

I've been working as a detective for many years now, it's through that work that I've learned to trust my gut, especially when it's trying to tell me something is wrong. So, when I awoke in my bed with my gut telling me just that, I calmly reached beneath my pillow to grab my gun. My panic only grew when I didn't feel anything in my hand, though quickly reminded myself I had left it out on the kitchen counter, but that didn't help me in this situation. I took in a slow deep breath and held it for a moment to calm myself before snapping my eyes open and quickly sitting up with my hands out in front of me ready to defend myself.

I slowly slipped out of my bed once I realized I was the only one there, tugging down my oversized shirt to make sure I was covered as I made my way to the door. I didn't want to alert anyone that might be there so I only opened the door just enough to peek out, slowly opening it as I didn't see anyone in my living room either. Despite this information my gut wouldn't let up, something was wrong, so I slowly made my way to the kitchen and slid my revolver off the counter, making sure it was loaded as I began a more thorough search of the room. With no intruder in sight I began going through my paperwork, looking through old case files and photos I had taken over the years, everything seemed to be in place.

"I guess my gut is wrong? Happens..."

Even saying it out loud didn't completely convince myself that everything was alright, but I was going to do my best to ignore it and move on with my day. After putting my gun on the counter I went to the fridge, as empty as always, then moved to grab a package of chicken ramen from the counter instead as I always had a large supply of it. In retrospect I probably should have put on some underwear and pants before cooking something hot, but I was starved, maybe that's what my stomach was really trying to tell me. I got up on my tiptoes and opened up the cabinet where I kept my ramen, eyes widening as I stared at the shrimp flavored ramen.

“The fuck? I’ve never bought this before in my life.”

I quickly shuffled through it to find my chicken but it was all shrimp, every last one. I had to catch myself on the counter as I stumbled back, the feeling of panic and paranoia was overwhelming. Did someone break into my apartment and replace all my ramen? That seemed unlikely, the door was still locked and there was no sign of anyone else having been here. So what was with the shrimp flavored ramen? Were there other clues to what was going on in the house? Maybe I’d have better luck checking outside, though I’d have to get dressed first. The panic was growing stronger, nothing seemed right anymore, I couldn’t even think straight anymore.

“Fuck...”



After spending a bit of time thinking over the choices in my head I decided that heading outside might be a bit overwhelming. If things really have changed, I should start with the space I'm most familiar with and just search my apartment once more.

Knowing that my delicious chicken ramen had somehow been turned into the worst flavor I could imagine, I started in the kitchen and went through my other packaged foods but everything seemed to be normal. From there I went into the living room, dug through the old stained couch a bit and found some change, then looked over the files on the coffee table before looking to the T.V.

I stared at the blank screen for a while as the fur on the back of my neck slowly stood up. "I don't own a fuckin' T.V.!" I hurried over to it and checked it for cables, then for bugs in case some weird fuck put this in my apartment to try and monitor me but I didn't find anything suspicious other than the T.V. itself. I took the remote from on top of the screen and switched it on, flipping through the channels till I found one of the news stations.

"And at the end of the week we have some heat in the high 90s, but after that a cold front will cool things down. That'll wrap up the weather, back to you Phil."

"Thank you, Sandy for keeping us up to date on this weeks weather, wouldn't know how to dress each day if you weren't around to let me know."

The two laughed, of course I didn't it was stupid, but I couldn't take my eyes off some...thing standing behind Phil on screen. There was something I could only describe as a hideous blob standing right behind him, egging him on as he went on to talk about politics. It wasn't right and yet no one else seemed to acknowledge that it was there, no one even glanced its way as it paced behind the anchor and spouted nonsense I couldn't really understand.

I had enough of it after a while and flipped through a few more channels, stopping on a cigarette commercial when I caught sight of what seemed like some sort of demonic pig hanging on the back of the person smoking in the commercial. Cigarette ads have always been a bit on the weird side when it came to trying to keep people from actually smoking them, but this was a brand commercial promoting the use of them. The pig thing was drooling all over the lizard on screen but he didn't bat an eye at it as he smiled and tried to look as cool as he could for future smokers.

There it was again, the paranoia setting in, I suddenly felt extremely dizzy as my mind came up with all these wild theories of what was going on. This was clearly some how both not my apartment and my apartment at the same time. Though I didn't own a T.V. to watch regularly I often watched them at cafes and never once saw anything like the two things I had caught on the television today. I needed to make sense of this, something had to make sense so I could ground myself.

I ran over to the window and pulled it open, sticking my head out and cupping my hands around my muzzle to try and make myself louder as I called out. "Mange?! Mange are you out there?!"

Sometimes I could catch the trash can cat hanging around the alley by my apartment but it seemed like he wasn't around today as he'd usually show up when I called because it meant a free meal and some chilling inside for a while for him. "Damn..."

After shutting the window I rushed into my bedroom to get properly dressed, hesitating as I stared at some of the shirts in my closet. All of the horizontal striped shirts I usually enjoyed were vertically striped now and most my pants were shorts, I hate wearing shorts. I picked out one of the few pairs of jeans and discarded my oversized sleeping shirt for one of the striped ones, grabbing my coat next to the door before heading out to...



