

TOON IT UP: RADICAL QUACK

By: Firingwall

Patron story done for Danuki

Mandy Hale let loose a long, subdued sigh. Having finished shifting through one pile, she had moved onto yet another pile of shirts on a different table. Her findings were less than successful. *Man, none of these works for me.*

The twenty-year old college student finished checking everything on that table. With that, she had completed her search. None of the clothing was her size, brand, or particularly anything that she wanted to wear.

It wasn't anything too unexpected to be fair. Finding gold in a garage sale wasn't a surefire way to get what you want to begin with. However, she had to check. Being on a budget as a poor college student sucked, especially when it came to shopping for clothes.

Completed, Mandy stretched and sighed one more time. *Well, probably should get going.* She had only really stopped at this particular garage sale because she happened to see a sign for it on the way back from her class. There was no need to get hung up on a whim anyway.

She pulled out her phone. *Ooof, getting late.* She remembered Sarah saying that she was making dinner that night. She couldn't miss out on that.

Definitely better move it. She pocketed her phone and turned to leave, her car parked on the street near the lawn. She squinted when she did, a glossy glare striking her eyes. She stepped to the side so the light wouldn't hit her and saw where it was coming from.

It was on one of the tables she had passed over earlier since it didn't have any clothes on it. The light of the setting sun was shining down on something that was making it particularly glow and pop out. Curious, she approached the table.

Of all things, it was a fanny pack, and a rather weird one at that. It was bright yellow with an even brighter neon orange strap. There were random blue and green shapes all over the pack, making for a very retro, familiar style. Perhaps it was Memphis Design? Mandy wasn't too sure, other than knowing it was way older than her.

It was unbelievably gaudy whatever the case. It looked like a relic from a bygone era that her parents lived through. It felt almost nostalgic despite her never living through the times. Maybe it was because she watched her parents' old DVDs of the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air over and over again growing up.

Curious still, she picked it up. It was rather bulgy, stuffed to the brim with something inside it. She didn't know what but it was both thick and soft.

Also, it was warm. Maybe it was because of the sun, but the pack felt toasty.

Wonder what this is about? Mandy flipped it over and over, studying its sides and forgetting briefly about wanting to leave moments ago.

“Oh, I see that caught your attention, *dudette*~.” Mandy flinched. It was the older woman who was running the rummage sale, the only other person there. She looked a little like Mandy's own mom with her glasses, shorter haircut, and age lines. Though she was definitely faster than her mom, since she swore the lady was sitting down inside the garage only moments ago.

Quick... she thought before answering her. “Oh... yeah. I guess?”

The lady softly chuckled. “Heh, sorry. Sometimes I slip back into old slang from my younger days when I see that.” She nodded at the fanny pack Mandy held.

I'm not sure if dudette is actually that dated, Mandy thought. Ultimately, she decided not to comment on it since she wasn't sure herself. “It's okay. I just saw this and thought...”

“It was old?” finished the lady with a small smile. “That's understandable. It is old.” She sighed, a look of nostalgia in her eyes as she stared briefly into the distance. Perhaps she was remembering the days long before Mandy's time. “That fanny pack really helped me enjoy the 90's a lot. It made me feel close to the time and the people back then.”

How does something like this do that? Mandy looked at the pack she was holding incredulously and again, kept her thoughts to herself.

The woman looked at the young lady. “You know, I think it might do you some good as well. It might bring you the fun energy the world is missing nowadays.”

Can't argue with some of that. Between her classes and part time job, Mandy was certainly lacking for energy these days. However, she wasn't sure about the rest of the lady's comment and the tone in which she said it.

“Well, I don't think I really want it anyway. It's just a fanny pack.” She said that all without really thinking about it, starting to put the item back down. “I should probably get going now. My roomie is-”

“Of course, of course!” the lady replied, nodding without seeming to actually take in what she said, “But before you do, why not try it on anyway? It might fit you well!”

“I really don't think this would work for me,” Mandy slowly said, while thinking, *for one thing, this totally clashes with my look.*

“Give it a shot and if you don't like it, why not take a shirt or two? On the house.” Mandy paused at that. None of the clothing was her thing or would fit; that she already knew from looking around. However, perhaps there was something she could get Sarah or something that would work to at least lounge around the apartment in.

Plus, free was free. Saving a few bucks was always a good thing.

“Well, okay.” Mandy half-heartedly shrugged. She placed the fanny pack on, having the pack face front. She snapped it into place and tightened it, making sure it fit snugly on.

She stood there a moment, looking down at the pack and then up at the lady. Even wearing it, it still didn't do a thing for her. “Sorry, I'm not really feeling it. I'll just-”

Mandy quieted down. There was a rumble and not one from her phone. She looked down and flinched. The fanny pack was quaking, jittering as if it was an earthquake.

“What the...” Mandy looked up, a cold shiver going down her spine. The woman was now standing a few feet away from her. “Wait! What's happen-”

The pack suddenly unzipped itself. A bright, warm light came shining up from it, blasting her in the eyes. It reminded her of the time she was driving home at night when some oncoming truck hit her with the high beams. She nearly stumbled back, thankfully saved by the table.

Mandy began to quiver as the strangest things began to happen. Smells Like Teen Spirit blared out of the pack, SNES blips and beeps softly mixed in with it. Her nose twitched, picking up the scent of freshly made Bagel Bites, while the taste of them lingered on her mouth.

All of it was so strange, but yet familiar and inviting from a time long passed.

Then, it all died. The sounds, the smells, the taste, and the light all vanished in an instant. The pack suddenly zipped back close, and it was like nothing had ever happened.

“Ooooooh,” Mandy moaned. Her eyes were comically spinning like a cartoon, her body wobbling and teetering from side to side. A cartoon swirl was going around her head. Instead of

stars and birds, there were guitars, skateboards, and cassette tapes of Hootie and the Blowfish orbiting her noggin.

Rattle-rattle-rattle! Mandy shook her head, the goofy objects vanishing and her eyes refocusing. She found the garage sale owner, a little closer again and watching her. She seemed to be almost studying her, head tilted and arms folded.

Mandy felt anger wash over her. “What the hell was that?!” she yelled, hands tightening into fists, “What seriously was that?! That was so- **QUACK!**”

Her pupils dilated as a cold shiver ran down her spine. Her face went numb as that duck call blasted out of her mouth, her jaws wobbling. A second later, her maw shot forward. Skin hardened and turned orange, teeth and lips merging with it. Her face stretched and widened, pulling out over a foot in length, vibrating like a diving board before it settled down.

Mandy blinked, and her eyes narrowed. There was something wide, curved, and orange in her eyesight. “WHOA!” The wide board moved with her mouth. She reached up and hit something solid, dense, and smooth. She traced her fingers across it, from its thick end up to where her nose was supposed to be, finding two narrow, almost invisible slits.

She knew what it was without seeing it fully. She just knew it instinctively. It was a duckbill. She had a duckbill for a mouth now.

Once she understood what it was, she snapped at the older lady. “This is so uncool, dudette!” she declared, pointing at her, “What just happened to me?!”

“You're getting to experience the fun and feelings of the 90's, today!” she explained, saying it so simply and matter-of-factly like this was completely normal.

“FYI, I don't wanna, **ya know, experience the 90's, cha!**” Mandy huffed, folding her arms as well. Not a second after, she flinched. What was wrong with her voice? Why was she talking like that too?!

She raised a hand to her bill as if it would do something. However, instead, she noticed she was wearing a fingerless, black glove. A fingerless black glove made for four fingers... four fingers that were coated in green feathers too.

She yanked her hand away, looking at the other hand at her side. It was the same, toony way as well! What was happening to her?!

Just out of eyesight, another aspect of her was changing. Her dirty blonde hair began to positively glow as a radiant, blazing red washed through her locks. It was so thick and dense that her hair looked more like a blob of color than hair, not unlike a cartoon.

Her hair grew out, spreading down her back. In the front, part of it rose and spiked out. In the back, after it finished growing down to her waist, it rose and formed into a thick ponytail.

Plop! Mandy felt something land on her head then. She reached up, feeling a rough, dense fabric followed by the wide rim of a hat. It was a baseball cap, worn backwards. It was white with a blue rim, her spiked locks sticking out the hole in the back above the strap.

“**Whoooooaaa**,” Mandy awed, feeling her new cap, “Tubular!” She cringed again, feeling an unprecedented amount of awkwardness. *Why, why, why?! Why did I just say that?! I mean, sure, the hat is pretty **rad and fits...** eeeergh! Stop that!*

POP-POP! She found herself springing into the air before landing with a thud. There was a pop from beneath her feet that had launched her. Looking down, she understood. Her sneakers had blown right off, exploding into confetti. She had wide duck feet that were just as brilliantly orange as her bill.

“**Like, whoooooa**,” she said slowly. She lifted one of her duck feet, which bent and sagged like rubber at the tips. She brought it back down. **SMACK!** That sounded fairly satisfying, giving her quite that pleasant feeling too.

SMACK! She did the same thing again with her other foot. “**These feet are sooo fresh!**” She hated that. She hated that she knew what that meant, and she hated that she kind of agreed. Her feet did feel nice, made her stance and balance feel better, and that sound? Oh, it was so sweet to the ears, which were looking nonexistent on her head.

Her right hand suddenly felt heavy. She looked at it and gasped, “**OH SNAP!**”

From out of nowhere, a skateboard had appeared. Its top was bright blue while the underside was covered in stickers and tags, saying different 90’s slang words and promoting different movies and bands. “**Where did this sick board come from?**”

“The “where” doesn't really matter.” The older woman smiled. “What matters is that you have it. Why, a radical duck like yourself needs a sick board to get around on, doesn't she?”

“**Totally!**” Mandy agreed, smiling. She spun the board in front of her, watching it rapidly flip and flash her satisfyingly.

When she caught it, there was a little jolt in her mind. **“OH!”** Mandy remembered. **“Like, what’s goin’ on, dudette? I’m gonna start wiggin’ out if I don’t know what’s happenin’ here!”**

“Oh, it’s like what I said before,” the woman explained simply, “That little fanny pack is what helped me enjoy the 90’s. It’s living, breathing 90’s exaggerated energy concentrated into a little pack that brings to life the cool toon within you.

“For realz?” Mandy looked down at herself. There had to be more to this. She had so many questions! For one, where did this fanny pack come from? How did she get her hands on it in the first place? How was it made? Is this really even safe?

She never asked any of those. Her mind was distracted when she saw her blue jeans suddenly turn into low-cut khakis, brown with many pockets. **“Spiffy!”** she exclaimed.

“Mhm, very stylin’ for a radical gal, like you!” the lady agreed.

Rattle-rattle! Mandy suddenly shook her head, regaining some of her senses. She looked back at the woman with concern. **“Umm, is this, like, permanent and stuff?”**

“Oh, no!” The woman shook her head and hands, trying to ease her concerns. “As you can tell, I’m still just me after using it. This will wear off after a while when it is convenient or after a good night’s sleep. For now, you can just enjoy this without worry.”

Enjoy it... Mandy gulped. She was starting to enjoy it. Everything was feeling all tingly and energized within her. Her body twitched and felt the urge to do anything and everything while also doing it very silly.

Yes. Yes, she would very much enjoy this. **“Word, gurl!”** Mandy declared, pumping her hands into the air. Her figure toned, gaining an extra bit of musculature that her limbs had been lacking. **“I can dig it!”**

Her shirt quivered and slowly shifted as well. It shortened up, revealing her thin waist and flat tummy. Sleeves pulled up, revealing green plumage running up her arms. Her collar dipped as the shirt’s color turned white. Words appeared in the center, showing the logo for Saved By the Bell. She never watched the show before, but in her mind, she knew every line, every scene, every character by heart.

“I can dig this hella good shirt too!” the duck toon declared, her heart racing excitedly, **“I’m looking soooooo swEEEET!”**

She quivered, vibrations running from her feet to her head. Goosebumps were forming all underneath her feathers, everything jerky and shaking. **Ooooooooh, something big is gonna hit! When it does, it's gonna be da bomb!**

Just at the tail end of it, there was a loud **BLOOF!** Mandy jerked backward, part of her shorts feeling yanked down. She looked over her shoulder. There were tail feathers, fluffy green tail feathers popping out right above her rear.

Her rear and tail feathers shook cartoonishly, her whole bottom half shaking from side to side as if she was partying. Her hips widened and turned round, her rear swelling to match for a big booty. It made her tail shaking pop and bounce more.

Feathers rapidly bloomed across her torso and up to her neck. As they crossed her chest, the area swelled, mounds forming and stretching her top out. It looked like she had small globes underneath her shirt, a hint of cleavage shown in her lowered collar.

Mandy grinned as the feathers crossed her face, completing her transformation. She looked just like a 90's cartoon duck babe that would've awoken something in the kids watching whatever show she was in. **"Awwww, yeah! I look dooope!"**

The older woman smiled, patting the toon's shoulder. "Yeah, you look great." She sighed gently. "I remember rocking that fanny pack and looking just as good and toony back in the day."

The toon duck looked down at the fanny pack and then back at the lady, scratching the back of her head. **"Umm, like, do you wanna keep this? It's seems important and all, and, ya know, I don't--"**

"Oh no, it's fine!" The woman waved her hand. "Sure, I'm older now, but I don't need it anymore. I've grown up into the adult, confident woman you see today."

Then, her smile turned, gaining a mischievous, pleased glint in it. "Plus, I got something else that can make me into a *mature* duck woman if I want."

Mandy chuckled. **"You go, girl!"** She looked back at herself pleased, slapping her large, webbed foot against the ground a few more times. **Smack-smack-smack. "I can dig it! I'm gonna rock this look soooo hard! How much?"**

"Oh, it's on the house!" The woman's smile returned to its warm, caring, motherly tone. "It means far more to me that someone uses it that really needs it and can help spread the 90's, silly energy the world needs today."

“Props, broette!” Mandy threw up her fist, and the lady returned it, the two doing a fist bump before blowing it up and laughing. **“Anywho, gotta bounce! Roomie’s waitin’ for me back home. Peace!”**

“Sure! You have a good day, Miss...?”

“Mallary! Mallary Hale!” The name came so naturally, not a single bit of hesitation in her. That wasn't her true name, but it might as well should have been. Why stick with such a dweeby name like Mandy when she had something sillier and far more radical like Mallary?

She walked towards her car, her duckbill stretched into a smug, wide grin. She couldn't wait to get back home and show Sarah her new look. She'd love a quackin' gal like her!

However, when she stepped up to her vehicle, she hesitated. She looked it over, her smile fading. Her car just didn't feel right to travel in. There was just something off about it.

Mallary looked at the skateboard, still clutched tightly in her hand, and then back at her car. She nodded, knowing what must be done.

She reached into a pocket with her other hand and pulled out her key ring. She held up the key fob and pressed a new, yet familiar button on it. **POOF!** The car shrank down in a blink of an eye and sat there on the ground, now the size of a Hot Wheels car and just as sturdy.

The duck picked it up and pocketed it carefully into her fanny pack. Unzipping it, no light, music, sound, noise, smell, or whatever came from it. She put the car into it and zipped back up without an issue.

With that handled, Mallary plopped the skateboard down on the sidewalk and stepped onto it, her duck feet perfectly fitting it. She called out to the lady, still watching and smiling, **“Later, dudette!”**

Mallary pushed off on the ground and rocketed off on her skateboard, blasting down the sidewalk. It felt so easy and natural to do, bending and adjusting her body to move and turn when needed. She would be home in no time.

Though, maybe before she got home, she could shred it up a little. This duck needed to pull off some sick tricks. She had tons of bodacious energy that needed burning off!

THE END