

N.T. CANON

Ridiculous Cake

The more the scarier.



THREE TALES OF TERROR

RIDICULOUS CAKE

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A BERRY IN THE HAND

“Ninety eight, ninety nine, one hundred!” Mabel pines cheered, dropping her one hundredth blueberry into a plastic pail. She turned and looked over at Pacifica Northwest, snickering a little. “I’m totally beating you. How many have you picked?”

“Like... two dozen?” The blonde valley girl shrugged. She wasn’t exactly thrilled that this was how she was spending her weekend. “Is this all there is to do here? No like, hayrides or haunted mazes?”

“There’s food?” Mabel said, brushing some brown hair out of her face and adjusting her sweater.

“Uh, a jar of blueberry jam is *not* a meal, not for me anyway.”

Mabel just smiled and walked over to her ‘friend’, trying to lighten the mood. “C’mon, just try and enjoy it! We’re not in any rush.”

“That’s for sure...” Pacifica huffed. The cold autumn air made her feel sluggish. She wanted some hot food, a warm blanket, and rain boots to deal with the damp ground of the blueberry farm. As far as she was concerned this was a bust. There wasn’t even anyone around to talk too!

Mabel was just happy to be hanging out again. It had been quite some time but neither of them seemed to have changed much, for better or for worse. “Let’s just fill our buckets and then see how we feel! Maybe it’ll grow on you?”

“Sure, I guess...” Pacifica rolled her eyes and wandered away, looking for an area that was more aesthetically pleasing to pick in.

There was a small path on the edge of the field, cutting through some dense foliage and winding through the woods. Pacifica could just make out some bands of light in the distance, illuminating a clearing. It looked quite magical. A short hike would be a nice break from bending over to pick berries all day. Though, truthfully, she would feel bad just abandoning Mabel and wandering off.

She called over her shoulder. “Hey Mabel! I’m gonna go on a walk, wanna come?”

“Hm? Oh, sure!” Mabel hurried over, clutching her pail of produce. The two meandered through the forest, looking around and admiring the massive pine trees and natural landscape. Despite Mabel visiting often and Pacifica residing in the state, the sights of Oregon could still impress.

They continued walking down the path and soon came to the edge of the clearing. The two had to awkwardly step over some large briar brambles to enter, but once inside they had the whole space to themselves: a good twenty foot wide circle of soft grass, and a lone berry bush in the center.

“Daww, look at this one! It must have wandered away, hah.” Mabel joked, traipsing over to inspect the singular shrub.

Pacifica just shrugged. “Well, pick some I guess. Did you want to bake a pie, or?”

“Ooh, that’d be nice. I was thinkin’ smoothies... Huh, these ones are *huge!*”

“What?” Pacifica sauntered over. Her eyes went wide at the sight of the fruits; they were as big as tennis balls, and incredibly ripe. “Holy cow, they’re gigantic!”

“Oh man, I gotta try one of these right now.” Mabel grinned.

“Wait! Are you sure? I mean... these are so big; they may not even *be* blueberries. What if they’re toxic?”

Mabel considered this, before pinching one of the berries, and getting some juice on her thumb. She gave it a lick and smiled.

“Na, that’s blueberry. C’mon!” She tossed Pacifica one of the fruits.

“Well... If they’re good, maybe we should pick *all* of them.”

“That’s the spirit!” Mabel beamed, as both girls bit into the berries.

The taste was incredible. It was as sweet as sugar, and as juicy as watermelon. The blueberry flavor seemed almost condensed, like syrup. Mabel’s mind immediately went to those ‘cotton candy grapes’ as a comparison. This was some sort of super-berry!

“Wooah, that’s good!”

“Jeeze, and I really don’t even *like* blueberries.” Pacifica snickered.

The two kept eating, finishing their apple-sized snacks and going in for seconds, while picking as many as they could for their buckets. It was as if they were pulling softballs out of the bush, and filling their pails with them.

“Alright, if you make a pie or a smoothie out of *these* berries, I’ll call this day a win.” Pacifica teased, looking over to Mabel.

“Hah, told you this would be fun... Oh, hah! You got some blueberry juice on your nose.” She pointed to the stain.

“Oh big deal, your whole *face* is covered in it!” Pacifica laughed, before looking Mabel over and noticing just how blue her face was; there was even blue on her eyelids and forehead and... was it spreading to her ears?

“Uh, yours too actually... how are you doing that?”

“What are you talking about!? Is this... are we allergic?” Pacifica bolted up, wiping her hands off on her lilac top and black leggings, but her hands already seemed stained, front *and* back.

Mabel wasn't any better off. She looked down to see her thighs and knees shifting blue, with the color soon reaching past her ankles.

“What's happening!? Oough, I must have eaten too many. I feel really bloated...”

Pacifica hated that Mabel brought that up, because she was suddenly feeling full too. A strange heaviness seemed to be spreading out from her stomach, causing her middle to swell and grow. She and Mabel almost looked pregnant, or at least fifty pounds heavier.

“It's like I ate a whole thanksgiving dinner.” Pacifica groaned, unsure if she should be watching her own swelling stomach, or Mabel's. The plump brunette was looking positively fat now, with a round flabby belly peeking out from her Halloween-themed sweater. A big band of blue flesh exposed to the chilled air. Pacifica wasn't any better off though, with the belt tied around her waist snapping off and lodging itself in the jagged brush at the edge of the clearing.

Mabel gave out a nervous giggle, taking a step away from the berry bush, as if swearing off the fruit for life. “H-hah! This must be one of those weird things in Dipper's journal. Figures...”

“So what are we supposed to do!? I’m like, as fat as a cow, and you’re a cow *plus* thirty pounds.”

Mabel tried her best to think of the journal’s contents, but nothing about berries came to mind. If only Dipper was here. “Wait!” She cried out, “Get your phone, we gotta call Dipper!”

Pacifica gasped and shot for her phone, but her swelling frame made it impossible to reach. She stretched her now flabby arms to her waistband but couldn’t get within even a foot of her phone. “Ugh! Here, you try!” She turned and pushed her hip out towards Mabel but accidentally knocked the girl over, sending her rolling onto her back, with her fat legs kicking and straining against her now useless skirt.

“Gah! Pacifica!” Mabel yelled, flustered and annoyed.

“Crap, sorry!” Pacifica bent down to try and help but lost her footing and flopped over herself, rolling next to Mabel, coming to rest on her own belly, and a bed of autumn leaves.

The two helpless blue spheres began to panic as they grew and grew, stretching their clothing and their skin. They resembled two gigantic blueberries, each about seven feet wide.

“My hands! My feet!” Mabel cried, as her limbs were smothered by her body, leaving only four divots with her limbs sunken inside.

“Nnnngg! My neck!” Pacifica groaned, as her neck and chin were swallowed up in the same way. Their only respite was that the swelling was slowing; creeping to a halt after a long and uncomfortable spell of expansion, leaving them as big as two garden sheds, and just as immobile. Their clothes were barely hanging on, with their new indigo-colored love-handles, bellies, and thighs spilling out of what remained.

“Ugh... Are you okay?” Pacifica asked.

“H-hah... No? But I’m not bad either...” Mabel joked.

Pacifica could only huff at that, and wriggle about, as if to confirm how helpless they were. Their bodies sloshed about like two water jugs. “Well next time, let me pick the ‘bonding activity’, okay?”

Mabel let out a somewhat apologetic mumble. Pacifica calmed herself and let out an aggrieved sigh. “Well... Dipper dropped us off. How long until he comes to pick us up?”

The brunette berry was silent, before making a pained noise. “Ah... yeah. I probably should have told him about that before he left...”

The blonde blimp only groaned in response, and gave a sudden jolt of movement, as if trying to hop to her feet. Pacifica only managed to wobble a bit, and feel something scrape against her underside.

“Gah! What’s that?” She looked around, noticing they had swelled to reach the brambles on the edge of the clearing. The thorns were brushing up against their bodies, an inch away from them at most.

“What’s what?” Mabel asked, a little anxious.

“Uh, nothing. Just don’t move okay? And whatever you do, don’t eat any more berries”

“Hah! As if... Well, I mean, they *were* super delicious... but...”

Pacifica groaned. They just had to hold on, for as long as they could. Someone would wander back here and find them, eventually, and they’d know how to fix this mess.

...Right?

END

2

UNJUST DESSERTS

A pale yellow figure bolted past the cottages and storefronts of Ponyville. Distant thunder followed the pegasus, chasing her down the hamlet's cobblestone paths.

Fluttershy was hoping she could beat the rain, but the sky was pitch-black with clouds, and it was beginning to sprinkle. Fortunately, Twilight's residence was in sight, and Fluttershy glided under the canopy of the commandeered library just as it began to pour.

"Goodness, I just made it..." Fluttershy muttered. "I hope Twilight is all right. She sounded so strange on the phone..."

Indeed. Twilight had called her yellow friend in some sort of fit, pleading for her to come as quickly as possible. Fluttershy was only calm because she assured herself that if Twilight could use the phone, she couldn't be in *too* much danger. Taking a deep breath, the yellow pony knocked on the front door.

"Coming!" a near scream came from inside. The door swung inwards, and in the entryway stood Twilight. Her purple figure was covered in a wrinkled lab coat, with a pair of welding goggles perched on her head. She seemed frazzled, but excited. "Ah! There you are Fluttershy! Come in! Do you need a towel?"

"Oh, no I'm fine. Um... are you okay?" Fluttershy inquired.

“Ooh I’m finer than fine! I’ve been very busy!” The purple unicorn grinned, leading her winged guest out of the pouring rain.

Every inch of the common area was filled with books, papers, and other supplies. Twilight rushed over to inspect them; leaning over what Fluttershy could only assume was at one point a respectable desk.

Twilight spoke up, meeting her friend’s anxious gaze. “I need someone to help me test out a spell I found. If this spell works, it could be a game-changer for the field of magic!”

Fluttershy looked over at the books. She was amused and flattered by her friend’s enthusiasm, but the tomes she had out and opened for her current experiments looked absolutely ancient and ragged.

“Um... What kind of spell? It’s nothing too strange is it?”

“Oh not at all!” Twilight grinned. “It’s just an old spell from a few centuries ago. It’s a bit unorthodox, but I intend to study its effects.”

Fluttershy smiled a bit at seeing Twilight in ‘the zone’, all confident and sure of herself; she admired that about her friend. “Well then, I’d be happy to help. Just tell me what to do, and I’ll try my best.”

“Excellent! I just need you to stand right... Oh, one sec.” Twilight looked to the table in the middle of the room, and brushed aside all the clutter that covered it, leaving only a silver serving platter in the center. “Stand right here, please.”

“Oh, okay?” Fluttershy was a bit confused, but gingerly stepped up to the plate, keeping her hooves as centered as she could on the tray.

“Alright, take a deep breath. This will only take a second...” Twilight pulled down her goggles and squared her stance. The unicorn

furrowed her brow and began to cast a spell, with an eerie purple glow illuminating the room casting harsh shadows on the wall, only broken by the occasional flash of lightning from outside.

Fluttershy wanted to ask more questions, but she knew better than to break her friend's concentration. She braced herself and shut her eyes, knowing that any second now...

S H Z A A A P !

Twilight cast the spell, engulfing the pegasus in a torrent of light.

Fluttershy opened her eyes, feeling a fuzzy sensation shooting up her spine. "W-what happened?" She asked, coming to her senses and looking around. Nothing seemed to have changed.

"Hmm... Interesting... I may have cast the wrong spell, or..." Twilight started to pace around the room, before going to the kitchen and then the fridge, staring at its contents, murmuring.

"Well... I'm sorry about that. What was the spell supposed to do anyway? You um, didn't give me a chance to ask..."

Twilight wandered back, still muttering to herself and peering at the floor. "Maybe it just needs another try. There's a lot more mass to deal with... Oh sorry, did you say something, Fluttershy?"

"What is the spell supposed to do?" She asked again.

"It's a- Oh! It's working!" Twilight exclaimed.

"O-oh! It is? Well... great?" Fluttershy was getting anxious, but not wanting to pry, she looked herself over, wondering if the answer would be obvious. She still didn't notice anything, except a slight smudge of tan on her back, like a golden-brown sunburn.

Twilight seemed ecstatic, rubbing her fore-hooves together as she inspected her guinea pig of a friend. “Of course! It just needed a little more time...” As she spoke, she reached up and pressed a hoof against Fluttershy’s stomach, which seemed quite a bit softer, rounder, and more of a pale yellow than the rest of her. Fluttershy squeaked at the poke, and this new, strange sensation spreading from her core.

“T-Twilight? What did that spell do to me exactly?”

“Oh? Ah right. It’s a transformation spell!” Twilight stated, satisfied and confident. “You’re turning into a cheesecake.”

Fluttershy felt her heart skip a beat, standing silent as the news hit her, and the implications made themselves known. “W-what!?! You mean I... I’m going to... a cheesecake? Oh dear, Twilight! Y-you have a way to undo this, don’t you?”

“Well that’s something I’ve been putting off. I’m sure the answer is in these books *somewhere*. I hope you don’t mind, but I needed to make sure these spells would work on a living pony, and not just inanimate objects.” Twilight grinned, while Fluttershy grimaced.

“What!?” The poor pegasus shrieked, fussing and pacing on the serving tray as her stomach swelled with sugary custard, her body turning fully pale and creamy. The transformation was becoming quite apparent, with her back and wings turning into a buttery graham cracker crust, and her body shifting in shape, drawing into itself.

“Ah, seems you’re upside down, technically... Let’s fix that!” Twilight lifted her friend up with her magic and flipped her on her back, setting her down on the platter. Fluttershy’s legs reached for the ceiling, grappling with her expanding frame, holding her belly like a yoga ball.

“T-Twilight! Make it stop, *please!*?” She whined, wriggling as best she could as her body became more and more stout and cylindrical. She could feel her features starting to blend together and smooth out, with her body shrinking to a slightly less ludicrous size. Her limbs were merging with her stomach, and her head was sinking into her jiggly body, as if her own middle was a mass of sugary quicksand.

Twilight meanwhile couldn't take her eyes off of her work. Her experiment had gone exactly as planned. Rearing back and laughing to herself, the crazed unicorn threw up her hooves and cackled in tune with the thundering storm outside, as her helpless friend finished her metamorphosis from pony to pastry.

Fluttershy could only look around the room upside-down. All that remained of her at this point was a meek face on the side of a delicious looking cheesecake the size of a two-foot-tall couch cushion. She squirmed about, but it was hardly anything a passerby would notice. Even her face was easy to miss. “W-what am I going to do?” She cried.

“Oh don't worry. You don't have to do anything! Think of it as a vacation! Some time to sit back and relax... Though, there is still one more test to do.” Twilight smirked, levitating a large cake knife over her transmogrified friend.

“W-wait!” Fluttershy squeaked, but the knife slid in to her effortlessly, only giving her a faint pinch. She gasped at the sensation, feeling the knife slide through her, scrape against the platter, and a thick slice of what was once her flank being taken away on a small plate. “P-please don't? I... I'm pretty sure I need that.”

Twilight ignored her, lifting a piece of cheesecake to her maw. She bit into it just as a bolt of lightning struck outside. The unicorn savored the flavor, licking her lips. “Oh wow, this is the best dessert I’ve ever had! I wonder if that’s a feature of the spell, or due to your specific genetic make-up...”

The purple mare scribbled in a nearby notebook, shoveling cake in her mouth between paragraphs. Eventually, she went in for another slice, and then another, and another.

Fluttershy trembled as bit by bit was eaten up. What she hoped was just a sampling was turning into a full-blown binge. “P-please save a slice, Twilight! You still need to w-work on a spell to fix me, right?”

Twilight let out a belch, rubbing at her bloated stomach. She looked quite groggy, with her belly hanging low and with a few crumbs on her face. “Ough... Yeah, you’re right. Sorry about that Fluttershy. I hadn’t eaten all day. You know how it is when you’re working on an involved project...”

Fluttershy couldn’t really relate, certainly not at the moment. Regardless, the last slice of cheesecake let out a sigh of relief as the platter was lifted up and carried to the kitchen. “J-just promise you’ll work on fixing me next? I-I’m not mad, I promise!” This wasn’t exactly a lie. Fluttershy was far more terrified than she was mad.

“Yeah, Sure thing. I’m just gonna go lie down. I’m in a bit of a food coma, okay?” Twilight wasn’t the least bit bothered.

“O-okay... No rush.” Fluttershy whimpered.

Twilight gave her friend a casual smile and opened the fridge, placing the tray inside, closing the door without a word. Fluttershy felt a

bit betrayed to say the least, but she knew her friend wouldn't let her down... or so she hoped.

“O-oh dear... I'm definitely going to have to talk to her about boundaries later... O-once I'm myself again, anyway...” the former pegasus sighed, trying to calm herself in the dark of the fridge.

A few minutes later, she could hear Twilight snoring in the distance, mingling with the sounds of the storm outside.

And then she heard the front door open.

Then she heard someone walking to the kitchen.

The light in the refrigerator kicked on again. Spike was standing there, half-soaked, the little dragon's eyes landing on something of interest amongst the fridge's contents.

“Ah sweet, cheesecake.”

END

3

DIAL 'D' FOR DREEMURR

The text on Noelle's phone simply said 'come if you dare – Kris'. Needless to say Noelle was suspicious, but welcomed the opportunity to get out of her house and see her childhood friend. The sun was already setting, but if she snuck out now, her mother would never know.

Tucking her phone away and brushing off her festive attire, the cautious doe snuck down the stairs and out the front door, tip-toeing down the driveway and up the street to the Dreemurr residence.

The streets were lined with Halloween decorations. Flickering orange lights and hanging ghouls littered people's lawns, and large pumpkins flanked their doorways as naturally as their mailboxes.

"I have to imagine Kris is pulling some sort of prank... That or they want to marathon a ton of creepy movies. 'The Great Pumpkin' is still scary, right?"

As Noelle turned the corner and came to Kris's house she noticed a large, shadowy, imposing figure standing in the driveway. Noelle's heart jumped into her throat, and a chill ran up her spine.

"Susie! W-what is she doing here?"

Noelle did her best to casually walk up to the monster girl, but couldn't help but awkwardly shuffle all the way past the sidewalk.

“Hi SuSie!” her voice cracked, resulting in an instant blush.

“Oh hey. What are you doing out this late?” Susie asked in a calm, friendly tone.

“Well uh, Kris texted me about coming over ‘if you dare’.”

“Ah, me too. Any idea what *that* could mean?”

Noelle paused. What could Kris want with both her *and* Susie? Though another thought occurred to her: “No I don’t, but what are you doing standing out here?”

“Well, I texted Kris, but they haven’t responded, so...”

“Hmm... Kris pulled a lot of pranks when we were younger. Maybe they just want us to go inside?”

Susie seemed amused by this, and snickered. “Sure, what’s the worst that can happen?” The two walked up to the front porch.

Only now could they see that the door was ajar. Noelle gulped subtly, not wanting to appear nervous, but it was in vain. She was startled by a loud *THUMP* as Susie threw open the door and jumped inside with her arms in the air.

“BOO!” Susie yelled, teeth barred, but there was no one inside. The lights were turned off. She flicked the switch, but nothing happened.

Noelle cleared her throat and collected herself. “They must have flipped off the breakers.”

“Hah, like that’d scare us!” Susie boasted, stomping inside and calling out with a hand to her mouth. “Hey Kris! I’m coming to get *you!*”

Noelle felt comforted. She’d never have the guts to be so... *brazen* in a situation like this. She stifled a giggle, and followed Susie past the living room and into the kitchen.

The pair half expected to find Kris crouched in the sink or hiding inside the oven, but this area also seemed to be abandoned, though something did catch Noelle's eye. A pool of red was trickling out of the fridge.

“U-um... Susie? Could you... uh, open the fridge? *Gently?*”

Susie looked at the smear of crimson but didn't say a word. She flung the door open, revealing a broken bottle of ketchup, half of which rolled off the bottom shelf and onto the tiled floor.

“Ah man, I could have drank that.” Susie grumbled.

The two made their way to the bathroom next, with Susie entering a bit more quietly. There was no one inside, but the shower curtain was drawn shut.

“Think Kris could be in there?” Susie asked.

“Maybe... They haven't jumped out yet though.”

“Well, you gotta look. I already opened the fridge, now it's your turn.” Susie teased, smirking at Noelle.

“O-okay!” She smiled, taking a deep breath and walking up to the bath. She hesitated though, her hoof shaking as she grasped the curtain and peered around it, inside the dark tub.

There was something heavy pinning the curtain down.

Noelle sharply inhaled and reflexively yanked at the shower curtain, and a deafening *CRASH* echoed from the tub. A massive bottle of pet shampoo clattered to the shower floor.

“EEEK!” Noelle shrieked, jumping and grabbing at Susie's side like a startled cat.

It only took a moment for her to realize her mistake. She hurriedly let go of her purple classmate. Susie was a little shaken too.

“Jeeze, your scream scared me! Hah! You’re *way* loud.”

“H-hah... Uh, thanks?” Noelle tried not to faint.

“Hey, if Kris is asleep, we know they’re awake now. C’mon.”

Susie gave Noelle a nudge on the shoulder as they exited the room.

There was only one last place to check. The two girls made their way up the stairs to Kris’s room. Now they were *both* a tad nervous. They were almost certainly in for a scare as soon as they opened that door.

Noelle stammered and reached for the knob. “I can go first, since you opened the bathroom door, or...”

Susie reached out and grabbed the knob and Noelle’s hand. “Na, we can open it together.” Susie couldn’t see it in the dark, but Noelle was as red as a Christmas bulb.

The bedroom door creaked loudly as they entered. Susie found her confidence and called out again. “Kris! C’mon dude, we’re gettin’ bored! Are we going to do something or not?”

Noelle let out a silent gasp, and tapped Susie on the shoulder. She pointed to Kris’s bed. There was a lump, barely visible under the covers. Susie smirked and nodded in response, with the both of them creeping to the bed, bracing themselves for a scare.

“*Gotcha!*” Susie roared, ripping off the covers, flashing a mouthful of dagger-sharp teeth and glistening gums. For what it was worth, Noelle also put on her fiercest scowl and curled her raised fingers like claws.

But there was no human under the sheet.

There was only a wrinkled pillow.

Suddenly, Noelle and Susie heard something behind them.

They could barely see two pin-pricks of red staring at them from the other side of the room, but they could absolutely see and hear Asriel's bed hurtling towards them.

Noelle let out a shriek before the mattress slammed into her and Susie, enveloping them in pure darkness.

The lights soon returned, as Kris pried the mattress off of their two friends. Noelle blinked and winced, having been knocked out. She felt so strange, and couldn't move.

"Mnm... Kris? W-what happened?"

Kris did not respond. They instead reached beside Noelle, and peeled something off of the floor boards. It sounded like duct tape, but it looked far more familiar. Kris was holding up Susie, now pancaked and flattened like a doormat. She seemed as dazed and confused as Noelle was. It didn't take Noelle long to put the pieces together.

"K-kris! What's this about? Help us up! I-I can't move..."

The human didn't seem to respond at all. Kris kept their usual blank expression, and reached down to peel the road-kill doe off of the floor, grabbing at her hips in the process. Noelle felt flushed and pale all at once, flopping in Kris's hands like a sheet of rubber. She didn't have the strength to argue with her captor.

Noelle and Susie found themselves dropped on the front lawn, with Kris looming over them, holding something behind their back. The two flapjacks could only watch in horror as Kris pulled out a paint roller, and began to smother them in thick coat of orange.

“Blegh! Cut it out, *freak!*” Susie growled.

“Kris! S-stop!” Noelle cried, letting out a shriek as the two of them were flipped over to get their backsides covered too.

After a little more flipping and painting, the two disked monsters looked like crushed jack-o-lanterns, with black pumpkin carvings painted on their stomachs and chests. Kris wore a creepy look on their face, and held out a strange looking object. Noelle’s blood ran cold at the sight. She *was* absolutely being pranked, and pranked *hard*.

Noelle didn’t know what to expect. Was Kris going to pull out a knife and carve her like a pumpkin? Were they going to grind her up into candy corn?

With a shove, Noelle felt the nozzle of a bike-pump stick between her lips. Needless to say this was not what she had expected, but it was shocking all the same. Kris began to pump, and pump, and pump, filling Noelle up like a big pumpkin-shaped balloon. Her hooves were sinking into her swelling body, and her features were further obscured by both the paint, and her warping anatomy.

There was this very hollow, pressurized feeling expanding within Noelle. Her hide was stretched thin, so thin you could just barely see a light shining through it. Just when she felt like she was about to split in two, Kris stopped.

“*GASP!* O-oh goodness, Kris! That wasn’t funn-mmph!” Noelle was cut off, as a piece of orange duct tape was slapped on her mouth. Kris didn’t want even one breath escaping.

Susie grimaced at the sight of her classmate being filled with air. She could only patiently wait for her turn.

Two quite impressive Halloween inflatables now sat on the front lawn of the Dreemurr residence. From only a few yards away they looked like perfectly round and wobbly pumpkins, but if you were to get up close, you'd be able to make out the tops of Susie and Noelle Holiday's heads, half-sunken into their own ballooned bodies.

Kris had gotten a good laugh out of this; snickering and poking at their handiwork as the paint dried. They had gone inside by now, but Susie was still just as angry and determined to escape, while Noelle was embarrassed and flustered beyond belief.

The two taped-up decorations could only rock side to side in the grass, occasionally bumping into one another.

Noelle did try to look on the bright side of things. While she may be a glorified prop, she was right next to Susie! It wasn't exactly the quality time she had hoped for, but it was something.

She could appreciate a day alone with her crush.

The only issue was, Halloween night was still two weeks away. And who's to say they wouldn't be re-painted for Christmas?

END

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2022



THREE'S A CROWD

Inside this book are three spooky short stories.

Mabel Pines and Pacifica Northwest go on an unfortunate trip to a blueberry patch.

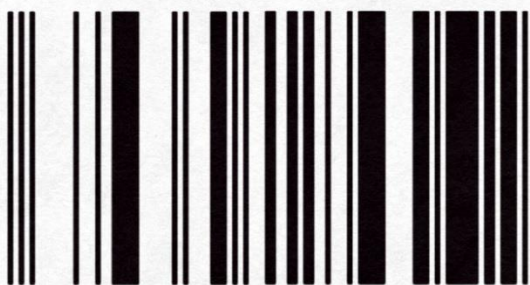
Fluttershy helps her friend Twilight Sparkle with a new spell, with unforeseen consequences.

And Noelle Holiday and her gal-pal Susie go to check up on a friend, who has a surprise in store for them.

Hold on tight – you're in for a fright!

RidiculousCake

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