

## Catgirl Apocalypse

I woke up pretty early like I usually do, like at 2 or 3pm. Weird thing was that I was on the living room carpet. I don't remember being so tired last night that I couldn't even make it to my bedroom. I also don't remember having a carpet in the living room. Damn, now that I am remembering, I just remembered I don't remember anything at all.

“Meow.”

Holy shit, what did I just say? Why did I say that?

I reached to rub my head, just to check if anything's in there, only to feel a pair of fluffy ears poking through my hair. I patted it. Then I scratched it. And flicked it as well. I was feeling something but I don't know if I was feeling it through my fingers or through these weird fucking ears.

The bathroom was like, at least three metres down the hall and I barely got any sleep and really did not have it in me to make it all the way over there. But I did anyways because that's the kind of person I am.

I turned on the lights and almost died. It was super bright. And painful. Seeing in general is painful. You know, if seeing is believing, then believing is pain because truth hurts. But, speaking of believing, if the image in the mirror is to be believed, I actually do have cat ears. It's not a headband or headphones or whatever. It's actual functioning biological ears.

My worst nightmares have come true. I have become the destroyer of worlds, the ender of civilisations. I am become a weeaboo.

At least it cannot get worse.

And then it got worse.

I twisted around, just a little bit, to look at my ass like people usually do in front of the mirror and discovered I also have a cat tail. I'm not sure why, but I tugged on it to check if it was real even though I already know the ears are real. They're real. It hurt like a motherfucker. I almost cried.

But the pain was not so bad. No, it was. But on a grander scale, it was not so bad. It reminded me that there was a more pressing matter, more worthy of my attention. I needed to figure out why I have become weeb scum.

I stormed out of the bathroom and slammed the door behind me, right on my tail.

I cried.

After I finished crying, I laid back down on the carpet. But it was getting really hard to sleep. There was a ticking sound, reverberating through the apartment, that got louder every time I closed my eyes, or my nose, or my mouth. It only got quieter when I closed my ears. But I was not physically capable of doing that, my body did not have that biological function.

At first, I checked the cupboards. Then, I checked the shelves. I dug through the crevices between every cushion on the couches, tossing the pillows on the floor and against the walls. The walls. I looked behind me. I found the source of the ticking. It was a clock that was hiding on the wall, the last place I would have looked.

I opened the windows, tossed the clock out and slammed the windows closed again. But it got worse. The ticking was gone, but the sounds outside could now be heard even though the windows were just as closed as before. I didn't even know there was an outside. But now that I do, I can't forget it.

Speaking of forgetting, I can't help but feel like I'm forgetting something. Seriously, what the fuck is going on. I retraced all the steps I took since waking up, from sleeping on the carpet to going to the bathroom, which were all the steps I took today since waking up.

Facing myself in the mirror once more, I finally realised what I forgot I remembered. I have fucking cat ears, dude, what the fuck. This is a serious problem, I can't go outside like this, people are going to think I'm a weeb.

Also, what is happening with my brain. Seriously, it's like my brain is no longer capable of holding a complete thought. Was I always like this? I don't think so. I am an adult, I think. I look like an adult and I live alone, so I can't have always been like this. How could I have made it to adulthood if I'm not capable of thinking?

Wait, hold up. Do I live alone?

I made my way over to the bedroom. It felt like it's the first time I've been in here. There were two piles of clothes on the ground and, based on the smell, one of for clothes that are extremely dirty and the other are for the ones that are only mildly dirty. Is my nose getting more sensitive? I definitely haven't minded the smell before. Maybe I'm getting superpowers, like how spiderman has spider powers, batman has bat powers and the garbageman has garbage powers.

If I did, that would be cool as shit. Except it wasn't. This sucked, this whole room smelled like shit. This must be why I was sleeping in the living room. I mean, I guess I could just clean up but like, I'm not going to.

But other than that, I noticed something out of the ordinary. Actually, I didn't know if it was out of the ordinary, but it certainly seemed like it was. There were two pillows on my bed. Why would there be two pillows if I lived alone? Wait, maybe I have a boyfriend. Or a

girlfriend, shit, what if I'm gay. That'd be cool. I should check if I'm gay, see if I have any messages or something from someone's whose name on my phone has hearts in it.

I took out my phone and called the shawarma place.

"Hello, I'm calling to get delivery."

"Yes, sir, what would you like?"

"Yeah, can I get-" Hold on, what the fuck. "Hold on, what the fuck, did you just call me 'sir?'"

"Yes, mister, is there a problem?"

"I'm not a guy!"

"Sir, we do not believe in lgbt."

"Fuck you, die!" I opened the window and tossed my phone out, regretting it the moment I closed the window. I had just forgotten how loud it was out there. Why is it even that loud? I looked out the window, just briefly, just to figure out what was going on out there.

After a few hours of looking out the window, I realised that it's been dark outside this whole time. If I didn't have superpowers, I probably wouldn't be able to see anything out there right now. But wait, why do I have superpowers?

I reached to rub my head, to see if some fragmented knowledge can be dug up only to remember that I forgot I remembered I have cat ears. I should really figure out how that happened. I should call someone, or at least order food because I'm getting really hungry but, even after digging through the whole apartment, I just can't find my phone anywhere. I had no choice but to do something I would never have imagined myself capable of: going outside.

I found myself walking down the street soon after, eating out of a can of convenience store cat food. The air was aromatic, with the scent of cooking from the apartments above. It was a shame I couldn't enjoy it any more.

Wait, yes, I can. I looked down at the can of cat food in my hands. It's not like I was forced to get this. I could have bought a Korean hot dog, a spaghetti lunch box or some oden just as easily. Fuck, the convenience store guy just saw some girl with cat ears, looking like she hasn't showered in years, walk in and buy a single can of cat food, he's going to think I'm an absolute loser.

But man, what do I do with this cat food, now? I do not want to finish eating this, if nothing but to save room for some real food. On the other hand, if the state of my apartment was any indication, I do not have the financial ability to be wasting food, even if it is cat food. Actually, I haven't been able to find my phone for a while now. How did I even pay for this?

Just then, a feeling of something soft and warm rubbing against my legs saved me from another brain rotted tangent. I looked down. It was a cat. Not only did it have the ears and tail like I did, it had the rest of the cat as well. It was a genuine, complete cat.

"Hey buddy." I crouched down to meet it, holding out the half can of cat food. "You hungry? You can have the rest of this."

"Congratulations, human," the cat said.

Something was not right about what just happened.

"Did you just talk?" I asked.

"Thou hast shown a kindness unto the ancient and watchful feline race," the cat continued, completely ignoring me. It kind of pissed me off. "In this selfless act, thou hast restored-"

“Can you speak English?”

“Okay, fine,” the cat hissed. It was kind of cute, but its attitude was still pissing me off.

“Basically, by being nice to a cat, the curse is lifted and I’m going to give you your memories back.”

“Wait, what curse?” I asked. But before the cat could answer, my brain was obliterated by undammed memories flooding into the crevices of my dysfunctional psyche. Then again, with how much of a roundabout bitch this cat was being, it probably wasn’t going to answer anyways.

*Yulia sat at her computer desk, all by herself like she usually does.*

Yulia?

*Yes, that’s your name.*

What is that, Russian? That’s hot.

*Shut up. Anyways, Yulia sat at her desk, completely alone as usual, going through pages of obscure internet forums. The sun was beginning to come up but she just tugged on the curtains, keeping the outside world where it was as best she could.*

*Despite the vastness of the world wide web, years of having nothing else in her life has brought her to the point where even the internet in its entirety could not keep up with her consumption of casual escapism.*

*From page to page, from forum to forum, her recently gained hobby was clicking whatever links she could find and seeing where it leads, placing her trust and her life in the invisible hands of ublock origin. Once in a while, it would lead her to something she had already seen, but fortunately, her brain was broken enough that by the time her digital journey led her back to her starting point, she had already forgotten where it was.*

You're being really mean.

*Shut up. And so, the cycle continued, day after day and night after night, of going through the same labyrinth in the depths of the internet. Until today, when she finally found something new in something old. Well, old by internet standards, it was a post from 2009 on a pet-owners discussion board from New Brunswick.*

*'My cat has been ignoring me more and more recently,' the post read. 'I tried changing her food, cleaning the litter more frequently, buying new toys, but nothing's been working. I wish I could talk to my cat to ask what's wrong, does anyone have ideas?'*

*'Well, I'm not sure what's wrong with your cat,' said the first and only reply. 'But if you want to communicate to your cat, you could always summon a cat demon and ask for cat powers. I have attached a photo of that page in the Book of Domestic Demonology.'*

*She clicked the link, more out of habit than genuine interest.*

*'This photobucket link has expired.'*

*"Typical," she said aloud, even though she was very, very alone.*

*But her interest was captured now. How dare the internet keep something from her? She pulled her feet up onto her chair and slouched forward even further, if she bent her back just a little bit more, she would be ringing the bells at Notre Dame. She opened every search engine she knew in new tabs, opening the next before even typing anything into the search box. When the tabs bar was filled, she opened a new window, turned on her vpn and opened new tabs again except this time in every ebook piracy site.*

*Such focus! Such fervour! If she put this kind of effort into something useful, she might have made something out of herself. But, alas.*

*By the time the sun was fully up, and the air outside was filled with the hustle and bustle of people who actually had lives, she finally found it, a mediafire link to the full 1065 pages of the Book of Domestic Demonology.*

*Going through the pages, she finally realised there was really not a whole lot she could get out of this. She did not have any pets and, even if she did, every summoning ritual required way more human blood than she had inside her body. But she wasn't going to stop reading now, it took way too much effort to get to this point, if she already wasted a few hours on this pointless endeavour, she might as well waste a few more.*

*And she was glad she did, for when she arrived at the chapter on the domestic cat demon, she noticed that unlike the other summon instructions, which lasted for tens of pages and were filled with incomprehensible geometric diagrams, this one was half a page and three lines.*

*"Step one," she read aloud. "Pat your lap three times."*

*"Step two: Go pspspspspspspsp."*

*"Step three: Say 'here, kitty-kitty.'"*

*"Hey," she heard from behind her.*

*"Yo, what the fuck?" She spun around in her swivel chair, going a little further than she intended.*

*In the middle of her bedroom, was a darkened cloud, indiscernible in all ways save for the distinct pair of cat ears and a long fluffy tail hanging off it and swinging back and forth in the air.*

*"Hi, I'm the cat demon," the figure said.*

*"Okay?" She responded. "Hi."*

*"You are the first to have summoned me in many centuries and-"*



*“Wait, who was the last to summon you?”*

*“Oda Nobunaga.”*

*“Oh.” She didn’t know what to do with that information. She didn’t even know why she asked that question in the first place. “Okay, I guess that makes sense.”*

*“Anyways,” the demon cat thing continued. “As thanks for bringing me back to the fold of mortals, I will bless you with a portion of my power.”*

*A pair of ears, not unlike the one the demon wore, parted Yulia’s hair and a tail poked through the waistband of her sweatpants.*

*“Use it wisely.” The cat-shaped cloud began to fade.*

*“Wait, hold up hold up!”*

*“What?” The cloud came back.*

*“What the fuck is this?”*

*“What do you mean ‘what the fuck is this’ I just gave you fucking superpowers.”*

*“No, what the fuck am I going to do with this?” She grabbed her new tail to make it point but she put it down because it hurt like a bitch. “Look at this shit! I can’t go outside like this, people are going to think I’m a weeb.”*

*“Watch your fucking language, slut.” The cloud was freaking the fuck out, vibrating violently in the air. “You are a weeb. Cat powers are fucking awesome, don’t blame me for your bad life decision.”*

*“What powers? The only thing that changed is that now everything is loud and annoying and this room smells like shit.”*

*“Good, maybe now you’ll clean your room.”*

*“No, I don’t want to, fuck you!” Yulia was screaming now, fully invested in this argument with a vaguely cat-shaped ghost. “Turn me back!”*

*“No, fuck you!” The shape yelled back.*

*“No, fuck you!” Yulia yelled.*

*“No, fuck you!”*

*“No, fuck you!”*

*“Fuck you, whore,” the shaped said. “I’m erasing your memories until you learn to appreciate the beauty of felinity.”*

*“Wait, what?”*

I opened my eyes, unsure of whether a few seconds or if a few days have passed. I looked down, and the cat was still there, staring back up at me.

“So,” there was a lot I wanted to say but I couldn’t figure out how to say any of it.

“Indeed, now that you have learned to appreciate-”

“Wait,” I felt my own tail in my hands. “You didn’t lift the curse, I still have the gross ass ears and tails!”

“That’s not the fucking curse, you- GROSS?!” The cat swiped at my legs and I tried to kick it in response. Both of us missed. “How dare you? I gave you cat powers and you’re calling it gross?”

“What do you mean powers?” I picked up the talking cat and shook it, like a bad parent would a crying baby. “Get rid of this shit, I don’t want any of this.”

“Bitch, you summoned me.” The cat slipped out of my grasp and leaped onto a nearby fence.

“Fuck you, you whore. You didn’t learn shit.” It turned around and disappeared into the night. “I’m erasing your memories again.”

“God damn it.”

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I woke up around 3 or 4pm on the living room carpet. I don’t know why I was on the living room carpet. I don’t remember being so tired last night that I couldn’t even make it to my bedroom. I also don’t remember having a carpet in the living room. Shit, I couldn’t remember much of anything at all. My head was pounding and my tailbone felt really weird for some reason. All I knew was that, for some reason, it was about to be a really confusing and annoying day.