

Firingwall Preview Guide: June 30, 2018

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A Figment of Your Cosplay Dreams

“That’ll be ten bucks!”

“Here you are!” Chris declared with a bright smile, handing the money over before taking his bag, “Thanks so much!” The vendor nodded and moved onto another customer as Chris walked off, heading down the aisle in the large room.

The biggest convention in the state had rolled into town and a young, brown-haired man was strolling happily through the center. He had finished up at a panel and was now at one of the vendor rooms, checking out what there was to see. There was so much going on that it was positively overwhelming to anyone not already a veteran of the convention scene. Not for him though, Chris already having a gameplan of everything he wanted to do. It cut down on a lot of searching and trouble for him in the long-run.

“Alright,” he mumbled to himself, checking his bag and looking at the item he bought, “And that’s the movie I’ve been looking for. Time to check the manga and see what...”

Uuuuuuuuuugh. This is so bor-RING! Come oooooonnnnnnnnn! Let me have some fun here and play!

Chris stopped in his tracks and thought right back, ***oh come on. You know it’s my day. Tomorrow is your day. Just be quiet and let me enjoy this!***

And the beginning of yet another inner argument began. It’s been several weeks now ever since something within Chris awoke. In particular, what awoke was a being known as Tina, his inner toon. She was a blue, busty fox girl with a love for partyin’ and being seen by the public.

Ever since she had been born, things had been hectic for Chris, trying to balance all of his spare time and work with her own desires and wants. He couldn’t flat out ignore her, especially since she was within him all the time, and she did deserve her own life as a sentient being. However, she was very needy and desired a lot of “fun” time as she called it.

I knooooow, but I wanna have fun noooooow! She whined, *this is so boring, just like your boring costume!*

Chris blushed and looked upon himself. He was wearing a Dreamfinder costume with the fancy top hat and cheap victorian, steampunk style vest, shirt, and pants. He was a fan of the design ever since he saw it in the Figment comic he got a while back. It wasn’t anything too special, but one that he felt he could pull off well enough.

Oh come on, he thought, hurrying out of the convention room and into the main hall, ***I tried my best here! I think the costume came out well enough.***

But Dreamfinder is sooo boring! She moaned, her eyes making a loud, grinding noise within his head. You should have been Figment!

Like I can afford to dress as a dragon, he grumbled, rolling his eyes himself, *listen, just settle down and go back to-*

WAIHHHHHIT! THERE! Lookie there! Chris winced at her shouting, Tina continuing her vocal assault, *LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT! Two doors down!*

Chris looked in the direction, looking above the packed crowd and past them. Just two doors down from them was a large banner, painted onto it were the words, *3rd Annual Toonful Cosplay Contest!*

Chris frowned and shot at her, *oh no, no way. Today is my day. You can cosplay and join whatever contests you want tomorrow.*

Visual, Furry Changes to Oneself

“Can you make me like this, clothes and all?” A young, Hispanic man flashed a poster at the witch behind the counter, a look of hopefulness on his face.

The green woman adjusted her sharp glasses, leaning in and looking at the flashed poster before her eyes, studying its appearance. After a second, she looked to the young man and snarked, “My my, aren’t we getting blunt about these things Ricky.”

He blushed and lowered the poster. “S-sorry,” he mumbled, looking off to the side, “I... I just, you know, couldn’t help it. It’s been so long since I transformed and I thought I could... just get something I really want and not rely on random luck for once.”

It had been awhile since Ricky came into the mysterious magic shop run by his town’s local witch coven. He had been dealing with finals in his college semester and saving up money for his apartment at his job. Between the two things, he barely had time to really enjoy himself, especially the further along the semester went.

But finally, he was free. Free from his textbooks and tests, if only for a little while. Sure, he still had to work and stuff, but he was fine with that if it meant he could earn money for something he really wanted to do.

In his hands was a special, printed-out poster of a character he really liked from a visual novel. Talking to Traci, one of the witch owners, he asked, “S-so, can you just turn me into that or not?”

“Well,” she remarked, “I never said I couldn’t do that! I was just remarking on you just showed up with this out of the blue after disappearing for so long! Honestly, I’m hurt! Our best customer just simply went away without saying a word.”

“Oh! Ah.... eh... sorry?”

Traci smirked and playfully patted his head like a child, remarking, “Juuuuuust kidding. Just having some fun is all. So, you want to become this specimen?”

Ricky’s face lit up with delight and he nodded his head enthusiastically, declaring, “Yeah! Please do that! Money is no object. I’ve saved up for a while to do this!”

“Whatever you want buddy,” Traci remarked with a shrug, taking the poster and heading towards the backroom. She glanced back and remarked, “This will take an hour or so. Go hang out somewhere or... whatever. Potion making takes a while.”

“Welllllcome back!” Traci declared with a large, pleased grin on her face, “Thanks for joining us so quickly!”

Ricky glanced around, holding his hot dog in his hand, and looked back frustratedly at her. “Hey!” He remarked, “I was having lunch! You could have just called me when you were done!”

“Ah, but that wouldn't be fun or magical, would it?” Traci teased.

She reached below the counter and pulled out a light blue, fancy perfume bottle with an plastic spray cap. Looking through the glass bottle, he could see a thick, sand-color liquid. It was almost hard to believe that this would be what he wanted, but from previous experiences, he knew not to judge the potion by its appearance.

“Decided to go with a spray potion this time,” the witch explained, wrapping the bottle in bubble wrap and carefully putting it into a small, conjured up box, “It'll last longer for you.”

“Really?”

“Well, the amount you have, not the effects,” Traci explained with a small shrug. She sealed the box up and handed it over to him. “Now, your price comes to one hundred dollars and as always, I recommend at least waiting until you get home to try this.”

Ricky nodded, eagerly handing her over the large bill without a second thought, while quickly chowing down on the rest of his hot dog. He didn't want to waste another second here not trying out his new spray potion.

Traci put the money away in the register and cleared her throat, a paper appearing in her hand. “Now,” she remarked, “Before you head out, we have a new policy here at the store that states I'm supposed to tell you about what we're not liable for, safety concerns with over potion usage, medical treatment options provided by local witches and magicians, and other various...”

When she looked up from her list, Ricky was already gone and the door was already closing. Traci huffed, tossing the paper behind herself and remarking, “Well, can't say that I tried. Selling toony and witchy ice cream is way easier than this...”

Toon It Up: Panda Gulp Brew

“Where the hell is that loser?” Brody yelled, slamming his fist on the armrest of the couch, “He should have been here by now!”

“Chill bro,” Jacob huffed, cracking open his beer and leaning back in the couch directly across from him. “He’s gonna show soon. If he doesn’t, he’s out of the fraternity for sure.”

On a lazy afternoon at Kappa Phi Alpha fraternity, two of the senior members of the place were kicking back in the den of the building. Everyone was out doing their own thing... except for one pledge that Brody had taken to the side. He wanted a beer asap and not any of the kinds that were only in the fridge. The thing was, the fridge was stocked with almost every brand imaginable and only the stores that had different ones were on the other side of town.

It had been almost an hour since the pledge, Tony, had taken off and the wait was getting on Brody nerves. “If he doesn’t show in the next minute, he’s out of here!” Brody added, growing angrier by the second.

But at the moment, the front door opened and in rushed the young college freshman. “Sorry,” the pledge remarked, wiping his brow, “Just... just took forever to find something and some-someone who wouldn’t card me.”

“Whatever,” Brody remarked, “You took too long. You’re hanging by a thread Ton. Screw up like that again and you’re out. Now, give me the damn beer.”

The pledge nodded and handed him a remarkably still cold beer can. It showed curiously on it a panda with bright purple fur where there should be black. It read on it: Panda Gulp Brew.

It was indeed a brand that the fraternity didn’t have and even besides that, Brody had never even heard of this brand before. Still, it was exactly what he asked for, so he decided to humor him. If the senior didn’t like it, he could always force Tony to drink the rest of it and do recycling for the next few weeks as punishment.

Toon It Up: Beach Horse

A blush came to her cheeks as her attention stuck to them like duct tape. It was too bad since she accidentally found herself tripping over her own feet. A few steps forward and **WHOMP!** Her legs got caught up and she tumbled into the sand, her bag filled with her beach supplies tumbling out.

Dang it! Angela thought, struggling to find her grip so she could push herself up, *this... this did not go like I thought it would.*

“Oh dearie me!” A voice called out, “Are you okay?” As Angela struggled to her knees, she heard a low rumbling and shaking upon the sand.

She quickly looked up, coming face to face with a bright pink, fluffy toon dog girl on an ATV. She was in a one-piece swimsuit much like herself, only pink instead of purple. She had lovely, curly pink hair that was tied up into a pink bow and as oversized sunglasses on her snout.

She hopped off the vehicle and quickly put the items back into Angela’s bag without hesitation, handing it back when she was finished. “Oh,” the short-hair blonde replied, her cheeks still rosy, “Thank you. I’m okay... I’m alright.”

“Are you sure?” The pink toon dog asked, her tail wagging and her face pushing closer towards her, “You could have heat exhaustion and need some refreshing drinkage!”

Angela shook her head, smiling weakly and answering, “It’s nothing. Just got distracted and tripped over myself. It’s nothing.”

“Distracted?” The toon glanced around and noticed the men playing volleyball herself. She looked back to Angela with a wide, cutesy, mischievous grin and nudged her. “Ooooooh? Is that the reason? Say no more. Hehehe~”

The woman blushed and shook her head, “N-n-no! That-that’s not it!”

“It’s okay!” The toon went on, “You like what you see, you like what you see. Why don’t you go over there and say hi?”

Angela shook her head, mumbling, “Nah... I think I should go soak in some rays.”

“Awwwwww, why not? They look like fun!”

The woman shook her head again and stated stronger, “I just don’t feel right or great about doing something like that. I’m just, you know, not apart of their scene or crowd.”

“Oh, that’s... a rather down look at yourself. You know what this means, riiiiight?”

Angela leaned back from the dog girl, mumbling quietly, “I... I just catch some ray by myself now?”

“Of course not, you gloomy gus! It’s time for Jessica the Toon Dog Writer to make your life better! Give me a sec and I’ll get you all fixed up!”

Spray for Trouble Chapter 5

“You know,” Tina declared, stretching her arms, “As fun as this is, I think we should give this a rest and get going.”

Emma nearly did a double take, her blissful thoughts about helping others with the spray bottle. “Wait, really?” Emma asked, her eyes narrowing, “...what are you planning now?”

“Nothing major really. I just thought it might be fun to have a change of scenery. We already checked to see if Trevor was different and he’s still the same, just with heels and a purse. Let’s go out and have some real fun!”

“Like?”

“Let’s go out and dance!”

“...since when the heck do you dance and also, who are you and what have you done with Tina?” Emma’s arms folded, and her eyes narrowed further. Tina was always such a shut-in and even with some new memories in her mind, she’s never seen her take on an interest in public things, let alone dancing.

Tina blushed, looking awkwardly to the side and scratching the back of her right arm. “Well,” she explained, her cheeks rosy red and her face full of embarrassment, “It’s just I... well, always kind of wanted to, but... I never felt really right about it or felt I looked good enough. But after everything that’s happen today... I feel like a whole new person!”

“You are definitely different, that’s for sure. ...you sure you don’t want to go home and work on another raid or whatever in one of the fantasy games you’re always playing?”

There was a brief pause, Tina looking off to the side and between Emma. After a moment, she declared, “I’ll catch up with everyone tomorrow. Tonight, let’s just hit one of the clubs and party it up!”

Emma remarked, folding her arms now, “Ummm, are you forgetting the fact that Trevor is our ride? There’s no way that he is going to take us out clubbing or anything like that.”

Tina went silent again, her eyes falling to the ground and her expression emptying. But again, after a moment, she spoke up, asking, “Well... you know... can I borrow that spray bottle again? Just for a moment?”

Emma glanced at the bottle in her hand and back at her friend. “Why?”

“Well, it’s just that I... hey! Isn’t that your sister?”