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Judy and Nick were led inside the house and into a lavishly decorated office. A large polar bear entered the room.

“Is that Mr. Big? ” Judy whispered to Nick.

“No, ” he answered.

An even bigger polar bear lumbered￼ in behind. “What about him? Is that him? ” Judy asked. “No, ” said Nick, frustrated. An even bigger polar bear showed up, following the others. “Okay, that's gotta be him, ” Judy said.

“Stop talking, stop talking, stop talking—”

The largest polar bear held a teeny tiny chair in his giant paw. Sitting on the chair was a little Arctic shrew.

“Mr. Big, sir, this is a simple misunder—”Nick started.

Judy stared at the tiny shrew in wide-eyed surprise. He was Mr. Big?

“This is a simple misunderstanding, ” said Nick.

Mr. Big motioned for Nick to be quiet.“You come here unannounced… on the day my daughter is to be married? ” Mr. Big's raspy￼ voice had an authoritative tone to it, but it also sounded like his body: very tiny.

“Well, actually, we were brought here against our will, so… Point is, I did not know it was your car, and I certainly did not know about your daughter's wedding, ” Nick said, chuckling￼ nervously.

“I trusted you, Nicky. I welcomed you into my home. We broke bread together. Gram-mama made you her cannoli.” Mr. Big frowned and scratched his chin as he looked at Nick with cold eyes. “And how did you repay my generosity? With a rug… made from the butt of a skunk. A skunk-butt rug. You disrespected me. You disrespected my gram-mama, who I buried in that skunk-butt rug. I told you never to show your face here again, but here you are, snooping￼ around with this… ” Mr. Big gestured to Judy. “What are you, a performer? What's with the costume￼? ”

Judy tried to answer. “Sir, I am a co—”

“Mime! ” Nick shouted, cutting her off. “She is a mime. This mime cannot speak. You can't speak if you're a mime.”

“No, ” said Judy. “I am a cop.”

Mr. Big shifted in his tiny chair, agitated￼.

“And I'm on the Emmitt Otterton case. My evidence puts him in your car, so intimidate me all you want; I'm going to find out what you did to that otter if it's the last thing I do.”

Mr. Big considered￼ Judy and grunted.“Then I have only one request: say hello to Gram-mama. Ice 'em! ” he shouted to the polar bears.

“Whoa! I didn't see nothing! I'm not saying nothing! ” Nick said, trying to squirm his way out of death by ice.

“And you never will, ” said Mr. Big coolly.

The polar bears picked Judy and Nick up, ready to throw them down into a freezing pit of ice and water the bears had opened in front of Mr. Big's desk.

“Please! ” Nick begged. “No, no, no! If you're mad at me about the rug, I've got more rugs! ”

The polar bears held Nick and Judy over the pit￼. Then Mr. Big's daughter, Fru Fru, who was as tiny as her father, entered, wearing a wedding gown.

“Oh, Daddy, it's time for our dance, ” she said. She noticed Judy and Nick and sighed,clearly annoyed.

“What did we say? No icing anyone at my wedding.”

“I have to, baby, ” said Mr. Big. “Daddy has to.” Then he turned to Nick and Judy and calmly said, “Ice 'em.”

Nick and Judy screamed.

“Wait. WAIT! ” Fru Fru shouted. “I know her. She's the bunny who saved my life yesterday. From that giant donut.”

It was the stylish shrew from Little Rodentia.

“This bunny? ” asked Mr. Big.

“Yes! ” She turned to Judy. “Hi, ” she said sweetly.

“Hi, ” said Judy. “I love your dress.”

“Aw, thank you, ” said Fru Fru.

Mr. Big motioned to the polar bears. “Put 'em down.” Then he turned to Judy. “You have done me a great service. I will help you find the otter. I will take your kindness… and pay it forward.”

Nick stood there, dumbfounded￼ … and extremely happy not to be in a pit of ice.