

BF_F^F

By Bartan Tirix (whoever that bloke is)

BFFF is filmed in front of a live studio audience.

The beige raptor entered the cozy looking area of the warehouse through the massive garage door. Likely built for the larger set of dragons sitting along the outside of a loungy circle of chairs and a coffee table. Covered with half eaten plates of snacks that looked oddly untouched, while the several characters were discussing something. Approaching the group and almost stopping when he heard the audience cheer from off-stage, like he wasn't expecting them to be there before letting it slide. "Bear?" Sebastian half called, looking a bit uncomfortable at the large group of people and cameras watching.

"Sebs! You made it. Excellent." The polar bear muttered, still jotting down several ideas that seemed to be tossed at him through paper balls.

"What's the emergency? Is it because people are... Watching us?"

"Pay no attention to them. Someone wanted this to be done live for the ratings, so." Bartan shrugged. "Sebs, how do you feel about cake?" A double take from the runner as a small laugh track was played.

"...Cake?"

"Specifically being inside one." The white anthro fox stated, getting a louder laugh track after her statement. Ripping another page from her scribbler and tossing it at the bear.

"Cake...?" Those pale purple eyes gazed back and forth between the two white furred ones. "I thought you said this was important."

"This is important." The bear stated, getting another laugh track at his blunt answer and stare. "I heard Birthdays-"

"Hatchdays." The group corrected him.

"-Hatchdays are important."

"But you don't like your Hatchday-"

"Birthday." The group corrected again, getting a grumble from the beige one.

"*Birthday*, that's what Bryce told me."

"I don't." A long stare in question as Bartan was writing something down on his clipboard.

Looking at the raptor that was giving him a rather crossed look. "It's not for me."

"Still, hardly a reason to call me from work to ask me about cake."

"But the cake is important." Dia'vidd the currently Cyan dragon added, once in a while turning pink when the larger brass wyrm nudged him. "You can't have a Hatchday without a cake."

"It's true. I read about it in a magazine." Another laugh track as the white fox Arson jotted something else down.

"Well, you don't need me to make a cake for you."

"But we do need you for your measurements-"

"Which is something to schedule *after* work, Bartan." The raptor grumbled.

"We need to start making the cake now if we're going to get everything ready for tomorrow." Another crossed look from Sebastian as he stared at the bear for several long moments, getting a slow laugh track at its length. "Are dragons allergic to chocolate?"

"I know I'm not." The large brass one stated.

"You're the pinnacle of perfection, that's why." Dia teased the metallic one, getting a proud smile from Beo.

"I'm thinking of making it vanilla, just in case. What do you guys think?" The group quickly wrote something down and threw it at the polar bear, showering him with several dozen paper balls. Ones he didn't even bother looking at. "Who suggested Pecan!? Yeah, I'm making it vanilla. I'm sure that's his favorite flavor."

"Why do you say that?" A brown panther asked.

"Because his release tastes-" An arm holding a stamp suddenly popped out of Bartan's clipboard and stamped his muzzle with a large red X, leaving him half stunned as a man in a suit climbed completely out of it like some sort of magic trick. Wearing black, sunglasses, and rather bright red hair. "Dehoken?"

"Who?" The man and the beige runner questioned, getting a laugh track and the crowd to cheer at his entrance for a few moments.

"Maybe he's still going by Pickles from Holiday part 1." The fox stated, still not getting her nose out of her scribbler.

"Or Binky from Destruction Preventer?" Dia whimpered.

"Surgeon Funnypants from 1989." Ryoko, the panther (Tirix) stated.

"Dr. Banjo in Wrong Side Of Heaven." Beo snorted. "And I think the Caped Catfish-"

"-I don't go by that anymore." The man interrupted the brass one. "The Caped Fishcat is the hero that Townsville needs, but not the one it deserves right now." A few questionable stares at the rather dramatic line, as the man's tone changed to a rather more chipper one. "Now I'm working for the Censors!"

"Oh God, why?" The bear grumbled, holding onto the place where his muzzle was stamped.

"Because you sir have a bad reputation like Joan Jet, when it comes to dirty stories!" A loud laugh track. "For once, we need to make one that is one hundred pre-cent Clean! Like my house!"

"You used to live in a box." Beo snorted.

"But it was a very clean box! Until that dandelion broke in and stole my stamp collection." A laugh track from the audience. "So the Network asked me to step in and offer my services: sneaking about and attacking people with office supplies!" Another laugh track. "And you've just earned yourself one strike, Mr... Uh..." The man very oddly leaned far over towards Sebbie and whispered to him. "Who is this guy again?"

"Bartan. He's the writer." The raptor gave him a questionable stare, then almost a yelp when he snapped back to where he was standing before.

"Mr. Bear-Can! If you or anyone here gains three strikes by the time this episode completes, your show is canceled. So in other words:" The Censor took off his sunglasses to reveal one eyeball that was clearly very enlarged and stared down at the bear. Seeing all the lights get replaced with red ones. "**I'm Watching You! I'm Watching All Of You!**" Placing his glasses back on quickly and the lights returned to normal. "Toodles!" And he walked off the stage.

A long silence as they all looked at each other for a few moments and letting the audience play another laugh track. "That... Might make things difficult." Dia mumbled, getting a large red wing to cover him and an affectionate lick on the neck from the brass one. Turning the smaller dragon pink, until a large hand came from behind his ear and stamped the brass one's purple tongue with a red X. Getting Beo to hiss and attempt to scrape it off.

"Really!? Licking is-?"

"Too much for Censor-Man! Keep your tongues to yourselves people!" A growl from the large dragon as the arm disappeared. Getting a cautious nudge from the smaller one as Beo fought to get the stamp off.

"You okay?"

"It tastes like Rhubarb and old Crabapples!"

"And this is why I never wanted to be on Network TV." Bartan grumbled, looking over at Sebastian who was still staring at him. "Good, you're still here. Dia will measure you to make sure we can squeeze you into the cake." The look didn't let up as the audience laughed. "The guest might also want to spend some time with you. Nothing terrible, just maybe some paw stuff at least." Still no relief. "You

have good Dad-Face." A frustrated breath and the raptor turned to leave, getting another laugh. "Sebs? Sebby No! Troublemakers! Codename: SebbyLikesEggs!"

A noise in question from the raptor was interrupted when the sounds of two scampers rushed from the back of the warehouse. Seeking the runner from his side as a small white blurr slid into his hind legs, tripping the officer with a loud yelp. While a smaller brass wyrmling caught the beige one within a burlap sack in one quick midair swoop, making Sebs fall to the ground with a loud thud before it was suddenly tightened. He was then dragged back to the bear by the two very happy younglings, wagging their tails with such energy and getting the audience to awwh at their cuteness.

"It is absolutely terrifying how good you two are at kidnapping." Bartan stated, getting a laugh track at how seriously he said that. Then receiving two very happy chirps from the smaller ones. "Take him in the back. Dia, get the measurements and then we'll lock him in the closet until the cake is ready."

"Are you sure we shouldn't at least tell someone first? I'm pretty sure kidnapping an officer of the law is quite high on the Do Not Attempt list." An orange panther (Tirix) suggested, getting everyone to stop and look at Deago for a few moments.

"What are you, his conscience!?" A person from the audience shouted, getting those orange ears to spade and spot the man who shouted.

"...Yes! Yes I am!"

"Nevermind him, and we'll be fine. Bryce will understand." The panthers didn't like the bear's answer, but he quickly changed the subject before it was debated further. "Alright, we got refreshments covered, invites sent, now we need entertainment. Ideas?" Another barrage of papers as he picked at one of them to read it out loud. "Live music? Hmm... Any chance can we get Sabaton to play at the party?"

"No chance in hell-" An arm came out of Arson's seat cushion and stamped one of her chest pillows with a large red X, staining her shirt.

"Are you serious? We can't even say-" The arm with the stamp looked threateningly at the bear as a dramatic sting played. "...H. E. Double Hockey Stick, without getting a strike?" The stamp shook itself 'No'. "For the love of Flum."

"My boob." The fox rubbed where she was 'tattooed', only for another arm to appear on the other side and stamp the other. "This was a new shirt, you motaur!"

"Anne, honey. Please don't get us kicked off the air in the first ten minutes of the show." A growl from her, and Bartan sighed. Reaching in his pocket and pulling out an onion ring that instantly got the canine's ears to perk up. Tossing it like a Frisbee off-stage and see her vault over her chair to go after it, getting a laugh track from the audience. "Alright, do we know any bands that can make it?"

"I can likely get an orchestra to play tomorrow." A double take from everyone at Ryoko; the brown panther. "What?"

"Seriously?"

"Yes. They owe me a favor, and could use the practice." A few blank stares from the group. "I have a life outside of you guys, y'know."

"I find that hard to believe." Beo snorted. "The bear is love, the bear is life."

"Well, tomorrow he's not going to be the center of attention, so." Deago added in. "At least, he shouldn't be."

"Good point."

"Alright, music is done. I'll leave you and Beo to work on maybe some party games, just watch the Censor." A grumble from the orange and brass ones. "But we should still get some entertainment."

"Well, what's something he likes?"

"Hmm... That SCP stuff, but I don't know too much about it." Ears were perked all around. "Unless... Arson, you're a shapeshifter. Think you can possibly turn yourself into SCP-682?"

"What's that?" She re-entered the stage, still devouring the 'Frisbee' and getting a laugh track.

"It's like... A Kaiju."

"So, big. Okay. What else?"

"Uhh... Scaly?"

"Okay?"

"Erm..." A long silence as another laugh track went off. "Alligator-ish, I think?"

"...You don't have a darn clue, do you?"

"-Not in the slightest. I don't think anyone does." The audience chuckled. "Just look up online, you'll find dozens of ideas for it."

"...As well as por-" A threatening arm with a stamp came from a nearby toolbox, lifting it up behind her head like gripping a knife. "-ooooorly photographed evidence, I'm sure." The arm lowered slowly into the toolbox.

"...Good save."

"Thank you."

"I think that wraps up everything. Rixxy's getting the decorations, and I'll do what I can to get Kapolas here." The team got up. "Okay, let's break!"

Curtains close.

Curtains reopen with the crowd cheering.

Bartan entered the large warehouse door to see many tables but few chairs around and about. A stage setup with said missing chairs to seat the orchestra that were practicing within the massive space. The bear then stopped as he gazed over the party area, completely decorated with a Canada Day theme. "W-what is this!?" He grumbled loudly, only for Mr. Censor to pop up behind him with a checklist.

"There you are, can you sign here please?"

"The Hel-ga? I was going to say Helga!" The man glared at him with the stamp in one hand, slowly putting it away. "What happened here!?"

"*WELL*, I spent some time following around your decorator for this occasion, and boy did he ever make some wrongs! Everything from maiming people to just generally being a creep. So I stamped him!" Those shades slipped down his nose a bit, allowing him to look over them. "**Stamped Him Good.** To the point where he's now the red one of the group!"

"But Gnargwrist is the red one."

"Well, he's not invited! Because nobody could spell his name, let alone pronounce it."

"It's easy enough to pronounce, just know that the G is silent."

"Which one?" A laugh track. "Still, since he's yet to show up on the show, you'll get a pass from the network. So instead, I nabbed the stuff he was meant to get." A long stare from those brown eyes. "What?"

"Why are there Canada Day decorations everywhere?" Bartan growled at him.

"Because it's Canada Day."

"Canada Day is in July."

"And?" Another laugh track.

"It's March!" The bear hissed, getting a louder laugh track.

"Huh, that would explain the snow outside."

"This is-" A much louder laugh from the audience interrupted the bear. Getting him to take a breath as they attempted to compose themselves. Watching the man wave a bit while waiting. "This is supposed to be a Birthday part-"

"Hatchday." Ryoko, the brown panther corrected from afar, getting Bartan to press into the space between his eyes to relieve stress.

"No biggy, I'm sure no one will notice."

"You do realize that Kapolas has never celebrated Canada Day before."

"**Really?**" Mr. Censor asked rather surprised. "Why not?"

"Because he's German!"

"Oh, that reminds me! I need to test the drinks!" He walked off, leaving the bear dumbfounded for a few moments. Seeing Dia'vidd start to approach him from stage right, his scales showing a rather stressed or nervous Grey.

"Bear? We have a bit of a problem."

"We have many problems, Dia. What is it?"

"Well... What do they call my father right now? As in, here."

"Harrak."

"Yeah... He found out about the party." An eyebrow in question as the bear blinked at him. Watching those scales turn purple in shyness. "Annd he found his way into the kitchen." A whimper from the white furred one.

"He's making the cake, isn't he?" A nervous nod from the wyrm as the bear sighed. "Has he gotten better at it over the years, at least?"

"Define *better*." A laugh track.

"Is it edible?"

"Iiiiiif you have the jaw-strength to shatter bowling balls, yes." The two whimpered at the same time, getting another laugh.

"You'd think after all those years to practice, he could bake a decent cake." The audience chuckled again. "I guess he still doesn't like kids after all this time." The dragon's ears fell as his scales turned a dark blue, getting the watchers to Awwwh. "Please, you could speak full paragraphs before you were even a year old, you've never really been a child. I know adults who are less mature than you were that first year." A breath but the wyrm smiled.

"Fine, I'll let it go." A nuzzle made the audience Awwh, then a sudden stamping noise as the dragon step back. Shaking his muzzle violently now that it had a large X on it. "WHY!?"

"***I Seen Your Tongue!***" The Censor's voice boomed over the stage, getting a snout toss from the now orange one as he turned about. Accidently flashing the audience with his package and getting another stamp from a trap door onto his pouch. Getting Dia to yelp loudly and stagger as the audience laughed. Limping off-stage before a whistle came from the large garage door, getting Bartan's attention.

Walking towards the noise, a massive alligator muzzle came into view attempting to give the audience a good look at the monstrous giant. Darker grey scales, sharp teeth that seemed to leak through its maw's protection, several eyes and two sets of forearms could be witnessed. "**How's this?**" The creature attempted to whisper, but still getting a lot of bass to its voice.

"Not bad, Arson. I'm sure he'll like it, but I don't think he's into-I mean, *Interested* in Macro." His white fur stood on end when an arm with a stamp behind the bear slowly went back into hiding into a toolbox.

"It's hard to get a good idea of what it actually looks like. Too many variations and speculations, but I just took the ones I thought he might like the best."

"As long as you reduce the size so you can fit into a box or something, then we should be-wait a minute." The alligator make a loud noise in question at Bartan looking far underneath the creature. "What is that!?"

"W-well... I've already gotten two stamps, so I went out of my way to find Dehoken-"

"Mr. Censor." A muffled voice from several nearby hiding spots got the two to look around a bit while a laugh track went off.

"...Mr. Censor, and he said this was the only way it was going to work."

"Well, it does leave very little to the imagination, but does it have to go up to your ribs?"

"He was worried about the block adjusting during movement."

"Does he have a right to worry?" The two stared at each other for a few moments. "Did you seriously make it that big?"

"I thought all males liked big-" Several arms with stamps came out, making the large one whimper. **"...Trucks."** Another laugh track as the arms aimed at the bear.

"...I got nothing. No complaints, no suggestions. Just reduce your overall size and find a box to wrap yourself in." A nod from the large one as a brown panther came towards the white furball. "Let me guess-"

"Bartan, we have a bit of a problem." A large sigh made the audience laugh as the bear put a paw over his eyes. "It's about the music."

"Alright, hit me." Another stamp raised up behind him. "-Don't take that literally." It lowered again.

"I asked them if they could cover Sabastian-"

"Sabaton."

"Y-yeah, but they've never heard of them."

"Did you call them Sebastian or Sabaton?"

"Both?" Ryoko questioned.

"How could anyone not have heard of Sebastian?" A shrug from the Tirix. "Okay, what do they

know?"

"Mostly the classics. They've been practicing Beethoven for several months now." A grumble from the white one. "It's better than nothing."

"I suppose." The bear grumbled again. "Is that all?"

"Well, I'm questioning if someone did something to the beverages."

"Why do you say that?" The panther looked over at Mr. Censor who was staggering towards them a bit. "You okay?"

"The drinks and those cookie plates pass the inspection, Mr. Furball!"

"That's not my-" A sigh from Bartan. "And we didn't make any cookie... Plates-" The man belched, then stamped himself.

"No burping or bodily humor of any kind! That's one strike for you, Mister!" A laugh track as the bear and brown tiger looked at each other. Hearing the panther sigh and step forward while nudging the man off-stage.

"I'll take care of him-" A surprise stamp onto that brown muzzle for nudging him, making him yelp. Taking another breath and muttering to himself, Bartan covered his eyes.

"How could this get any worse?"

"Anything I can do to help?" A green lizard-like anthro dragon walked up behind the bear, putting a paw on his shoulder and getting a glance from those brown eyes.

"No, Kapolas. I got this covered-" A sudden freeze with a laugh track that surprised the green one, giving the bear time to slowly look at the guest of honor and whimper. "...What are you doing here?"

"I got a text to come here and help out with the party." Kapo looked around the decorated area. "I didn't know it was Canada Day."

"It's-" A laugh track as the green one gave Bartan a look in question. "It's your birthday-"

"-Hatchday." Everyone corrected him, getting a large snout toss from that white muzzle.

"Whatever! It's supposed to be your Hatchday party." The audience awwh as the lizard gave him a hug, feeling the bear almost tense up and waiting for the sudden stamp to attack, but it didn't.

"Awwh, you didn't have to. But..."

"But what?"

"It's the 13th."

"And?"

"Bear... My Hatchday is on the 15th." A loud laugh track as Bartan stared at him with stress. Soon getting one of his neck veins to rupture out, but quickly stamped with an X. Replacing the blood with red beans that leaked over the floor until he collapsed.

BFFF will return after these messages:

*"Do you want to smell good?" *Is Stamped.**

We now return to BFFF.

The curtains open to Bartan and Kapolas sitting at a table, the bear rubbing the side of his neck where two large band aids are keeping his beans from leaking anymore. "Don't pick at it, you'll only make it worse." The lizard playfully scolded him, getting a laugh track.

"I'm not picking at it." The white one grumbled back, taking a breath. "Who texted you?"

"Think it was Beo."

"How?"

"Does he not have a phone?"

"I don't know where he would keep one." Bartan grumbled. "And I'd think of ideas, but I am dangerously close to getting us canceled already." A laugh track. "I mean if anything, he was supposed to text you later, but the party isn't ready yet. It was supposed to be a surprise."

"Well, it was kinda spoiled to begin with." A noise in question. "He also texted me yesterday saying, and a quote: Don't come looking for us or the bear today or tomorrow. We're planning a surprise party for you on your hatchday." A grumble in defeat from the furred one while the audience laughed. "I mean, I kinda figured you would do something like this, but..."

"He doesn't understand the whole *surprise* part of a surprise party." He snorted, getting another laugh track. "To be fair, neither do I. That's probably why he doesn't understand the celebration."

"Because you never had one." A nod in admission as Kapo smiled at him. Placing a paw on his white one, and letting them hold each other. Hearing the watchers awww in affection. "Tell me, what did you have in store for the party?"

"Well, we were quite limited with the censors being on our haunches all day."

"As expected. I seen a rather large black block attempting to... Let's call it, **Wrap** a little gift for me on my way in."

"You mean the 682 thing?" The two chuckled. "Yeah. Apparently we can't even lick each other without getting a strike."

"You were planning to lick me, were you?" A hand came from under Kapolas' chair and stamped him in the shoulder. "The fish you put up with around these guys."

"Tell me about it." The bear snorted. "We were also planning music, but..." A gesture towards the orchestra close to finishing up Symphony Number 9. The conductor fiddling with his sheets because someone attached a small string through all the papers, those playing bass were staggering back to their instruments after having some refreshments.

"I'm... Alright with classical music."

"Well, my plan was to have Sabaton, or at least a band that could cover them. But this is apparently all we could find."

"Still, it's... Nice."

"Nice..." Bartan grumbled, half staring between the optimistic dragon-lizard and the stage. "It's the bottom of the Ninth, the Score is Tied, and the Bass' are Loaded." A loud laugh track that lasted quite a few moments. "I'm not going to say the worst band ever, but come on, you deserve better."

"You went out of your way for me, that's enough Bear." That got him to smile, as the orange panther approached them. Getting the polar bear to grumble in defeat.

"What now?"

"I know things haven't been going according to plan, Bartan, but..." Deago sighed for a moment. "The cake turned out too hard to really put Sebastian inside."

"You were planning to put Sebby inside a cake?" The other two nodded at the lizard.

"So, instead we did something else for you. Since I'm the only one here who apparently isn't perverted by nature, consider this my gift for both of you." The orange one started, almost bracing himself. "The raptor is now lying in a bedroom circled by rose pedals-" An arm came from a nearby plastic cup and stamped Deago with a large X on his haunch, getting him to grunt. "And... He's equipped with a spreader bar-" Another stamp and the tirix whimpered. "Among..." A gesture to continue as he started to limp away, having two X's on his behind. Leaving the two to chuckle a bit and the green one to nuzzle affectionately, getting a sudden stamp on his muzzle with a bit of a surprised yelp.

"None of that, you! If it was a straight couple, then fine. But the network is very strict about it otherwise!" Mr. Censor stated, getting a growl from the bear.

"You can't stamp him, he's the guest of honor!"

"Watch me, furball!" The man threatened the two with another stamp, but his attention caught another person walking on-stage. Double taking at the entire setup and specifically glaring at the Censor.

"What are you doing here?" The stage manager grumbled.

"I work here."

"No, no you don't." A large record scratch as everyone's head suddenly entered the stage from the sides and glared at the man that has been terrorizing the show. "You were fired three hours ago." A long silence as the audience laughed loudly.

"...I can explain." Mr. Censor said, taking a large breath then running off-stage. Hearing the brass dragon roar at him.

"Troublemakers!" A loud yelp from the man as the sounds of a struggle was heard for a few moments, then the small brass wyrmling and the white wolfling dragged in an occupied burlap sack. Wagging their tails happily and getting a loud cheer from the audience.

"Good job, you two. Absolutely terrifying, but good job." Bartan complimented, looking at Kapolas soon after. "I think we found ourselves a piñata."

"Maybe later." The lizard smirked deviously. "I'm ready to get this show taken off the air." The bear purred in response as they kissed and the audience cheered. Watching the curtains close.

Happy Hatchday, Kapolas <3