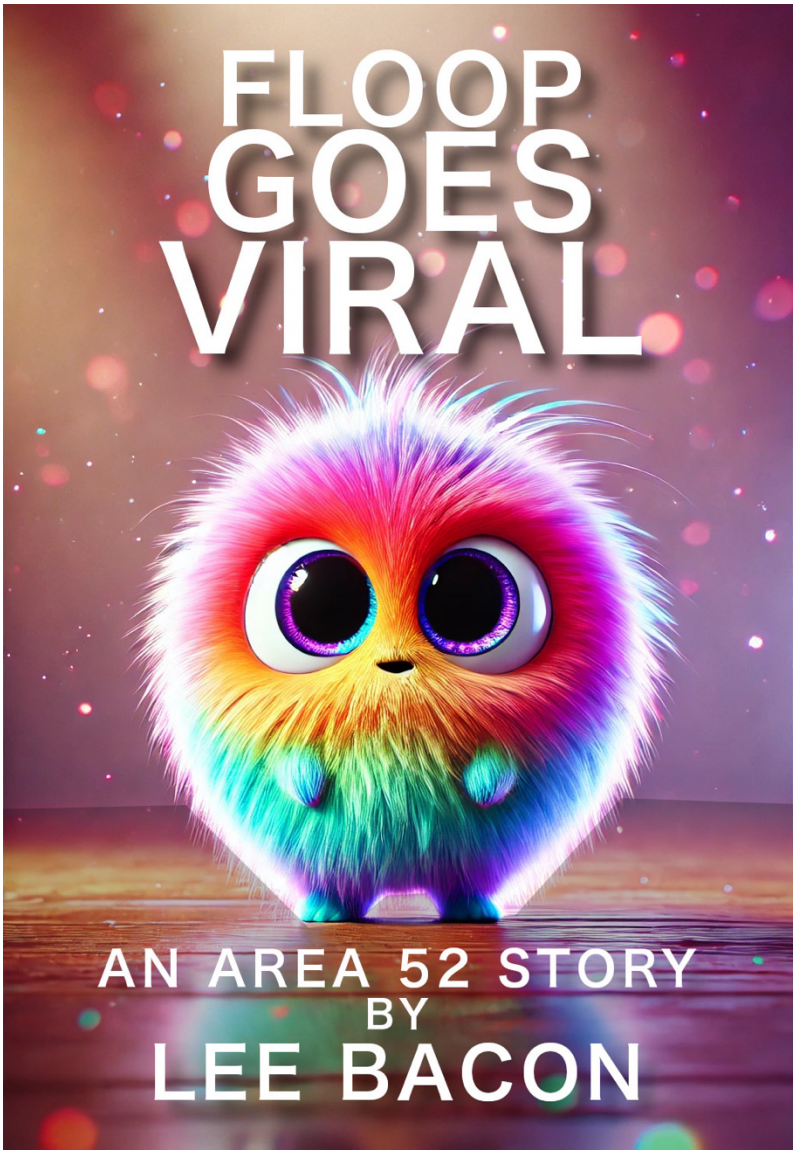
FLOOP
GOES
VIRAL
AN AREA 52 STORY
BY
LEE BACON

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons or monsters is entirely coincidental.

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# Chapter One

If you ever happen to meet an cute little creature covered in rainbow fur, I have a little advice for you:

## DO NOT TOUCH!!!

The creature's name is Floop. She has big round eyes and nubby little arms, long eyelashes and cute little feet that poke out from the bottom of her rainbow fluff.

One look at Floop and your heart will melt like an ice cream cone on a hot summer day. You'll feel the irresistible urge to pet her. To squeeze her. To cuddle her.

But remember what I said...

Hands off!

You've been warned.

# Chapter Two

At the exact moment that the lights went out in Area 52, Floop was lifting weights. Heaving dumbbells up and down, up and down in her cute little paws.

Floop may not *look* particularly strong, but trust me—

That fluffy furball can pump some serious iron.

The creature grunted with the effort of lifting the weights.

"**Squeak!**" Lift. "**Squeak!**" Lift. "**Squeeeeak!**" Lift.

Floop was inside her enclosure. Which totally matched Floop in terms of adorableness. The walls were painted with cartoon unicorns and colorful rainbows. In the center of the room, big smiley sunflowers gently swayed around a bubble fountain. Everything smelled like cotton candy.

Floop was still lifting weights when, all of a sudden—

The lights started flickering.

This had been happening lately in Area 52. Blinking, spluttering lights. Usually, it only lasted for a few seconds. A minute at most.

But this time was different.

The lights kept on flickering for several minutes, until—

KABOOOM!!!

A blast of sound erupted inside Floop's enclosure.

And that's when the lights went out for good.

For a moment, everything was totally dark. Then the back-up lights snapped on. An eerie red glow blanketed Floop's enclosure.

Floop dropped her dumbbells with a loud CLANG! and looked around with confusion.

Hmm. This was different.

Floop waddled across the enclosure. Soon she arrived at the door. Normally, the door was locked. But this time, when Floop pushed on it...

The door opened.

Floop poked her furry head through the open doorway and peeked into the hall.

What she saw was pure chaos.

Apparently, *none* of the doors were locked. The inhabitants of Area 52 had flooded into the hallways, and were now enjoying their newfound freedom.

A glowing swarm of fairies buzzed by.

A huge four-eyed blob slowly scooted around the corner.

A group of goblins had just tipped over the vending machine and had begun feasting on chips and candy.

Like I said...*chaos*.

And the guards were unable to stop it. The blackout had disabled their zap sticks. All they could do was watch as monsters ran wild.

And speaking of *monsters*...

The Jersey Devil had just shown up. Along with his buddies. The Abominable Snowgirl. An alien with green skin and blue hair. A teeny-tiny T-Rex.

And Bigfoot.

Floop had encountered Bigfoot a couple of times recently. There was the time when the hairy giant tried to pet Floop (*big mistake*). Not to mention a little disagreement they'd had over a cup of froyo.

Bigfoot didn't notice Floop. Neither did his friends. They were probably distracted by the pandemonium all around them.

They went running down the hallway.

Without realizing they were being followed.

Floop trailed the group across Area 52. She watched them from a distance as they checked out a UFO and encountered a whole bunch of Elvis clones.

Afterward, the five monsters strolled right out the front door.

And so did Floop.

Floop had been born inside Area 51. Created in a lab by a team of scientists who wanted to see if they could create a creature that was:

**(A) Super-duper cute**

but also...

**(B) Super-duper strong**

Floop was the result.

The scientists didn't know what to do with their creation. So they locked Floop away inside Area 51, along with all their other strange and fantastical secrets.

Eventually, the government moved all their confidential creatures to Area 52. But this relocation didn't change much for Floop. Her new enclosure looked just like her *old* one. Her life stayed pretty much the same.

Until the day of her escape.

This was Floop's first foray outside.

Ever.

A gentle breeze blew through Floop's rainbow fur. The moon gleamed in her big round eyes.

Floop *liked* being outside.

She wanted to see more.

She continued following Bigfoot and his besties. Soon they arrived at an electric fence. Which is when a guard showed up. The guy pointed his tranquilizer gun at the group and shouted, "STOP RIGHT THERE!"

The guard was acting like a total jerk.

The Area 52 inmates looked seriously scared.

And then Floop stepped in.

She waddled out from behind the bush where she'd been hiding.

The guard turned.

He noticed the adorable little furball at his feet.

And his attitude *totally changed*.

All the gruffness and toughness vanished.

The guard was smitten.

"Awwwww!" he gushed.

Like I said before: When you get a glimpse of Floop, you just can't help it. All that cuteness is irresistible. Unstoppable. Overpowering. Every cell in your body just wants to bend down and run your hands through her rainbow fluff.

Which is exactly what the guard did.

Floop responded in the same way she *always* responds whenever someone touches her. By unleashing a terrible tornado of punches and kicks, jabs and pokes.

It wasn't a pretty sight.

The guard screamed. He squealed. He spluttered. His tranquilizer gun fell to the ground. And so did he. Collapsing in the dirt, dazed and bruised, whimpering and moaning.

Floop hopped off his head, dusted off her little paws, and then...

The little rainbow furball disappeared into the night.

# Chapter Three

Floop walked and walked.

And walked some more.

Through the dark woods. Across streams. Under logs and over hills. All her life, she had been cooped up in a secret government facility, surrounded by windowless walls and locked doors. Now that she was out in nature, for the first time ever, she marveled at her surroundings.

A sky brimming with stars.

A caterpillar crawling across a branch.

A beaver out for a swim.

The beaver was looking back at Floop. If it was surprised by the sudden appearance of a rainbow furball in these woods, it didn't show it.

The animal's little black eyes moved to the metal band around Floop's fur. Her shock collar. Most of the time, Floop forgot she was even *wearing* the collar. Everyone else inside Area 52 had the same

accessory. If they misbehaved or failed to follow a guard's order—**ZAP!**—the collar would shock them.

Removing the collar wasn't an option. That would *also* lead to a painful zap of electricity.

But now? Outside Area 52? Away from the guards and their zap sticks?

The beaver watched from its pond as Floop raised both paws to the collar—

And began to pull.

At the same time, Floop sucked in her gut. Making herself as small as possible. Wiggling and jostling and shimmying.

With a huge amount of genetically-engineered strength, Floop was finally able to free herself of the shock collar.

The collar landed in the mud.

Floop gave the beaver one last wave.

And then walked away.

# Chapter Four

Just as morning arrived, the forest opened up and a highway came into view. Rising high above the road, a sign glowed bright in the sky.

Floop waddled toward the truck stop. Soon she arrived at the parking lot. And wouldn't you know it...

There was Bigfoot!

And his friends!

Again!

The crew of mythological monsters took no notice of Floop. They were too busy sneaking across the parking lot and breaking into the trailer of a parked truck.

Floop watched them climb inside the truck and disappear from view.

Then she strutted forward.

Across the parking lot.

And into Big Frankie's.

# Chapter Five

Usually the appearance of an adorable rainbow-colored furball at a place like Big Frankie's would've caught *everyone's* attention. But not today.

Today Big Frankie's was the scene of a crime.

It was the morning rush. The time when people crowded in, searching for coffee and breakfast. Long-haul truckers filling their tank before starting the day's drive. Bleary-eyed road-trippers stretching their legs after an overnight drive. All of them searching for muffins, snacks, and coffee.

This was the scene inside Big Frankie's. Right up until two guys in ski masks entered the place.

The dastardly duo strolled up to the counter and loudly demanded all the money in the register.

The woman behind the counter trembled with fear. She tried to open the register, but her hands were shaking.

“WHAT’S TAKIN’ SO LONG?” shouted one of the robbers. “I WANT THAT MONEY! NOW!”

Meanwhile, his accomplice went around the shop, stealing everything on the shelves. Candy. Keychains. A commemorative mug that read:

**I ♥ BIG FRANKIE’S**

That wasn’t the only thing he stole. The thief also snatched a handbag out of the arms of an old lady, sneering with laughter.

Customers cowered with fear. Everyone was on edge.

Except Floop.

The little furball waddled to the register. Gazing up at the robbers, Floop let out a curious, “**Squeak?**”

The criminals looked down. This is what they saw:

Puffy rainbow fluff.

Big round eyes.

Nubby little arms.

Floop batted her long eyelashes and let out another sweet little “**Squeak.**”

Well, by this point, the robbers had pretty much forgotten all about their robbery. They were mesmerized. Hypnotized. All caught up in the

cuteness. Their knees turned to Jell-O. Their hearts thudded with infatuation. You couldn't tell, but under their ski masks, they were smiling. Big, goofy grins.

One of the criminals hunched down for a closer look.

"Who's dis widdle cutie pie!" he gushed.

The other crouched down beside his accomplice, waving and cooing. "Hello there! Aren't you just the most adorable little bundle of fluff!"

The two of them reached out, at the same time, to run their hands through Floop's fur.

And you probably know what's going to happen next.

Floop struck back with lightning speed, grabbing both men by the wrists and launching them off the floor, heaving them into the air and banging them against each other like cymbals in an orchestra.

## WHAM! BAM! BOOM!

It's almost impossible to fathom how such a small creature could pack such a massive punch. But remember: Floop was created in a lab by some of the smartest scientists on Earth, genetically customized to combine outrageous cuteness with tremendous strength.

Now top it all off with an extreme aversion to being touched, and you get Floop. A creature that can fling a criminal halfway across Big Frankie's. That can toss the guy's accomplice into a rack of beef jerky.

That can jump into the air and deliver a punishing roundhouse kick to the midsection of Robber #1, even while she's pouring a 44 ounce cup of Mountain Dew over the head of Robber #2.

"OOOOOF!" grunted Robber #1.

"WAAAAAAH!" shrieked Robber #2.

"**Squeeeaaaaaaaak!**" replied Floop.

The whole thing was incredibly violent and amazingly adorable.

And it was all caught on video.

At least a dozen customers had pulled out their phones and started filming.

Nobody knew it at the time, but Floop was about to go viral.

# Chapter Six

Within minutes, videos of Floop's beatdown began popping up on social media.

It had all the ingredients of a viral video. Crime. Action. And the part when the criminal gets drenched with Mountain Dew—that was seriously funny. And at the center of it all—the cutest creature you've ever seen in your whole entire life.

Over the next few hours, millions of people watched the video. And liked it. And shared it. And commented on it. They LOL'd at the hapless criminals. They thumbs-upped the act of heroism.

Soon the media picked up on the story too, bold headlines announcing Floop's incredible appearance on the world stage:

**Fluffy Hero Saves The Day**

**Experts Baffled By Crime-Fighting Mystery Creature**

**10 Theories About Unidentified Fighting Furball**

Some outlets insisted the video had been a hoax. *The robbers were actors! Floop was a CGI creation! It was all fake! Probably an advertisement for Mountain Dew!*

Others said the opposite.

*No way is this fake!!!*

*I was AT Big Frankie's when this robbery went down!!!*

*Me too! And I'm pretty sure I saw Bigfoot crossing the parking lot right before it happened!!!*

The debate raged. The internet buzzed. Hordes of people began showing up at Big Frankie's. Journalists, YouTubers, true crime podcasters, influencers, conspiracy kooks. All hoping for a glimpse of the adorable butt-kicking mystery furball.

But by then, Floop was somewhere else entirely.

# Chapter Seven

One of the people inside Big Frankie's on the morning of the robbery was Mitch Michaels. You've probably never heard of Mitch Michaels, but you've *definitely* seen his work. He's the Hollywood producer behind most of the hit reality shows. The ones about real people competing to survive the wilderness or win the heart of an eligible bachelor. To sing for a panel of celebrity judges or renovate rundown homes.

The most recent Mitch Michaels Production was *Fighting With The Stars*. Over the course of the season, celebs team up with martial arts experts to hone their fighting skills and enter the ring, duking it out against other celebs in front of a studio audience.

Mitch Michaels was prepping for the first season. Which involved yelling at TV executives, watching hours of fight footage, and recruiting celebrities that were:

**(A) Famous enough to be considered a "Star"**

but also...

**(B) Desperate enough to take a punch to the face.**

He'd flown halfway across the country to personally meet a jiu-jitsu trainer for the show. He was on his way back to the airport when he decided to make a quick potty break at Big Frankie's.

He was stepping out of the bathroom when a pair of criminals in ski masks showed up.

Mitch Michaels let out a gasp of fear.

Then Floop stepped forward. Which caused him to gasp again. This time, out of astonishment.

A moment later, the cute little rainbow furball transformed into a ruthless fighting machine.

And Mitch Michaels let out his *third* gasp of the morning. Which was totally *different* from the first two. This time, it was a gasp of delight.

Mitch Michaels had just discovered a star.

# Chapter Eight

Before anyone else realized what was happening, Mitch Michaels ambled up to Floop and spoke the following words:

"Do you want to be famous?"

The producer had posed this exact question hundreds of times in his life. To wannabe reality stars. To aspiring influencers. To dancers and singers and anyone else who happened to have that special *something* that caught his eye.

And the answer was always the same.

The answer was always "*Yes!*"

Until today.

Today Floop responded with a simple shrug. A gesture that could've meant any number of things:

**Yes.**

**No.**

I have no idea what you're saying.

But Mitch Michaels didn't let that stand in his way. He just grinned his megawatt grin and said, "How 'bout we talk about it over breakfast? You hungry?"

This time, Floop's response was easier to interpret. The creature had spent the past six hours walking through a forest and delivering brutal beatdowns. That kind of thing builds up an appetite.

Floop nodded. Breakfast sounded like an *excellent* idea.

"Come with me," Michaels said.

And he headed for the door.

Big Frankie's was a humming hive of confusion. A crowd had gathered around to the robbers. Some were there to administer first aid. Others were making sure the men didn't flee the scene. Meanwhile, other people were calling the cops or nervously replaying the scene with whoever happened to be nearby. A couple of people were busy uploading their videos to social media.

With so much going on, nobody noticed the rainbow furball waddling past their feet, following the Hollywood producer across the truck stop and out the exit.

In the parking lot, Mitch Michaels opened the passenger door to a luxury SUV.

“Hop in!” he said.

Once they were both inside, Michaels turned to cute little butt-kicking furball beside him.

“Do you have a name?” he asked.

“Floop,” said Floop. It was one of the two words she could say, if you count “Squeak” as a word.

Michaels grinned. “Nice to meetcha, Floop. I have a feeling we’re gonna be good friends.”

# Chapter Nine

Soon they arrived at the airport, where they boarded Michaels' private jet. As soon as the craft had reached cruising altitude, a flight attendant showed up with breakfast. An omelet, hashbrowns, and a side of fresh-cut fruit. Floop leapt onto the table and began eating.

It was the best meal Floop had ever had.

Definitely better than the dining options inside Area 52.

Two hours later, they landed in Los Angeles. On the tarmac nearby, another luxury SUV was waiting for them.

In the passenger seat, Floop stared out the window at this strange new world outside. Blue sky, palm trees, skyscrapers, shopping centers, parks, sprawling homes. And a sign, way off in the distance. Big white letters attached to a hillside, stretching out over the sunny scenery:

HOLLYWOOD

# Chapter Ten

Mitch Michaels made all the arrangements.

A five-bedroom house in Beverly Hills with a home-cinema, a tennis court, and an infinity pool.

A full-time staff to attend to all of Floop's needs: housekeepers, personal chefs, gardeners, assistants.

A car.

A chauffer to drive Floop wherever she wanted to go.

Every night, Floop slept in a king-size bed. Every morning, she strolled across a big, green yard, sniffing flowers and breathing in the smell of freshly-cut grass.

They didn't have the smell of freshly-cut grass inside Area 52.

In the afternoon, Floop would watch classic movies in the home cinema.

Movies. That was another thing they didn't have in Area 52.

Amazing how life can change in the blink of an eye. How your entire *world* can be flipped around like a pancake. One day, you're a captive inside a secret government facility. And the next...

You're a viral internet sensation, drifting in a pool next to a Beverly Hills mansion, gazing up at the endless blue sky.

It was all so extraordinary and new that Floop barely noticed the tall walls around the property, the thick metal gate that stayed locked 24/7, and the humans who were always nearby, standing guard, making sure she couldn't leave.

# Chapter Eleven

"Welcome back to the world premiere of *Fighting With The Stars*!"

The announcer's voice boomed over a soundtrack of jaunty music and fast-paced footage of two woman in sequined outfits, battling it out in the middle of a wrestling ring.

"Superstar chef Maria Daniels just faced off against soap opera star Patricia Owens. Next up, we have reality star Vincent Flame, fresh off his stint on *Celebrity Pet Matchmaker*. He'll be testing his skills against the ultra-cute, ultra-*ruthless*, viral sensation FLOOOOOOP!"

The applause was thunderous. Floop waddled into the wrestling ring, looking around bewildered at the cheering audience, the cameras, the flashing lights.

At the other end of the ring stood a squat little man with bleached blond hair. He was wearing a sparkling onesie with flames printed across the midsection.

He pumped up the crowd by performing a few air kicks and practice punches. He raised his fists and yelled, “BOOYAH!” Then he turned his attention to Floop.

“What’ve we got here?” he sneered. “Some kinda furball? Ooh! I’m *real* scared!”

He strutted closer.

“What even ARE you, anyway?” he mocked. “An alien? An experiment gone wrong? Honestly, you look like somethin’ that escaped from the stuffed animal aisle. All cuddly and fuzzy and rainbow-colored. Ha! This is gonna be an easy win!”

Vincent Flame was right.

It *was* an easy win.

But not for *him*.

He lunged. His hands wrapped around the creature’s furry midsection.

And Floop went into beast mode.

A dizzying array of kicks and punches, flips and body-slams. Flame screamed. He moaned. He grunted.

Ten seconds later, the match was over. Flame was lying face-down on the mat. Floop was standing on his back. She looked up at the audience, batted her long eyelashes, and let out a sweet little, "**Squeak!**"

The crowd went wild.

# Chapter Twelve

"That! Was! AMAZING!"

Mitch Michaels beamed down at Floop. He almost gave the furball a high-five, then decided against it (definitely the right call).

They were backstage. The show was over, but the audience was still cheering.

Correction: They were *chanting*.

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

Clapping their hands. Pounding the floor with their feet. Thousands of voices all calling out for the same thing.

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

They wanted more cuteness. More ruthlessness.

More Floop.

Mitch Michaels nodded his head with the rhythm of the chanting. "You hear that, Floop? The people love you."

Floop stared up at the producer with big, blank eyes.

"This is just the beginning!" Michaels went on. "After this season's over, we'll get you your own show! A solo project!"

He held up his hands, picturing an imaginary billboard with Floop's face on it.

"And merchandise! There'll be Floop t-shirts, Floop stuffies, Floop toys. I'm gonna make a fortune!"

Floop narrowed her eyes and let out a sharp, "Squeak?"

"Did I say, '*I?*'" Michaels coughed nervously. "I meant '*we*.' *We're* gonna make a fortune."

Another nervous cough.

For a tense moment, Floop stared up at Michaels. It was impossible to read the expression on the creature's furry face.

Michaels was relieved when an assistant entered the room and said, "Car's here!"

"Good." Michaels turned back to Floop. "W-We should go. I mean—if you're ready." He chuckled awkwardly. "If not, we can hang here. It's really up to you."

Floop stared at him for a second more, then nodded.

They passed through a labyrinth of rooms, down a long corridor, and out a back door, where a throng of fans had gathered. At the sight of Floop, the people erupted in cheers and shouts.

“I LOVE YOU FLOOP!”

“FLOOP, YOU’RE THE BEST!”

“WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?”

Among the mob scene, there was also a man in a black suit, black tie, and black shoes. His name was Agent Roberts. Unlike the rest of the crowd, he wasn’t here for an autograph or a selfie.

He was here for Floop.

Agent Roberts had recently taken a direct flight from Area 52. He’d brought with him a Floop-sized titanium box. Which he had in his hand.

But when he surged forward, a pair of beefy security guards stepped in front of him. A moment later, Floop hopped into the SUV that was waiting at the curb.

The agent watched as Floop’s SUV sped away.

# Chapter Thirteen

Floop's life fell into a routine.

Wake up in an enormous fluffy bed.

Eat a big breakfast, prepared by Floop's personal chef.

Take a dip in the infinity pool.

Lunch.

Another dip in the pool.

Ride to the studio.

Wallop a celebrity.

Ride back home.

Dinner.

Fall asleep in an enormous fluffy bed.

Repeat.

This was the pattern of Floop's days and nights. For a while, it was nice. Floop enjoyed drifting in the water, letting the sunshine warm her fur. And the food was excellent.

But other things *weren't* so great. Sometimes Floop felt crowded by all the people around him. The assistants, the staff, the fans. And Floop was growing a bit tired of constantly facing off against new celebrities. The C-list actor. The magician. The comedian.

Wasn't there *more* to life than beating up famous people?

"Don't worry!" Michaels assured her. "Once the season's over, we'll find something fresh! Whatever you want!"

But what *did* Floop want?

She wasn't sure. She had spent most of her life inside Area 52, following the orders of guards, researchers, and scientists. Now she lived inside a Beverly Hills mansion, following the orders of Mitch Michaels. The food was better, and the sunshine was brighter, but in the end, not all that much had changed.

Floop wanted something different. A life without authority figures telling her what to do. Without walls and locked doors.

At the usual time that afternoon, the SUV showed up to take Floop to the studio. When she arrived backstage, the crowd was already chanting.

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

The show hadn't even begun, but already they knew exactly what they wanted.

And they weren't the only ones.

An unauthorized individual had made his way backstage. He was wearing a black suit, black tie, and black shoes. In his hand, he was carrying a Floop-sized titanium box.

This time, Agent Roberts wouldn't miss his chance to capture Floop.

He spotted the little rainbow furball near the stage door.

His grip on the titanium box tightened.

And he approached.

But just as he was about to scoop Floop into the box...

"Can I help you?"

Mitch Michaels stepped in front of the agent. His eyes moved from the man's suit to the box in his hand.

Agent Roberts cleared his throat. "I'm here for the specimen."

"Specimen?" Michaels said.

"Floop," replied the agent. "It belongs to us."

"Who exactly do you mean by '*us?*'"

"That information is classified." Agent Roberts's jaw tightened. "Now hand over the furball."

"I'm not handing over *anything*," Michaels replied. "I have an exclusive contract with Floop for the next seven years."

Agent Roberts puffed out his chest. "We *created* Floop!"

Michaels stood at his full height. "I made Floop a star!"

“Floop is mine!” Roberts said.

Michaels shook his head. “Mine!”

“*Mine!*”

“MINE!”

Usually, the fights take place *in* the ring. This time, however, a brawl was about to happen right here backstage. Mitch Michaels and Agent Roberts stood face-to-face, their hands curled into fists. But before either man could take a swing, a stagehand called out, “Floop’s gone missing!”

The two men spun around.

“What’re you talking about?” called out Michaels. “Floop’s right here!”

He pointed to the spot on the floor where Floop had just been standing.

But now, the area was unoccupied.

Floop was gone.

# Chapter Fourteen

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

The audience's chants were louder than ever. Echoing against the walls backstage. Floop was scheduled to enter the ring in three minutes. Which was kind of a problem because Floop was nowhere to be seen.

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

The voices, the stomping, the clapping. It was thunderous.

But where was Floop?

Mitch Michaels raced from one room to another, shouting at stagehands and assistants.

"FIND THAT FURBALL! NOW!"

Agent Roberts was caught up with the search too. He checked storage closets, bathrooms, back hallways. But no sign of Floop.

And the chant went on and on, like a taunt, a reminder of the creature they were unable to find.

"FLOOP! FLOOP! FLOOP!"

Time was ticking away. Everywhere you looked backstage, you saw people frantically searching for Floop.

What they didn't know was that Floop had already left the building.

While Mitch Michaels and Agent Roberts had been busy arguing over custody of Floop, the creature had silently slipped away, waddling past lighting equipment and cameras, between the legs of busy stagehands.

Soon she arrived at a side door. Nudging the door open, she peeked outside. No screaming fans. No guards. Just a couple of dumpsters and an empty sidewalk.

Before anyone realized Floop was missing, she was outside.

The door slammed shut behind Floop. The sound of chanting was silenced. And Floop began walking. Up one block, down another. For so long, Floop's daily activities had been tightly controlled by humans. The guards inside Area 52. Mitch Michaels.

But not anymore.

As Floop waddled away from the studio, a smile formed on her furry face.

At last, Floop was free.

# Chapter Fifteen

It's been six months since Floop vanished without a trace.

Now that his most celebrated celeb has gone missing, Mitch Michaels has had to scrap the season finale of *Fighting With The Stars*. These days, he's busy with his latest reality TV sensation, *My Cat Needs A Makeover!*

Agent Roberts has returned to Area 52 without anything inside the Floop-sized titanium box.

The Beverly Hills mansion has found a new tenant: An influencer and her pet iguana. They like swimming in the pool too.

The world has moved on. New videos go viral every day. The internet's attention span is short. Nowadays, when people *do* think of Floop, it's to wonder, *Whatever happened to that adorable little butt-kicking furball?*

I don’t know the answer to that question. Floop’s status remains unknown. Even from me. Which, I’m guessing, is exactly what she would want.

But I *do* know *this*:

If you happen to notice a small, fluffy, rainbow-colored creature with big, round eyes and cute little paws, remember the advice I offered you at the beginning of this story:

DO NOT TOUCH!!!