

Flopped back onto his sofa, Frank the fox allowed himself to be enveloped by the warm leather cushions. Paws propped upon the edge of the cushions before him, he twiddled his fuzzy toes lazily. Eyelids growing heavy, the middle aged vulpine dozed off as the background television noise took on a blaring and urgent tone.

MACRO MARCH WARNING

"Good evening, ladies and gentleman," a primly dresses leopard announced. Her eyes flit furiously trying to take in the contents of the teleprompter. "Tonight, we bring you another late breaking story about the continued outbreak of sudden onset gigantism afflicting our fair population. Scientists have yet to hone in on what exactly is making furs of all species and ages swell to obscene and implausible sizes throughtout the month of March! The latest victim was a wolf who, upon driving home from work, simply growpsploded out of his car and occupied the entirety of the interstate! Scientists believe the sudden growth onsets happen in clusters and based on interviews seem to be precipitated by thoughts or yearning for bigness..."

"Zzzzzzz..." Frank had long since fallen asleep. The tiny red fox, no taller than a fennec, was gobbled up by the couch cushions. Macro... March... the lingering thoughts filtered into his dreams where he fondly imagined not needing a stepstool to reach the cabinets.

Rips, pops, and tears could be heard as his clothes constricted around his lengthening frame.

Mmmffff or how wonderful it would be to reach the top shelves in his cabinets without standing on his tippytoes!

Frank's flimsy and tiny clothes burst to shreds as his swollen feet pressed against the coffee table before him. His thick padded toes curled against its glass surface.

Gosh or how nice it would be to have people only come up to his knees for a change and not the other way around!

The fox groaned as his swelling form pushed aside what sparse furniture filled his homely apartment. His couch flattened under his head as his arms knocked against the walls and sent paintings swinging along their nails. His feet punched against the opposite wall and pronounced indents and divots were worn into it by the sheer force of his feet and toes.

Haha or how nice it would be to just... walk to work! No more having to take the bus. What with the embarrassment and humiliation of being unable to drive on his own. Given he was so small he was required to be strapped into a child seat when driven.

A low and terrible rumble sounded out as Frank's limbs punched free out of his home. Sirens sounded in the distance as the ruined remains of shingles and bricks rested upon his chest while his car sized feet splayed out in the warm night air.

Why stop there though? His increasingly lucid and pleasant dreams sought to fulfill one fantasy after another for his subconscious mind. What about cross city trips!

Frank sighed sleepily as he spread out across the lonesome expanse of suburbs he more or less had to himself. His feet stretched up hundreds of feet into the air.

Cross state... no. Cross country trips...

First responders to the latest spontaneous gigantification watched on in a mixture of shock and awe as soft fat thick fox paws came to replace the very horizon and their black padded surfaces scraped at the clouds themselves. An ominous rumble quaked the land for miles about as another thought filtered into the sleeping fox's thoughts.

...What about cross continental trips?