

To Be A Cat - Extract 2

This was his bed. This was his room. But everything had grown beyond all possibility.

The wardrobe was the size of a house. The bedside lamp peered down at him like some strange armless robot. The door was miles away. And the school uniform which hung over his chair belonged to a giant.

Next he saw something which made even less sense.

His hands, or his feet – he couldn't tell which – were entirely covered with hair. And they were fingerless. Toeless. He turned his head to see what he had only felt so far. A tail. Curled into a quivering kind of question mark, as though the rest of his body was a query wanting an answer.

It was impossible.

He was still Barney. His 'Barney-ness' was still there in his head, his mind still the same bulging suitcase of memories and emotions. But at the same time he already knew he wasn't him at all. He was something else. Something so impossible that he thought this had to be a dream, like the one he'd had about his father.

He blinked, and then blinked some more. No. There was no doubt about it. He was awake.

Indeed, he was as awake as he had ever been. So, to his horror, he had to believe what his eyes were telling him, and what the black hair and the tail and the paws were telling him. And what they were telling him was this: he may have gone to bed human, but he had woken up unquestionably, unmistakably, unimaginably cat.