

You flick your tail angrily as you watch the mammoth squirrel rampage through the city outside your window. You lick your paw and rub the side of your head, smoothing the fur while fuming that you have not been transformed into a giant.

If anything should be remade into a massive beast of fear it is you, the divine representation of the feline species. Instead you are stuck being barely ten inches tall and at the mercy of those stupid hairless apes.

The sky outside turns a deep shade of purple and you narrow your eyes, suspicious of this new development.

You turn from the window and fly over to your food dish. You freeze right as you are about to take your first bite. Since when could you fly?

You rise into the air and hover, eager to try out your new powers. You zip through the apartment, knocking over lamps, books, and anything else not nailed down.

You land in the center of the apartment and feel many more powers surging through you. You look at the window. Red beams shoot out of your eyes and shatter the glass.

You fly outside and are high above the city.

You see a bird and rush at it. The bird is not expecting a cat to attack from above. Ten-inch razor-sharp blades come out of your paws and shred the bird in seconds. This prey falls with more ease than you would like.

You hover and look around. Your bloodlust is far from sated.

You can see the massive squirrel. That would make for a challenging target. Or what about those flying pie tins you saw earlier? They could be fun to hunt.

---

Attack the giant squirrel, turn to page 23.

Go flying saucer hunting, turn to page 160.