

A Study in Murrs 3

Macro

Just my luck as usual. I was walking along the sidewalk, minding my own business, when I hear some old mole lady screaming herself hoarse at some big dog guy in front of her. I didn't pay the scene a lot of attention, because it didn't sound like he stole from her or nothin', so no need to get involved. I tried to slide discreetly by, since the scene was blocking the entire sidewalk, but I guess my smooth slide isn't as smooth as I like to think. I slipped, in other words, and fell right between the old lady and the dapper (albeit smug looking) canine, right as I heard her scream the words "Let's see if you like being as big as your ego!"

Well, at first I wasn't really concerned with that. The mole was clearly old and bonkers, and she wasn't the one who I knocked on their ass. The dog shoved me off immediately, snarling as he immediately rose to his feet and surveyed the damage to his suit. Now they were both yelling, and there I was, just trying to apologize and get out of there before the big dog threatened me with a lawsuit for wrecking a (if he was to be believed anyway) 3,000 dollar suit.

I was backed against the outside of a building, afraid the dog would literally bite my head off as he towered over me and barked. The old mole lady was grabbing my jacket sleeve and shaking it as hard as she could, calling me a "clumsy oaf who wrecked everything." I'm not religious, but I said a prayer something along the lines of "God, there's really nothing I wanted more than to just shrink down and disappear, get out of everyone's vision." God is a prick.

It happened so gradually at first, I didn't even notice, and the dog guy didn't either. I see now the old lady sure did though, because she suddenly stopped screeching at me out of nowhere and waddled off as fast as she could, the last look I saw on her face being one of terror. I kept trying to shrink against the wall, you know? Fetal position or whatever, that's what I always did in grade school. But, funny thing was, even as I crouched myself against the wall, the dog's face never got farther away. He was always hovering just inches away, and he certainly hadn't changed the way he was standing. Soon, I was pretty much sitting on the ground, unable to crouch down anymore, and with my head still only inches away from his, I think it both hit us at once.

I began to stand myself back up, my head moving up waaay faster than it should have been, and now, kneeling on one knee, I was taller than the dog, who stopped barking at this point, and felt it was more appropriate to whimper I guess. Either way, this was some surprise to me, as you can imagine, because I was a few inches shorter than him a second ago. On my tiptoes. Even so, despite the fact that something weird was going on, I don't think it hit me just yet, because I mean come on, like that could happen. I figured for a second that some acid I dropped years ago in college might have been sitting in my system all these years and finally activated or whatever when I burned that fat storing it, I think one of my health teachers said that could happen. So I thought for a second, even though the last time I did drugs was over

three years ago, that I was just hopped up on goofballs, which would suck, but at least made sense. I had a hard time believing it though, because not only were the building not turning into giant twelve-eyed hotdogs, but if I was trippin' everyone else was too, because as I now towered a good foot or so over the dog everyone started screaming and running away.

My clothes--thank god I'm a cheap fucker--burst off of me after a couple of those seconds from the pressure, only hurting for a moment. Not that that was really all that comforting, because now I was giving Yao Ming a run for his money *and* giving several city blocks exposure to roo wang. It's a good thing I didn't already have the insecurity issues then that I have now.

I closed my eyes for a good... Ten seconds I guess? Just kind of hitting myself on the head, panting, and hoping it was a bad dream. It was all a dream, I kept telling myself, I'm pretty sure on the verge of nervous wailing at the time. All a dream, those screams aren't real, the granite and glass scraping up my back wasn't real, this Autumn shiver wasn't real, just a really, really, *really* bad dream. It wasn't though, and after opening my eyes the ground was even further away, my massive feet spilling into the street, pushing cars out of the way. I tried turning them, rather than wreck the cars, but I was clumsy to begin with. Now I was clumsy and many stories tall. I began to fall, grabbed the building next to me, and it shook terrible, glass breaking and the sides cracking and even more people screaming.

A coma brought on by multiple self-inflicted gunshot wounds was starting to seem like a better alternative to what was actually happening right now. I was a giant, I was bigger than King Kong, and without even meaning to be I'm pretty sure I was being more destructive. The building I used for support swayed in a really worrying way, a whole lot of people's car insurance premiums were gonna go up, and best of all, just being as big as I was was cracking the sidewalk. I couldn't imagine how or why at the moment, I was still just really hoping that this was a bad dream. But no matter how much I pinched myself and closed my eyes, I could still hear the approaching sirens, and I kept stubbing my toes on the cars that looked like hot wheels to me.

I don't really have a good sense of scale, but I had to be hundreds of feet high when I finally stopped growing. The Chicago skyline seemed more like tall, metallic grass to me, and as folksy a simile as that was it didn't calm me down at all, it only made me freak out more when I considered it. Or maybe that was the fault of the helicopters making wide circles around me, trying to do who knows what. I sure didn't know, and I wasn't going to find out. Dream or not, I ran.

Gore

Okay, you got me, I'm not always surgical or scientific about it. I mean sure, no better way to help me prepare for my career as a surgeon than with my little hobby, but sometimes it's just that: a hobby. And sometimes that hobby involves being as messy as possible. Hence the very non-surgical, rusted, bread knife.

Skin cuts easily enough, no matter what you're using. Straight edge, serrated edge, hell, even plastic butter knives can do it if you apply the right kind of force. My first and truest love will always be the serrated edge knife though. I mean, it makes a mess, it requires a lot more strength, and if the knife suddenly gives you're likely to get yourself pretty hurt, and I am speaking from experience here. But like I said, this isn't about surgical precision; it's about enjoying the messy disassembling of the dead shepherd on the table before me.

A tooth made of calcium was stained with badger blood as a metallic one went red with a canine's. I couldn't help myself, I always got overexcited with the first cute. I wiped my lip on my sleeve and took a deep breath out, trying to calm myself down. There was still a long way to go, I needed to pace myself. It's not like she was going anywhere. I continued the cut, feeling the flesh tear under the teeth of the blade, and vaguely wondering if this would be as enjoyable in the future if I used a bone saw. Something to look into for next time, but better not start daydreaming. I don't want to have to explain another four inch long gash on my arm to my roommate.

Blood flowing freely, saw through the top half of her right arm, the dark red ichor dripping onto the floor. A couple more cuts, perpendicular to the first, and now I was able to pull away that pretty pink fur and look at the beautiful muscle and fat underneath. I think I loved this aspect most of all. Before she was dead, she obviously took care of herself. Her nails are painted, her hair is done, she kept it moderately good shape, she dressed well enough... But now, as I tear away the outside, she's just like everyone else. The same stretched muscles, the same yellow fat, stained bone hiding beneath it all, veins and arteries twisting and branching around it all like the roots of some century-old tree. With her fur and skin torn away, you couldn't even tell it was her. There was nothing but gore.

I lost myself in the frenzy of the moment, plunging the knife into her abdomen, yanking and tearing and stabbing again, exposing her now punctured organs. A liver, I love liver, so wonderful with leeks, and I bet this would be no different. Two kidneys, nice and healthy, perfect for pie. Her stomach, ohhh, she'd make some good haggis, who says you need a sheep? In the end they're all the same, nothing but gore, nothing but meat! The same heart for stewing, the same bones for gnawing, the same entrails as everyone else, so long I could hang them along the room to celebrate the destruction of this girl and the creation of the beautiful meat!

I keep my claws sharpened nicely for this very reason, it wasn't the first time I started eating in the middle of a session. I must have tore at her leg at some point, unable to control my hunger any longer, and now I chewed on her shin, blood flowing down the nape of my neck as muscle fell from my mouth. I had some self control, I would stop after this little morsel. It had just been so long since I had a taste, the need overpowered me. It's okay though. As I looked over the mutilated and ruined corpse I would be far more careful with from here on out, I knew my supplies would not run low again for a long time.

Fattening

She knew why they were doing all this, and sure, she struggled at first. Tried escaping, tried pleading, bargaining, refusing to eat, everything you could think of. However, it was never to any avail, and after a few weeks of failed attempts and punishment always following, now she had given in. Maybe they drugged her food constantly now, and she was addicted. Maybe Stockholm Syndrome had kicked in, and she saw these as her friends, not her captors. Or maybe a little of both, with just a hint of enjoying being treated like a god, even knowing what it would lead to.

Even if they were in the middle of a jungle, somehow, these guys knew how to cook food. Every kind of meat imaginable was at her fingertips, from the large jungle boars to the succulent wild boars to the tough, but unique meat of the very jungle cats that hunted both of the animals mentioned before them. And that wasn't all.

She never saw any through her first (and last) trek through the jungle, but apparently many berries and other fruits were in abundance in this jungle, and she was never without some sweet to balance out the meat. Whole fruits, fruit salads, this delicious fruit paste they made, mmmf. They couldn't pull off chocolate milkshakes or pumpkin pie sure, but she still had to hand it to these guys. They always had something delicious for her to snack on.

And always snacking was all she ever did to boot. It didn't take long after her capture and subsequent inspection that the brightly colored bird folk seemed to come to a conclusion, and one that surprised the bear quite a bit at first. Her skull wasn't bashed in, she wasn't thrown in the piranha infested rivers, no—quite the opposite really, for instead they cleaned her up, dressed in very large, very loose furs, and presented her with her first bowl of food. She was wary, but nevertheless quick to gobble that first portion down, swallowing each delicious morsel like it would be the last she'd ever have. Not true, of course, not by a long shot, but she didn't know. After her hasty meal, she didn't know what to expect next. Perhaps now was skull bashing time? But no, instead she was laid back on a bed of leaves, massaged, and given a deliciously sweet drink, which made her feel much better than she should have in her situation for quite a long time. But after a second day of this, her suspicions aroused a memory long forgotten inside her, a memory talking about a cannibalistic and nomadic tribe deep in the very country she was touring. Which is when the aforementioned escape attempts and their failures occurred.

But those were over a week behind her, and what a week. She had never been a big eater, but that's because her meals were a microwave Stouffer's mac and cheese meal almost every night, occasionally broken up by her splurging at the McDonald's dollar menu. But now, now! Eating was all she could think about, and she wanted nothing more than to do just that all day, every day, which the natives happily obliged.

She didn't know how long she had been captive. Days, weeks, maybe even months? It all ran together now, it didn't really matter. All she knew as that even up until this day she was still fed until she hadn't the strength to do so anymore, then pampered, and when rested and ready

again more exotic meats filled her mouth. Her body, of course, had exploded into many rolls of fat. She always had a fast metabolism (come on, she was a rabbit), but even it could not keep up with four big meals a day. A girl that once weighed 140 pounds now easily topped 240, maybe 250! It was good now that the natives were so quick to help her, for her pudgy arms barely had the strength and reach to pick up the very mountains of food needed to sustain her. The natives still massaged her, but it was an almost 24 hour activity at this point. These birds were small to begin with, barely breaking four feet, and now, with the great mountain of rabbit pudge she had become, it took several almost constant rubbing and groping to keep her adequately massaged.

She regarded her situation the day she reached pound 260, smiling as a banana was pushed into her waiting mouth. She had become the picture of hedonism, that was all there was to it. And the gravy train would stop rolling at some point, she vaguely recalled, but that was alright. For now, she could enjoy herself as she was, knowing that there was nothing more to her life anymore than being a fatass rabbit, and enjoying it greatly.