

Tiny Tales Vol. 1

Shiny

"Try out this new con,' she said. 'We'll have a great time!' she said." Hobbes grumbled as the enemy fire briefly paused, then he leaned out from behind his thick, metal crate, and returned fire.

He'd never actually shot this specific gun before, but he knew it well. The futuristic sounds ringing out as he pulled the trigger of the well worn pistol, each round causing a slight recoil, but certainly not having the kick he'd assumed it would generate.

"Burn in hell, Alliance scum!" The mountain dog howled out, as he took cover back behind the crate. Return shots dinged and ricocheted off the metal, and despite being in mortal danger, Hobbes was actually having a blast.

Sure, it had been quite startling when the replica bridge of Serenity had started to shake, and then there was a blinding light and suddenly everyone on the bridge who was cosplaying the crew of Firefly, was now in space. That was a little jarring, if he was going to be honest. But then they were hailed by an Alliance battle cruiser, telling them to shut off their engines and prepare to be pulled in, and the overwhelming sense of dread set in on everyone. Almost on cue, the group turned to guy dressed as Wash, waiting for him to make a wisecrack. But when that failed to happen, he knew they were in real trouble. Or as Hobbes so eloquently put it at the time, "Fuck."

Fast forward to now where he was hunkered down in his cargo hold, getting shot at by the Alliance, and Hobbes kind of wished he hadn't chosen to be Mal. Well, almost; this was a pretty sweet coat...

"Can we please talk this out?!" He called back, and his answer came in the form of another barrage of bullets. "Is that a no?" Another stream of bullets, only this time it sounded different.

The mountain dog looked up as Amy leapt of the catwalk above him, twirled in the air, and landed in front of him with the grace of feline. The snow leopard/Canadian lynx hybrid then jumped over him and the crate without a word, and Hobbes watched breathlessly as his wife proceeded to put an end to the five Alliance soldiers in a series of flips, kicks, and punches that was pure poetry in motion.

As she lay crouched next to one of the unconscious bodies, Amy slowly looked up and smiled, "No power in the 'verse can stop me." Hobbes only nodded in reply, as he inwardly was thankful that his lovely wife had chosen to cosplay River this year.

Toy

Geo's vision slowly came back into focus. He would have rubbed his eyes if he could, but found his arms unresponsive. In fact, all of his body wouldn't respond. He tried to yell out in the darkness, but even that yielded no result. It was at this moment, on the verge of panic, that his darkness was broken.

Above him light started to flood in, as he quickly realized a massive lid must have been lifted off an enormous box, where he was being stored. Though, the angle and scope of everything seemed off. Something wasn't right. The raccoon was trying to puzzle out what it was that looked wrong when he got another shock. A giant child looked into his box, and smiled a demonic grin!

Had he been captured by monsters? Aliens? Some titan-like beings? And of all those things, why a giant dingo child? What was this madness?!

"Oh, he's adorable!" The giant said to something out of view of the box. And then Geo screamed silently as he was lifted out.

It was a rush, being lifted out that quickly, but the immobilized coon took everything in as fast as he could. He was definitely now in some giant land. Everything was massive and to scale, as though he was a little toy. It made no sense, and didn't offer an explanation for his paralysis. Then the large dingo child clutched him to his chest, and Geo was sure he'd feel all his bones break from the pressure. But his body gave in to the squeezing force with no real harm or pain. Rather, it did something altogether new to the raccoon...it squeaked.

"Uncle Barnaby! Thank you! He's awesome!" The dingo proclaimed. And then the immobilized raccoon heard a familiar voice, though oddly it sounded beeper and boomed around him like thunder.

"Oh ho! I'm glad you like it, scout! I got him special for you, complete with a matching outfit. How about you go pose in the mirror and see how you two look."

A little giggle from the giant holding him, and then Geo felt himself being carried quickly to somewhere new. When they stopped, he was whirled around to face...no, it didn't make any sense, but he was sure that he was seeing his reflection in a mirror.

'Oh gods,' he thought to himself, 'what's happened to me?!' In the mirror, where his bod should have been, he instead found a plush raccoon toy, with his same colorations and marking, dressed in a cub scout uniform. Then, as he was forced to watch, a large sheepdog came into view, right behind the wagging dingo, who Geo now realized was also dressed in a cub scout uniform.

"Aren't you two a match set?" The sheepdog chuckled as he patted the dingo on his capped head. "And I think your little plush scout is also happy!"

Geo was forced to watch, through blue toy eyes, the scene in the mirror as the sheepdog reached down towards the raccoon's muzzle. He then felt his shiny plastic nose get pressed gently.

The coon wanted to shout out at the dog, to know what had been done to him, but instead, in a electronic voice that emanated from his plush mouth, but that wasn't under his control, a happy "Be prepared!" filled the air.

Geo's only thought in response to his electronic proclamation was 'No one could possibly prepare themselves for this.'

Train

Zato huffed his disapproval, as he leaned against his shovel.

"I said stop the train!" The masked badger snarled angrily, while waving his gun around wildly, seemingly to emphasize his demand.

"I heard ya," the fair haired bull said calmly, "and the answer is still no." He went back to shoveling some coal into the open furnace of the steam engine, seemingly unconcerned with the bandit.

This further enraged the badger, and the train robber leveled the gun at Zato, cocking back the hammer, obviously tired of trying to reason with the engineer.

In a fluid motion, the muscular bovine twirled his shovel up from the pile of coal at his hooves and disarmed the robber. The badger only had enough time to squeak his surprise before the bull brought the shovel down on his head. The robber crumpled in place as he lost consciousness from the mighty blow.

A weasel, also wearing a mask, then suddenly stuck his head down from the top of the coal cart to the rear of the engine. "Hey Jasper! What's taking so long? We should have been stopped..." He finally took in the whole scene, and whimpered quietly as Zato kicked a large piece of coal up from his pile, and swung the shovel horizontally, causing the dark rock to hurl through the air and right into the

face of the second robber. He too was knocked out cold, and hung limply over the top of the coal cart.

Zato huffed again, and wiped his brow with his red handkerchief. "I hate trespassers on my train." Without needing to look, the bull kicked the metal furnace cover closed, and with a speed you would not expect, he jumped up the latter to the top of the train.

Once he was topside, Zato surveyed the area in front of him, and saw four more men, each walking delicately towards him, seemingly trying to maintain their balance on the moving locomotive. The bull snorted and then took off towards the criminal closest to him. The poor fool had barely enough time to respond, feebly raising his gun, before Zato knocked the metal pistol out of his hand, and then delivered a series of blows to his torso, finally resulting in him losing balance and falling off the train.

"Larry!" A lizard blurted out. But then stepped back as he saw the bull advancing.

"Worry about yourself," Zato calmly answered as he struck the reptile in the head and sent him overboard. The two remaining thieves obviously knew they were on the losing side, and turned around to run away.

"I don't think so." Zato threw his shovel at the thieves, giving it a spin for maximum coverage, and was pleased when he saw it fly through the air at the two sets of robber's feet and trip them up. He lazily walked over to the two fallen forms and lifted each on up in one hand, so that they were both looking at him in the eyes. Without a word, the engineer slammed their heads together, and then tossed them off the train to rejoin their friends, whenever they got around to waking up.

The bull picked up his shovel and headed over to the side of the car, and almost on cue, one, and then another, followed by a third bandit, came flying out the side door. Zato nodded, knowing what was happening inside the train, and smiled as a handsome and beefy timber wolf in a conductors uniform leaned out the door and looked up.

"Hi sweetie. Everything okay in there?" The bull inquired.

The wolf smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I ejected all the riffraff." Then the wolf motioned a thumb towards the thieves he had just thrown off the train car. "Can you believe those guys? Getting on without a ticket!"

Zato chuckled and nodded back. "The nerve of some folks."