

The park - a place for nature to flourish, families to get together, and for all sorts of activities to happen in the best manner possible, especially if the weather is nice and everyone and everything seems to get along so well for once. That could be said in the case of a young, turquoise, t-shirt and shorts wearing sharkodile named Crosha and his famously larger, tank-top and shorts eweating father Nawa enjoying their picnic together under the company of a tree's shade, the lake's water, and the sky above.

"Dad, aren't you eating a little too much right now for breakfast?" asked Crosha as his father grabbed the sandwiches and tacos with each hand and into his mouth.

"Don't worry Crosha! I'm gonna need all the energy I can get for the match tonight!" Nawa continued to gobble down the food with a smile. "And I'm not facing just anyone this time, I'm facing my legendary rival: Ang Mangangaso!"

Crosha remembered Ang Mangangaso, or his actual name Kada: a Philippine Eagle who is notoriously known for his speed and critical hits against monster-sized opponents, which left his father pretty beaten up in a match once, but luckily defeated him. Surprisingly, they remained in contact as some sort of frenemies, hoping to face each other again. That and he and Giazal, Kada's daughter, are close friends and communicate to each other whenever they can!

"I don't know about energy dad, but I don't think that gaining weight helps with that!" he said as Nawa's round belly was grumbling with hunger.

"Crosha, what did I tell you? This ain't fat, it's relaxed muscle, just like in that Godzilla movie we watched the other day!"

Crosha only rolled his eyes for a moment before resuming his meal, only to notice some of the other children running around. Some with their friends, and other with their parents, but always having a cheerful smile and laughter as one another chased each other, and sometimes having their parents lift them proudly into the air with excitement. He stopped eating and got up, only to notice his monstrous reflection on the lake, and slumped back down. Nawa paused munching and looked down, noticing his son's solemn looks compared to the warm faces of the children and their families, then back to his son.

“Hey, we’re at a park, we’re here to relax not drown in troubles. Besides, how ‘bout we play a game of hide n seek. It’s been awhile since we played that game.”

Crosha looked at his dad in disbelief. “Yeah, cause with your size, it won’t be hard finding you or you finding me!”

“Is that so?” asked Nawa with a competitive glare, “Cause either way, I’m up for it. And I’m sure I’m gonna win!”

Crosha paused for a bit, and then looked up at his dad his determination. “Nuh-uh! I’m gonna win so fast, you won’t even be hiding!”

“Alright then,” he laughed as he patted his belly, “challenge accepted!”

They both got up and Crosha placed his head against the tree while Nawa prepared into running position.

“Ready?!.....aaaaaaannddddd.....GO!”

Like a stampede, Nawa dashed into the small forest and away from the dooming countdown.

“1...2...3...”

He continued running between the trees and bushes as the wild beast he is before stopping to catch his breath (and belly) from exhaustion.

“Man...huff, huff... I gotta...huff, huff... start joggin more...huff, huff,...often! Wait, what’s that?”

Behind some of the bushes and debris was a somewhat large, sturdy hole in the middle of the rocky wall of a hill. He approached closer and peeked inside to notice some sort of tunnel cave.

“Mmmm...I don’t know if I can fit, but....” he said as he heard from an echo of Crosha almost finishing his countdown in the distance.

“4....5....6...”

He looked back at the hole, then gave one large shook.

“Argh, no time left, and it’s better than nothing!”

He placed his head inside the hole, then half of his chest inside to get a good hold of the walls inside, before wiggling a bit more to fit more of himself in.

“Ngh, heh heh, so far so goo-ugh!”

He suddenly stopped. Nawa looked confused and looked behind him to see only half of him inside the tunnel. “Well, I can take of this”. He inhaled his chest and wiggled much more, but he still remained firmly in place as his body twisted and turned with chest, legs, and tail from both sides.

“7...8...9...”

“Uhhhh....maybe pushing back?!” He tried to position his legs to push against the wall, but only succeeded in placing his toes at the bottom corner of it and raising his tail high in the air.

“Ngh, hrmp, ughhh!....oh no.” He exclaimed as his body plopped down.

“10! Ready or not, here I come!”

“I’m stuck.”

~

Crosha scanned the park quickly and began to ponder where could his father hide. He ran towards the playground to search in the tunnel slides, behind the statues of the park, and even dipped his head into the lake to see if he was submerged.

“Nothing, except for the forest.” He walked towards the trees and bushes and scoured through every bush, rock, and tree that he could, but nothing showed up.

Huh, he thought, he’s actually good! But I’m not gonna give up!

So again he searched up and down, left and right, forward and backward through the forest, but he still couldn’t find his father. Eventually, his hope for winning dwindled, and he finally gave up as the loser.

“Alright dad, you won! Now come out. It’s almost noon and I want go back to eating!”

No one responded, except for the wind carrying the leaves and the echoing of the people playing outside the forest.

“Dad....it’s not funny anymore. Let’s go back!”

His face dropped with some fear and anxiety as he slowly walked around, still searching for an answer. The crows taunted him with their chirps and the smaller critters dashed through the bushes unexpectedly. He only continued tensely until he felt something grab his shoulder.

“AAAAHHHHH!”

“Relax Crosha, it’s just me,” said Zakano, a black, white, and red-haired iguana who’s taken care of him in the past, “I’m not gonna eat you or anything like that!”

“Oh, Zak! I thought you were a monster!”

“Nope, just me and my tail. What’s up?”

“Nothing, just playin hide and seek with my dad, but I can’t find him.”

“Well, need help then? I was just waiting for some friends to hang out with, but they’re taking forever anyway.”

“Sure, and it’s not like dad to be gone.”

They walked together and resumed their search as the sun shined on, glimmering onto the land to as their only spotlight in the forest.

~

“Nggh! Hmph! Ugh!” cried Nawa, struggling to free himself. “It’s no use, I’m stuck too tight!”

For the past minutes, Nawa struggled relentlessly to get himself out, but not a single budge was made and only a couple of the forest critters came to stare at this strange, but hilarious moment.

“HELLO!!! ANYONE THERE??? I NEED HELP!!!”

Nada, save for some of the dirt falling on him after his tremendous shouting shook some of the dirt loose. He pondered that if he continued to do that, he would break apart the hole and be free, but dismissed it as soon as he realized it would mean burying him alive.

“Well, let’s try this then!”

He inhaled a large breath of air, thanks to his special vaccum-like ability, to push himself as a tornado, but that also ended in failure when he breathed in too much dirt and coughed it out before exhaling it completely.

“Ack! Pft! Pft! So much for that idea. Wait, maybe I can call Crosha from my cell- oh wait, it’s in my pocket...on the other side....”

He sighed and looked back at his belly, reminiscing on what Crosha said earlier.

“Guess Crosha was right, I’m too fat and I eat too much. Better start cutting back on the food, specially since I’m his dad.”

Suddenly, he heard something in the distance on the other side of the wall. Something familiar and comforting, which slowly formed into words.

“Dad, where are you?” cried a boy’s voice,

“Nawa, are you here?” shouted an older man’s voice.

It was his son and Zakano. His head and tail lifted in joy and he began to make as much noise as he can with his body. “CROSHA! ZAKANO! I’M HERE! OVER HERE!”

The distant shouting stopped and changed into shuffling of the leaves, where soon enough, Crosha and Zakano stopped nearby, still oblivious.

“I heard him around here Zak! But I don’t see him!”

“Neither do I Crosha, but if he’s here, then it won’t be long till he shows up!”

Nawa overheard this and realized he had to do something, so he wiggled his tail in the air hoping to hit something to make noise, only to grab onto something that felt organic.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!! CROSHA HELP!!! SOMETHING’S GOT ME!!!!”

Crosha looked back at Zakano and saw him panicking to free himself from some tentacle-like thing, until he recognized the fin.

“It’s my dad!” he shouted and ran towards where the tail came from “Dad! There you a-whoa!”

He was expecting to see his father alright and just pranking them, but only found his bottom rear of his body sticking out of a hole in the wall and his tail wrapping around Zak.

“Crosha! Thank god you’re here! You too Zak!” He let go of Zak, and Zak only stared back with shock.

“N-No problem Nawa, just DON’T DO THAT AGAIN!...please?”

“What happened dad? How did you end up like this?”

“I was trying to hide in this tunnel-cave in our game of hide and seek, but I was too big and panicked, which, well, uh....got me stuck.”

Zakano snickered a bit, only for Nawa to slap him with his tail. “DON’T YOU DARE TALK ABOUT THIS ZAK, OR I’LL MAKE YOU MY NEXT MEAL WHEN I GET OUT!”

“Sorry, sorry! But did you try to get out yourself?”

“Of course I have! I tried pushing, sucking in my belly, and trying to use my vacuum breath to push myself as well, except none of them worked!”

“Alright dad,” said Crosha as he grabbed his father’s tail from the end, “then we’ll pull you out, right Zak?”

“Right,” Zakano responded as he grabbed the tail ahead of Crosha. “Just suck in your belly again Nawa!”

“Alright then!” He inhaled a big gulp of air and briefly said “Ready?” back to his rescuers.

“Okay, on 3!” shouted Crosha, “1, 2, 3, PULLLLL!”

Both of them tugged and struggled to make a movement, while Nawa turned red little by little until he exhaled and the other two released and collapsed in exhaustion.

“Nu-nuh-nuthin,” said Zakano as he caught his breath, “All that and you didn’t even move an inch!”

Nawa whimpered quietly as he heard that, but Crosha only approached and pet his father’s tail.

“It’s okay dad, you’ll get out somehow. And we’re not leaving you.”

They repeated this for a couple of hours, until a ringtone came from Zakano’s pocket, and he reached down to realize it was their lucky day.

“Hello?....Oh, hey guys! Where are you?....Near the forest? Alright, stay where you are, I’ll be right there!”

He hung up as Crosha stared in confusion and Nawa was only wondering what was going on outside.

“What was that?” asked Crosha.

“I think so. My friends I told you about are here in the park, so I’m gonna get them to help us out.”

Nawa was a little more hopeful once hearing this, but then turned worrisome. “And they’re not going to talk about this either right?”

“Don’t worry Nawa, they not that kind of people! Besides, they don’t know you’re THAT famous fighter, and I’m sure you’ll like one of them!”

Nawa relaxed just a bit. “Okay then, get them over here.”

“Will do man, just don’t go anywhere.....oh yeah, my bad.”

Zakano got up and raced away towards the exit, leaving behind the father and son to wait and hope everything will be alright.

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The sun slowly sank towards the land, and Crosha rested himself on the back of his father’s tail feeling a bit sleepy from the pulling, while his father gently wrapped his tail around him and rocked him to and fro.

“Tired Crosha?”

“Yeah, it’s already afternoon. And you’re still stuck.”

“It’s okay...sorta. And don’t worry, I’ll get out somehow, then we can get back to eating and playing!”

Crosha stopped the rocking and looked back at his father’s belly, half of it wedged out of the hole.

“Really dad? You still want to eat and get fatter?! EVEN THOUGH I KEEP TELLING YOU ALL THE TIME?!” He crossed his arm and just sat angry and disappointed.

Nawa depressingly looked back as if he could see his son. “Yeah, I guess you’re right in a way Crosha. I just can’t help myself when it comes to food. I love it so much, especially since I didn’t have much of it as a kid like you.”

His son continued to look at his belly and clutch the tail. “Really dad, cause I don’t believe you.”

“Really! Ya see, I didn’t grow up rich like now. I only had a broken home in the jungle, your grandparents who were working every day, and me being sick and alone most of the time. We got food most of the time by stealing from the vendors or pickin fruits deep the jungle, and that didn’t change till I was in high school.”

Crosha was surprised his father lived like that, especially since he never talked about his past before meeting his mom. But a sadness lingered in his heart and continued to grab his father’s tail.

“Oh...I didn’t know. But we’re not so different with being friendless, since no one wants to play with me, and they get scared if I try to join them in games or anything else. The worst part is that Mom’s gone, and when they see me with you, they think you’re going to eat them.”

Nawa raised his tail up to Crosha’s face, and slightly wiped his son’s growing tears off his face.

“It’s okay, I know what you mean. It’s just natural for me to look big n’ scary, especially in the ring. But whenever I’m with you Crosha, you remind me to put on a better face and be a friendlier guy. And who say’s you’re friendless if you got Giazal and some of your other classmates, right? So, don’t worry, you’ll make more friends in the future, it’s just a matter of time and effort from

both of us! But most importantly Crosha, no matter what happens or wherever you are, I'm there for you....even if I'll be stuck for the rest of my life here!"

Crosha stopped crying and stared back at his father's tail, then hugged it with all of his might.

"Thanks dad, and don't worry, we'll get you out!"

"You're welcome Crosha, and I hope it's soon, cause the match is tonight!"

The sky was close to being completely covered in darkness, and Crosha noticed the clock on his phone read 3:00 PM. His father's match was at 8:00 PM.

"Aw man, then we need to get you out soon!" he shouted as he attempted to pull on the tail again.

Nawa felt the tugs and still didn't budge, but smiled and shed a single tear of relief his son was alright again

"Hey dad?"

"Yeah Crosha?"

"You said that it looked like a tunnel inside, right?"

"Yeah, but it's kinda dark to see any further."

"Good, cause I want to look at something real quick. Be back soon!"

"Okay then! Hurry and stay safe though!"

~

"Crosha, Nawa, I'm back!" yelled the iguana, "And my friends are here to help!"

Nawa moved his tail in attention to the voice. Out of the bushes and trees walked a muscular bull wearing a tank-top shirt and camo pants, with alongside a dead-serious looking horse wearing a long coat, t-shirt, jeans, and cowboy hat.

“So.....” asked the bull, “Who needs help and what exactly should we do?”

The horse only shrugged and looked at Nawa’s half. “I’m guessing we’re getting this fat brute free from the wall somehow.”

“THIS fat brute’s name is Nawa!!!” shouted Nawa, “And if I wasn’t stuck right now, you would’ve been eaten by now for what ya said!!”

“Hey relax, it’s alright guys,” replied the bull, “I’m here to help, even with Sophy here!”

He pulled out a tiny, shiny crystal from his pocket, and grinned proudly, until the horse took it from him and dropped it to the floor.

“For the last time Bruce, we’re not using this thing! Who knows what sort of troubles it’ll bring, especially what it did to you that one time!”

“C’mom Henry! It was an accident, and she didn’t mean to hurt anyone!”

“Alright you two enough!” shouted Zakano, “We need to focus on the situation here!”

“Yeah guys! Start helping!” shouted Crosha, but nowhere to be seen to the surprise of the 3 friends.

“Crosha, where are you?” asked Zakano.

“In here with my dad Zak!”

Zakano, Bruce, and Henry looked back at Nawa's bottom, then walked towards it placing their heads against the wall next to it.

"Crosha.....are you in there?"

"Yup,I found the end of the tunnel and crawled through here. I've been trying to push my dad out from this end, but nothing."

"Good work kid," replied Henry, "But I don't think you're strong enough alone."

"But we're all here now to help," said Bruce as he grabbed one of Nawa's leg, "So less talking and more pulling!"

Henry grabbed the other leg and Zakano grabbed the tail, while Crosha placed his arms against his father's chest and Nawa sucked in his belly once again.

"1...2...3, PUUULLLLL!!!"

They all pulled and pushed, and for a moment it felt like Nawa was finally moving. Sadly, his top half only mushed with his belly while his tail and legs only lengthen to make his bottom look skinner, then they all let go and Crosha collapsed, leaving Nawa bounced back into shape as before.

"Ohhhh man!" exclaimed Bruce, "You weren't kidding when you said he was a huge problem Zak!"

"Zak, I'd be furious with you by now" said Nawa wagging tail, "But it's true. And I need to be free soon for the match tonight!"

Henry looked at his phone from his pocket, and replied to Nawa "Well, it's past 5:00, and what match are you playing in?"

“A luch- I mean, s-soccer match with some friends! Yeah, just want to play a good match tonight!”

“Well, what can we do?” asked Zak. “We’ve done all that we can and NOTHING’s working!!!”

They all just sat and pondered for solutions, but as the horizon sank in the sky and the lamp lights lightened, not one of them could figure out a single thing.

Then Crosha jumped up with excitement. “You guys, there’s a lake nearby right? Well, we can brings some of the mud and water from the shore and put it all over my dad! That’ll make him slippery enough to slip out!”

Nawa looked surprised and worried. “Crosha, I’m gonna get dirty real bad, and how do you even know it’s gonna work?”

“...because I saw it in a cartoon before?”

“Well, either way,” said Zak, “It’s already 6:00, so we’ll go get some and put it on you Nawa. Then it’s back to pulling and pushing!”

So they ran back and forth from the lack to Nawa, bringing it in their arms and shirts as makeshift buckets, then smothered it all over Nawa, outside and inside the cave with Crosha coming in and out. Eventually, they finished and resumed their positions once more.

“Ready guys?”

“Ready!”

“1...2....3, PUUUULLLL!!!”

They all pulled and pushed with all their might, feeling their muscles burn up and Nawa more squished.

“C’mon dad! Squeeze!!!”

They huffed and puffed, and little by little, Nawa slipped through the wedge and back into the outside world.

“Hnnnnnggghhhh! It’s *huff* working *huff* guys!” Nawa shouted, “Keep *huff* goin!”

“Alright *ngh* everyone *ngh* last *ngh* stretch!”

They paused for a second, then with all their might, they tugged as far as they can and then-

POP

Nawa flew out of the hole and plummeted on top of the guys, with Crosha tumbling till he bumped onto his father’s head.

“Ow, ow ow, my tail!”

“Get...OFF!”

“Need air, now!”

Nawa noticed his 3 helpers bellow him and jumped off and help his son up. “Lucky I didn’t break any of your bones.... but thanks. Thanks a lot you guys”

Zakano could only give a hand wave to him, while Bruce and Henry laid there flat-out on the ground somewhat dead.

“Wait, what time is it?”

Crosha grabbed his phone and reported “7:00 dad.”

Nawa’s expression dropped. “WE NEED TO GO NOW!!!”

He grabbed and lifted Crosha to his head, then grabbed Zakano, Bruce, and Henry with his arms and tail and ran back to his car, yanked it up, and raced towards a burger joint for food, his home for his bag, and finally arriving with minutes to spare at the gym arena. He then disappeared into the gym, and crowds of people soon arrived with tickets and cameras to hold.

“Crosha, what is your father doing here?” asked Henry

“He’s uhh...doing a quick favor for a friend.”

“But I thought he had a soccer match to play with some friends tonight?”

“Yeah, but ehhe...he got it mixed up for tomorrow!”

Henry looked at him suspiciously, but gave up and settled with the answer given while accepted Crosha’s offer to go inside. Soon enough, they found the crowd excited and the match beginning with the announcer entering the ring, screaming to reveal the majestic Ang Mangangaso and ferocious El Depredador.

“WOW!” screamed Bruce, “EL DEPRDADOR AND ANG MANGANGASO FACING OFF HERE?! THIS IS AMAZING!”

Henry looked at his brother and grinned. “Don’t worry Bruce, you’ll get to face them one day, and you’ll become the champion of the world.”

Bruce could only gleefully stare at them, Henry went to the snack stands for more food, and Zakano just got out his phone to take photos of the moment. Crosha on the other hand stood on the chair

to get a good look at his father, who saw him and gave a quick wink and what appears to be mouthing the words “Thanks.” Crosha only smiled, and began to cheer on for his father as he and his opponent climbed the ring.

“Thought I’d find you here!” cried a familiar voice.

Crosha turned around and stared timidly at Giazal, all dressed up pretty in her typical flower shirt and khaki pants.

“H-h-hey Gia! Been awhile, heh?”

“Yeah, it has! But let’s catch up after Mangangaso wins alright?”

“You mean when Depredador wins!”

“If you say so.”

Then the bell rang, and the warriors went to war.