It was a bright, hot, late July summer day – and as far as Doggo was concerned, it was *perfect.*

So far, he’d found the day out to be nothing less than sublime – he’d found the few things he’d been trying to pick up for a friend’s birthday the following weekend, the weather was bright and sunny (if a little warm, but what July isn’t?), and, frankly, he was just enjoying the time out!

So much so, in fact, that as he once again threw the little stick he’d been playing fetch with for the past half hour further down the sidewalk, he could feel his steps getting a little lighter, more upbeat. After all, why not be as bright and sunny as the day was?

…Huh. The stick was a little funny, as he picked it back up. Odd and metallic, with a little bit of weight to it. He put it into his mouth experimentally as he continued to walk down the path, enjoying the sun on his fur… and felt… *tingly.*

Oh! He didn’t throw it again, did he? Silly.

With a throw he was surprised he had in him, the stick went sailing off the park path into a nearby field. Woah! Had he ever thrown it that far before…?

Shrugging, Doggo decided to run after it. His steps, evenly spaced, began to grow *further apart* as he ran, that odd tingling beginning to grow stronger! His shadow began to lengthen, but that was just the sun, right? Perspective, or whatever.

Doggo reached the stick a moment later, finding it surprisingly small in his paws – had he broken it…?

…No, it seemed intact, he just…?

*BWOMP.*

Doggo doubled in height, the ground falling away – and as he stared dumbfounded, he *tripled.*

“UH.”

The little stick began to glow a soft blue, making his paws tingle even more as they began to soften and simplify, each passing second adding a few more feet to his growing, softening frame, and despite himself Doggo felt… great!

He felt like he could run a mile or two; like he could do… anything!

Maybe that was why, instead of dropping the stick – or, even, throwing it away – he simply closed his paw around it, jogging back to the narrow ribbon of concrete that made up the park paths with heavy, softening thuds.

Gosh, he could do walks anywhere at this size. Anywhere at all!

*Shame about the collar, though.*

The tingling was still growing stronger, though, as Doggo padded along – bushes, park signage, even the occasional surprised jogger, all fell under his plushie paws without a scratch (but certainly a shock), as he first passed two stories tall – then three, towering over some of the trees he was walking between.

Then *four*, new plushie tag and cute little seam stitching working their way around his legs and arms, face the example of excitement; nevermind the squawks of birds and surprised chitters of squirrels as he sidled between old oaks with the care of someone squeezing between clothing racks, he was having a blast!

One step squished a poor park bench, scattering wood and bolts.

The next, a little fountain, sadly spurting water a few feet in the air once a plushie paw pounded it into park powder.

“Jeez… can see the skyline from here!” Doggo boomed, giggling to himself as he held his paws out… only for a small *snap!* to draw his attention down to one of them.

Aww. His little metal stick had… snapped?

Doggo, suddenly feeling an *electric* sensation, quadrupled in height in an instant – proportions filling out so quickly it was as if he’d been dragged wider by a selection tool! A particularly low cloud brushed the tops of his hair, and he blinked in surprise.

The titanic plushie only had a moment to consider, before it happened *again*, Doggo’s swelling, stretching frame spiraling into the heavens with such force it was a wonder he didn’t stumble…

…until, suddenly, he tried to take a step forward to catch his spinning head.

Normally, his clumsy stumbling resulted in little more than giggles and a thud, but as the over four hundred foot plushie dog began to fall, it cast an enormous shadow of the parkland beneath. Birds squawked, fish tried to swim out of the way, and one especially devoted goose tried to bite his leg.

*BOOM.*

Dust scattered hundreds of feet in the air. Trees gently bent under the weight of a huge toy.

Somewhere, a camera flash snapped.

“OOPS.”