

Nerf or nothing

Vicious laughter filled the room as Grease Pan trotted into the room, her cybernetic hooves clicking on the floor. A large box lay across her back, but she bucked it off onto the floor with a heavy “WHUMP”.

“It’s heeeeeeere!”

She sang, and her canine friend, Wireless Fuzz came walking in. She leaned against the doorframe, locking eyes with the snickering pony.

“What’s here?”

Fuzz said with a tilt of her head. Her question was, unfortunately, answered within the next minute. Grease Pan was opening the box, flinging packing peanuts across the floor with deep, guttural laughter escaping her throat. She sounded near delirious, and definitely evil. She slid into the box, grunting in effort as she began to pull out the contents.

“Panny, what IS it?”

The canine asked again, more firmly this time. She stepped forward, claws clicking on the floor as she nervously approached. The pony grunted again, and finally came flying from the box. Her tail wagged like a puppy’s, it was...

“A GUN?”

“Well, it was supposed to be a normal nerf gun but...well...I guess they upgraded me?”

“UPGRADED?!”

Grease Pan wasn’t listening, she was too busy hitching the gun to her back. It was long, metal, with a glowing red tip. She laughed again, launching forward and shoving Wireless Fuzz up atop her back. The canine yipped as she straddled the gun.

“What are you doing?!”

“I need you to help my aim! Come on!”

Grease Pan began to run off, kicking the door open and bolting down the street, cackling loudly as she went.

“Pan! Pan stop! Paaaaa-aaan!”