



The Great Smurfling Caper

Les Schtroumpfs | The Smurfs · Not Rated · 1994 words

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Fandom: Les Schtroumpfs | The Smurfs Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Original Smurf Character(s), Schtroumpf Sauvage | Wild Smurf, Schtroumpf Gourmand | Greedy Smurf, Schtroumpf Costaud | Hefty Smurf, Original characters are as follows:, Reversal Smurfling | Mirror Smurf | Ryder Smurf, Pigtails Smurfling | Equilibrist Smurf, Glider Smurfling | Glider Smurf, Haberdasher Smurfling | Haberdasher Smurf, The Cheshire Smurf | Catboy Smurfling, Prophet Smurf

Tags: Caper Fic, Theft, Cake, Hijinks & Shenanigans, Humor, Friendship, Tags Are Hard, Arguing, Bickering, References to Alice in Wonderland

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I realized after making my 100 Smurfy Profiles that I have six Smurfling characters and thought to myself "Hmm, what would it be like for these characters to interact?"

If you want to see six Smurflings acting ridiculous and trying to steal extra dessert, go on and read this! ;)

A few character notes first, just on things that might confuse someone:

- Reversal — Vanity Smurf's 'little brother' and living reflection, he's stuck as a Smurfling for now. He tends to speak backwards at times.
- Pigtails — Jokey's unicycle-obsessed little sister with a knack for balancing on things.
- Haberdasher — Tailor's eccentric little brother, he's basically just the Mad Hatter but Smurf.
- The Cheshire Smurf/Chess — A magical cat-like Smurf who would be an overpowered ally, except he usually doesn't care unless Haberdasher's in danger.
- Prophet Smurf — Mentioned exactly once. He's on permanent house arrest due to mental issues stemming from psychic abilities. Dash and Chess are close to him.

I might end up changing the name of this fic to 'Smurfling Tales' and have it be multiple chapters, each a different oneshot about these characters. Tell me if that's something you'd liked to see!

Anyways, I hope you had an absolutely smurfy time reading this :)

Humans were weird. Very weird. They all looked incredibly different from each other (even when from the same family!), they never replaced a single word with the word 'Smurf', and they were born *already named*. How such a nonsensical species managed to evolve, the Smurfs would never know.

Human technology, though, could prove itself to be rather... useful, on occasion.

"Reversal to Pigtails," a Smurfling boy with a cloth flower pinned to the brim of his hat spoke into a large earbud, which he held against the side of his head. "¿Piggy, me read you do ...smurf, I meant—"

"Comin' through loud an' clear, Rev!" a younger Smurfling girl with orange pigtails assured him through an earbud of her own. She was perched far above him on the branch of a tree, balancing carelessly atop a small ball.

"Is everysmurf in position?" Rev asked her, carefully peering through the bushes that were hiding him from view. A little ways down from him, a table heavily laden with food layed directly in his line of sight — as did the trio of Smurfs that were guarding it.

"Hold on a smurf, chief, I'll check." Piggy rolled on her ball across the branch, scooping up a second earbud without tipping over and quickly exchanging it for the first. "Yo, Dash, ya ready?"

"Haberdasher here," a Smurfling with mismatched eyes and wearing an oversized tophat, among other eccentrically-designed clothing, answered. "Chess retired for a catnap some time ago and is still fast asmurf, so I do believe that my role in our little party—" he paused to giggle conspiratorially "—can be smurfed on without interruption!"

"Dash smurfs he's good ta go," Piggy communicated, after having swapped the earbuds back. She lifted a pair of binoculars up to her eyes with her free hand, still balanced on her ball, to spy on a branch across from her own. "Smurfs like th' wingman's in place too, chief."

"Signal my for wait," Rev instructed, watching the three around the table closely. After a few moments of studying them, he nodded to himself and said through the earbud, "Commence with operation 'Have A Nice Trip!'"

"Dashie, y're up!" Piggy relayed, expertly juggling her earbuds.

"As you smurf, my dear." And with that, Haberdasher stuffed his earpiece into his hat and unceremoniously threw himself down the small hill he'd been waiting on. He tumbled down at a rapid pace, twisting over himself several times, before rolling to a stop a short way from the table and its guards.

"Hey, kid, you alright?" Greedy asked the crumpled heap of bright cloth that he was pretty sure hid a Smurfling somewhere inside it. "That was quite the fall you smurfed there. ...Kid?"

With no response appearing to be forthcoming, the worried adults began to approach the Smurfling. They jumped back, startled, when one of his arms suddenly shot into the air.

"Oh, the smurfmanity!" Haberdasher cried, clutching at his side and curling in on himself as if in pain. "Tell me what cruel a god we must smurf, that so underserved and wretched a fate should besmurf me?"

"He's layin' it on a liddle thick, ain't he?" Pigtails muttered through the earbud, amused.

".yiggP ,kooc mih tel ,hE" Rev chuckled, watching his millinery-inclined friend swoon and gasp dramatically.

"Where does it smurf?" Hefty asked as he and Greedy crouched over the Smurfling.

"Everywhere..." Haberdasher groaned out weakly.

"!ti frumS" Rev cursed under his breath when he saw that Roller was still too close to the table.

"Should we abort mission?" Pigtails asked, keeping up with what was going on via her binoculars. "She's not smurfin', chief."

"Not yet," Rev told her. He fiddled with his backpack strap, thinking.

Before he could come up with a way to deal with Roller Smurf, however, Haberdasher let out a pain-filled howl and gripped his knee with both hands. "Everywhere," he repeated, "it smurfs everywhere! Oh woe be to me and mine, will relief never smurf?"

"Smurf down, kid, it's alright!" Hefty tried to soothe as Haberdasher started to flail around. He ducked, barely avoiding getting hit in the face by one of the Smurfling's wildly waving hands. Looking panicked, he yelled, "Can somesmurf smurf me out, here?"

Immediately, Roller skated away from the table and over to the others to help them wrangle the writhing Smurfling.

"Dash, go to way," Rev cheered quietly before switching to his second earbud. "Turn your, redilG– uh, Glider, your turn."

"Here I smurf, chief," Rev heard over the earbud. A moment later, he watched as a Smurfling in a gliding suit swooped low over the table, unseen by the distracted adults, before swooping away again with a large dessert in tow.

As soon as Glider was safely out of sight, Haberdasher hopped effortlessly to his feet and began dusting himself off, without a single sign of injury. "On second smurf, I do believe I'm smurfing quite the overreaction, wut?"

"What?" the adults echoed, thrown by his sudden shift in mood.

"After all, a bit of pain is good for the smurf of one's character, wouldn't you smurf?" Haberdasher continued, straightening his longcoat as he spoke. "I really should just go smurf it off. Cheerio, my good gents, madame." He tipped his hat to the confused trio, then promptly turned on his heel and dashed off into the woods.

"Hey, one of the smurfberry cakes is gone!" Greedy shouted, having looked back at the table. By that point, the group of Smurflings had used the time bought by Haberdasher's big mouth flair for theatrics to run off to safety.

Reversal was the last one out, waiting for confirmation that the others had all gotten away scot-free before he gathered his earbuds into his arms and ran deeper into the space between the trees. He twisted midstep so that he was moving backwards, partially so that he could see if he was being followed, and partially because he had more experience running backwards and was therefore faster that way.

"Here of out me get!" he yelled into one of the earbuds. A few seconds passed, then he saw a blur swing down from the canopy and felt his stomach drop from the force as something grabbed him under the armpits to lift him high up into the air. ".lap yfrums laer a er'ouy ,sknaht ,leraF" He breathed out a sigh of relief, smiling up at his leaf-clad friend.

The Feral Smurfling chittered excitedly as he carried Rev through the trees, eventually stopping at a simple wooden structure hidden between the nook of two branches. Once inside, they were greeted by cheers from the rest of the waiting Smurflings.

"We smurfed it! We smurfed it!" Piggy cackled, flipping madly around the hideout, though her feet and hands never touched the ground — instead, she moved expertly between one ball and the next. Finally she landed headdown on her unicycle, which she petaled with her hands as she gleefully repeated, "We smurfed it!"

"Would you please smurrrf it down?" the Cheshire Smurf grumbled from where he was curled up on the windowsill. "I'm trrrying to sleep..."

"You've smurfed asleep long enough, mate," Haberdasher told him, patting his head fondly. "Smurf up, now, and enjoy some cake."

"Cake, you say?" Cheshire asked with an even sharper grin than usual, his bright eyes snapping open. His head swiveled to look at the pilfered treat, and he licked his lips before he floated over. "Why, I don't smurrrf if I do."

"Cake, cake, cake!" Feral chanted, running around the treehouse on all fours while Glider sat on the floor and cut the pastry into slices.

"Do smurf a bit extra, would you?" Haberdasher asked as he began putting out one of his teasets, pausing in his pouring tea into cups to explain, "I wish to smurf some to Mr. Prophet, later. I'm sure it will be just the thing to smurfen up his dismal day."

"What smurfed his day so dismal, Dashie?" Piggy asked curiously.

"Mr. Prophet's days are *always* dismal," Haberdasher answered sadly, frowning. He shook his head, quickly clearing away the bad mood that had begun to set upon him, and grinned at her, "But surely a smurfy thing like this will help to smurf that, wut?"

"You smurf it, Dash." Glider separated the cake onto several plates, putting a slice aside as promised. Everyone gathered on the floor to enjoy their cake, but he motioned to stop them from eating, looking up at Rev. "Hey, any words from our smurfless leader before we feast?"

Rev thought hard for a moment, not wanting to get his words twisted. Then, chuckling, he raised his teacup and said, "To a smurfcessful mission and the smurfiest friends a reflective freak-of-nature like me could ever smurf for. Cheers!"

"Cheers!" the others repeated, even Cheshire, clinking their cups together. Without further ado, the Smurflings began to dig in. They shoved and teased each other playfully, sharing praise and laughter over their tasty victory.

Rev nibbled on his small slice of cake (Glider knew he preferred not to eat too much sugar, as it was simply terrible for his complexion), contentedly soaking in the good mood of his friends. Several moments passed in the blissful merriment shared between true companions, before Pigtails' uncharacteristically hesitant voice broke through the cheerful atmosphere.

"Uh, guys?" she said slowly, staring at the pile of discarded earbuds laying in the corner. "Ya remembered ta smurf up all yer equipment, right? 'Cuz I'm only smurfin' four of th' speak-thingies, an' I'm pretty sure we smurfed six before..."

"My apologies, dear girl," Haberdasher told her, pulling his earbud out from under his hat. "It smurfs I quite forgot about it, I'm afraid."

"One leaves still that," Rev pointed out, looking around in case it had just been put in a different corner.

Glider dropped his cup, spilling the last of his tea on the floor, as his eyes widened in realization. "...Oops."

"Wingman, smurf me ya didn't," Piggy pleaded. Glider just chuckled nervously. "Wingman!"

"It was an accident!" Glider argued defensively.

"Ya can't jus' smurf evidence behind," Piggy snapped at him. "That's theft 101."

"Well let's smurf how much you can carry while flying!" Glider snapped back at her.

"Oh, we're smurfed," Haberdasher lamented, pulling his hat down low on his head. "That will smurf them to us for sure, wut?"

"Yeah, this smurrrfs like a you prrroblem," Cheshire purred, his body quickly fading into mist.

"Chess, don't you dare abandon m- us in our smurf of need!" Haberdasher called out, but it was too late — the catsmurf was already gone, without leaving so much as his grin behind.

The hideout exploded in the sounds of bickering.

"Grrrr, Glide Smurf bad!"

"Oh smurf up, Feral!"

"Doncha smurf him ta smurf up when y're th' one that smurfed up yer job!"

"Well at least I actually *had* a real job, little miss 'lookout number two'."

"EXCUSE YOU?!"

"Oh smurf, we're in so much trouble when they smurf us..."

"SMURF UP, HABERDASHER!"

"Why does it seem like the only time you two can agree is when you smurf up on me?!"

"Because y're *annoying*, ya liddle—"

"Annoying?!"

Rev sighed, resting his head on his hands as his friends continued to argue around him. He didn't join in — everysmurf knew that petty squabbling and stress was terrible for one's skin, after all.

"Well," he mused aloud to himself, "here's to a mostly smurfcessful mission, at least." He snickered, licking frosting off one of his fingers. ".ekac ralucatfrums ylurt a dnA"

— end of "The Great Smurfling Caper" —