with a spherical tail. In the tail is a large biosphere, inhabited entirely by green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blobs. They multiply faster than tribbles and have completely destroyed the ecosystems of entire star systems.  
Atop a royal throne, a large green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blob sat.  
“Glorp!” The queen wiggled, which translated to something along the lines of “My royal subjects! It is time for us to claim our new home. Who among you is brave enough to seek out this new world and conquer it for our ever-growing kingdom among the stars?” Though I may be paraphrasing just a little.  
A lone green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blob slid up before the throne and spoke.  
“Gahglraglorgah agholosopphighagrope oppoghalaghoraghus ghlorpholemule glassoraphorgahoslglah!” It wiggled, which directly translates to “Me!”  
“Glahg!” The queen swished, translating roughly to “Go my child, conquer this hostile planet, and should you die on the battlefront, we will send legions upon legion to avenge you. Your death, should it be made manifest, shall not be in vain.”  
“Halglsohagrohparossalg agholosopphighagrope elumelohprolhg suhgarohgalahgoppo eporgahgihpposolohga hagrolgarlghaglassoraphorgahoslglahg” Which translates to “Thanks bro.”  
A small craft descends from the mother-ship, not more than a few feet in length though designed identically to its parent vehicle. Inside lay a single soldier; their mission: to investigate a new planet for their species to multiply. The planet in question, known locally as “Earth.”  
  
Chapter Three: A Walk In The Park  
“No way that happened.” Rocky said, not believing the obvious bullshit Marshall insisted on calling the truth.  
“No cap, It’s the truth.” Marshall spoke, to serious for the lazy words.  
Rocky laughed.  
“Aliens aren’t real” Rocky stated, trying to use logic to talk Marshall out of his silly delusion. “And, hypothetically speaking, even if they were, what would they want with earth? We’re self-destructive, underdeveloped for space travel, and have nothing we could give that they wouldn’t already have.”  
“I don’t know.” Marshall admitted. “But I swear, I saw a UFO.”  
“One which looks like a bulbous lawn dart, yeah, I heard you the first time.” Rocky rolled his eyes.  
Rocky didn’t mind the silly story, he quite liked a good sci-fi, but it was Marshall’s insistence that put him off. It couldn’t be real, there’s just no way. He thought. There was no way it was an alien, but perhaps Marshall really did see something.  
“A UFO is just some flying object you can’t identify.” Rocky continued. “Not necessarily an alien.”  
“So you admit I saw something?” Marshall prodded.  
“You wouldn’t be this relentless otherwise.”  
Marshall looked up and saw a small blaze of light fly across the sky.  
“Whoa!” He gasped. “A shooting star!”  
Marshall’s tail wagged with excitement as he closed his eyes and made a wish. He wished for that night to be a very special night, one that he would never forget, and that the buffet would leave him really full. He drooled as he imagined the plates and plates of food he’d eat, pouring down mountains of food and stretching his stomach. He wouldn’t have to wait much longer as the two pups made it to the front entrance right on time.  
  
Chapter Four: Meanwhile in SPACE!  
Meanwhile in space, the green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blob sat in the ship’s cockpit, screaming a gargled slew of profanities as the Earth’s atmosphere burned around his starship. It tried to adjust trajectory and started its way for a crash landing towards the small town of Adventure Bay… Not much else happened, just a lot of screaming, or as close of an approximation as you’re going to get

for green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blobs

Chapter Five: Dinner Time (The Moment You’ve All Been Waiting For!)  
The restaurant was far more majestic than the two could have possibly imagined. Perhaps it was the portion sizes befit for humans and the pup’s small stature, but the silver trays were bigger than anything they had ever seen. Food towered out in such large quantities; it was as though they were bottomless voids from which to dine.  
The left housed sides: salads, pastas and their sauces, and plenty of deep fried goodness. The right was chocked full of desserts and sweet pastries. The middle housed the king of it all, a large island surrounded by meat. Hot-dogs, sausage links, premium steak. You name it, it’s there, in heaping tons..  
“I don’t even know where to start.” Rocky’s maw dropped. Even his intellectual nature was shattered at the smell of the luscious dining.  
“The answer is yes.”  
“Yes daddy.” Rocky licked his lips, ready to indulge.  
Since Marshall wasn’t too comfortable with standing on his hind paws, Rocky helped him pile plates upon plates of food, a towering skyscraper of pastas, pastries, and MEAT. They took “All You Can Eat” to another level, as they shoveled the food down their maws and licked their plates clean.  
“It’s sooooo good!” Marshall attempted to say, guzzling down a dozen or so sausage and egg biscuits, though he barely managed to utter it at all.  
Rocky on the other hand, or paw, merely nodded his head in agreement before swallowing his fourth plateful of bacon.  
“Less talk, more eat.” He spoke; and Marshall couldn’t agree more.  
Rocky noticed how Marshall’s collar got tight as he tried to guzzle a whole kielbasa in one bite, the large package sliding down his throat and entering the void of his stomach, another step to their ever enlarging bodies. Marshall didn’t notice of course, he was too busy getting into the, oh so, delicious looking blue-berry pie, its sweetness contrasting with the savor of the sausage.  
  
Chapter Six-A: Rocky’s Inflation  
Rocky could feel his stomach detested as it filled up with warm buttered noodles and creamy Alfred sauce. Suddenly, he felt a bit ill, as though he should have expected anything else, so he hopped down from his seat, more rolling on his stomach, then carefully waddled his way to the soda fountain to get something to settle his stomach.  
His steps were heavy and the fur off his belly drooped so low it swept against the floor, tickling Rocky a little and causing him to shutter, the large weight of his belly swaying side to side like a water balloon, one the size of a watermelon, perhaps a rather large watermelon.  
Rocky reached the fountain and tried to stand up, but his own weight betrayed him, causing him to fall to the floor and for his stomach to move and rattle, like the gentle wave of an ocean’s breeze. He rolled himself over to his side and calculated his next move.  
All I’ve got to do is get that soda from that fountain to my mouth. He thought.  
Looking around he spotted the utensils behind him. Though they were made for eating, the fork had a long, inward curved handle. If you saw the ballooned pup, you’d first of all comment on his ballooned figure, like a glorious melon-dog. Secondly, if you saw his face, you’d see the gears turning in his head, and wonder what it couldn’t possibly be he’s thinking about.  
Rocky rolled back to his stomach and lifted himself up. Using his belly like an extra leg to stand on, which caused him to feel the immense weight of it pressing back, he lifted a paw and grabbed a fork from the utensil cup. With a carefully calculated movement, the pup launched the fork at the machine, perfectly lodging itself on the activation lever and against the bottom, locking the dispenser to ON, and allowing the machine’s flow of freshly fizzled Sprite, to flow gently down the curved edge, down to the floor. Quickly, Rocky ran and slid underneath the opened fountain, doing his best to guzzle up every ounce of sprite, fizz and all.  
For the uneducated, soda is comprised of a combination of syrup which is diluted by carbon dioxide infused water, AKA soda water, AKA club soda. A soda fountain uses large bags of syrup at a concentration of Five to One, and a fresh bag of syrup is about five gallons. This means that a single soda machine can make approximately THIRTY GALLONS of any given drink. Poor old Rocky. The machine just ran out that morning, and was replaced that very afternoon.  
The stream kept coming, liter after liter, gallon after gallon. If he wasted a drop he was sure be kicked out for making such a mess. Rocky kept on chugging. He could feel his skin and fur stretching across the floor as his stomach inflated more and more, its weight pressing further down on the rest of him. His eyes burned from the mist of the falling Sprite, but he kept on chugging, and chugging, and chugging, until the syrup ran out, and the sweet nectar of the soda fountain turned to the bitter taste of carbon. Still, not wanting to ruin his date with Marshall, he kept on chugging, gaining enough water to fill a bathtub, a Jacuzzi, a whole ass hot tub. He wondered what Marshall was up to, and secretly hoped no one would save him.  
The large pool of water made everything feel heavy, sure, but it also felt like he carried his very own ocean, all to himself. It swayed like a calming river, his belly jiggled when he twitched. He was becoming a hefty chonker.

Chapter Six-B: Marshall’s Inflation  
Marshall watched as Rocky leapt from his seat, tumbling to the ground. He giggled to himself, quietly so he wouldn’t be yelled at, though it was nice to see someone else tumble for a change. He watched Rocky waddle just out of view and was just about to go back to his food when he caught a worker bringing out massive cart full of blueberry pies. Curious, he followed the worker to a section in the back of the restaurant.  
There was a large table with a line of people sitting on one side. A sign above them read “Pie Eating Contest” and a large cheque for five-thousand dollars stood behind them, the obvious reward for first place. Marshall’s tail began to wag with excitement..  
What a perfect opportunity, I can finally get that PS5. He thought. Can’t be much worse than when I ate all those Puppy Pops.  
“Came to watch the show?” A voice spoke beside him.  
Marshall looked up to see a young man dressed in formal attire. A name-tag read “Bill – General Manager”.  
“Nope!” Marshall smiled. “I wanna be the show.”  
The Manager frowned.  
“I’m sorry…” He spoke. “You would’ve needed to sign up a week ago; we already filled all our slots.”  
“But…” Marshall looked to the seats, all filled except for one. “What about that one?”  
Bill looked over to the empty seat, pulled out his phone and fiddled with something, raised his eyebrows and shook his head with disappointment, all before pocketing his phone and looking back at Marshall.  
“They’re late.” Bill shrugged.  
“If they’re not here, then I could take their place.” Marshall reasoned.  
The manager pulled out his phone again, dialed a number, and stepped just out of earshot. After a bit of annoyed chatting, he walked back over to Marshall, kneeled down, and extended a hand.  
“Whelp…” Said the manager. “They got sick with the flu and forgot to cancel; the spot is yours.” He winked.  
“And I’m gonna win!” He said assertively, slapping his paw on Bill’s extended hand and going for a firm hand/pawshake.   
Marshall sat at his seat, the much larger humans on either side glared at him. He tuned them out, trying to focus on the task at hand. He’d already eaten more than his fill. He suddenly noticed how heavy his stomach felt, and maybe his eyes were bigger than his stomach, but that money, five-thousand dollars, he was still hungry for that, famished even. After all, that’s a lotta muns.  
Bill started spewing some copypasta about “the world’s greatest” and “ultimate champion” before finally raising a hand. He raised his hand and put up some fingers.  
“Three!” He shouted, the contestants shifting in their seats.  
“Two!” Bill put a finger down, Marshall licked his maw, now drooling with anticipation.  
“One!” Bill left a finger up, his tone intonating not to start just yet.  
“GO!” His finger flew down with finesse and the eight contestants began chowing down.  
An audience cheered, but Marshall blocked them out. There was only him, and his pies, floating in a void. He was smaller than the other contestants; he even had to stand on his hind legs just to reach the table, using his front paws to balance himself. No fork nor hands, just his face buried in the berries, slurping up the gooey contents therein.  
Beside Marshall, the contestants began to tap out. Two seemed to quit almost immediately, as though they had no prior experience, their eyes being bigger than their mouths and the promise of free food and a cash prize blocked out all sense of reason. One man went too fast and chocked on his pie, causing him to spit it out and getting him disqualified. Marshall paid them no mind.  
Marshall’s back hurt, as though a huge weight was pulling down on it. He could feel his body stretching to compensate for the food. He was the smallest one there, but was quickly closing the gap. It was as though his belly was a black hole, and endless void, but you could see the mass on full display just by looking upon him. He couldn’t even smell the food, he’d lost since stopped tasting it, there was pie filling all over his face, up his nose, and dripping down the tip of his muzzle.  
Time kept going and pies kept flying. Three more contestants were out; two threw up and were disqualified and the other tapped out after their blood sugar spiked and they needed to be rushed to the hospital. Marshall was then left with only one more opponent who showed no signs of stopping. Trying to put his mind back to the task at hand, Marshall tried to swallow another pie, his face stopped for a moment as he struggled to get it down. His neck felt tight and he finally managed to swallow, the load felt tight in his throat. He couldn’t go on much longer like this.  
Marshall rolled back in his seat, now so large he didn’t need the table to hold himself up. He had swelled up so much the chair creaked with his movement, as though about to break under his immense weight. The audience gasped as it seemed he was about to tap out. He brought his paws up to his neck. They seemed small when compared to his body, and he struggled to get them behind his head. He grabbed the front of his collar and guided it backwards, granting him access to the buckle in the back. He popped the collar off and it dropped to the ground with a loud thud. He sighed with relief and rolled back to the next pie, the audience cheering him on.  
“I’m not stopping yet!” He shouted, renewed with a raging vigor.  
Now free from his limitations, he was able to unleash his true powers of consumption. He gobbled up pie after pie, setting record low times with each passing one, almost inhaling them in, as it seemed he never stopped to breathe. His tenacity on the competition struck fear in the final contestant, who watched in horror as the pup showed no signs of stopping. The man kept shoveling pies, reasoning that even a big dog like Marshall couldn’t possibly beat him, but he couldn’t remember if he was always that big.  
Marshall hit nirvana, having a perfect rhythm and downing pies with just a fractional breath to keep him going. He looked to his side and his opponent still wasn’t letting up, but he’d given up on the competition and submitted to the pies; each one sliding down it’s warm purple filling through his gullet, down his throat, and into his ever growing stomach, pushing the rest of his bones and organs out of the way to make room for the rest. Finally, the man tapped out, and Bill called his winner, who didn’t seem to pay any mind.  
Marshall kept eating, loving how warm and cozy the pies made him feel. His belly wobbled like a pot of warm stew on a cool summer’s day. The seat creaked under his weight and the sudden shift caused his body to jiggled like a fresh sunny-side-up egg.  
“Okay that’s good.” Bill said as Marshall paid him no mind. “Okay that’s good!”  
Marshall’s chair finally snapped and he fell onto the table, his stretched Dalmatian fur looked like an industrial vat of cookies & cream ice cream, though it swayed hypnotically back, and fourth. The manager was incredibly flustered.  
“Okay that’s fucking,” He stuttered. “That’s good!”  
Marshall finished all of his pies and moved onto the leftovers of the other contestants.  
“That’s, that’s enough fucking pies, man!”  
Marshall didn’t hear him.  
“That’s enough pies!”  
He’d eaten tenfold his body weight and now looked like an overfilled beanbag.  
“What are you doing?” Bill cried. “You’ve already won!”  
He walked to the center of the table; his weight caused it to snap it half, flinging the remaining pies into the air. He opened his mouth wide as Bill cried in distress.  
“STOP!” But it was too late.  
Twelve dozen blueberry pies flew directly into the air, all landing miraculously into Marshall’s mouth as he barely managed to swallow it all, only leaving mere crumbs and tiny blotched of filling strewn about. He turned himself upright, rolling in the empty tins of the decimated competition.  
“There’s pie on your face.” Bill spoke with horror. “My god, there’s pie everywhere!”  
“Please sir,” Marshall managed his face a tiny dot on his massive oval body. “I want some more.”  
“What…” Bill muttered, dumbfounded.  
“MORE.” Marshall asserted.  
“More?” Bill couldn’t believe it.  
“MOOOORE!!!!!”

Chapter Seven: Inflation Encore  
Rocky lay back, gulping the never-ending stream of carbonated water, his body a rounded bulge, like a weather balloon filled with water. Each gulp sent a ripple across his bloated fur body, now several meters wide. He blocked the way past him but was unable to move.  
A crazed shouting came from the distance and a man in uniform came raging out of the back of the restaurant. Rocky saw this man look over at him and sigh, as though he’d seen this before. The man walked close enough for Rocky to read his nametag; “Bill – General Manager”  
“And what are you up to?” Bill said, no longer phased by the absurdity of the pup’s size.  
Rocky, not wanting to spill another drop, even now chugging several more gallons of bitter water, motioned his eyes to the makeshift ramp. Bill plucked the utensil and the stream stopped. Finally, Rocky swallowed the last of the soda-water, and took a long deep breath.  
“Thank you.” He said after a while.  
“No problem.” Bill said with a deadpan expression on his face.  
“Um.” Rocky started, not sure how to continue.  
“What is it now?”  
Rocky looked down at his body. He was still lying on his back and the stretched balloon that was his stomach continued to wobble and ripple at the slightest movement, the heavy weight of it pinning the pup to the floor. He couldn’t see his hind paws anymore, but figured he may be able to walk if he just could flip himself over.  
“Could you roll me onto my belly?” Rocky said, embarrassed.  
“That’s it?” Bill raised his eyebrows, surprised. “Sure.”  
He pushed on Rocky’s stomach but only managed to jostle him. Rocky moaned as his body rolled back and forth bobbing like a ship on the ocean. Bill moved to his knees, pressing from the bottom, rocking Rocky back and forth, slowly building momentum, his inflamed belly like a pendulum.  
In one great push, Bill managed to roll the dog onto his stomach, pressing enough force he nearly lost his balance, though he was caught by Rocky’s belling landing sideways, his ear pressed against the bulging belly. He listened for a second; he could hear the water sloshing back and forth within, like an ocean tide, or the sounds of whale song. It was majestic, as was Rocky’s size. There was a small rumbling and Bill jumped back just as Rocky let out a huge burp, shrinking about a foot or so in diameter, but still looking absolutely massive.  
“Scuse me.” He said with a slight giggle and an embarrassed look on his face  
“No problem.” Bill said calmly, having been soothed by Rocky’s cool, pillowy, body. “If you need anything else, I’ll be heading to the kitchen, our contest winner is still eating pie and he’s eating them faster than we can make ‘em.”  
Bill disappeared behind a large, metal, double-door, and Rocky rolled himself back to his seat. Curiously, Marshall was gone, but a quick look around and he saw him, gorging on blueberry pies.  
“Hey Marshall!” Rocky said as he rolled to a stop. Marshall looked up from his last pie, and smiled.  
“Hey man.” Marshall said, blueberry dripping from his nose, his fur so stretched you’d think it’d pop. “You have got to try this pie, it’s godly!”  
Rocky leaned to one side and saw the check for five-k.  
“I didn’t even know there was a competition going on.” Rocky admitted.  
“Neither did I. But I won, I guess.”  
“You guess?”  
“Hey, I just wanted some pie, although at first I wanted a PS5.”  
“Understandable.”  
The pup’s chatting was interrupted by the scent of fresh blueberry pies. Seconds later the silver cart carrying them rolled around the corner and the pup’s maws dropped, at least as far as they could go with their massive bodies.  
Rocky got first dibs, having missed out on the contest, and began filling his gullet with pies. The piping hot jelly caused him to shiver, suddenly aware of how cold the soda-fountain had been, but after all that bitter carbon, the pie truly was godliness. Before he knew it, he’d guzzled down fourty pies, that’s as much as four tens, and that’s incredible.  
Marshall, of course, joined in as soon as another overfilled cart came rolling in. The pies piled high to the ceiling and together they ate a grand total of seven-hundred ninety-three pies! Though Marshall had the lion’s share from the contest. The two dogs, finally having their fill, made their way out the buffet and into the night, laughing, smiling, and incredibly bulging.

Chapter Eight: Shooting Stars  
Rocky and Marshall walk down the derelict sidewalk, Rocky up front as the two pups had grown too large to walk side by side. Their massive bodies swayed back and forth as they put one paw in front of the other on their journey home, the occasional bystander walking into the street to avoid being stepped on.  
Their large bodies carried with them an immense heft and weight, each dog was roughly the size of a Volkswagen Beetle, an immense nineteen feet in length and six feet in diameter, their legs barely protruding as tiny pawpads, their bellies, weighing a ton each, jiggled like fresh gelatin.  
The poor pups fur stretched tightly across their bodies, struggling to hold in their massive loads, the living embodiment of heft and bulk. Rocky feared that dragging his stomach against the concrete would cause it to pop, but Marshall had no such fear, basking in the radiant glow of Rocky’s soft grey fur, illuminated by the light of the moon shining at just the right angle to make it silver. He began breathing heavily. Marshall started to lag behind and Rocky turned to check on him, knocking over an unsuspecting mailbox in the process.  
“What’s wrong?” Rocky asked, concerned for something may be wrong.  
“I’m fine.” Marshall panted, allowing his legs to go limp and spring upwards, held up by his thick layer of blubber. “Just need to catch my breath.”  
Rocky looked around and spotted a small path off the sidewalk and into a lush park, complete with a bench overlooking the shining sea.  
“We can rest there for a bit.” Rocky said, pointing his nose to the vacant bench.  
Marshall forced himself back up and followed Rocky down the path, tripping and rolling fast, like a bowling ball going for a perfect strike, ending in him slamming against a tree. The ground trembled with the impact and the tree split open. Rocky ran over as fast as his sluggish body would take him.  
“Oh my god!” Rocky screamed. “Are you okay?”  
“Tis’ but a scratch; I’m on a roll!”  
Rocky wouldn’t face palmed if he could reach his paw close enough to do so. Instead, he helped Marshall back up and the two sat together on the bench. It wasn’t too long until the bench planks plopped out of their frame and the two pups were left gazing across the ocean, basking in the moon’s illumination. In the distance another glowing light shone brightly.  
“Hey!” Marshall pointed. “It’s the shooting star again!”  
Rocky saw it too, but something bothered him. It appeared as though the star wasn’t moving, but rather getting bigger. It wouldn’t take a genius to understand that it wasn’t the star getting bigger, but closer.  
“MOVE!” Rocky screamed.  
The two pups rolled in opposite directions as a massive streak of light blazed through and tore apart what remained of the bench, crashing into the grass and tearing up the turf. Marshall looked at Rocky in disbelief. Rocky returned the expression. Both slowly looked over the crater to see a long metal dark with a glass sphere on the end. The orb retracted and a puff of smoke emanated from the cockpit. Neither pup wanted to move a muscle for fear of what may lie within the strange apparatus, but both flinched as a small blob of lime green Jell-O plopped to the ground, giggling with its fluorescent green color.

Chapter Nine: Dog Dares  
“I dare you to eat it.” Marshall said.  
“What the fuck!” Rocky protested.  
“Come on.” Marshall egged. “I’ve seen you put much weirder in your mouth, like that time we and Zuma…”  
“That’s enough!” Rocky shouted, cutting Marshall off before he said something irredeemable. Rocky took a deep sigh. “We don’t even know where this thing came from.”  
“North Korea?” Marshall suggested. “It did come in a rocket.”  
“And what,” Rocky started “you think Kim Jong Un wants to hand out free dessert in the most impractical delivery method possible.”  
“Fifty bucks.”  
“I already said no.”  
“No, you said ‘what the fuck’, which last time I checked, doesn’t’ contain an ‘N’ or and ‘O’.”  
“Your logic is impeccable.” Rocky rolled his eyes.  
“Come on trash man; a hundred bucks!”  
Marshall looked over at Rocky, all puppy eyed. Rocky tried to look away but his face just got more annoyed.  
“FFFFFFFFFFF-INE!” He said at last. “But make it two-hundred.”  
“Done.”  
Rocky slowly approached the blob, nervously sniffed it, not quite able to make out the scent but noticing it was undeniably citrus, and taking a small nip off the top.  
A loud gargled road emanated from the blob, now screeching in pain.  
Rocky moved back in a panic, falling on his behind. Both pups watched in awe and terror as the glob, seeming to be bleeding a viscous gel from the tiny nip, hopped back to the shuttle and slammed its head against the control panel before collapsing back on the ground. The two friends stood in silence for what seemed agonizingly long.  
Back at the base, the two dogs lay in silence, trying to get some sleep that will never come. Rocky wondered what he ate and worried it may have been diseased, or mutated, or just plain bad to eat; whatever it was, he felt sick to his massive stomach. Marshall worried too; he remembered having seen a UFO, and wondered what that blob had done with its last bit of life. Both pups tried to put the fear out of their minds, staring at the ceiling above them, noticing the tiny blotches where there was too much paint or not enough, counting the divots and bumps in the texture, anything to divert their minds. Rocky couldn’t take it anymore and ran out of the room. Marshall, concerned, followed after.  
Rocky had ran all the way outside and was crying, putting his head in the grass.  
“You good?” Marshall asked.  
“What do you think!?” Rocky was torqued.  
“I just…”  
“You just what?”  
Marshall stood there for a while, not knowing what to say.  
“I had a really nice night tonight.” He finally managed. “Before, that incident in the park.”  
“I don’t blame you.” Rocky took in a deep breath.  
“I didn’t do anything; did I?” Marshall asked, puzzled.  
“I love you dog, but sometimes, you say the dumbest things.”  
Rocky smiled quietly and Marshall gave him a quick kiss on the face.  
“Love you too bud.” He said.  
“Thanks.” Rocky looked up to the sky. “I guess we didn’t really get that much time to admire the stars, did we.”  
“It’s alright.” Marshall looked at Rocky. “You’re my superstar.”  
Rocky rolled his eyes, embarrassed, and the two pups embraced one another, feeling their large bodies, warm and soft, as they nuzzled one another, listening to the echoes of their stomachs, the sloshing of the contents like ocean waves.  
“Look.” Marshall said, gazing into the sky. “Another shooting star.”  
Rocky looked up, watching the beautiful sky. He saw it; the glistening spark glowing as it drifted across the sky. Then one more. Then three. Then six. And suddenly, the sky was fully illuminated by the falling light of a thousand suns.  
“I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.” Rocky quoted.  
Marshall look at him with a look both of confusion and terror. Rocky looked back and only uttered a single sentence.  
“Those aren’t shooting stars.”

Chapter Ten: All Hands On Deck  
The Paw Patrol was met with a rude awakening as they were awoken by the blaring of the emergency alarm. Ryder failed as he tried to process the total bombardment of incoming assistance requests. Marshall and Rocky ran in.  
“Where have you guys been?” Ryder asked annoyed, before looking at the two pups and not wanting to know why they were so round. “Never mind, we’ve got more calls than we can handle, we need all hands on deck.”  
“It must be the aliens.” Rocky said. Ryder would’ve expected such a joke from Marshall but Rocky, he’s far too serious to be lying.  
“Aliens?” He presses.  
“I kinda…” Rocky questioned how to explain his dare and decided it would be best to just spit it out. “I killed one.”  
“What?” The entire patrol said in unison.  
“So you’re saying this is your fault?” Skye interrogated.  
“Marshall dared me to.” Rocky rebutted.  
“I didn’t know it was alive.” He admitted.  
“Whoa, just a second.” Chase stopped the pups to process the new information. “You’re saying we’re being invaded by aliens all because of a dare?”  
“Yup.” Marshall admitted.  
“That about sums it up.” Rocky concurred.  
“Okay.” Chase said, rather calm given the current situation.  
The whole patrol watched as chase ran to his room and pulled out a large binder, dragging it along the floor before opening it up for the patrol to see. On the front page read the words “Alien Invasion Rebuttal Plan”.  
“I’ve been planning for this ever since Marshall told me about the spacecraft he saw.” Everyone look at Chase stunned. “Given Marshall’s description, I’ve determined that the coming invaders are a species of hyper-intelligent Green Mitosis Duplicating Gelatinous Blobs from another planet! Theoretically, they are completely safe to eat and we can beat them by just chowing down on their forces like we’re playing a game of Hungry Hungry Hippos.”  
“You got all that from a loose fitted analysis of Marshall’s bullshit?” Zuma questioned.  
“Yes.” Chase says deadpan.  
“Whelp, that’s good enough for me!” Rubble admits.  
“Nobody likes you rubble!” Chase screams, smacking him out of existence so he no longer exists within the confines of this narrative.  
A bright light shines above, gently placing his replacement, Tracker.  
“Where is that light coming from?” Ryder asked.  
“The author got sick of tying with this one.” Bill said, suddenly in the room and sipping loudly from his cup of coffee.  
“How’d you get in here?” Chase demanded.  
“I’m the god of this dimension.” Bill took another loud sip from his coffee. “Hey, I’ve got a quota to fill and small talk don’t pay the bill. Ruth wanted Tracker and nobody likes Rubble. Rubble is rubbish, simple math.”  
“But…”  
“SHUT!” Bill clasped Chase’s muzzle. “I’m five-thousand nine-hundred and fifty-four words into this shit and Ruth’s getting restless. I’ve got six-thousand thirty-four words left and we’re gonna go buck-wild on this one.”  
Bill looked around the room.  
“I’m rambling.” He said, padding for time, before doing a double backflip out the back balcony and infinitely summersaulting into the cosmos so the pups can get back to work.  
“Hola.” Tracker said, startling Chase who jumped, having forgotten he was there.  
“We still gotta do something about all these emergency calls.” Ryder reminded them.  
“Skye,” Chase started. “You take aerial support and monitor from above. You’ll be our eyes in the sky and alert us to whatever’s coming our way.”  
“On it.” She nodded, already running to the elevator.  
“Tracker.”  
“Yes boss.” He stood to attention.  
“You take the forests. It’s too dark for the rest of us to see and you’re hearing will be a valuable asset.”  
“Understood.” Tracker nodded. “Man I’m about to fuck em’ up estilo gángster.”  
“Zuma.” Chase continued. “You guard the shores; eat anything that’s a Green Mitosis Duplicating Gelatinous Blobs.”  
“On it.” Zuma rushed to his boat.  
“Marshall, you take Rocky and man the front lines.”  
“What about me?” Asked Ryder.  
“You’ll stay here and monitor the coms and help direct Skye. Meanwhile, I’ll be evacuating the city until further notice.”  
Once the final orders were placed, Marshal, Rocky, and Chase ran out the building, ready to take on the alien invaders..

Chapter Eleven: Eating Your Enemies (Squad Inflation)  
The streets ran green with chaos as the green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blobs engulfed the city. Marshall and Rocky lagged behind Chase, their already swollen bodies slowing them down. Despite this, all of the patrol was ready to roll, their tails wagging with a sense of determination, excitement, and hunger.  
“I can’t believe we’re actually eating these things.” Chase exclaimed excitedly.  
“Yeah.” Marshall admitted before turning to Rocky. “I never did ask; what did it taste like?”  
“Like lime Jell-O with shredded carrots.” Rocky confessed. “Not the worst flavor, just strange.”  
“What kind of Utah Mormon bullshit is that?” Marshall asked.  
“Uh, guys!” Chase interrupted. “I hope you brought your appetite.”  
The three pups skidded to a stop as they gazed upon the infestation of green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blobs. Watching them hop around and split in half, duplicating like a hydra’s head, only no decapitation required. They were nervous at first but Marshall took the first step.  
“Well, it's a good thing we're up to the challenge.” He exclaimed. “Nothing can stop the appetite of the Paw Patrol!”  
Rocky nodded in agreement.  
“Just remember…” Chase informed. “We need to eat as many slimes as we can, seventy times seven. All hell’s already broken loose and we just have to calm the storm.”  
A lone slime jumped away from the pack and towards the pups, seeming to hold a tiny metal fork. Marshall licked his lips in anticipation and in one swift movement, he leaned down and swallowed the slime in one loud gulp. He felt his stomach stretch just a bit and hoped his body could withstand all the additional stress.  
After Marshall took the first stab, the other pups followed suit. Pouncing their pray, Marshall slurped up several dozen of the slimes, Rocky chomped some more, not wanting to risk choking on one whole, and Chase wend buck wild, ravenously tearing into the invaders as he shoved as much goop as him muzzle could fit, and then some, the excess oozing out the sides.  
The slimes were surprisingly good to the pup’s taste buds, each one eaten just furthering their growing hunger for more. Let’s just say, the jelly grew on them, both in taste, and in body weight. The aliens kept on multiplying, with reinforcements bringing wave after wave, a never-ending feast of gelatinous flesh.  
Chase’s stomach began to bulge like a watermelon. He kept chomping away at the invaders, stretching his gulled as he gobbled up more and more, feeling his neck stretch as he swallowed the tiny creatures whole, all of their jelly going straight to his belly. It swayed back and fourth, bouncing like a water balloon but not quite full enough to pop. His fur stretched across his growing stomach, his ribcage opened up to allow for the space needed to consume their enemies, before the other pups new it, Chase had blown up to the size of a city bus, smashing his overweight heft against the sides of buildings and knocking down telephone poles with his massive, bulging body.  
Another wave of aliens came down and gurgled in awe at the sheer majesty of Chase’s midsection. Chase smacked his belly, taunting the aliens; it giggled in a glorious fashion and he rolled forwards, guzzling up slime after slime.  
Despite all they had eaten the previous night, Marshall and Rocky didn’t let Chase have all the fun. The two pups made it a game to see who could eat the most aliens. Marshall stopped counting after about forty or so, but Rocky kept counting, using binary to help store the massive number with such little room to keep it in mind. When they finally cleared the town square, Rocky had tallied up fourteen-thousand and twenty-three gelatinous blobs. Marshall made up a fake number that one may believe given he had the size for it; an estimated four-thousand gallons worth of gelatinous blobs lay resting in Marshall’s dotted belly, the stretching of which caused his small black spots to seem far larger.  
The pup’s looked up as Skye’s copter flew overhead and the dog’s comms buzzed.  
“The aliens are branching out of the town.” Ryder’s voice spoke through their collars. “You’re gonna have to split up if you’re going to have a chance at taking them all down.”  
“Understood.” Chase ended the transition. “You guys got that?”  
“Yes sir.” Marshall and Rocky responded in unison.  
The pups struggled to keep their balance as they commanded their massive bodies in diverging paths. They struggled to keep steady as they traversed the diverging roads, their stomachs detested on either side of their hips, scraping against the nearby buildings, getting caught, then bouncing off again and creating a ripple as the fat sprung back in place.

Chapter Twelve: In The Woods (Tracker’s Inflation)  
Tracker moved warily through the dark woods, the morning light only barely breaching through the tunnel of trees blanketing the sky. Though visibility was low, Tracker knew he had to venture fourth. He listened carefully for any sounds that could be the intruders. A bird tweeting, a leaf blowing in the wind, a gelatinous slosh; he had found it.  
Tracker darted in the direction of the Alien sound until his eyes were blinded by the sudden break in the forest. Ducking behind a nearby tree, he leaned over to see an alien craft with a small armada of gelatinous blobs. They had leveled a section of the forest and made it into a sort of camp, or whatever a camp would be for gelatinous blobs.  
Tracker took in a deep breath.  
“You can do this.” He said to himself. “Everyone’s counting on you.”  
Tracker lunged out of the trees and gobbled up the first of the slimes. It was love at first bite as the warm liquid slid down this throat and into his stomach. The slimes attempted to surround Tracker, hoping to stop him in his tracks. He just smiled slyly.  
“Is for me?” He said timidly. “No deberías haberlo hecho.”  
The pup lunged at the slimes, gobbling them up with an immense vigor and excitement. He guzzled dozens at a time, turning the massive army into a mere puddle in his stomach, which began to squash, and stretch, and expand. He arched his back and moaned at the pleasure of the sheer weight of his massive stomach. Before he knew what was happening, Tracker had blown up bigger than the spacecraft the aliens used to get there, which was now trying to escape.  
Tracker bounced over to the alien craft and took a big bite out of it, munching on it like a crunchy pretzel. The aliens screamed from within the vessel and Tracker ripped open the hatch and tilted the ship towards his gullet, swallowing the dozens of falling slimes, trying so hard not to let even one go, taking it all in and never letting go. He did let himself go, his form ballooning up to an absolutely massive size; he was bigger than a semi.  
The last of the slimes fell out and Tracker let the ship fall down. He rolled back and gasped for air.  
“Sector clear.” He said on the radio, trying to keep his voice steady, still out of breath. “I’m just gonna lie here for a bit.”  
Tracker admired his work, the massive belly. He patted it and watched as it rippled like stones across a pond. He let out a big burp and giggled to himself, each movement giggling his massive waist, tickling him from the inside. The balloon felt so warm and he wished there was another Tracker he could snuggle up to, loving the massive heft and plumpness the feast had given him.  
Suddenly, his ear twitched. Tracker looked over to see a lone slime scurrying away. He stared and the slime acknowledged him as it slid faster.  
“Oh, no, no lo haces!” He teased.  
Tracker rolled over to his stomach, the ripple causing him immense pleasure as his own weight pressed against him. He pulled himself up, his legs barely nubs amidst the fat of his body. He leaned forward at the escaping slime, his massive body towering over it and casting a massive shadow. In one fail swoop, Tracker ate the slime, it’s gelatinous figure sliding down his throat and tickling his insides.

Chapter Thirteen: Lucky Bastards (Zuma’s Inflation)  
The loud humming of the boat blared in Zuma’s ears as he skidded across the water, watching all his friends save the day whilst he was busy going in circles. He understood the importance of his job, protecting the coast from allowing the aliens to escape, but his best buds got an all-you-can-eat buffet, meanwhile, he was stuck floating across the water.  
“Lucky bastards.” He muttered to himself.  
He wished he could get in on the action; taking down legions of aliens by eating them sounded quite heroic, and fun.  
Just over the horizon, Zuma spotted something peculiar; a strange craft sinking in the ocean. Jetting over, Zuma noticed the craft was alien! He came to a stop and watched as the metal craft descended into the ocean depths. Not having time to think, Zuma dove after the craft, swimming deeper and deeper to the depths of the ocean.  
At the ocean’s floor, the alien craft sat parked in the coral. A hatch opened and the slimes slid out, their body’s surface tension holding them together underwater. The slimes appeared to be heading for the water supply, something Zuma would not stand for.  
Zuma lunged after the slimes, eating a few of them before the rest dispersed. He struggled to keep up with the hundreds of slimes going in each and every direction. He needed to find a way to get all of these slimes and fast.   
Seeing no other course of action, Zuma decided to drink the ocean. It was slow at first, and he felt as though he might drown, but he kept it all going to his stomach and kept his lungs holding onto the stale air, the oxygen barely holding as his fur stretching to replace the ocean he swallowed.  
A whirlpool formed around the pup, sucking in any nearby sea-life, especially the slimes. No matter how hard they squirmed, Zuma sucked them up like an industrial vacuum, filling his belly with an ocean soup. His lungs burned and Zuma felt like he needed so desperately to gasp for air, but he kept gulping, not wanting to let a single slime go free.  
His body stretched and squashed in the water, bouncing like a jellyfish as he swam up for air having finally eaten the last glob. His enormous weight held him down like an anchor. He barely broke the surface and dragged himself onto land, his body bloated as big as a whale, an astounding two-hundred tons of water and slime in his belly. He was sure he had swallowed some live as he could feel them still squirming within his stomach, tickling his inside, creating an itch he could not scratch.  
He shifted back and forth on the sandy beach, digging a spot against the edge for him to lay on his back comfortable. He lounged back and took a deep, deep breath. He looked down at his massive blubber belly, its sheer size and heft radiated as the sun bounced off his wet fur, causing it to glisten like polished copper.  
Zuma laughed as he noticed the water level was lower than it had been, and smiled looking down to find hind paws were nowhere to be seen, although he could feel them digging in the sand, the tiny particles tickling him between his digits. He felt he could rest here, just for a moment.  
“I should do this more often.” He said to himself.  
Zuma smacked his stomach and watched as it giggled back and forth in a mesmerizing fashion, as though it would never stop. He smiled.

~~~~~~~~~~ Chapter Fourteen: Like A Dragon (Chase Inflation) ~~~~~~~~~~  
     Hunting the aliens became harder as Chase’s massive size made him both obvious and slow, allotting plenty of time for the aliens to duck out of the way. He didn’t let this stop him though; he was a member of the Paw Patrol.  
     Ascending to the roof tops, Chase loomed over his prey. The slimes wouldn’t have expected this, and sure enough, Chase spots a bunch of them, all lined up in a row, oblivious so their doom overhead. Chase lunges, ready to devour the invaders.  
     The slimes are obviously caught off guard, most dead before they knew what was happening, the others not having enough time to react before being guzzled up. Chase repeats this several times, each one taking in more and more of the gelatinous invaders, each one making him bigger than the last, the slimes vanishing into the darkest depths of his appetite.  
     With each and every bite, the pup grew larger, his body expanding to compensate for the additional contents of his stomach, causing the once lap-dog into a giant colossus, towering over his prey with both might and majesty, and most of all, mass.   
     His body had swollen and the sheer force of his weight shook the earth each time he plunged. His fur stretched wide and his body stretched long, an absurdly massive five-hundred feet in length, as though he had become a dragon, lusting over his size, his weight, and the girth of his body. The buildings shook with each lunge, and Chase wondered how much longer the rooftops would hold him.  
     “Better finish this up fast.” He said to himself, licking his maw in anticipation.  
     He reveled in his weight, a colossal form unmatched by even the most legendary dragons. He loved feeling his stomach shift slowly like a massive pendulum. Yeah, he was one fly-ass doggy. However, he still had a city to save, a responsibility that outshone even the allure of his colossal proportions. With a determined growl, he refocused his energy, using his super-sized body to chomp down the remaining slimes with relentless fervor.  
     With each victorious bite, Chase's colossal form grew, his body expanding further as he gulped down the last of the alien invaders. The fur stretched, his body swayed, the ground scratched and tickled his belly as he dragged himself across the town. The alien invasion had been quelled, but a few slippery stragglers managed to escape, making their way towards a hidden mothership, their intentions still uncertain. But no matter how daunting the foe, the Paw Patrol was always up for the task.  
  
~~~~~~~~~~ Chapter Fifteen: The Beginning of The End ~~~~~~~~~~  
     “We got a small squad heading for the outskirts of town;” Chase’s voice spoke through the radio. “I’m going to need someone to intercept.”  
     “Roger that!” Marshall and Rocky said in unison, already looping back towards one another, ready to converge on the escaping target, boxing them in. As they reached the intersection, they locked glances.  
     “Someone got big.” Marshall Joked.  
     “How observant.” Rocky quipped.  
     Marshall laughed as his belly rumbled, his appetite not yet satisfied. “Let’s finish this.”  
     Rocky’s eyes gleamed. “Time to give these aliens a taste of their own medicine.”  
     The two pups sprinted, as fast as they could, after the last of the slimes, bouncing their massive bodies every which way. Crossing the bridge and entering the forest on the other end of Adventure Bay, they witnessed a strange light shimmering in the distance. They slowed down just enough to make out the form of an alien craft, much larger than the one they had previously been met with.  
     Without so much as another picosecond of hesitation, The Paw Patrol’s two good boys sprang into action, their determination pushing them and readying them for the coming storm. Several slimes watched in horror as the massive animals leaped in, larger than anything they had ever seen, and guzzled up their fellow comrades.  
     Rocky and Marshall were gigantic; taller than the Eiffel tower, and wider than the Sydney Opera House. They towered over the miniscule blobs, their stature casting a dark shadow over them, like the reaper come to collect his last souls. Obviously, they ran.  
     The mother ship began to whir, slowly building up power, as though about to leave, the last of the slimes scurrying inside.  
     “Quick, they're trying to escape!” Marshall exclaimed, his paws clattering on the mossy forest as he closed in on the fleeing slimes.  
     Rocky’s eyes narrowed. “Not on my watch.”  
     Rocky ran as fast as his wobbling body could carry him and smacked his side against the mother-ship. It shook and sunk back into the moss.  
     With their means of escape taken care of, the pups lunged after the remaining invaders. Rocky swiped up slimes left and right and Marshall scraped his maw against the ground, taking man a slime and the moss beneath them. Any green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blob that came near them was swiftly engulfed. The aliens squirmed in fear, trying to escape from the Patrol, now dominating over them, leaving no survivors, their appetite insatiable.  
     With each successful gulp, the slimes disappeared into Rocky and Marshall's mouths, leaving behind only a faint residue of their otherworldly goo. The pup’s determination fueled their success, the succulent juices of the green mitosis duplicating gelatinous blobs emanated amongst their taste buds. They licked their maws with a satisfaction most divine as they consumed the last of the invaders, their bodies blowing up even more.  
  
~~~~~~~~~~ Chapter Sixteen: The End of The End ~~~~~~~~~~  
     As the last slime vanished into Marshall’s body, he let out a small burp. They didn’t celebrate, not yet. Both pups assumed they must’ve been something more, something they missed, something they forgot. But after looking around and finding not a trace of alien life, they realized they may be nearing the story’s end.  
     They moved slowly back to Adventure bay, the weight of their success quite literally sitting upon their shoulders as they lifted the collective mass of legions of aliens within their detested stomachs.  
     Making their way downtown, the air seemed to buzz with excitement and triumph. The citizens were dancing in the streets, popping open bottles of wine, and cheering on the Paw Patrol for saving the town. Marshall looked over to Rocky who smiled awkwardly, somewhat uneasy, but trying to hide it.   
     “Way to go, guys!” Skye called over the radio, “You've saved the city from a mass invasion of green mitosis duplicating slimes from another planet!”  
     “Well, well,” Chase chimed in, “looks like our dynamic duo put the finishing touches on this alien escapade.”  
     “Yeah,” Marshall patted his very full belly, satisfied by the rumble and waving it made, “and I think I’ve had my fill of Jell-O for ten lifetimes.”  
     Marshall looked over to Rocky who was still looking offput.  
     “Definitely.” He spoke solemnly. “I’m sticking to recycling missions from now on.”  
     The team shared a hearty laugh, the tension of the recent invasion now replaced with camaraderie and celebration. As the sun set over Adventure Bay, the Paw Patrol's indomitable spirit shone as bright as ever, ready for whatever challenges the future might bring.  
     And so, with their mission complete and their city safe once more, the Paw Patrol enjoyed a well-deserved party, their laughter echoing through the night as they celebrated their victory over the cosmic invaders, but Rocky wasn’t so jovial.  
     “What’s wrong?” Marshall asked Rocky, concerned for his friend.  
     “Nothing…” Rocky went on ahead, leaving his buddy behind him.  
  
~~~~~~~~~~ Chapter Seventeen: End ~~~~~~~~~~  
     Rocky, back to his normal size sat alone at the dimly lit corner of the HQ, nursing his drink as his thoughts swirled in a melancholic haze. The Paw Patrol had always been his home, and yet he felt a void deep within his heart; a void that yearned for a love that seemed forever elusive.  
     Rocky's mind wandered, thinking of couples and comrades sharing laughter and affection. He couldn't help but feel a pang of envy, knowing that his own lifespan, relatively short when compared to that of a human’s, restricted his chances at finding lasting love.  
     As he refilled his glass, Rocky sighed, his voice a mixture of resignation and longing.  
     “What's the point, right?” He thought to himself. “Who's gonna live long enough to put up with me?”  
     Just then, a shadow formed behind him, catching Rocky’s attention. He turned around to see Marshall, also shrunk down back to normal, standing there, his eyes showed the concern he had for his friend.  
     “Mind if I join you?” Marshall asked.  
     “Why not.” Rocky said, kind of embarrassed but grateful nonetheless.  
     “You left early.”  
     “Didn’t feel like I deserved it.”  
     “Bull-Shit!” Marshall called. “You worked just as hard, if not more-so than anyone else on the team.”  
     “It’s not that.” Rocky covered his face with his paws, embarrassed.  
     “Then what?” Marshall put a paw on his best friends shoulder.  
     “I ruined out date.”  
     “What!” Marshall laughed. “What gave you that idea?”  
     “One,” He started, “I never got to watch you win that pie-eating contest. Two, I… I don’t know…”  
     “That’s it?” Marshall asked calmly, listening to his friend.  
     “I guess I was just upset that it got interrupted by the invasion, that I never believed you when you went on about the UFO you saw, and that you saw me at my worst.”  
     “You’re not the only one…” Marshall admitted.  
     As the two shared stories of pain and failures, Rocky discovered that Marshall's struggles mirrored his own. They bonded over their mutual sorrow, finding solace in their shared experiences.  
     The more they talked, the more they listened and helped one another navigate the minefield they had created around themselves. They laughed, they cried, and they discovered that in each other's company, the fear they felt seemed less daunting.  
     As their friendship grew into something deeper, Rocky began to see that love wasn't about having a “perfect date night”, but the connection forged between them. He realized that in Marshall, he had found his kindred spirit  
     Together, they defied the limitations of their short-lived existence, savoring every stolen moment, and creating memories that would endure far beyond the confines of time. In the depths of space, where sorrow and loneliness often dwelled, Marshall and Rocky found solace, love, and a profound understanding of one another. Their hearts soared among the stars, forever intertwined in a tale of love that transcended the boundaries of time itself.  
     And so, in the vast expanse of the cosmos, two lonely souls discovered that even amidst the fleeting nature of their lives, they could find a love that burned bright, defying the limitations of the universe… Was that pretentious enough for you? Perhaps… yet we must bring out story to a close. Fare thee well, and remember, life isn’t a misery competition, nor is it a joyous one. You’re allowed to feel pain just as much as joy. Just because someone has it worse than you doesn’t negate your struggle, and just because someone has it better doesn’t negate your joy, if it did, there could only be two people who could feel, one who loved, and one who hurt.  
                    End