

## Crows and Mentos

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With the heat outside unbearable, Schwarz had decided to hang out at his zebra friend Indi's place for the afternoon, where the crow knew he could cool off.

"Yo, got any soda?" Schwarz asked as the pair finished playing a game.

Indi was busy digging into his third bag of chips, and nodded. "Yeah, I've got a ton in the kitchen, help yourself!"

Schwarz eagerly made his way to the kitchen, and sure enough the fridge was almost overflowing with multiple two-liters of soda. Despite knowing Indi's appetite the crow still felt the amount was a bit excessive, though he wasn't about to argue with the variety at hand. He snatched the nearest bottle with a talon and poured himself a tall glass. Without really realizing it he gulped the soda down almost right away, desperate to cool off in the heat. Another glass was poured, and another, until Schwarz simply decided to guzzle the rest of the bottle right then and there.

The crow belched as he emptied his bottle, chuckling as he felt his belly slosh about in response. He opened the fridge again to grab a new bottle, promising himself he'd walk right back to the living room so he didn't just chug it all down this time...after a few sips, of course. As expected, the few sips quickly turned into many, and soon another bottle was empty and Schwarz's gut was a little rounder. Just moving around in the kitchen caused his middle to sway and jiggle, shaking up the soda within and releasing gas bubbles into his stomach. Schwarz grinned as he felt his belly swell slightly in response; he needed more.

A desire to be rounder overcame the crow, and this time Schwarz grabbed four bottles from the fridge instead of one. He spun the lids off two and downed them simultaneously, the soda pouring through his beak and right into his stomach. His modest belly swelled more and more, expanding both from the soda itself and the carbonation that followed. Reaching into the fridge past his gut grew difficult over time, prompting plenty of belches as the crow's middle pressed against the cold shelves. Not that he minded.

"Did you have trouble finding the so—what the heck man!"

Schwarz turned away from the fridge to face Indi, his gut bloating further as a guilty look came over his face. "Uh, I was just trying out a few different flavors and...um, well the heat was getting to me so staying hydrated felt important and..."

The annoyed zebra stormed over to his friend and poked at his swollen gut with a hoof. "Dude when I said 'help yourself' I didn't mean to *all* of it!"

Schwarz's middle grew a little with every poke, which started giving Indi a devious idea.

"Ya know, you should really have a snack or two to go with all that soda you guzzled," Indi said, grabbing something from a cupboard as Schwarz watched in confusion. "I hear Mentos compliment it nicely!"

The crow *cawed* in terror as Indi shoved two entire cracked open rolls of Mentos into his beak, forcing Schwarz to swallow them. A faint splash marked their entry into his stomach. Almost instantly Schwarz's belly began to fizzle and balloon outwards, foam building up within him at an alarming rate. He stumbled about as his gut grew out of control, shaking up the soda and making things worse. Indi cackled as he watched his friend expand, convinced he was somehow teaching the crow a lesson and avenging his lost soda. Eventually Schwarz could no longer stand, and the crow flailed his arms in a panic as he toppled to the floor, his fall cushioned by his balloon belly.

Though he grew considerably, he remained intact, and the crow let out a *caw* of relief. Indi, of course, interrupted that by force-feeding Schwarz a few more sticks of Mentos. Once again the crow began to expand, lifted off the ground atop his massive, creaking gut. His swollen sides pressed into the cabinets and counters, his taut hide teased by handles and sharp edges, along with the occasionally menacing poke from Indi. He was well on his way to filling up the entire kitchen when the inflation

subsided for the second time.

Indi fumed as the crow persistently refused to explode, emptying the last of the Mentos into his beak and giving his bloated gut a vigorous shake. The creaks became louder and Schwarz felt himself swelling into every inch of the kitchen, the pressure quickly growing unbearable. Eventually an innocent fork sitting in the sink found itself angled perfectly towards a borb middle, and Schwarz let out a last *caw* as he finally ruptured. The blast of the borb popping hurled Indi clear into the hallway as a wave of foam, soda, and gas erupted in all directions, drenching the kitchen and everything in it. A cloud of feathers fluttered to the floor, adding to the mess, and Indi narrowly avoided a beak rocketing right into the wall beside him.

The zebra got back onto his hooves and surveyed the damage with a frown. Oh well, at least Schwarz wouldn't hog all the soda next time...