

A human with dark skin steps off a bus, next to a sign that reads 'Toontown Express Stop'. He pulls out his phone and checks his map. He says to himself, "Hopefully this dealership works out. I really want to just have a car to drive to work." The buildings with their window eyes shift over him as he walks by in the hot summer sun. Cel-shaded humans and anthropomorphic animals of various degrees moved about their business, with one or two giving friendly greetings. Sentient cars pass by, eying the new visitor, and wave tires to him, or beep their horns in greeting.

On the way to the car lots branching off of Main Street, the man runs across a van. The van has a truck-like body and a gently curving roof. It has tinted windows and doors, with obvious driver and passenger side doors. There is also a sliding cabin door on the passenger side and double doors at the back. The rear bumper sticks out, as a stepping stone to get into the back. The van's grille curves gently forward, with rectangular headlights and signal lights. The body has a red paint job with a white trimmed underside that is mostly whole with a few small dents in the back. The van's tires are thick, clad in generic hubcaps, and sag into the pavement. The window has a large 'FOR SALE CHEAP' sign, with no listed price. The human leans in closer to look at any details and is taken aback by a sudden movement from the vehicle.

He gasps as the van rumbles, looking up at him with its headlights, a dented license plate that reads 'D4WN1'

"Oh! You need a new car?" The car asks and wags its back end. "I'm a good van! Reliable..." The car trails off to explain its features and driving history. The van turns to its side to open its middle and back doors. "Lots of space!" The car hunkers down on her front wheels and arches its front to look up at the human, like a stretching canine. Its engine rumbles and chugs, tailpipe popping eagerly. "And I don't have a lot of miles on me!"

"Uh...I'm not quite sure really. I was going to head to a dealer..."

“Oh, you don’t need a dealer! ‘Sides, those guys will pretty much run with your money.”

The human opens his mouth, about to ask a question, but is caught off guard by a sudden tire pointing at his face, deformed almost like a pointing finger. “No, seriously! They’ll run off with your wallet and leave you with a lemon! Or nothing, depending on the day. ” The car rumbles and sits back down on all fours. “So, whaddya say? No paperwork or anything....!” She asks and flutters her eyes.

“Uh...let me think about it, okay?” The human says and starts to walk away and back down the street. Behind him, the car sits upon its rear tires, front bent forward, and waves a tire.

“D-don’t worry...I’ll be here...you know. Waiting.”

He heard an uneasy chuckle from the van as he turns around to move on. He stops as he’s called out to by the van.

“W-wait! What’s your name?” The van asks.

“Tristan. Now I’ve gotta go,” the human answers, turning to face her.

“I’m Dawni! It’s on the license plate,” she says, and points at her front license plate, and beams.

“N-nice to meet you,” Tristan says, and goes back to walking in the other direction.

Tristan stops at a car dealership in the center of Toontown, the lot with a 50’s inspired sign that read ‘Crazy Sam’s Autos.’ He takes a single step onto the lot and is greeted by a short anthropomorphic rabbit with long ears that reach eye level.

“Welcome to Crazy Sam’s!” The rabbit says, with a beaming smile and buck teeth that almost blinded Tristan. The taller person winces before the rabbit closes his mouth. “You looking for a new car?” They ask as they hop backward.

"I did, yeah! What do you have?" Tristan asks with widening eyes.

The rabbit leans backward and points toward a row of cartoon vehicles of varying types and ages. Tristan knows full well that toony machines can be an incredibly mixed bag. Still, he's always wanted one.

The rabbit walks down the rows of cars, leading Tristan on. The headlights of the vehicles peek at Tristan curiously. The cars creak and rise up on their suspension, and a couple murmur amongst themselves talking about someone taking them off the lot.

The rabbit pauses as he gets in the middle of introducing the cars. "Now, you know these are toon cars, right?" They ask, adjusting their tie. "They're a bit of a handful!"

"I know, yeah." Tristan answers. "Look, I heard these were the most affordable, I'm moving soon, and I would like something that's an easy drive."

The cars murmur amongst themselves again, suspensions creaking and engines idling.

"I mean, mostly." Tristan continues.

"Alright, buddy. Just know, no refunds, and you know these things have their own needs." The rabbit says.

"I know. I'll deal with that." Tristan says as he continues to walk, taking a moment to look at a cute little rounded compact that blushes. He then passes by a van and pauses. He peers at it and recognizes the features on it. It was the same van as before.

"Uh...I don't think this van is part of your stock...I just saw it up the street..."

Dawni shakes her front. “Nope. Totally been here the whole time!” Dawni says, and beams at him, shifting her eyes.

The rabbit bounds up to Dawni. “No, I think she’s been there!” He says as he looks her over.

Tristan shakes his head and points at her. “N-no, I don’t think so...”

Dawni creaks and leans forward toward him. “Come on! Buy me! Pleeeeease?!”

“Alright, I’m out.” He says and quickly leaves the lot, thinking he’ll just visit another one tomorrow.

Tristan takes a break and stops at a café to eat. He sits outside at a two-person table by himself and watches toons go about their day. This was becoming a more frustrating task than he thought. And then there’s Dawni. He starts to have second thoughts about buying a toon vehicle, wondering if he should just buy something normal.

He keeps looking away from the table and empty chair as he finishes his sandwich. A shadow looms over him, prompting him to look up and find a familiar grille staring him in the face.

He turns around toward his originally empty seat and gasps. “What the fuck?! How the hell did you even get in here?”

An anthropomorphic poodle waitress walks up to Tristan’s table. “Some oil for the car here?” She asks, looking at the pair. Dawni’s engine rumbles, and bumpers turn up into a smile.

“I’m a toon, silly. Now,” Dawni says before leaping over Tristan, causing him to fall out of his chair and onto the sidewalk. She lands with a thud onto the nearby street.

"I can fit in a lot of places!" Dawni says with a rather proud rumble, tailpipes backfiring. "Now, you said you were looking for a new ca-HEY!"

Tristan stumbles into a runner's lunge and sprints down the street, and huffs, taking a corner and ducking behind an alleyway.

"Tristaaaaaaaaaaaaan!" Dawni calls out as she tries to follow.

He slides down against the side of a dumpster and tries to peek out from around one of the building walls. He catches a glimpse of Dawni driving off and gives a sigh of relief. He steps back to lean against a wall and is suddenly startled by a sudden crashing from in the dumpster.

"There you are!" Dawni cheers as they hop out of the dumpster and into the alleyway...getting slightly squished in by the process.

Tristan runs screaming out of the alleyway and down the street along the sidewalk. Dawni soon follows behind, rumbling along on the street.

"Why do you want to be bought so bad?!" He yells at her from the sidewalk, while he looks around for a place to duck into. Dawni is behind and has to duck around and leap over some of the other toon vehicles in the street.

"B-because...!" Dawni says while watching Tristan take a right and down another street. "I wanna get out of Toontown. S-see the world! Or at the very least the next town over!" Dawni's engine rumbled, sounding like a normal vehicle gunning it, with cartoony clunks, chugs, and sputters. She follows him, taking a right, drifting into the turn like they were a race car.

The human looks for another way out, slowing down as he gets more tired. He wishes he had brought his track clothes with him; he could use any advantage he could against a chasing toon vehicle. Tristan does get a little reprieve, as Dawni does get bogged down in traffic.

He then catches a toon painter painting a wall near the road. He quickly runs toward them, and grabs the painter's brush, much to the painter's annoyance. He takes the brush and imagines a fresco of a tunnel while swiping it along the wall. He paints a dark tunnel with a road an exit leading out to...somewhere.

The painter looks at Tristan and whistles. "Wow, a pretty fast job for a human!"

"T-thanks!" Tristan says as he drops the paintbrush and darts back out toward the road, reaching for the pavement line.

"Please fucking work," he thinks, and as he touches the pavement line, he can grab part of it. He pulls it toward the newly painted road and tunnel.

He stands up to see the Dawni now out of the traffic jam, zooming at him. "Come on and buy meeeee~" She squeals, and Tristan ducks out of the way...to be greeted with the sound of Dawni zooming off in the distance, and onto the horizon out of the tunnel. Tristan waits till he sees her disappear on the other side of the tunnel.

He pauses to say something...and then decides to just not bother. He turns and ducks out of the way of the now rerouted oncoming traffic, deciding to just go home.

Tristan eventually reaches the bus stop, sweating and exhausted as he just had to run like he was in a track meet. He collapses on the bus stop bench and closes his eyes. He hears a rumble off in the distance, expecting the bus and his way out. As he turns his head to look, he sees Dawni.

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me...” He says and struggles to get up. Dawni, which had earlier gone at full speed, was now huffing, chugging, and wheezing. Its wheels wobbled, and their tongue hanging out from between their bumpers.

“F-found you....” Dawni calls out as her engine clunks, sputters, and coughs, clearly exhausted and running out of fuel. He stumbles off the bench and tries to run. As she approaches, her suspension wobbles while her tailpipe backfires and pops. She slows down, and with a wheeze, she collapses onto her tires. Her entire form softens while her tongue lolls out of her mouth.

Tristan stops and turns around. He gives a sigh of relief as he realizes she can’t really do anything in this state.

A thought passes his mind for a moment.

He takes a breath and turns around to approach Dawni.

“Okay, look. Chasing me down really isn’t the right way to get me to buy you. I might have come back later!” Tristan says, with a sigh.

“But I really wanted to show I’d be a good van!” Dawni protests. She tries to start up to prove it, managing to get a couple of pops from her tailpipe before steam pours out from her hood. huff. “I knew I should have gotten gas a few miles ago...” She laments with a huff.

Tristan walks around Dawni, looking them over, inspecting her splayed-out tires and softened exhausted form. He peeks into her driver’s side door, at her dashboard. Her temperature was maxed out, and her fuel gauge was empty.

He walks back to Dawni’s front and looks down at them. It was getting dark, he still didn’t have a car, and if she was this willing to be his, he could at least give her a chance.

“Alright. How about this. We’ll try out being together and see if it works out. But you have to behave. No more chasing me down for attention. If you do that, I’m bringing you back here.”

Dawni weakly nods. “S-sure. I’ll be the best van y-you’ve ever had.”

Tristan nods. “We’ll see.” He pauses for a second as he notices Dawni’s condition.

“But we probably should get you gas first, huh?”

Dawni sputters and clunks. “Y-yes please.”

A sigh. “I’ll call...whatever AAA is for toon cars.”

Dawni turns her front weakly to her left. “G-gas station over there...” She says, using a tire to point at it. “And I’ve got a gas can on my back door.”

“Oh, that’s convenient,” he says and turns to look at the gas station. “How did I not notice that before?” he thought. “Oh, right. Too busy trying to run from a toon.”

Dawni had a few moments to relax before Tristan returns with a full gas can. He places it in front of her, and she drinks the can like a soft drink with a straw. He watches as she quickly slurps it all, and as she cranks again, eager to prove herself to the driver she wanted. Tristan takes in the sight of her sputtering and chugging as the engine starts to catch and come back to life, and her body returning to its original shape. Her engine catches with a loud bang, and Dawni gives a pleased, “Yeah!” The two of them go to the gas station to properly fuel up, with Tristan walking to it, and Dawni following him. When they get to a pump, Dawni’s new driver plunges a fuel nozzle into her gas tank.

Dawni gives a happy sigh. “Nothing like good quality gas in the tank.” Tristan chuckles. Dawni giggles, while her front turn signals turn a soft red. Eventually, there was a clunk from the pump, and

Tristan climbs inside of his new van. The seats were comfortable as if they conformed to the shape of his runner-toned body.

“Huh. Pretty comfy,” he says and leans his head out of her door.

“Ready to go?” He asks.

“Mmhm. Start me up, and let’s get going!” Dawni replies. Tristan turns her key and her engine ticks over a couple of times. She grunts and slumps forward, hunkering on her tires briefly as she’s cranked. When Dawni’s engine catches, it rumbles with a bassy thrum, with an occasional clunk and backfires from her tailpipes. He pats her dashboard and gives a relieved sigh. Guess this wasn’t such a bad trip to Toontown, after all.