

# WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

## CHAPTER 7

*A Pack of Mall Rats*

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Now strolling down the noisy corridor again, I see the toy store come into view. I become excited and begin to bounce up and down with joy in my stroller. My diaper crinkles loudly as I feel it becomes warm once more due to my excitement. I squeal out, "Toys! Toys! I see the toy store guys!" I clap my paws with glee until the stroller stops. Jenn becomes excited as she points to her right. "Hey Jess check it out! Gorilla Garb is having a thirty percent off sale! Let's stop in really quick. It'll only take a few minutes." As I feel the stroller change directions, the toy store moves out of my line of sight. The thought of going to another clothing store seems grueling. My face turns red as I try to hold myself back from flipping out. The effort is futile. I cannot contain my fussiness and instead, I begin to throw a tantrum. I start to kick my little Velcro sandals violently and bang my paws on the front guard of the stroller. "NO! NO! NO! You promised we would go to the toy store! I don't wanna go in Gorilla Garb! I want to go to the toy store! TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!" Jenn looks down at me, "Please quit being so fussy, Asher. I know we promised, but they're having a sale. We'll make it quick. Knowing that I am completely helpless and contained in my stroller, I turn to my trusty pacifier for comfort. I pop it into my mouth and begin to suck on it as I



cross my arms and pout. After a few seconds of suckling the paci, I feel better. As we enter the store, I let out a long disgusted sigh.

Sitting in my stroller as the two twins thumb through the racks of clothing, I become more and more bored. I fuss and whine, but the two ignore me as they continue searching through the racks. Eventually, I become fed up. *This is stupid! Why do I have to sit here while they look at clothes?! They promised me we would go to the toy store! Pffff... Fine! If they won't take me, I'll just go by myself. I'm a big boy after all!* With my mind now set, I watch Jess and Jenn for the perfect opportunity to escape. Some kind of opening when neither of them are paying attention to me. When I see the moment arise, I grab Raz, tuck him under my arm, and climb out of the stroller as quietly as I can. Surprisingly, the two twins do not hear the loud crinkling of my soggy diaper. *Wow! They must really be honed into those stupid clothes.* As I waddle away, I continue to crinkle in just my T-shirt and diaper.

As I toddle alone through the store, I notice that everything seems larger and almost foreign to me. The lighting grows dim and I swear I hear the sound of beasts howling from afar. The clothing racks seem to tower over me more



and more with each one I pass. As I examine the imposing racks of outfits, I suddenly get flashbacks from when I was a kid. I remember how much both Dad and I hated shopping with Mom. So, while she was nosing around through piles of clothes, the two of us would play hide and seek. I was always the one to hide and Dad was always the seeker. I would climb through the racks of clothing and hide in the center behind all of the outfits as if I were in a forest clearing surrounded by trees. It would always take a while for Dad to find me. He knew that I was in one of the racks, but like playing the Shell Game, he never knew which one I was in. It also didn't help that I'd constantly dart from one rack to the next as I saw him nearing me. It was so much fun!

My fond memories are soon interrupted as I stand in front of a large ominous rack of outfits. As I stand here in just my diaper and t-shirt, I examine the rack closely. The longer I stare at it, the more it draws me in. Then out nowhere the circular rack of clothing begins to morph. It slowly changes its appearance as it begins to take on the form of what looks like some kind of temple! The arms of clothing begin to grow out into vines, wrapping their way around several pant legs, which now turn into weather-worn columns. At this moment,



I realize my imagination is once again beginning to run wild. Staring in awe at the temple of clothing, I cannot resist the child-like curiosity as I wonder what treasures may be inside. The desire to visit the toy store quickly gets thrown out of my mind as I become more excited to explore this fabric-clad temple. I look down at myself and see an outfit appropriate for the most daring of explores materializes around me. I feel like a cool renegade wearing the ensemble. Now donning my sporty jacket and hat, I look down at Raz who is now wearing a similar outfit. I grin slyly and point at the temple's entrance, "So buddy, do you feel like an adventure?" Hearing my words Raz springs to life. He throws his little fabric paw up into the air making a cheering-like motion, "Heck yeah Kid! You know I'm always up for an adventure... and mischief! Let's do it!" I nod at my little plush pal as I look back at the temple. I take a deep breath, squeeze Raz's paw tightly, and begin to enter the temple of outfits through its cotton and polyester-lined mouth.







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