

Pablo walked down the street and shoved his hands into his pockets; or more accurately, placed his hands against his hips where his pockets would be if he wore pants. He didn't. Pablo was a penguin and he did what he wanted. And he wanted to be PANTS FREE BABY!

Pablo lowered his shades and tilted his head, whistling casually as he walked. The sun was slowly setting and the golden orange light glinted off his Ray Ban aviators. Suddenly, a tinny ringtone sounded.

*Cash rules everything around me... Cash rules everything around me*

Pablo popped open his flip phone with a flourish.

"Speak to me," he said in a low, confident voice. Pablo listened to the voice on the other end of the line, nodding occasionally.

"I'll send my boys over right away, Mr. Robertson. High End Detail Bros thanks you for your business," Pablo responded over the phone. He snapped his phone closed with a click, pushed his sunglasses back up and grinned into the setting sun.

"Sucker."

Moments later a black Dodge Challenger rolled up the street, coming to a stop next to Pablo. Muffled Spanish rap spilled from the cracked window.

"We've got work to do, Richard." Pablo said, opening the back passenger door and hopping in.

Pablo leaned forward and adjusted the radio to softly play some Taylor Swift.

"Where to boss?" said (presumably) Richard.

"We need to pick up Lenny and Scar. They've got the truck. We got an appointment with Mr. Robertson tonight."

"Mr. Robertson? We ready for that?" (presumably) Richard asked in shock.

They were ready. Pablo knew it.

After five Taylor Swift songs, they pulled into a shopping center parking lot outside of a Zuma/Frozen yogurt shop. Out walked two penguins. One, a girl penguin dressed in a flowery dress, was animatedly talking to/at the other penguin while nibbling at her frozen yogurt. The other penguin stared blankly ahead. He was short, grizzled, and wore leather sweatbands on his wrist and head. He carried a bag of some newly purchased Zumba CDs.

"You get some new CDs, Lenny?" (presumably) Richard asked as he opened the passenger door.

Lenny merely grunted in response as he hopped himself into the seat.

"They had a great sale going today. I helped Lenny pick out some good ones." The girl penguin said, beaming.

"Ahem," said Pablo.

"Oh, right!" the girl said, pantomiming smacking her head. "Here's your double chocolate with sprinkles, Pablo." She handed Pablo a colorful cup of frozen yogurt.

"Thank you, Scar." Pablo said, accepting the cup. Pablo nibbled at a spoonful, closed his eyes, and whispered, "Sweet donuts, that's good!"

"So, what's the SOS?" asked Scar, licking some frozen yogurt off her spoon.

"We've got a job with Mr. Robertson tonight. We need to go pick up your work truck," said Pablo.

Lenny shifted uncomfortably in his seat, making soft farting sounds. Scar's eyes widened and the melting yogurt on her spoon plopped back into her cup.

"Mr. Robertson? WE've been wanting that job for months. I hope we're ready for this..." Scar said, reaching over to roll down the window (Lenny's farting sounds proved to be more than sounds).

With a gentle breeze ruffling through his finely manicured hair, Pablo looked out the window solemnly. If they weren't ready, then this would be the end of High End Detail Bros. They needed this to work.

"Where exactly did you guys leave the truck?" asked (presumably) Richard.

"It's in..." Lenny started to say, pausing and wincing, "...the garage."

Pablo gritted his teeth and cursed.

"Hot monkeys! We won't be able to pick up the truck until sunset! That only left them thirty minutes before their appointment with Mr. Robertson.

The garage was an abandoned soccer field that Pablo used to store some of his cars. The problem is that it could only be used in the darkness of night. Otherwise, some unsavory individuals (like cops) might catch wind of Pablo's operations.

"Well, what do we do in the meantime?" asked (presumably) Richard.

"I rented some uniforms for us to use so we can look more legit." Pablo grumbled. "We can go pick them up."

"You got it boss!" said (presumably) Richard, giving a thumbs up.

After three more Taylor Swift songs, they pulled up to a small brick building with a faded flashing neon sign that spelled out "Gilbert's Garments."

The group of penguins hopped out of the car while (presumably) Richard stayed behind.

A high-pitched bell sounded as they opened the door to the store. Their ears were instantly filled with 90's hip-hop played at a deafening volume. Behind the counter was a white alpaca wearing a sun hat and a dollar sign gold necklace.

"Ah, Pablo! It's been too long, my friend!" he shouted, rushing around the counter to greet his new customers.

"Gilbert. Good to see ya. I'm here for pickup."

"Of course, of course. Right this way," Gilbert said walking into a back room hidden by a large tapestry sewn with various images of pie.

"Four costumes, right?" the alpaca asked, while digging through various bins of clothing.

"Yup. We got a job tonight."

"Of course." Gilbert said politely, still rifling through clothes. "Ah! Here we go!" he exclaimed as he pulled out a large parcel of clothes. "I insist you try them on first. I strive for 100% satisfaction." He said, handing bundles of clothes to the three penguins.

"Shall I assume the fourth will fit okay?"

"Oh, yeah. Richard looks great in anything." Pablo said, waving his hand.

Gilbert led them to changing rooms further into the back of the store.

"Please, take your time and let me know if you need anything," he said, smiling magnanimously.

After a few moments, the penguins emerged from their respective changing rooms.

"My, oh, my!" Gilbert exclaimed, clapping his hands together.

Lenny was dressed as a lumberjack, complete with red plaid button-up shirt, khaki pants, and sturdy brown workboots. He had safety goggles sitting on top of his head to complete the look.

Scar was dressed in a lady cop costume: black dress, officer hat, and oversized black sunglasses. She also wore a bracelet that flashed blue and red like police car lights.

Pablo was dressed in a Hawaiian muumuu patterned with pineapples wearing sunglasses. Pablo sat there, staring at his friends, his jaw slightly open.

Lenny and Scar shared a look, before turning to Pablo expectantly.

"Well, what do you think?" Gilbert asked, beaming.

"I..." Pablo began, staring at his reflection in the mirror. "They're perfect!" he said, a glistening tear trailing down his face.

"Bee-woo, bee-woo, bee-woo!" Scar sung, spinning in circles.

Lenny stood proudly in front of the mirror, giggling quietly to himself.

"Gil, you're a miracle worker! What do you have in store for Richard?"

"I'll let it be a surprise. I think it's going to be perfect." Gilbert winked.

"Well, we owe you big-time man! You even found me a uniform that doesn't require pants! If you're ever in the market for a new car, let me know! We would stay and chat, but it's almost sunset. Duty calls."

Lenny snickered and muttered, "Duty."

"Of course, of course! Good luck my flightless friends!" Gilbert said, shooing them out the door.

They hopped back in the car (presumably) Richard had waiting for them and headed to the garage. After two Taylor Swift songs, they pulled up to a dark field. Lenny and Scar hopped out and headed into the darkness in search of their truck.

"We got you a uniform too, Richard." Pablo said, handing over a bundle.

"Thanks boss!" Richard said, going through the clothes.

Pablo exited the car to give Richard some privacy. After a minute, Richard emerged in a full-on penguin costume with a driver's cap and gloves.

"Boss! This is perfect! Richard gushed, hugging himself through his costume. "I think we might just be ready now!"

"I know we are." Pablo said softly, staring dramatically into the darkness.

Lenny and Scar drove up in the High End Detail Bros truck bumping Taylor Swift's *End Game*.

"You ready boss?" Scar said, grinning.

Pablo grinned back and hopped into the cab. Scar slid over letting Richard hop into the driver's seat.

"Next stop, Mr. Robertson's"

Lenny and Scar high-fived as they pulled out. After listening to *End Game* on repeat a few times, they pulled up to a large mansion. Richard stopped them in front of the door. The three penguins stepped out and hopped to the door. Pablo cleared his throat and then rapped loudly and clearly on the door knocker.

After a few moments, the door opened and light flooded out onto the street.

"High End Detail Bros at your service." Pablo said, bowing deeply.

The man stared at them for a minute before rolling his eyes and saying, "You're late. Master left the car's out in the west parking lot. The keys are inside so you can clean the insides."

Pablo's eyes grew wide as visions of incredibly sweet cars flooded his eyes. Scar nudged him and smiled at the man in the doorway.

"Ah-yes! We will get started right away!"

The man rolled his eyes one more time and slammed the door in their faces.

The penguins excitedly sprinted to the west parking lot where three cars and a golf cart were parked. Lenny immediately ran to the golf cart, starting it up and riding off into the night screaming something in Japanese.

Pablo paused, hands on his hips, and appraised the cars. The cars included a Mazda Miata, a Tesla, and a shiny, pearlescent Dodge Charger.

"The Miata is mine!" Scar shouted pulling the car's top down. The Miata was painted a deep magenta color and had a license plate that said QWEEN. The engine revved to life, and Scar drifted down the road and out of sight.

Shortly after, (presumably) Richard approached. I parked the truck back at the garage, sir."

"Very good." Pablo said. "Richard, you've always been there for us. You'll never know how much I appreciate you. Take this Tesla as payment."

(Presumably) Richard's eyes widened.

"Sir? Are you sure?"

"Yes. You have become a good friend, Richard. You deserve this and more."

"You are too kind, sir."

Pablo opened the door for (presumably) Richard and gestured him in. (Presumably) Richard crouched to lower himself into the driver seat, and then paused, turning back to Pablo.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Richard?"

"My name is Derek."

Pablo stared at Richard, wait Derek, for several minutes. A single bead of sweat running down his head.

"Yes...yes, of course, Derek. We knew that! Don't be ridiculous." He chuckled nervously.

"Richard is just a nickname for Derek."

"Then I am honored to be Richard, sir."

Richard finished getting into the car and revved the engine.

"See you tomorrow, Richard-Derek." Pablo said, patting the car.

"Tommorrow," Richard-Derek said, grinning and he closed the door and pulled out.

Pablo walked up to the remaining Dodge Charger.

"Hello, old friend." Pablo said, smiling wistfully.

He hopped into the car, gripped the steering wheel and drove off into the darkness. Taylor Swift's *Mean* drifting into the night, the cool night air flowing through his pineapple muumuu.

"Sweet donuts, this is good."