

N.T. CANON

Ridiculous Cake

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A QUEST FOR CANDY

RIDICULOUS CAKE

THE QUEST FOR CANDY

N.T. CANON

SMILER PUBLISHING

Orlando Lake Wales Moscow Elkins

YOU ARE LOUISE THRUSHWOOD...

Mrs. Thrushwood lived in a hollowed out tree a couple of acres away from a modest farm house. This wasn't all that remarkable, as Mrs. Thrushwood was a mouse, middle-aged, and only four inches tall.

Her daughter had recently moved back in with her, bringing along five young children of her own. It was quite the surprise, but a welcomed one. Louise Thrushwood loved her family, and wanted nothing more than to make her newly discovered grandchildren happy. And she knew just how to do so.

Halloween was just a day away, and Mrs. Thrushwood was determined to find some candy for the children, but there was only one way to do so. Louise would have to sneak into the farm house and take some. The only issue was that the house didn't only contain candy; it also contained a large and monstrous cat named 'Ambrosia'.

Mrs. Thrushwood was worried, but determined to conquer her fears and make this a Halloween her family would never forget. Preparing for her journey, she bundled up with a green scarf and affixed a scabbard to her waist, along with a round shield and canvas bag.

"I'm going for a hike. I'll be back soon everyone!" Louise called out to her family from over her shoulder, before stepping into the brisk autumn air, heading for the farm house.

Despite the danger that could befall her, Louise was enjoying the day. It was still early and a bit damp, but wonderfully cool. She did not know much about West Virginia as an actual state, but it was a fine land for a mouse to call home.

It was a long, winding path to the farm house, dotted with gravel and sand, but effortless enough. The real challenge was getting inside. The house was more than one hundred years old and as solid as a rock. The exterior was covered in vintage looking Halloween decorations, and a few pumpkins scattered the lawn.

As Louise climbed the steps to the front porch she found herself struggling to recall how she snuck into the house before. Often a window was left open, but not in this weather.

“Now, how did I squeeze in here again? It’s been a while...”
She spoke to herself, adjusting her glasses.

Two options presented themselves. She could try and wiggle under the door, or wait for someone to come outside. She wasn’t in a rush, but what if someone saw her?

- Slip under the door

- Wait for an opening

The gap under the door was about an inch wide. Mrs. Thrushwood ducked down and started to crawl on her belly, getting her head and shoulders under the door with little effort, though soon enough she felt something snag.

Looking over her shoulder, the little mouse saw that her bottom was stuck. Her hips were just too wide to wiggle under the door.

“O-oh dear. I *knew* I should have tried to slim down over the summer.”

Louise was just able to back up and wriggle free, narrowly avoiding disaster. It seemed best to wait for another opening.

- Wait for an opening

Louise hid around the edge of the door frame, keeping her back pressed against the wood. A few minutes passed, but soon the front door flew open and a young girl bounded outside, carrying a metal spoon, some newspaper, and a steak knife.

The shrewd mouse ducked inside before the door slammed shut, just barely making it. She hid behind an umbrella stand and surveyed her surroundings.

Ambrosia's bed was in the living room, and the cat was lying down with her back to the front door. There were no other sounds in the home, aside from a black and white television tuned to some cartoons. The ferocious feline was Louise's only threat.

There were two courses of action. Mrs. Thrushwood could sneak about and try to avoid Ambrosia, or she could attempt to incapacitate the cat from the outset.

-
- Attempt a surprise attack
 - Let sleeping cats lie

It was settled. There was no way Mrs. Thrushwood was going to try and smuggle candy out of the house with Ambrosia running around. It was tricky enough to get *in*. Getting *out* would be a challenge all its own. The only course of action was to deal with the cat *now*.

Louise tip-toed into the living room, being sure to stay close to the walls. Ambrosia seemed to be asleep in her cat bed, but how deep a sleep was anyone's guess.

Two items in the living room stood out to Louise. There was a ball of yarn next to Ambrosia's bed, which could be used to tie her up, and there was a grandfather clock only a few feet away, which could be made to fall on top of her. Neither option seemed to guarantee success.

-
- Tie her up with the yarn
 - Tip the clock onto Ambrosia

It was best to keep as far away as possible. Mrs. Thrushwood scampered over to the grandfather clock and climbed up to the very top as quietly as she could. If she could just get a bit of leverage, the whole thing could fall over and pancake that sour puss!

Getting to the top, Louise turned to face the room, squatting and wedging herself between the clock and the wall. She arched her back, pushing against the clock with all her might.

Suddenly the clock gave way and swayed forward. As it did so, the unfortunate mouse fell from her place behind the clock and tumbled down the back, just in time for the clock to wobble backwards and pin her against the wall.

The clock settled in place, unharmed, with only a single notable change: there was now a trapped, contorted mouse stuck behind it.

Poor Mrs. Thrushwood was stuck, with half an inch of space to call home. Her legs were raised over her head and her arms were bent at awkward angles. She mumbled from between her own thighs, and into the musty wood of the grandfather clock.

She could only hope someone would move it to polish the floor... eventually. Otherwise for Louise Thrushwood, this was...

THE END

- [Try to tie Ambrosia up with yarn instead](#)

There was no way Louise could tip that clock over without hurting herself. Taking a deep breath, she snuck over to Ambrosia's bed, and started to gather up a length of yarn. Once she had a decent bundle, Mrs. Thrushwood unsheathed her sword, and cut it from the ball.

She made a loop, and went around to the front of the cat bed to try and tie up Ambrosia's paws, only to see the cat wide-awake, watching the television.

Their eyes met. Louise's heart might have just jumped out of her throat and landed in the cat bed if her jaw wasn't clenched shut.

"What the hell are you doing?" Ambrosia scowled.

Dropping the yarn, Louise darted away, hearing the cat get jump to her feet and storm after her.

The quest was over as far as Mrs. T was concerned. If she was lucky, she could get to one of the exits before Ambrosia could catch up. Both doors were pretty close, but in opposite directions.

- [Go to the front door](#)

- [Try the back door](#)

Mrs. Thrushwood ran to the front door, but found it closed. She jumped for the gap under the door and squirmed and wiggled under it as best she could, but found her big butt stuck out in the open.

“No no no! I’m trapped!”

Suddenly, Louise felt a tug on her tail, as Ambrosia plucked her from under the door, dangling her like a toy in her grasp.

“So... You break in, and think you can just leave without saying hello? I was having a relaxin’ day, and now I’m missing my show.”

Ambrosia gave out a little huff, and tossed the captured rodent down into her cat bed.

“W-wait! I can explain! I was just-“ Mrs. T was cut off, as the fat cat flopped down on top of her, squashing her under her hefty body. Louise had the wind completely knocked out of her, while Ambrosia got comfortable, curling up for a long, relaxing cat-nap.

Our doomed heroine could only twitch and groan underneath the twenty pound tyrant. She was crushed as flat as a sticker, and now nothing but Ambrosia’s helpless plaything.

She wouldn’t be getting a good night’s sleep anytime soon.

THE END

- [Try to escape out the back door instead](#)

There was no chance someone would open the front door for her a second time. Louise made a bee-line for the back exit, scampering towards the kitchen. Ambrosia was close behind, bounding over the kitchen linoleum after the mouse.

Thankfully the back door was ajar, and Mrs. Thrushwood managed to slip through and scramble outside. She ran around towards the front of the house. If she could lose Ambrosia, she could sneak back home without any trouble. But the relentless rat-chaser wasn't far behind.

Now standing on the porch, Louise saw the girl from before sat in the middle of the yard, carving a pumpkin. She could run over and try to distract Ambrosia with her, or she could hide on the porch, and wait for another opportunity.

- Run to the girl in the yard

- Hide on the porch

What good could come from getting a human girl involved in this?
If waiting patiently worked before, it should work again, right?

Louise ducked behind one of the decorative pumpkins by the front door, and held her breath. She could hear Ambrosia stepping onto the porch, with the wooden boards beneath her creaking.

Unfortunately for Louise, Ambrosia could see the mouse's tail poking out from behind the gourd. "*Gotcha!*" She cried, lifting up the pumpkin and holding over the rodent's head.

Mrs. Thrushwood let out a wide-mouthed shriek as Ambrosia dropped the massive pumpkin right on top of her. With a painful *GULP*, Louise had swallowed the whole thing. Her body was stretched thin over the squash, like tight pantyhose, making the pumpkin look pale and cream-colored. Her lips were wrapped around the base of the stem, and all she could do was tremble and twitch erratically.

"There. I think that looks good on you, er, *in* you... Hah!" Ambrosia cackled, giving the 'pumpkin' a nudge, watching Louise rock side to side on the porch.

"I'll go grab a sharpie. Your fat ass has plenty of room for a jack-o-lantern face, yeah?" The cat sneered, leaving Louise to stew in her humiliating, and festive defeat.

THE END

- [Run to the girl in the yard instead](#)

Ambrosia was too close behind for her to hide now. Louise raced towards the field, desperate for a miracle. Maybe she could hide in the human girl's pocket? Or the pumpkin she was carving?

The girl looked over, seeing a small pale mouse and her grey cat running straight for her. She put down her carving implements and held out her arm, thrusting an opened palm at the two animals. "Hey! What did I tell you about chasing the poor mouseses, Ambrosia?"

Louise stopped in her tracks, only now realizing that her pursuer was merely one foot behind her. Before the two could react, she and Ambrosia were scooped up in the arms of the human child. She couldn't have been older than eight, with brown hair, disheveled clothes, and a missing tooth. "You two got to learn how to get along. It's Halloween! You're supposed to be having fun."

Both critters wriggled about, but it was no use. She carried them off to the farm house as if they were simple plush toys.

Before either of them knew it, Ambrosia and Mrs. Thrushwood were in the girl's bedroom, stuffed into a couple Halloween costumes: a cat-sized pumpkin costume for Ambrosia, and some doll's clothes for Louise, dressing her like a witch. The human girl had on a hockey mask, though it was only resting on her forehead.

"See? Isn't this better than trying to eat each other?" Louise scrunched up her face at the girl's comment. She didn't eat cats...

"Here! You guys can try this instead. I learned that you can't feed dogs chocolate, but you should be okay, yeah?"

She dumped a massive tub of Halloween candy on the carpet

between the two animals. Both Ambrosia and Louise were a bit stunned. It didn't take long before Mrs. Thrushwood's stomach growled and she reached for a chocolate bar. Her feline 'friend' followed suit, and soon the two were gorging themselves on the pile of spooky sugar.

Ambrosia lay on her back, groaning and pawing at her stomach. Her belly was distended and flabby, full of half-digested sweets. She felt like she could hardly move. "How are you holdin' up, granny?" She said to Mrs. Thrushwood. Looking over, all she could see was a cantaloupe sized ball of mouse blubber, with some scraps of fabric wrapped around it that at one point was a witch's outfit.

"Ough... I've never seen so many sweets in all my days... I... should have saved some for the URP... kids..."

"Yeah well, I don't think you're fittin' in your living room any time soon... How about we just take a break, and figure this out in November? 'k?" Ambrosia gave a big stretch, before wrapping herself around Louise, as if she were a pillow.

"That sounds... lovely." She replied, while the girl watched from afar, taking a picture of the scene with a disposable camera.

"Aww, isn't that adorable? If they're this friendly now, imagine how happy they'll be when they get twice as full on Halloween night!"

One thing is clear; they couldn't chase each other if they can't move.

THE END

Trying to trap Ambrosia was just asking for trouble. Louise decided to head to the kitchen and grab some candy and leave as quietly as possible. She hugged the baseboards on her way, and stealthily climbed up onto the kitchen counter.

And there it was: the Halloween candy, Five pounds of sweet, sugary goodness, overflowing from a large decorative bowl.

The little mouse was in awe. She had never seen so much chocolate in all her life. She slowly stepped forward, eyes wide, almost hypnotized...

CRASH

Her blood ran cold. While distracted, she had kicked a spoon off of the countertop. The sound seemed almost deafening. Louise froze, but she could not stay still for long.

Ambrosia would be here any moment, and Mrs. Thrushwood could either hide in the kitchen, or make a run for the exit.

- Run for it!

- Just hide!

Louise panicked and hid behind the bowl of candy. It was certainly large enough to conceal her. She listened closely as Ambrosia came into the kitchen. After noticing the spoon on the floor, the large grey cat jumped onto the counter top.

“Alright, who’s in here? Show yourself, or I’m gonna tear this place apart.” She started rummaging through the dishes and boxes of food, systematically going through every possible hiding spot.

“Probably that dumb rat... If her fat ass is trying to steal food again, I’m going to use her as a scratching post.”

It would only be a matter of time before she checked behind the candy bowl, but for now she was distracted elsewhere.

Mrs. Thrushwood had to jump to a more secure hiding spot. But where would be the safest?

-
- Hide in an oven mitt
 - Hide under the microwave
 - Hide behind the rolling pin

Louise bolted from behind the candy bowl over to the stove and hopped into one of the oven mitts dangling from the oven's handle. The mitt swung like a pendulum for a moment, catching Ambrosia's eye.

She placed a pan on the stove, and cranked up the heat. The sly kitty then lifted up the suspicious oven mitt, taunting its contents.

“Well well, what do we have in here? Lil' miss mouse-mama came back for some more grub? Well I think she oughta *be* breakfast this time.”

Ambrosia tipped out Louise into the frying pan. Mrs. Thrushwood yelped and hopped about on the red hot cast-iron, but it was no use. Her feet started to get gooey and stick to the surface, and soon she had melted completely, like a scoop of vanilla ice-cream in the sun.

“A-ambrosia, wait! I was only-*mmph!*” She was cut off, as her mouth melted away. Louise looked like a sunny-side-up egg, with her runny head as the yolk.

It was more work than she was used to, but Ambrosia had made herself quite the breakfast. She had toast, sausage, hash browns, fresh fruit, and a quite worried looking fried egg, all plated up.

“Hey, don't look so pathetic! This is the most important meal of the day! Hah!” Ambrosia cackled, holding a knife and fork in each paw.

Seems Louise's plan didn't go as eggs-pected.

THE END

- [Try again](#)

Ambrosia would never think to lift up a whole appliance to search for her! Louise scampered over and slid under the microwave. There was just enough clearance, but her sword and scabbard were knocked off.

Mrs. Thrushwood reached out to grab it, only for a large paw to grab her back.

“There you are! Trying to lose me? Well I know a spot where you *can't* run away.” Ambrosia taunted. She opened up the microwave door and flung the poor mouse inside.

“Wait! I-I'll stay put, I swear!” Louise cried, but it was no use. She could only watch as Ambrosia set the microwave for two minutes.

Mrs. Thrushwood's entire body began to steam and puff up, expanding into a hot mass of mouse fluff. Her thighs and arms and belly all growing like an oversized marshmallow. She let out a scream and begged for it to stop, but it was too late.

The microwave door opened, and a big flabby belly flopped onto the counter top. It looked as if someone had tried to stuff a whole pillow into the oven. Ambrosia just admired her work and gave that gut a poke.

“I think this is an improvement. Just as lame looking, and way too big to move.” She cackled, while Louise groaned and wriggled about.

Hopefully Mrs. Thrushwood wouldn't be in for some'more.

THE END

- [Try again](#)

Everything in the kitchen seemed quite far away, but the rolling pin was close. Louise jumped from behind the bowl and over the rolling pin, ducking down while Ambrosia searched.

She searched the spices, the fruit bowl, even the bags of flour. Just when Louise assumed she would give up, she'd find another spot to check. The meek mouse felt her heart pounding, when all of a sudden Ambrosia's face appeared, peering over top the rolling pin.

“Ah *finally*. There you are you little rat! C'mere, I'm feeling peckish...” Ambrosia snickered, stepping towards the defenseless mouse.

Defenseless? Louise had a sword and a shield on her! But what to use?

“Don't come any closer!” Louise threatened, trying her best to seem calm and collected, but that was just an act. Ambrosia was not the least bit impressed.

Louise had only one chance to save this, but how?

- Use the shield

- Use the sword

The brave mouse held up her shield, but to the cat? It was the size of a pudding lid. Ambrosia slammed her paw down on her adversary, knocking the shield aside.

With a playful smirk, Ambrosia grabbed the rolling pin and pressed it down on Louise's legs, smashing them as easily as chewed gum. She rolled forward, pressing as hard as she could.

“Gah! No! Ambrosia?! You can't do this! My famil-mmph!” She was cut off. Now Louise just looked like a flattened scrap of pie crust, with her features smudged and warped.

“Hah, now I know why grandmas are always baking cookies. It's *so* easy when you have a little help.” The cat smiled to herself, as she pulled a cookie cutter from the cabinet drawer, hovering it over the wide sheet of Mrs. Thrushwood dough.

The sheet of pastry could only watch and hope that Ambrosia didn't dunk her cookies in milk. Louise couldn't swim.

THE END

- [Use the sword instead](#)

As Ambrosia drew near, a fire welled up in Louise's chest. She grasped her scabbard, and when the cat was in reach, she drew her sword and slashed at her paw, giving her a nasty paper-cut.

“*YOWCH!* Hey what the hell?” Ambrosia jumped up reflexively, and landed on the rolling pin, tripping herself up. She flopped over into the empty kitchen sink, face-first into the faucet spout, getting it shoved down her throat.

Mrs. Thrushwood snapped out of her trance and rushed over to turn on the sink. “Sorry Ambrosia!” She anxiously apologized in advance, as a torrent of tap water flowed into the mean kitty.

Ambrosia's eyes went wide at the sensation. Her paws scrambled to free herself, but she was stuck tight and growing heavier by the moment. Her grey belly grew to the size of a watermelon in less than a minute, with no signs of stopping.

“Nmmph! Mmmph!?” She growled, trying to reach the faucet knobs, but every second she was growing more and more sluggish and spherical. Soon, there was nothing in the sink but a bloated mass of fuzzy cat, a giant grumpy water balloon. Just a yoga ball covered in fuzz, with a tail and a head and four useless legs.

Once Ambrosia's sloshy form was half-spilling out of the sink, Louise turned off the water, and gave her pursuer an awkward pat on the side.

“Um, this seems like a nice way to stay cool at least, right?” Mrs. Thrushwood smiled, giving Ammy a little shove, causing her to slosh about and jiggle.

“Nmmph!” She snarled back, mouth still full with the faucet itself.

Ambrosia could only watch as that horrid rodent walked away, leaving her marooned in the kitchen. She flexed helplessly, as if that would make the water disappear, but before she could even get used to her new state, Mrs. Thrushwood returned with her entire family.

The motherly mouse instructed her five grandkids to gather up as much candy as they liked, stuffing it into little burlap bags over their shoulders.

“Now, dears, be sure to thank aunt Ambrosia for the candy. She’s had a rough day.”

The five kids waved and thanked their ‘aunt’, while the cat soaked in the day’s events, obsessing over what went wrong.

It had been quite the eventful day for Mrs. Thrushwood, but seeing that big blob of grey skulk in the sink made it all worth it. Maybe she could make an excuse to come back next week. Ambrosia may make for an incredibly cushy water bed.

THE END

She had to get out while she still could! Mrs. Thrushwood came down from the kitchen counter and bolted to the living room, racing for the front door. It was only a yard away!

Just then, Ambrosia appeared. She pounced between Louise and the exit, flashing a toothy grin and purring as loud as the thunder.

“I should have known you’d come back. Once a thief, always a thief, huh?” Ambrosia chided, prowling towards her prey. Louise was forced to walk backwards, and found herself cornered near the fireplace.

“We don’t h-have to do this, Ambrosia. I can just go, and you can get back to sleep.” Louise was tense, feeling the smoldering fireplace at her back.

“Hmm... I think we do, actually. You’re the one that got away, and it’s time for a rematch.”

The demure mouse was backed into a corner. The only option was to fight. Louise had only a few tools at hand that were more imposing than her sword and shield. There was a pair of bellows, a box of matches, and an iron poker next to the fireplace.

One of those would have to cut it.

-
- Blow her away with the bellows
 - Light her up with the matches
 - Poke her face with the iron

Mrs. Thrushwood grabbed hold of bellows handles, and aimed them right at Ambrosia... or at least, she attempted to. They were a lot heavier than they looked. It was more like moving a sofa than a weapon.

Ambrosia broke out into a fit of laughter at the sight, and promptly snatched up Louise without a struggle. With a little shove, she plunged the nozzle of the bellows into the mouse's throat.

"You always were a bit of an air-head, Louise." The cat taunted, pressing down on the bellows and filling her with a large burst of air, and then another, and another. Soon Mrs. Thrushwood was reduced to an overinflated balloon, as big as a basketball.

Ambrosia lay in her bed, pawing at her new plaything. She batted the spherical rodent around and cradled her in her paws like a brand-new ball of yarn. Louise could only squeak in response, with her air filled cheeks silencing any attempt at a dialogue.

"You should be happy. I could have just kept pumping until you exploded. But that'd be a real pain to clean up, right? You're lucky we got carpeting."

'Lucky' was putting it kindly. Louise had nothing ahead of her but days of being batted around and mocked. She just hoped Ambrosia would be careful with her claws.

THE END

- [Try again](#)

Louise reached in to the box of matches, drawing and striking one. She stepped forward, waving the match about like a torch. “Stay back!” She cried, threatening to singe the cat’s tail.

Ambrosia just looked on with a somewhat pitiful expression. She raised her paw up, and stomped down on the misguided mouse, snuffing out the match, and squashing her like a bug. She grinded her paw against the floor, smearing and smudging what was left of her.

It looked like someone had stepped on a little play-doh figure of Mrs. Thrushwood. One could hardly recognize her, and what could be identified wasn’t exactly lively. Her eyes twitched a bit in a dazed manner, and her tongue juttled out in an amusing fashion, but the rest was just a beige smudge.

“Didn’t anyone ever teach ya not to play with fire? You’re setting a bad example, missy.”

The smear just mumbled a bit in a drunken manner. Ambrosia turned around and left her be.

Someone would scrub her off the floor eventually, hopefully sooner rather than later. She was quite the unsightly stain.

THE END

- [Try again](#)

The fire poker was hanging from an iron rack holding a few fire-keeping implements. Louise grabbed and pulled at the poker, and in doing so the entire thing came crashing down onto Ambrosia's tail.

“YOWL! God damn!” The cat yanked her body away, giving Mrs. Thrushwood a chance to run. She darted under the coffee table, but Ambrosia was hot on her heels once again.

She ran under the sofa, but the cat followed without a problem.

She ran behind the TV, but Ambrosia jumped on top and kept at it.

Eventually, Louise came to a large book shelf. She was panting and sweating. At her age, all this running was just too much, but she couldn't give up hope.

“End of the line, rat.” Ambrosia growled, standing a few feet away from her target, ready to pounce.

This was it. She could either attempt one final dash to hide or escape, or she could stand her ground. Her sword and shield were small, but sturdy.

Mrs. Thrushwood took a deep breath, and prepared herself.

- Run for cover

- Stand your ground

With a burst of movement Mrs. Thrushwood sprinted towards the kitchen. There were plenty of places to hide there! Plenty of ways to evade Ambrosia and make her escape. She just needed to stay ahead.

But then, a shadow passed overhead and landed right in her path. Ambrosia pounced, and grabbed the unfortunate rodent in her paws.

“*There* we go. Should have given up while you had the chance.” The cat chortled, lifting Louise by her tail, dangling her above her open maw, full of sharp teeth and a raspy tongue.

“N-no! I’m sorry, let’s talk this over? I only wanted *one* peanut-butter cup!” Louise grasped at what she could.

In response, Ambrosia let go, and dropped the plump morsel into her mouth, swishing Mrs. T around and spitting out her sword and shield before swallowing her whole. Louise slid down the cat’s throat and landed in her stomach with a satisfying slosh.

Ambrosia yawned as she went back to her cat bed, curling up for a nice nap. She could just barely hear the sounds of her meal squirming and pleading for help deep inside of her. That would all be gone when she woke up.

Hopefully Mrs. Thrushwood wasn’t too fattening.

Ambrosia had an image to uphold.

THE END

- [Stand your ground instead](#)

There was no running from this. As calmly as she could, Mrs. Thrushwood drew her sword and shield, and readied herself. Her heart raced, but her breathing was steady.

“Aww, isn’t that cute. You got guts, tubby, I’ll say that much.” Ambrosia taunted, malice dripping from her words.

With a sudden lunge, the apex predator leapt towards the courageous rodent. On contact, her claws wrapped around Louise’s shield, just barely missing her limbs. Ambrosia slid across the floor, shoving Louise back and underneath the bookcase, while Ambrosia crashed against the lowest shelf, upsetting the balance of the structure.

Louise was disoriented, but from her perspective, she could see the ‘ceiling’ above her shift and tilt. The bookcase rocked forward, and came crashing down on top of Ambrosia with an earthshattering *THUD*.

When the dust cleared, the living room was a wreck. Books and paper had been tossed everywhere, and the overturned bookshelf lay in the middle of it all, with nothing but the tip of a familiar feline’s tail sticking out to hint at the cause of the calamity.

Louise suddenly realized she had been holding her breath this entire time, and let out a relieved gasp. She sheathed her sword and gingerly walked over to inspect the damage. She tugged at Ambrosia’s tail and pulled the flattened hide of the flabby house cat out from beneath the wreckage. Ammy had been completely flattened, with her legs splayed, her tongue stuck out, and eyes crossed. She couldn’t have been any thicker than a kitchen towel.

Seeing her rival reduced to this gave Louise an idea...

“Everyone! I’m home!” Mrs. Thrushwood called out to her family, flinging open the front door with a wide smile. “I brought something for everyone!” Her daughter and the grandkids all clamored around, eager to get a look. Louise had brought them a massive sack of candy, easily four pounds of the stuff.

“Now now, just one piece each! It’s not even Halloween yet.” The children didn’t protest. Just one fun-sized bar was as big as their heads.

Louise turned to her daughter. “Oh, Morgan. I have something else as well, something even more special.”

It was a cool autumn night, and the whole family was curled up by the fireplace. Louise had made hot chocolate for everyone out of one of the pieces of chocolate. “Now, does everyone have some?”

“Nmmph... Not me...” said the new carpet.

“Oh of course. Here you go, Ambrosia.” Louise set a mug down by her flattened face. The huge mat of cat covered every inch of the house, even when folded in half. One of the kids helped her sip her hot cocoa.

“Thank you Sophia... What do we say, Ambrosia?” Louise said

“Uh... *thank you.*” The cat grumbled. She was in no position to argue with her *'kind'* hostess, and wouldn’t be for some time.

“That’s more like it... You know, I could get used to this.” Mrs. Thrushwood chuckled, pouring herself another mug of cocoa.

THE END

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2022



DO MICE HAVE NINE LIVES?

Mrs. Thrushwood is a little mouse who wants nothing more than to find some Halloween candy for her family.

But the only candy for miles around is in the farmhouse!

The farm house guarded by a ferocious cat.

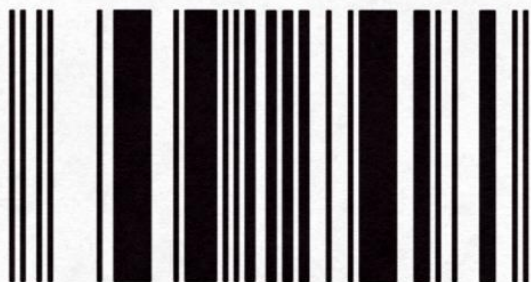
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Or will you watch her fail?

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

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