

It's a Monday. I don't know if Monday sucks where you're from, but it's definitely no picnic here in the Koopa lands of World 8. You see, my ancestral home was built on a giant stretch of volcanoes and lava fields. The place is riddled with every type of metal you could imagine, and you can smelt the stuff on your frickin' front yard. But, you can't grow a damn thing here. No farms, no food. If you ever wondered how a people becomes constant invaders to other lands, give them a crap ton of metal and no food. There's very little else we can do. Things have changed a lot since my pop, Bomzar the VI, died and passed it on to me. I run this place more like a business than a barbarian horde. Maybe that's why Mondays suck. Barbarian hordes don't have a concept of weekends.

CRASH! "Damnit, Boom Boom! It took hours to put this makeup on!" I hear Wendy scream at the top of her lungs. I sip my coffee as my eye twitches from the noise. Aren't half of the Koopalings like over twenty by now? Like, time to move out of the nest, kids, am I right? But who am I kidding? Nobody leaves the Koopa Troop. That's like saying, "Hey, go start your own kingdom and army as long as you promise never to attack me!" Of course, they would set up their own army, my evil band of kids. Well, adopted kids, sorta, that's a whole nother story. Point is, the throne is set to be given to my one and only Junior. I know the Koopalings are jealous, but crap happens. Still better to have seven annoying jealous brats where

I can see them, instead of seven annoying brats with growing kingdoms and armies I have to worry about. "LUDWIG, I WILL KILL YOU!" one of them screams. I remind myself it's better. Mostly better.

Kamek has been stammering and stuttering in my ear all morning. I'm finally to the point where I can hear him clearly over my morning migraine, but I'm afraid the guy is giving me a second one. Can you have two migraines? "Okay, Kamek, what is it!" I bellow. The little guy in his blue robe and pointy hat is bringing me to the lab. He's made a lot of cool crap in this place. Air-Ships, reanimated undead Koopa bones. When the dude is on, he's on, but when he's not-

"Tadaaaaaah" He uncovers a stand, and on it is... what is it, a power-up looking crown? Kamek adjusts his glasses, and his beak gives a nerdy snuffle. "What do you think, your majesty?"

"What is it?" I growl. I really hate Mondays. Kamek usually doesn't make anything good till Thursday. Seems the trend will hold.

"Well, you see your gargantueness, it's a new power-up of the morphing ability spectrum." He begins using words that a king shouldn't have to use.



"Don't get all wordy-girdy on me numskull, spit it out, what did you make?!" Smoke is coming out of my nose. Do we have any Magikoopas close to what he does? I may need to reconsider some hierarchy.

"Oh no no no, my most macho of monarchs, we stole this from the Mushroom Kingdom." He waddles around to the other side of the pedestal and makes a ta-dah motion again.

"Minus the Powerstars, they may have one or two power-ups that are actually good for a Shell-based invasion force." Yeh, starting to feel that heartburn in my throat that might end up being a fireball. "Why on earth would you waste resources and time to steal a little pink crown!" For emphasis, I singed the top of his hat. Poor guy is stomping it out now, but like, he knows better than to waste my time on a Monday. I still have to survey the entire airship fleet.

"W-well, you see, m-my lord," Kamek is sweating bullets, but sadly not the kind I can shove in a cannon. "This power-up, for whatever reason, was made to make a toad, look and have the abilities of Princess Peach."

"Now that is something different." My scowl softens a little. "What on earth would we do with that, though. I don't want to make a Koopa look like Peach just to Marry a look alike. I want the bonafide article."

"On no, sire, we haven't even cracked it for Koopas yet, but I was thinking a little... bigger than getting you a girlfriend." He gulped as he saw my fists clench. "Not that anything is wrong with plans to get you a girlfriend-"

"I am not just trying to get a girlfriend. If she married me, we would combine kingdoms, and she would have access to our metals and us their food, and everyone could have a better life! I don't know why no one else sees it like this!" I wave my burly arms.

"Well, sire, t-this might still do that, but, two birds with one stone."

"I'm listening," I say.

I see a building glee in the little wizard I haven't seen in a while. "What if, we could make a Peach look-alike with the power crown, so when you kidnap her, no-one will know she's even gone!" He watches me blink. I might need more coffee. "And, you see, then we can both have your girlfriend and run her kingdom via our inside Koopa!"

"And... then I would rule two kingdoms regardless, and Peach would have no choice but to marry me if she wanted her throne back!" My fanged face turns into a giant smile. "Oh, Kamek! This is a brilliant idea I am having."

"W-well yes, sire, this is why you are the brainiest of rulers!" He says, but not as enthusiastically as I would like. How is he missing how great this idea is!?

"This could be my best scheme ever! No invasion! No destruction! In one fell swoop, I'll have control of her kingdom and on my way to conquering her heart!" I clap like a frick'n child. I can't help it. This is some good stuff right here.

Nothing speaks to a woman's heart like taking over her kingdom with a doppelganger." Kamek gets back down to business, grabbing some chalk and working out the Magic of how the crown works.

"You're right! Women always get interested when they are jealous. What could cause more jealousy than there being another you! I bet the minute I fake flirt with fake her, real Peach will be all over me!"

"I'm sure." Kamek hmphs over his shoulder, deep in his research and formulas.

I look down at this tiny game-changer. I've never worn a crown really, not comfortably. Don't have the right head for it. Also, my head is enormous, would be a lot of metalwork. All those damn princesses wear crowns, though, bunch of hoidy-toidy pane in the asses. They think they're so much better than me. I pick up this tiny gold and pink headgear between my giant claws. Oh, they are not going to see what's coming. I place the goofy little power-up crown on my skull and put my hands on my giant monster hips. "Oh, Bowser!" I say in a screechy princess voice. "You outsmarted us Bowser, with your genius brain, how can us dumb, floozy, fluffy princesses even compare to your geni-ooooossss. Hnnng."

Something is wrong. It feels like the damn thing is sprouting a magic root, and it's crawling deep into some forgotten spot in my brain, throbbing, sparking. I swear there is a pink glow behind my eyes. "K-Kamek?" My voice feels horse and is full of worry. I look at my giant mitt of a Koopa claw. It's shaking and glowing green. It feels like someone is gripping and squeezing my muscular arm. And normally, nothing can make them flinch, but the damn thing is compressing like someone let the air out. With a hefty crunch and pop, my arm dwindles to a tiny pink deformity. It's shorter than my bicep used to be! I stare in disbelief at my cursed appendage. It almost looks... dainty, girly, human! "Kamek!!!"

"One minute your dominance!" He keeps puttering away at the damn chalkboard.

I need to get this damn thing off! I reach up to yank the crown off my noggin and- zzzzzp, crunch. It is also a tiny girly arm. My arms look like princess's arms, like Peach's flippin arms, And they're too f'n short to reach anything! "Kamek, get your Magikoopa ass over here now. Your perfect plan is screwing with my body!" Fire erupts out of my mouth as I panic more. I wave these tiny noodle girly arms around. What the hell is this!?

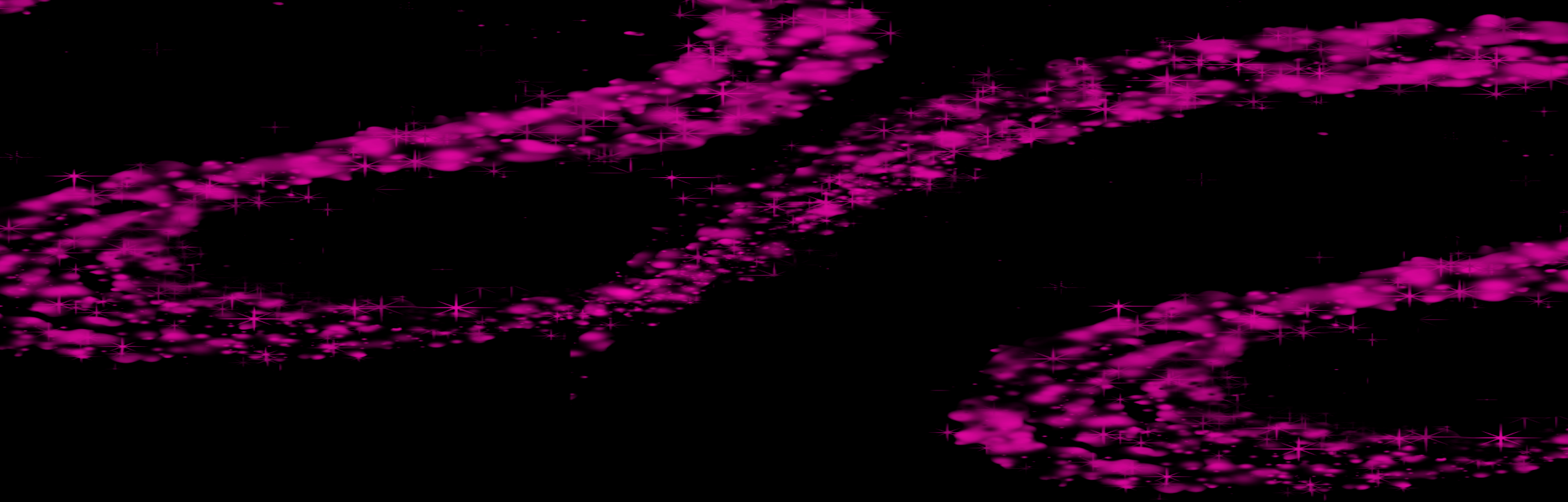
"I'm here, I'm here your most burlyne...ss. Oh dear.." Kamek's face turns a pale yellow.

"Oh dear!? What the hell does 'oh dear' mean??!" I growl, staring down at this little weasel. His dumb plan is deforming my body.

"The power-up was made for toads." Kamek pats his sweaty forehead with a tiny hanky. "We haven't done any Koopa testing. I'm not quite sure how this is going to go."

"Well, take notes and study fast, cuz I need you to fix this you walking failure with glasses. Or I swear I'll-" Oh crud muffins. My legs are wobbling and I see the hellish pink glow under my big shelled gut. I have no choice but to fall backward or risk my enormous, still Koopa body crushing what is sure to be Peach's legs. ZZzzzpt. Bwop! Bwop!





I'm on my ass, wiggling these pink, puny limbs around like some baby. Like a turtle on its back, I'm helpless. "Fix this now, you little moron!" I feel lightheaded, and my body is full of bubbles like a lava-powered hot tub. My voice rises in pitch to match my panic. Kamek is saying something, but I can't make it out over my manic screaming. "Why did you think this was a good idea! Why didn't you tell me not to put it on my head! What were you... y-you aaaah." So warm, so dizzy. Blonde hair is falling into my view. My giant shell and beefy frame creaks and contorts as the magic crunches me smaller and smaller, like a piece of paper being wadded into a ball. I feel so off, and smushed, and in some weird way, good? Like, if I'm gonna die from this, I might as well admit that it feels ... well, embarrassingly good. Like I'm drunk. Like I'm blushing. Like this death was unplanned and sucks toad butt, but at least there's no pain. At least this death is... peachy. Ah, here's where I black out forever, flopping on the ground, feeling fleshy and warm, and- Flop.

