

Totally Toys (Inanimate TF, Totally Spies)

Clang! “Ow!” Pausing mid-crawl, Clover swore and rubbed her knee. Sam, a meter ahead, looked back and shushed her.

“Urgh,” said Clover, beneath her breath, “why do we always end up crawling through vents?”

Ahead, Sam came to a stop, looking down through a grille. “This is it,” she said, “we’re right above her office.”

“Finally,” said Clover, struggling to stretch within the confines of the vent. “My knees are never going to be the same again.”

“Are we sure it’s hers?” asked Alex, ever so slightly more on topic.

Sam nodded. “The people in the photos on her desk have the same hair and eye color as her, and the books on the shelf are all on pedagogy—her specialty. It’s a simple deduction, really.” She smiled proudly.

Clover crawled forward so she could look through the grille too. “Also, the room’s covered in those creepy dolls she’s famous for.”

“Mmn, yeah, that too.”

The three of them knelt in silence for a second.

“So,” said Alex in the end, “how are we supposed to get down there?”

Sam stroked her chin. “We’ll have to take it slowly. I’ll unscrew the grille—” She produced a little screwdriver. “—then we can all go down one by one, nice and quietly.”

Clover and Alex nodded in agreement.

“Okay,” said Sam, turning her attention back to the grill. She raised her screwdriver. “Here we go... *Nice and quietly.*”

With a hideous shriek of metal, the vent collapsed. The three screamed as they dropped, crashing into the desk below with a sound like a brass band fighting a piano.

Hacking up dust, Clover rubbed her head and looked up to find herself miraculously unharmed. Dust filled the air, while pieces of vent, scraps of busted desk, and broken toys lay scattered across the carpet. From behind her came Sam and Alex’s groans.

A doll’s head rolled to a stop in front of her, looking remarkably sad for an inanimate object. Frowning, Clover tossed it away. “Is everyone okay?”

“I’m fine,” said Alex.

"I'm good too," said Sam. "Apart from a few bruises." She sat up, rubbing her head. "We need to get out of here quickly though, before—"

She paused, as if expecting something to happen, and swallowed. "—before the target finds us."

Clover leapt to her feet and pointed to the window. The blinds were drawn, but it was clear one lay beneath them. "Come on! Quickly!" Grabbing Alex's arm, she hauled her to her feet and dragged her towards the window. Sam, already moving, grabbed the blinds' cord to pull them up and—

An insidious figure leered at them through the glass, face and hands pressed against the window. "What are you doing in my office?!" screeched the Headmistress, voice like chalk against one of the blackboards of her classrooms.

"It's her!" cried Alex. The three of them jumped back, fists raised and ready to fight.

For a moment, the Headmistress remained exactly where she was, face pressed against the window. All of a sudden, she sniffed and drew back—

—before slamming her head straight into the glass. Clover squealed as it shattered, adding another layer of debris to the floor.

Raising the blinds, their target crept in front the window, slick as a snake. There wasn't a hint of bruise on her, not the slightest cut at all.

"Well, well, well," she said, sweeping some glass dust from her brow, "looks like I've got three very naughty children to puni—"

Before the Headmistress got a chance to finish this no doubt very clever quip, Sam leapt forward, fist aimed at the pedagogue's face.

The Headmistress smiled. "Ah ah ah!" said the Headmistress, wagging her finger. Her free hand blurred, moving too fast for Clover to process. Sam recoiled with a gasp...

...and froze, body twitching.

"S-Sam?" said Clover. She went to run forward.

"Stop right there!" snapped the Headmistress, raising something like a cattle prod. "Unless you want to experience the same fate as your friend!"

Seeing electricity spark between the device's prongs, Clover froze as if it had struck her too. "Wh-what have you done to her?"

“Oh, just given her a taste of one of my little inventions,” said the Headmistress. “The formula I imbibed didn’t just give me a steel hard skull—it also enhanced my intelligence a thousandfold. Observe as I solve this Rubik’s cube!”

Putting her device aside, she turned to the shelf. Alex and Clover shared a glance and charged.

“Aiyah!” The Headmistress screamed as the pair’s boots slammed into her, kicking through the window without—miraculously, given the channels this show airs on—dashing her to ribbons on the glass.

Clover took the chance to rush to Sam’s aid. “Sam! Sam, are you okay?”

“I-I-I—” Sam struggled to turn and speak, body creaking as if she were a poorly-oiled hinge. “C-can’t move properly. Feel... stiff—” Her jaw slammed shut with a wooden clack. Sam went silent.

“Sam?” cried Clover. “Sam!”

From the other side of the window came a hideous cackling. “Mmm, my, it looks as though my device’s secondary effect has finally started taking... effect. I managed to buy time by allowing myself to be kicked out of the window, you see.” She tapped her head with a resounding clunk. “Could anyone else have thought of a more ingenious plan?!”

“You won’t get away with this!” cried Alex.

“Oh, I already have, darling,” replied the Headmistress. She slammed the Rubik’s Cube onto the desk. Its faces matched perfectly.

Clover gasped. “You solved it?!”

“Of course I did! It was a trivial task for someone as smart as myself.” She leaned in close, as if imparting a confidence. “The trick is to peel off the stickers and put them back in the right spot.”

“We don’t care about the stupid Rubik’s cube!”

“And now,” the Headmistress continued, too smart to be interrupted, “I shall deal with you intruders as easily as I dealt with this children’s puzzle!” She raised her device, jabbing it at them like a knife. “Take this and this and this and—!”

Clover and Alex darted back. The Headmistress lurched after them. With a short-range weapon, no combat experience, and two highly trained foes, there was only one way this fight could have gone, and it *would* have, if not for one simple thing:

“--this and this and—Aii!” The Headmistress squealed as she tripped, thrusting her arms out to save herself. By coincidence, she happened to jab her device right into Alex’s stomach.

“...!” Alex froze like Sam before her, struggling to even open her mouth.

“Alex!” Clover leapt back, looking desperately for a solution.

Between the frozen spies, the Headmistress scabbled at the desk and pulled herself back onto her feet. “Ahah! You fell for my feint!”

“G-Get lost! The only one who fell in any way was you!”

The Headmistress brushed aside her hair and raised her device as if brandishing a knife. “And now it comes down to one-on-one, womano-a-womano, as the French like to say.” She licked her lips. “I’m going to enjoy toying with the three of you, my dear. ...Ahah! A pun! I bet you didn’t even—”

Clover’s boot slammed into the side of the Headmistress’s head, sending her sailing into the bookcase with a crash.

As before, this would have been the end of it if not for one thing: the device in the Headmistress’s hand, flying free of her, bouncing off the bookshelf and rebounding in the opposite direction. By the time Clover realized what was happening, it had already slammed into her chest.

“...!” She froze mid-kick, teeth jittering with energy. The device struck the floor with a thud.

H-hey! Eyes wide, Clover struggled to move, but every joint in her body appeared to have locked up.

“Oooh...” Nose buried in several good books, the Headmistress struggled to pull herself out and stand again. As she turned, her eyes widened in surprise. “Ah—ahah! I knew my plan would work! I allowed you to strike me in the face, you see, carefully positioned myself such that the force of your kick would propel me into the bookcase, causing my to, er—” She looked around for the device, taking several seconds to locate it. “—to bounce off at exactly the right angle and strike you in the chest like a scorio-bee! Like a bee! Ahahaha! Fool!”

Clover struggled to make her lips move. “You... won’t... get away... with this!”

“I already have, darling!” Approaching, the Headmistress stood face to face with her, so close their noses were almost touching. “The PTA shall never interfere with my plans again!”

Clover blinked. “The... PTA?”

The Headmistress cocked her head. “Yees... The PTA. You’re with the PTA, aren’t you?”

She stepped back, as if considered the scene from a fresh perspective, and frowned. “Well, either way, it doesn’t matter. I defeated you. Exactly as my mighty brain planned! Ahahahaha!”

Clover grit her teeth in frustration. What was he supposed to do here? Think, think, think! With a groan, she struggled to drop her hand to a pocket and retrieve one of the jackets she'd stored there, but no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't make herself do it. Her body felt as rigid as a block of ice.

Still laughing to herself, the Headmistress danced across the room and slipped behind her. *H-hey!* Thought Clover, straining to look around. *Get away from—*

Before she had a chance to finish, she felt a pair of hands wrap around her waist. She squealed, though the only sound that came out of her mouth was a tiny, mouse-like squeak.

"Let's see... where should I put you?" asked the Headmistress. "I'd like to watch the rest of this process in full, of course." She chuckled. "Ah, over here with do." With a smile, she placed Clover by the broken bookcase, followed swiftly by Sam and Alex. This done, she returned to her desk and sat there watching them with a smile.

If Clover could have moved, she would have shivered. Wh-what was this freak waiting for?

Desperate to find something to help her, she snapped her gaze left and right, though even if she'd found something, she wouldn't have been able to retrieve it. What she noticed was something else though:

Were Sam and Alex... shrinking?

Blinking (an action that took quite a lot longer than it had used to), Clover realized her friends were at least a head shorter than they had been, their spy suits hanging loose around their figures. Both had been the same height as her before, but now Alex was level with her collar bone, and Sam was even shorter.

To her horror, Clover realized that wasn't the worst of it. Sam and Alex hadn't just shrunk—they were actively shrinking. Even as she watched, eyes wide in horror, her teammates lost more and more centimeters with the second. The smaller they became, the faster the process went: soon enough, Alex was half her height, and Sam was half hers in turn.

Just as she thought the two would shrink away into nothing, Clover realized the process had stopped. *They—they're not shrinking anymore! It's stopped! It's—why does my spy suit feel so loose?*

From the desk, the Headmistress giggled. "It looks like it's your turn now, Blondie."

Clover squeaked and looked at her. The Headmistress—and everything else in the room—was growing larger with the second.

A spike of panic stabbed her in the heart. *Stop it!* She tried to scream, *Stop it!*

The Headmistress simply laughed at her.

To Clover's left and right, her teammates vanished, buried beneath the piles of their own emptied spy suits. Clover soon found her own falling limp, and her body compacted into barely a twentieth of its former height and vanished into the cave of her former outfit. She squeaked as the word went dark, begging to be able to see again.

The shrinking didn't seem to be the only thing happening to her either. As she vanished into the depths of her clothes, she felt a tingling passing through her joints and skin. In an instant, what little mobility she'd retained vanished, stripped from her. She tried to move her arms, all the same, but she accomplished nothing whatsoever. Even when she went to scream, it accomplished nothing—her face had become as rigid as a lake in the middle of a harsh winter.

As the shrinking ceased, she squirmed in her own body, pleading for mercy. As if on cue, the sky parted, and the merciful hand of God dropped out of heaven to relieve her. Giant fingers coiled around her and tightened, nails clacking against her flesh yet strangely making no indent. As she roiled in confusion, she shot into the air—the hand held her before the Headmistress's face for inspection.

Face blown up like a parade blimp, the Headmistress chuckled to herself. "Adorable," she said. "I'm glad to see my Dollifier is functioning correctly."

If Clover had been able to move her lips, she would have squeaked. *Dollifier?!*

Smirking to herself, the Headmistress placed Clover's tiny plastic body on the desk, posing her with her arms against her sides as if standing to attention. This done, she returned to the green and yellow spy suits and went rummaging around inside them.

A few moments later, she withdrew two generic yet strangely familiar dolls. Like Barbie, if she'd decided to masquerade as your cousin. Both had plump plastic hips and fat rubber boobs and faces that looked as if—they were!—as if they were stickers.

Smirking, the Headmistress held the three of them face to face. "What do you think, girls? Do you like your new appearances?"

Clover gaped in horror, unable to process what she was seeing. How could they have become something like *this*?

"Don't worry, it gets better!" said the Headmistress, laughing like a witch. "The latest version of my Dollifier includes some more interesting functions. Let's see..."

Placing Alex beside Clover, she rummaged in her desk draw and pulled out a dull-tipped pencil. "This should do."

Clover stared as the Headmistress returned, Sam and the pencil in hand. *What is she planning to—?*

With a smirk, the Headmistress slammed the tip of the pencil deep into Sam's vagina, tightened her grip, and turned.

A sound Clover hadn't heard since childhood struck her ears, the *scrunch-scrunch-scrunch* of a little blade through wood. Trapped there on the desk, she watched in horror as the Headmistress turned and turned. Finally, the witch pulled the pencil out and blew at its tip.

"Ta-da!" she said, holding it up so Clover and Alex could see it. "One freshly sharpened pencil. That's right—I turned your pussies into pencil sharpeners. No, I'm not going to justify myself."

Clover could only gape.

"That's not all though," continued the Headmistress. Placing Sam on the desk, she picked up Alex and snatched up a sheet of paper. Scrawling a few lines in pencil, she lowered Alex to its chest first and—holding her tightly—started to rub.

Clover stared as the lines vanished, smudged out of existence.

"Your boobs are erasers! Ahahaha!" She pressed Alex hard into the page, deforming her chest with the force of her rubbing.

Clover shivered inside.

Placing Alex on the desk, the Headmistress turned her attention back to Clover. "There's one other special feature the three of you have," she said, grinning madly.

Clover squeaked as the witch picked her up and pinched her arm with two of her pointy nails. Tightening her grip, the Headmistress made as if she planned to tug... and stopped, a smirk on her face. "But I'll let you find that out yourselves. In the meantime..."

Placing Clover back on the desk, she rummaged in her drawer and pulled out three pastel-colored dresses for them: one green, one yellow, and one red." She smirked. "Let's get you three girls back to class."

Clover bounced on the spot, slamming into the walls beside her, as the plastic cage in which the three of them found themselves bobbed with every step of the Headmistress. Sam and Alex bounced beside her, equally silent, equally inanimate. She watched to beg them for help and apologize all at once, but no matter how much they wanted to talk, their lips remained stickers.

Where is she taking us?! thought Clover.

Peering through the semi-translucent wall of the plastic box, Clover could make out the silhouettes of passing people. They were in a school, and she'd said she was taking them 'back to class', so that much was obvious, but what did it actually *mean*? What was she planning?

A part of Clover was terrified to find out.

Finally, the Headmistress came to a stop and knocked on what was presumably a door. A moment later, it opened to reveal the silhouettes of a young woman and a number of smaller people all gathered at little desks.

Clover swallowed. *Oh no.* She was beginning to suspect she knew where this was heading.

“Good morning, Miss Albu-prussy,” said the Headmistress, striding into the classroom with the confidence of her title. “I brought some new toys for your students to enjoy!”

Clover wanted to scream. *She’s going to throw us to a bunch of little kids! No! No! They’ll tear us to pieces!*

“Wow, thank you, Miss Headmistress!” said what was presumably Miss Albu-prussy. “Do you hear that, class? The Headmistress has brought you some lovely new toys! What do you say?”

“Thank you, Miss Headmistress...” The voices sounded strangely deep to Clover.

“You’re very welcome,” said the Headmistress with an audible smirk. “Well, I’ll leave them in your care. Ta-ta for now!” Their cage landed on the desk with a thud, and the door slammed as the Headmistress slipped out.

For several seconds, Clover stood there in a fearful, uncertain silence. What was going to happen *now?*!

The lid of the box popped off, and a kindly woman’s face looked in on them. She looked exactly like Clover’s own kindergarten teacher. “Aw, look what we’ve got in here,” said Miss Albu-prussy. “They’re adoorable!” With a big grin, she reached in and snatched them up.

Clover screamed inside as the teacher dragged them out into the world. *Let me go! Let me go!* she wanted to cry. *I don’t wanna be a bunch of brats’ plaything!*

Albu-prussy giggled like a child. “What do you think, children? Who wants to play with them first?”

She turned Clover around.

...Eh?!

Before her sat a class of the moodiest, punkiest looking teenage boys and girls Clover had ever seen. They slumped at their desks like prisoners waiting for execution, studs peppering their faces and jackets, while tattoos ran all over their skin. One boy at the back of the class was even smoking!

“What do you think, children?” repeated Albu-prussy. “Who wants to play with them first?”

A pimply young man in the middle of the class pulled his finger out of his nose to stick it into the air. "Oooh, oooh, let me play with one, miss! I've always wanted a big-titty doll to—"

"Jeremy, language!" snapped Miss Albu-prussy. Jeremy and the boys around him burst into giggles.

"Come on, Miss!" cried one of Jeremy's friends. "Let us play with them!"

Albu-prussy sighed and looked for an alternative, but none of the other teenagers seemed interested. "Very well. But you had better take care of them. Miss Headmistress will be very upset if you break her brand-new dolls."

"Yeah, yeah," said Jeremy, picking his nose again.

With a frown, Miss Albu-prussy marched across the room and went to place the three of them on Jeremy's desk. At the last second, she hesitated. "Are the rest of you sure you don't want to play with them?"

No one answered. Someone's bubblegum popped.

Albu-prussy sighed. "Very well. ...Please try not to break them."

"Don't worry, Miss," said Jeremy. "We'll treat 'em real nice. Reeeeeeal nice." He and his friends all snickered like hyenas.

With a frown, Albu-prussy turned away.

No! Thought Clover. No, you can't leave us with them!

To Clover's left, a boy with more spots than a smallpox patient and a nose like a tap snatched up Alex. "Oooh," he said, the words oozing out of his mouth like sewage. "This one looks pretty." Giggling, he turned her over and stuck his nose up her dress.

To Clover's right, a boy who looked like he'd eaten the previous occupant of his seat picked up Sam. "Reeedheeeead," he said, visibly salivating. Sucking up his drool, he pulled down her dress and wrapped his lips around one of her fat, rubber breasts. "Urgh, it tastes like eraser!"

Clover whimpered.

Jeremy didn't leave her long to focus on her friends' problems, however. Snatching her up, he raised her to his pimply face and smirked, tongue stuck out and slick with saliva. "Let's see what you've got under that dress, dolly."

Grabbing the fabric, he tore it off in a single sharp tug. Clover screamed. Jeremy licked his lips. "Oooh," he said, tongue flapping. "She's got a pussy!" He turned her over. "She's got more than a pussy." Thick blobs of saliva dripped from his tongue as he chuckled. "I don't

think she's big enough for me though. Makes me wish we had a Ken doll to play with too."

His friends were too busy sniffing and sucking Alex and Sam to respond, but Jeremy continued anyway. "Maybe I've got something in my pencil case for her... Hehhehehe." He laughed like he was swallowing a slug.

With a smirk, he extracted a normal HB pencil. For some reason, it looked a lot... *thicker* than the pencils Clover was used to.

Giggling, Jeremy guided its tip towards her. "Let's see how deep she is," he said with a laugh.

Clover screamed as the pencil slammed into her, the dull point of its lead crashing into the far end of her plastic sex. At once, a tidal wave of ecstasy flowed through her, smothering all her thoughts beneath a flood of pleasure. She screamed, moaning in mercy and release. *Stooooop! Pull it out! Pull it out!*

Jeremy just chuckled. "You like that, dolly?" he wiggled the pencil about, pulling it out a little just to stick it back in again. "You like that?"

Clover screamed.

In the process of writing a special love letter on her insides, Jeremy happened to turn the pencil around. He and Clover both heard the scraping it produced—Clover also gasped as she found something working it through her.

With a frown, Jeremy gave the pencil another twist and tugged it out. His eyes widened as he saw it had been sharpened. Turning it again, he grinned mischievously. "Oi, look," he said, showing Clover to his friends. "They've got sharpeners inside 'em."

His friends stopped sniffing and sucking to stare at their dolls in shock, as if this were some incredible revelation.

Meanwhile, Jeremy turned Clover around as if he were seeing her through new eyes too. *Stop!* She cried, wailing as the world spun around her. *Stooooop!*

Finally, Jeremy obliged. "I wonder what's up with her boobs," he said, thumbing one of her pumped-up plastic nipples. Clover shivered as he pressed down, slowly forcing his digit into her. *Nn! Stop!*

Rubbing his thumb against her boob, Jeremy frowned and snatched up a piece of paper. Grabbing the pencil he'd used her to sharpen too, he flipped her over and aimed her chest towards the page.

N-no! No! Cried Clover as she flew towards his scribbling. *Stoop!*

The page struck her at speed, squishing her boobs flat in an instant. Clover screamed at the pressure, begging them to release her—instead, Jeremy tightened his grip on her body and *dragged*.

Feeling the paper rub against her though, rubber breasts, Clover moaned and screamed for him to stop. It felt good, but not in a way anyone could ever like. *Stoop!* Her nipples burned, as if... as if...

Finally, Jeremy pulled her back and laughed. “Neat. Look, her boobs are erasers.”

Looking down at her chest, Clover whimpered. Where her boobs had rubbed the paper, they’d been flattened, scraped away. Her nipples had vanished entirely, reduced to a pink dust on the page. *H-Help me...!*

Spinning her around, Jeremy raised her to his face. “I wonder what other kinda things they can do.”

To Clover’s left, the boy with the runny nose had ceased sniffing Alex’s non-existent panties to let her dangle from his hand instead, supported solely by her arm. Giggling to himself like a mischievous little goblin, he swung her from side to side and around and around, spinning her and spinning her, until at last—

Snap!

Alex’s lower arm popped off at the elbow. Dismembered, she sailed and struck the back of the girl in front.

“Ow! What the fuck?” Snatching Alex up, she tossed her back. “Miiiiss! Gareth threw his doll at me!”

“Aw, how sweet,” said Miss Albu-prussy. “That means he likes you, Stacy.”

Stacy looked over her shoulder just in time to see a large glob of snot drip from Gareth’s nose to land with a splat on the desk. She made a face normally reserved for eating lemons.

Ignoring her, Jeremy snatched Alex out of Gareth’s hands and held up for inspection. “Hey, look at this.”

“You broke it?” asked his other friend, whose name was irrelevant.

“Nah, look.” Jeremy grabbed Alex’s arm off Gareth and held it and its owner up. “They slot together.” He popped the arm back into its sockets. “I wonder if...”

Clover whimpered as he seized her own arm. *No! No! Don’t don’t don’t don’t—!*

Pop!

Clover screamed as he pulled it out. It felt weird—not painful, but infinitely weird. She could still feel her arm even at a distance.

Placing Clover's hand on the table, Jeremy pulled Alex's out as well again. With a mischievous grin, he aimed it towards Clover's socket. *Pop!*

Once again, Clover screamed. Having someone else's arm inserted felt almost as bad as having her own pulled out. Stranger still, she couldn't actually feel it—it felt as lifeless and dead at the end of the shoulder as any doll's limb would.

P-put it back! Put it back where it belongs!

"Hey, hey, gimme yours," said Jeremy, snatching Sam out of Friend No. 3's hand. Grinning, he spun her around and popped off both her legs. Before turning his attention to Clover and doing the same to her too.

Aiiii! Give them back! Clover wailed as her legs shot off into the air, stolen away by some very sticky fingers.

Jeremy wasted no time in jabbing Sam's legs into Clover, leaving her a bizarre mishmash of herself and her friends.

Speaking, Gareth and No. 3 weren't just sitting around either. As Jeremy took Clover apart and reassembled her the wrong way round, his friends disassembled Sam and Alex, swapping their parts till they'd completely traded dolls.

With a sigh of disgust, Jeremy snatched Sam and Alex off them too and set about disassembling all three dolls, leaving a pile of miscellaneous parts littering his desk.

Looking down at them, he smirked. "Now, let's see..."

Grabbing Clover's arm, he grabbed it into Sam's leg socket. Picking up Alex's left breast, he forced it into the slot for Clover's right. Taking Sam's head, he snapped it into place sticking out of Alex's pussy. And grabbing Clover's arm, he forced it into Sam's gaping sex.

For the next twenty minutes, as the rest of the class went on in peace around him, Jeremy took them apart and put them back together, disassembled them and reassembled them, conjoined them in every manner possible.

As he connected them, Clover found herself hearing voices.

Ah! Ah! Came the familiar voice of Alex. *Stop! Take it oooout!*

Alex! Clover cried. *Alex... Nnn~!*

Help me! Cried Sam, voice thick with tears. *Help!*

Sam!

Clover wanted to speak, to scream in delight that her friends were alright, but the pleasure pouring through her form made coherent speech impossible. All she could do was lie back and moan in sync with her teammates, hoping that, if nothing else, the experience would soon be over.

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By the time Jeremy stopped, he'd assembled something Frankensteinian: a patchwork doll made of three separate ones snapped together. Arms stuck out of sexes and limbs protruded from necks. Heads protruded from shoulders, stuck-on faces staring blankly ahead. Jeremy and his friends giggled and poked them, forcing their arms around to rub their breasts and sticking thick pencils into all their open holes.

Finally, the bell rang, and Miss Albu-prussy reluctantly announced the end of class. She'd barely started speaking before Jeremy and his friends leapt out of his chair, tossing their new toys aside without a thought.

Striking the wall, the three spies dropped to the floor and rolled into the corner, where they lay in a pile, abused and forgotten, unable to do anything save moan and beg and whimper.

As the sound of students' feet died away, Clover finally found the strength to think again.
Next time, we're sneaking in through the window...