

Shiny Menace.

Buffy was the last to arrive. Slaying, she decided long ago, wreaked havoc on one's hair she had to go home and repair. She pushed the heavy door open. Inside Giles' apartment was silent as the grave. As she stepped over the threshold all heads swivelled in her direction.

Giles came from the kitchen with a tray of tea and biscuits. He smiled thinly at her presence. They were all here at last. Buffy was going to be the toughest to convince. She smiled uneasily at the attention.

"What did I do now? Why is everyone so quiet?" She shrugged out of her coat, giving it a little shake to rid it of the last Slain. Giles tutted.

"Buffy, I've just vacuumed!" He sighed as she shrugged looking round at the spotless surfaces. "Sit down. I have something to tell you."

She sat down obediently all attention. They formed a set, like Russian dolls along his sofa. Xander, Willow and Buffy. Giles picked his mug from the tray and set it on the mantle piece. He chose a crumbly dunker and dunked absently whilst he fought to compose his thoughts.

They must believe what he told them next however unbelievable it seemed. Buffy cleared her throat. Xander sneezed and Willow handed him a handkerchief because he never carried one. Giles frowned and the silence reigned once more.

"What I'm about to tell you is so horrifying that I doubt whether you will believe it. We are facing a menace greater than the Hellmouth. It is silent, addictive and turns everyone who comes into contact with it into a crazed, manic-depressive." He paused to sip from his mug. "It affects three generations, Grand-parents, parents and children. Oh, how it affects the children..." Giles voice cracked with emotion and he took another gulp of tea, his eyes watering. "Uhm, they become obsessed. Dressing the same, they hum incessantly, their normal games forsaken in the stead of this shiny menace..." He stopped completely with a shudder.

"Giles, please tell us what it is...We want to help the children..." Willow had tears in her eyes just thinking of the children turned into hopeless zombies.

"Help?" Giles cried. "They're beyond help. They've been converted into selfish monsters! We must destroy the source; we have to Slay the shiny ones. They're the worst!" He strode to his desk and brought out a plain white box. His eyes were green fire as he caressed the box.

"I managed to capture these earlier. Study them, we'll Slay their physical manifestations later." He passed the smaller brightly coloured boxes between the Slayerettes.

Xander guffawed. Willow smiled and Buffy giggled hysterically. Giles had given them all Pokemon.tn. packs. He surveyed their reaction with a stony glare. Each one of them traded glances. Giles was serious, deadly serious.

"One never suspects if evil hides in plain sight. These demons have taken over continents with none to stand against them. I will stand against them! Are you with me?" He asked his friends with arms flung wide to encompass the sofa, his eyes wild and glassy. Xander stood and flung the cards back in the box. Willow did the same closely followed by Buffy.

"We're with you, G-Man!" Giles hugged them all, a tear of joy escaping from his eye.

"Thank you, It's been a long fight on my own ... I'll get rid of these and we'll reconvene tonight to discuss our battle plan..." He smiled bravely at their retreating backs. His front door closed and he cleared the tea tray into the kitchen.

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Leaning back against the counter top he folded his arms across his chest and finally allowed his laughter to surface. He laughed loud and long. God that had been priceless! Their faces! He collapsed to the floor exploding with giggles.

End.