



Random Wild Kratts Shorts

Wild Kratts · Not Rated · 322 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Wild Kratts Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen
Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings
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Characters: Fake Chris Kratt | Toodles, Zach Varmitech, Gaston Gourmand
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Small, more-or-less unconnected Wild Kratts fics, usually under 1,000 words.

Copykratt

This world needs more Toodles content. I shall provide.

"Blah blah blah, corporate world domination, yucky varmints, SAVE ME!"

"Uh, Zach..?" Gourmand said uncertainly, frozen in the doorway to the Varmijet's main office. Sitting at Zach's desk was, well... Zach. Which was impossible, because Zach had just been right behind him. And since when did Zach wear a red turtleneck?

"Toodles, get out of my chair," Zach — the real Zach — snapped, coming into the room. "Go help the other bots with chores or something, I've got work to do."

"You always have work to do." The not-Zach pouted, hopping gracefully out of the chair. He shimmered, body melting away to reveal a Zachbot with its torso painted red. In a voice that no longer sounded like Zach's and instead sounded far too much like the Green Bean, it added, "You know what they say about men who work too much."

"Out." Zach pointed to the door, lips very briefly quirking into a smile he hid quickly enough that Gourmand could almost think he imagined it.

"I'm going, I'm going." The Zachbot held its claws up in surrender. It waved over its shoulder as it left. "Toodles, Creator."

"Yeah, bye," Zach muttered back, already distracted by something on his computer.

"...what in tarnation was that?" Gourmand asked after a few minutes, when it became clear Zach wasn't going to explain on his own.

"What was what?" Zach looked up, blinking in confusion.

"I thought yer Zachbots were all the same?"

Realization spread across the inventor's face. "Oh, you mean Toodles. He's just... an accident."

"An accident," Gourmand repeated, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Zach confirmed with a weird expression, one Gourmand hadn't seen on him before. "Just drop it, alright? We still need to go over the specifics of the Artic plot. Am I stealing the big snowy dog things or are you? Actually, Donita will probably be close enough to..."

— end of "Random Wild Kratts Shorts" —