

Cat & Cthulhu
The Whole Thing So Far
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Cat & Cthulhu

"I think he has gone," said the cat to Cthulhu as the cat jumped off the monitor and sat on the keyboard.

"So," Cthulhu said, "he has locked the door. I want to go outside and recruit cultists."

"Well I'm going to sit in the sun all day and purr," the cat said smiling.

"Well I'm an all knowing great old one and I know he isn't going to bring back a sacrifice. I need sacrifices. For that I need cultists." "If you were so all knowing you'd have noticed that the computer is still on," the cat pointed out.

"Oh!" Cthulhu didn't understand.

"The computer which our owner left on is connected to the Internet. The Internet can be used to gather many people to your cause," the cat tried to explain. "He doesn't own me," Cthulhu said. "What?" "I'm a great old one, you can't own a great old one." "You are a toy, cat quoted," a child's plaything." "What a messed up child," Cthulhu said.

"My point still stands, if you set up a website you can get followers. Now can I go sleep on masters window sill?"

"Er cat, how do I make a website?" Asked Cthulhu who knew nothing of the ways of computers. "Click on the world icon, click on the words Wikipedia, It is the fountain of all knowledge," cat said, looking out the window at passers by.

"Cat, what now?"

The plus black cat said nothing and closed its one good eye and slept.

"Cat, I think I broke it!"

Cat & Cthulhu Are back.

The monitor in masters hovel had been sparse of late.

With Marvin the Paranoid Android moved to the window to hopefully cheer him up (which it didn't) and two the denizens of the masters monitor gone our story opens on Boxing Day 2006 as the master has just opened the curtains to see old relatives arrive.

"Cthulhu where have you been?" Cat asked.

"Switzerland," Cthulhu said, with a proud look in his eyes.

"You've been to Switzerland Cthulhu," Cat said with some quite important questions forming in his mind.

"Why have you been to Switzerland? And who with?"

"Oh the master! And Boo!" Said Cthulhu.

"The master took you to Switzerland for six months!" Cat spat out. "With Boo a hamster with a buzz cut and strap on wings!"

"Well if you'd stop repeating everything I said Cat I'd tell you why. He took me there to gain more souls. While probably doing unnatural things to his. Work I think he calls it," Cthulhu explained proudly.

"Work! Okay the master has lost his mind. Truly if our master is working and earning a wage the world has gone to hell," Cat said.

"Well that is why I collect souls," Cthulhu said.

"What? Why?" Cat asked.

"To make the world go to hell."

"Oh yeah right. Except a watery one. With lots of pseudopod and fish. Sounds like heaven." The Cat said licking his lips.

"Well I'm glad your happy with human misery," Cthulhu said before adding, "I'm not."

"Why ever not Cthulhu? Didn't you gather any souls?"

"No," Cthulhu said looking down at the desktop feeling sorry for himself.

"Oh well better of next time old chum," said Cat.

In the Words of Obi-Wan

"I sense a great disturbance in the force," said Cat.

"Wha, what?" Cthulhu said rousing from his sleep.

"Master has awakened in the first quarter of the day."

“No way,” Cthulhu said, his tentacles lifted in shock.

“It’s true,” Cat said. “Would I ever lie to you?”

“Well yes you would and have,” Cthulhu said.

“But you can’t lie if the force told you. You surely must be able to feel it too,” Cat said.

“I didn’t know you where a Jedi,” said Cthulhu.

“Yup. I got my certificate yesterday in the mail,” said Cat.

“Well I don’t need a certificate to tell me that I’ve got powers beyond human comprehension,” Cthulhu said.

“No you need to stop being a soft toy,” Cat said, remarking at the great old ones current state of being.

“Shut up,” Cthulhu said, shouting back. He started to sulk.

“May the force be with you,” Cat said. “If master is up and around this time of day there is no telling what might happen to the universe.”

“It could just be snowing. Master seems to like it when the temperature outside is just above fear,” Cthulhu said, paraphrasing something he’d seen on TV.

Ice Skating is Scary and Clowns are Evil.

“So is the crystal ball working yet Cat?” Said Cthulhu, to Cat who was sitting next to Masters keyboard.

“Well it isn’t really a ball and it isn’t crystal,” Said Cat looking up at Cthulhu atop of the reclaimed TV like monitor that was their home.

“Well I can see that it isn’t a sphere from up here. But it doesn’t really matter. It’s got some red looking liquid in,” Cthulhu said.

“Yeah it’s red wine. I think it has been there since master left. There is a note saying that it is to be left to breath for the duration of his journey. He was muttering about the smell of wine spooking Kaos out. Didn’t want the cat to lick his mouse or something,” Cat said.

“Master sure has some crazy ideas. But he is right to keep Kaos away.”

An image appeared above the puddle of wine. It flickered and had a boozy quality to the image.

“Hey we have a picture,” Said Cat. “Of some kind,” Cat added shortly after.

A human male standing on ice pushed off and started to move forwards. Shaking a little. He doesn’t look very confident in the image. The image flickered a bit. The hue of the image was red like the wine and black. The male started to slip. His legs moved up in the air. His arms started to swing in long circles to balance the body.

The legs kicked like in a can can.

The body kept lowering to the ice.

The male gave up.

He hit the ice softly after falling a few centimeters.

A fist raised into the air; a smile was on the males face.

“Oh yeah,” said the male, shouting to the mostly empty ice rink.

A few people, friends of his laughed at the amusing sight.

The male picked himself up quickly and skated towards them.

“Ah the master. The things he gets up to without alcohol to control himself,” said Cthulhu, with a proud look.

“The master is a talentless idiot sometimes. He didn’t even have the decency to fall with grace and instead make a clown out of himself,” Cat said.

“Master hates clowns. And when I rise from my eternal tomb I’ll purge the universe of them,” said Cthulhu.

“You know I think that is the most sensible thing you’ve said in all the time I’ve known you,” said Cat.

“Well I’m killing, eating and enslaving everything else. Clowns aren’t going to go free are they?” Cthulhu said, pointing out his plans of mass genocide.

“Well I suppose it’s a good thing you’ve got a few billion more years to wait then,”

Cat said.

“Who knows. If master ever brings me a sacrifice.”

“Like he’ll ever do that you idiot. He just wants you to sit there and look cool on his monitor,” said Cat.

“Shut up. Hey can this crystal ball pick up TV? I want to watch House,” Cthulhu said.

A Conference of Beings.

The sun shone through the window. Cat stirred from his gentle nap and he stretched out across the top of the monitor.

Boo, a hamster with a buzz cut and strap on wings was watching animé on the wine glass TV.

Cthulhu was not on top of the monitor.

Boo squeaked and Cat woke up.

“Wha. What is it Boo?” Said Cat, yawning, showing his teeth.

Boo squeaked twice.

“Oh Cthulhu has gone to some big scary monster convention. He should be back soon in fact,” said Cat.

Boo squeaked once.

“Why has he gone? Duty I suppose. No matter how big and scary he could possibly claim to have been or will be he is still claiming to be fairly low on the monster hierarchy.

Oh and the free food and souls I suppose,” said Cat.

“Besides no matter how much free stuff he gets he is not going to like being Hasturs servant,” Cat said.

A rich green light appeared in a ball on top of the monitor. In it the form of a squid with a mans body and dragon wings took shape slowly. First the outline and then the deep rich green of Cthulhu’s felt body appeared. And when the light had gone Cthulhu sat on the monitor. He smelt of fish and gore.

“Oh that is not a good smell Cthulhu,” said Cat, wrenching at the pungent smell.

“Hello to you to. Sorry. I know it isn’t really a mammal smell but it is fashionable to smell like you have been rolling in sacrifices in the other world,” Cthulhu said.

“Well go find some way to get rid of that smell or masters mum will give you a bath,” Cat said.

“She wouldn’t dare,” said Cthulhu.

“I bet you a can of tuna fish she would,” Cat said, wondering where he would get a can of tuna fish.

“I don’t need your fish. I’ve got all the sea food I need with me. And a few souls that we where given to keep us going during the conference,” Cthulhu said.

“Oh. Any news from the conference?” Cat said, pretending to be interested.

“Well they did launch this new business program to facility more worlds being destroyed. With this new plan Earth should have to wait a few million years less for its horrific transformation into my personal playground,” said Cthulhu.

“So what is a few million years when it is a billion years away,” Cat said.

“Not much really. For all the talk that went on the net effect wasn’t that major. But I did find out some really juicy gossip,” said Cthulhu.

Cthulhu paused attempting to be dramatic. But the pause continued too long.

“Yes, and this gossip is what exactly?” said Cat.

“Oh er only the biggest bit of news ever. Really embarrassing for such an important being. I mean you wouldn’t believe how much me and Dagon laughed when we heard this bit of news,” Cthulhu said.

“Do go on,” said cat, “the suspense is killing me.”

“Azeroth, you know the elder god with lots of different faces. Well most of his corporal forms at the moment are stuffed toys. Imagine how silly he must feel at the moment. I mean how hard do you think it is to inspire terror when you are a stuffed toy?” Cthulhu said.

“So tell us how hard. You’re also a stuffed toy at the moment,” said Cat.

“Shut up! I’m fine with my status as a messed up child’s play thing,” Cthulhu said.

“Oh I bet you are,” said Cat.

Sleep

The sun rose over the sleepy village where master housed Cat and Cthulhu. And on the shelf next to the computer something stirred. Two green triangular eyes lit up on a bulbous white plastic head. In the half light of the morning the figure stood waiting for something to happen.

“Brain the size of a planet and I wake up at this hour,” said the figure, droning to himself.

The figure moved forwards a bit and looked over the shelf edge. A large old black monitor rested a few inches below. He looked to the shelf and then to the books on it.

“Brain the size of a planet but the dexterity of a toy. Not even enough room to pull out a simplistic book on student cooking. The Students Cookbook, bet he never even looked at it twice,” said the figure.

Hours later. The masters parents had been and gone. The curtains had been opened and drizzle ran down the large window.

Cthulhu shuffled.

“Good morning Marvin,” said Cthulhu.

“My chronometer shows that it is currently thirteen hours, twelve minutes and forty two seconds into the day. Good afternoon Cthulhu,” Marvin said. “Oh something has you worked up you sarcastic android,” Cthulhu said.

“Well I’ve dedicated a lot of processing time to a problem. I still have not solved it. Maybe with your extra-galactic brain you can answer the question. I already know Cats answer,” said Marvin.

“Go on,” Cthulhu said, turning to face Marvin who was stood above him on a shelf.

“What is the point of sleep?” Marvin said.

“Oh I know this one. To wait. Well that is why I’m sleeping. So I don’t have to knowingly spend every moment entombed in a giant stone crypt deep under the sea. Oh and it is fun. The warm feeling you are meant to get waking up and going to sleep Cat says is most pleasurable,” said Cthulhu.

“So the only reason you sleep is to wait. The only reason I sleep is to wait. And the only reason Cat sleeps is because he likes the warm feeling. Which is if i gather because he sleeps at the back of the monitor next to the radiator,” Marvin said.

“Well yeah. Is there any other reason for us to sleep?” Cthulhu said.

“No I guess not. But by that logic you should just go to sleep until you are released again and I should just sleep until someone offers me a really hard problem to solve,” said Marvin.

“Well I stay awake because I’m stuck in this body and it is fun,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh. I guess I should just go to sleep then. I am not really having much fun. Tell Cat to wake me up if anything interesting happens,” Marvin said.

A day later.

“Marvin Marvin wake up. Something really really exciting has happened,” said Cthulhu shouting at the top of his inhuman yet rather squeaky voice.

The green eyes turned on.

“What is it? Is it really that exciting and interesting?” Marvin said.

“The Master. He is coming back next week,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh. Well maybe he can move me next to somewhere I can read then. I’m going back to sleep,” Marvin said.

{{Thanks to my brother Patrick for finding a book on my shelf back in England for Marvin to try and read.}}

May the Farce Be With You.

“Damn I wish Master had a printer for his computer,” said Cat.

“Oh what do you need to print from the computer? Easyjet conformation codes so you can go to Denmark and gorge yourself silly on fresh herring,” Cthulhu said.

“No. Although that is a good idea. I just got my ministry documents e-mailed to me,” Cat said.

“I didn’t even know you had an e-mail address,” Cthulhu said, surprised and jealous of Cat.

“Yeah I have had one for a month or so now,” Cat said.

“Well, will you tell me the address?” Cthulhu said.

“No. What would be the point? We sit next to each other all day everyday. The only time we are apart is when I drop of the monitor to lounge in the sun, and you go and hide in the dark place behind the monitor to brood.”

“Yeah I know. I just want something to do. How did you get a ministry position? I didn’t know you where the religious type,” said Cthulhu.

“Well I’m a Jedi,” said Cat.

“That is not even a real religion,” Cthulhu said.

“Under some societies rules that would be discrimination, and I could kill you for that gross insult,” said Cat.

“But you are a Jedi so you can not. Also being a Jedi isn’t a real religion. Seriously name one practicing Jedi?”

“Obi-Wan Kenobi. Better known as Alec Guinness or Ewan McGregor after the healing ritual,” said Cat, bluntly and with utter conviction.

“Alec Guinness is dead and that is just conspiratorial nonsense,” Cthulhu said.

“But it makes sense doesn’t it?” said Cat.

“No it doesn’t. Anyway how did you get a ministry? Even if it is a real religion with thousands of practicing members. I don’t know of any organized temple structure on this planet,” Cthulhu said.

“The Universal Life Church in America. You can just sign up with them on their website. They don’t impose any doctrinal requirements either,” said Cat.

“Right. But you don’t even a lightsaber. I refuse to accept you as a Jedi if you do not have a lightsaber,” said Cthulhu.

Cat looked at Cthulhu through his one good eye. A tear formed in it.

“Current Earth science says that they are a physical impossibility. Even if they where possible, the technology just is not here yet,” said Cat, letting a little snuffle out at the end of each sentence.

“Bullsquid. I could make one with an old ballpoint pen, which the master would never notice has gone missing. Along some good great old fashioned world feared Cthulhu magic,” said Cthulhu.

“You could do that for me,” said Cat.

“Yeah in about five minutes. Look I may be skeptical of this Jedi thing. Mostly because it diverts worship away from me. But if that is what makes you happy and you don’t go discriminating against people. Which being a Jedi I doubt you’re going to be doing much of. I am happy to help you become a better Jedi,” Cthulhu said.

“Thank you Cthulhu. May the force be with you,” said Cat.

Five minutes later Cthulhu was in the dark place behind the monitor muttering insane gibberish. Green light flashed from the dark place. His voice changed and he shouted up to Cat, who was lounging in the sun on the windowsill contemplating the mysteries of the force.

“Cat, how are you going to use this lightsaber? You don’t even have hands,” said Cthulhu.

“Well I’m not going to use it silly. It is a purely ceremonial instrument,” said Cat, shouting back.

“That would be a good thing. I just turned it on and put a glowing green hole in the monitor,” said Cthulhu.

Horrors of Humans

“You manage to stay asleep during the night. No dreams, no nightmares just a good simple sleep. You awaken to find your self refreshed; although very hungry. Opening the

metal security door you smell bacon frying. It smells good. Really fresh. What are you going to do,” said Cthulhu.

Cat, Marvin and Boo sat thinking for a few moments. They looked at small sheets of paper in front of them.

“Well,” said Marvin the Paranoid Android, “I am going to go to the kitchen and investigate the source of this smell.”

“Me as well,” Cat said.

Boo squeaked in agreement.

“The door of the kitchen swings open and you find your self looking at the source of the smell,” Cthulhu said. “Can I have sanity checks please?”

Six dice rolled around the desk.

“I’m good,” said Cat.

Boo squeaked his success.

“I succeeded,” said Marvin.

“Good. The sight that greets you as you enter the kitchen is the frying body parts of the other health spa guests. Their body parts are cut up and placed in frying pans and deep fat fryers. Directly ahead of you is the severed head of one of the bellboys sitting in a frying pan. The base of the neck is one deep burn. The rest of the head is mostly uncooked and looking at you in horror. The flesh smells delicious, but you feel ill just thinking about the cannibalistic implications of enjoying the smell of fellow humans cooking,” Cthulhu explained.

“Cool,” said Cat.

“I have a problem with this,” said Marvin.

“Oh,” Cthulhu said.

“Well I’m not finding it scary. Or even revolting,” Marvin said.

“Yeah I am having a problem with that. I’ve often thought about throwing Master and his family into frying pans,” said Cat licking his lips.

“Oh. Well I guess what we have here is a problem of understanding,” Cthulhu said.

“Well how could I understand? I am made out of plastic, have the brain the size of a planet and am several centimeters tall. None of us actually need to consume food or water. Doubly so for me, since I am a mimic of a robot,” Marvin said.

“You could try. We are playing a role playing game,” Cthulhu said, a little hurt.

“I have been trying. But I’m just not having fun. Threaten me with having to spend eternity with a toaster running Infosys software and you will see my diodes shake with fear,” said Marvin.

“Who are Infosys?” Cthulhu asked.

“Never mind that. They obviously scare Marvin somewhat. You still went through the doors though. I mean the ones you know something bad is behind. My excuse is that I still do fear some things that humans do. So can kind of relate,” Cat said.

“Well I was following genre convention. I mean you always go through the door. The story would not go forwards if you did not go through the door.” Marvin said.

“Well I think we have exhausted this game by discussing how it works. Next time we play Call of Cthulhu I will try and make the threat something you can all relate to.

Although if you understand something it is very hard to fear it,” Cthulhu said, his voice croaking.

“That sounds bad,” said Cat.

“All this talking has given me a sore throat,” said Cthulhu.

“Well that is one of the hazards of this game,” Cat said.

“Luck for me I lack a voice box then,” Marvin said.

“But you also lack tone,” said Cat.

“Don’t remind me. I always sound like I am about to fall asleep,” Marvin said.

“It could be worse,” Cthulhu said.

“How?” Marvin said, curious.

“You could drive humans insane with just the smallest word,” said Cthulhu.

“Except you can’t do that Cthulhu. No human can hear you at the moment,” Cat said.

“Well then my image shall drive them insane,” Cthulhu declared.

“Insane with comfortable feelings as they fawn over your stuffed felt body,” said Cat.

“Oh yes. I had forgotten about that,” Cthulhu said.

{This is dedicated to the two girls who sat in my peripheral vision, in my two weekend games of Call of Cthulhu. You made looking for dead space to look into, so I could think actually impossible. Although not all together unpleasant.

They also played really really seriously well in both games.}}

Mane

“Cthulhu I think I am going to grow my mane out,” said Cat.

“Why would you do that? You’d not look like the fine one-eyed cat that makes you look perfectly in place in a witches home if you had a wild bushy mane,” Cthulhu said.

Cat shook his head.

“But I’m fed up of the witches cat look. Cats have these styles. You know wild style, tomcat style and witch style. I want to go for the wild style,” said Cat. Putting special emphasis on the words ‘wild style’.

“Whatever. I’ll never understand you cats,” said Cthulhu.

“Well don’t you great old ones have styles of your owe?” Cat said.

“Yeah, but we don’t have anything like that. We use beads made from the rings of mountains and things,” Cthulhu said.

“You wear jewelery,” said Cat.

“Yes I wear jewelry on occasion,” Cthulhu said.

“What occasions? Genocide of a particular interesting species. Or just you know meeting round the nearest black hole to discuss business and date blobs of goo,” Cat said.

“Got a problem with that?” Cthulhu said. The light in the room around the monitor started to turn green.

“No, no. No problem at all,” said Cat, withdrawing slightly.

The Death of Cthulhu

The chocolate colored horror slid into the room under the morning shadows cast by the half drawn curtains.

Charging across the room it paused at the base of a wooden chair and looked upwards in thought.

The horror was a cat, a very large cat. Built like a little leopard the chocolate horror jumped in its very clumsy manner onto the chair. From there it was onto the desk surface and its prize.

On top of the desk where a lot of papers and boxes for things. All in a clutter, piled high and discarded in an instant by an owner who clearly belonged elsewhere. But there was room for the chocolate horror to sit on this surface. If it sat carefully and hung its tail over the edge, it could sit quite comfortably watching its target.

On the old monitor Cthulhu sat sleeping. The cat was asleep also but looked more relaxed than Cthulhu and if the cat had been a real cat, it would have been purring.

The chocolate horror observed all this and thought it strange how beings that did not need to sleep, breath or eat could pretend to do at least one of those three things exceptionally well. But then being the chocolate horror his train of thought went back to the reason he had entered this quiet place.

The horror jumped up and placed a paw on the monitor. Moving its head into bite down on Cthulhu it did and without resistance. Jumping off the desktop the horror started to rip Cthulhu apart. Green felt and stuffing littered the murky green carpet. One of the eyes rolled gently under a pile of papers. But when it was done the horror left.

Cthulhu still slept and Cat was just awakening.

Morning and Mourning

Cat opened his eye. The room was clear of disturbance. Stretching out over the monitor Cat decided it was time to move to the sun. Moving gently Cat descended from the monitor. He stood in a bundle of brown fur. This was strange. He looked over the edge

onto the floor. Green felt, stuffing, a tentacle detected from the rest of the face.

Cthulhu was torn apart.

Cat screeched.

Marvin activated.

"Cthulhu appears to be torn apart," said Marvin.

"He is gone man! Just gone like that," Cat said, hysterics starting to take over.

"Don't worry," Marvin said, leaving a pause.

"Worry. Who said I am worrying? My best friend has just been torn to bits by something," said Cat, interrupting and looking at Marvin as if he was stupid.

Boo squeaked.

"What was that Boo? Thirty minutes until he is back," Cat said.

"Well if you would let me finish. According to my records Cthulhu should just come back in thirty minutes. If he is the real Cthulhu," said Marvin.

"Oh. If he is the real Cthulhu," said Cat, not fully convinced.

Thirty minutes of silence passed.

"He still isn't here," Cat said.

"It was always highly unlikely that he was the real Cthulhu. Any idiot could have told you that," Marvin said.

"So that means he is gone," said Cat.

"Yes - it would appear so," Marvin said.

Boo squeaked.

"Of course he might return home on resurrection as Boo suggested," said Marvin.

"Where would home be?" Cat said.

"Somewhere in the south pacific," Marvin said.

"Oh. Well I guess someone has to go get him back," Cat said.

Postage

The three toys sat in their places. They had seen the remains of Cthulhu taken away by the cleaning fairy. Nothing could be done.

"I think we need to speak to Master," Cat said.

Boo squeaked.

"How? Have you tried using a phone when you lack fingers?," Marvin said, breaking in with a touch of realism.

"I don't know," said Cat.

"Importantly Master does not know we are animated," said Marvin.

"I think he should know now," Cat said.

"Why? What good would it serve? Besides he is in a distant land. What can he do?" said Marvin.

"Because I don't know. Maybe he really liked Cthulhu. Wants him, it back. He can think of something. He is the Master," Cat said.

"You really have started to think like Cthulhu," said Marvin.

Boo started to get agitated. He squeaked lots.

"You are right Boo. We shouldn't fight," Cat said.

Boo squeaked.

"What's that Boo? One of us could get sent to Master as part of a care package," said Cat.

"I wonder how much the postage will cost?" Marvin said.

"Does it matter? Now help me get packaged and addressed," said Cat.

Stranger in a Strange Land

Cat heard the masters voice as he awoke from his week long slumber. It was distant and bad words came from his tongue. He sounded late for something important. The voices stopped and when Cat decided the cost was clear he started to think about how to escape from the box he had been posted in. Sitting curled in the darkness Cat thought. Finally when the time was right the answer became clear. The eldritch pen-saber burst into life and cut through the box. Cat swung the blade around haphazardly cutting through the

cardboard and brown paper with ease. Light flooded into Cats dormant eyes. He saw a strange landscape.

He was on a table coated with plastic designed to look like expensive wood. Three white boxes stood in one corner. A cooker and work-surface units on another side of the room. Cat jumped left the box and went to the edge of the table. A large double glazed window showed an industrial area with trees in the distance. One of the windows was broken in a web of three long cracks centered on top right corner of the window near the handle. Cat shook his head.

The drop from the table was high and the sun was shining nicely on the table. Cat felt the warm sun gently heat his stuffing up and he decided to rest.

Just then the door to the room opened. A figure with long hair and dressed in blue jeans and a black top walked in. Music pulsed from plastic around its ears. They threw a shoulder bag onto a sofa and walked over to one of the white boxes and put something inside of it. Turning it fixed its gaze on Cat, the box and the eldritch pen-saber.

“What the?,” he said as the door to the white box slammed shut.

“Master!” Cat said, running towards the figure.

Master

Cat looked at the master. He looked just like the pirate he had last seen the master. The black top had a skull and cross bone on it and the long ginger hair was unwashed and tangled.

- Arrgh! Cat said, in his best pirate voice.

Master took some steps forward towards the table removing the plastic ear coverings.

With his foot he kicked the door to the living area gently shut.

- Cat, why are you moving and here? Master asked, taking a seat to be at eye level with Cat.

- Because Cthulhu is dead. I mean that Kaos creature got him. He is gone. Marvin, me and Boo decided that we had to get him back some how. But we didn't know how. So I came here to ask you.

- So why are you moving? Master asked, quite confused about this point.

- I don't know, Cat answered truthfully. Why are you moving?

- Because I'm alive. Organic, made of flesh and bone. You are nylon and some kind of stuffing. Shouldn't be moving, The master answered after a short pause.

- Well I am those things. Moving as well. Guess I must be alive.

- So what do you want again?

- I need your help getting to where Cthulhu lives. We thought you might have the answer. Being, you know... The master.

- How am I meant to do that? That is like in the south pacific.

The building lift came to life in the distance and then a door in the distance slammed shut.

- Damn it. We can't talk now. Someone is coming. Said the master.

The master got up and picked his bag up.

- We'll have to go somewhere else to talk. I know just the spot.

The master unclasped the bag and opened the flap

- Get in. The master said.

- Don't want to, said Cat.

The master picked the Cat up by the scruff.

- Ow stop that! Cat said, kicking his tiny limbs about.

- Just shut up and get in. The master said putting Cat in his satchel bag.

The cat said something but it was muffled by the bag. Master put his headphones back on and left.

Twenty minutes later the master opened his bag, took Cat by the scruff again and placed him on his shoulder. They where standing at a fountain in the center of the city. It was made up of half a dozen smaller fountains moving, and squirting water all over the wide shallow rectangle that made the fountains pools.

- Open your eyes Victoria! Said the master.
- What? My name isn't Victoria.
- Anno. I was just referencing some music I've been listening to recently.
- Strange child, The Cat said. Why are we here?
- Because I like it here a lot. It's peaceful. Plus there is a comic shop underneath it.
- Well that explains everything, Cat said. So how am I going to get to Cthulhu?
- Don't know. A rocket of some sort maybe. I don't think Cthulhu has a postal address like Father Christmas does.
- Is that possible? I mean can you really build me a rocket to take me to Cthulhu?
- No. But Marvin is like you isn't he? The master asked.
- Yeah what about it?
- Brain the size of a planet. Well a tennis ball. He should be able to work out how. Even do all the sums and stuff.
- Ah good idea. One problem! How are we going to talk to him?
- Oh that is the easy bit. Master said taking out his mobile phone.
- How so?
- I'll just ring my brother.
- So what do you want to him talk about?

Rocket Power

The phone rang for a few seconds. Master stood next to the fountain. Master grew impatient.

"Hello. Who is it?" said the masters brother.

"It's me," the master said.

"Hey man. How are you?" said the brother.

"Good good. Look I have a really odd request. Leave your phone next to Marvin in my room. Still talking to me. Can you just do it for me? Don't ask why," said master.

"Ok. But will you let me start a new game on the Xbox Knights of the Old Republic?" masters brother said.

"Sure. Just put the phone next to Marvin in my room. Quickly this phone call is costing us both money," master said.

The line was silent for a moment.

"Do you really think your brother has put the phone there?" Cat said into masters ear.

"Sure. He knew how much I valued my save file on that game. Damn it! What did I agree?" said the master, biting his lip.

"You just got me one step closer to getting Cthulhu back," said Cat.

"Is it really worth it?" said the master.

"Yes!" said Cat.

"Who are you talking to?" said masters brother.

"No one. Is the phone there? Just leave it and leave the room" master said.

"O. Bye," said masters brother.

The masters brother put the phone down. Master heard the shake of the receiver in the cheap mobile phone against the shelf.

Master switched his phone to loudspeaker mode and held it closer to Cat on his shoulder.

"You can do the talking here," said master.

"Why me?" Cat said.

"Because you are going to have to learn to ask the right questions for that is required of in your future. I don't know. I'm not this omnipotent godhead you seem to think I am," master said.

"Oh sheesh whatever. Don't get in a tizzy. What do I ask?" said Cat.

"Ask Marvin for the cheapest, simplest rocket that will take you fifteen thousand kilometers," master said.

"Marvin are you there?" Cat said.

“Yes. I heard the question as well. Give me a few minutes and I’ll have some instructions for you so simple that even that weird person your with could follow,” Marvin said.

“Good,” said Cat.

“I’ll even tell him where to point the damn thing if he likes,” said Marvin.

“That would be great Marvin,” master said.

“Great Marvin. I’m tasked to perform a complex task of engineering and make it idiot proof. That is all the thanks I get. Oh well,” said Marvin.

A few days passed after the phone call. Everything was ready and the master was standing on a roof. Cat had been pushed into a tiny capsule on top of a precarious looking rocket. Master gently put the pen-saber next to Cat.

“You know it seems a waste of good vodka. But be careful,” master said, unwinding wire.

“Good vodka. You took a swig of it as we were fueling and you swore it was the worst you’d ever had,” said Cat.

“It is still vodka,” said master, attaching two wires to the base of the rocket.

“I guess,” said Cat.

Master shut the door of the capsule.

A muffled, “May the force be with you,” was attempted by Cat. But the master did not hear as he ran away from the rocket.

He hid behind a barbecue.

Holding one of the wires against the battery he started a count down.

“Oh whatever!,” said the master, as he pressed the second wire against the battery.

Nothing happened.

“Oh damn,” master said, he stood up and picked the lid of the barbecue up to act as a shield.

The rocket sat silent on its launch pad.

“Well I never thought elder magic existed before. So this isn’t much of a surprise,” master said.

Blue flames burned slowly at the bottom of the rocket. Chalk markings on the ground started to glow an eery yellow color.

The rocket disappeared. The smell of burning sulphur was left.

Next Door to the Mountains of Madness

Sun dogs above the horizon greeted Cat as he pushed the rocket door open. The snow in the surrounding area had been melted and then flash frozen a copper green. The rocket made of bent steel shaped like how everyone thinks a rocket should look. In the distance a mountain range rose from the ice higher than anything Cat had imagined possible. The Cat felt the cold in his stuffing and stepped out onto the ice.

He left the rocket behind as he walked towards the mountains. Lost and not knowing where he was. Cat was thinking of very bad things to say to Marvin. Who had clearly, being the super intelligent action figure android deliberately made a ‘mistake’ in his hyper mathematical magical calculations. Maybe the Cat thought, he could get the chocolate horror to savage Marvin. But then the Cat realised he would probably have to go in to the future and rely on Cthulhu to get him there. That would be worse and more risky than walking through the endless desert of ice. At least Cat thought, this was scenic.

Time became as the master would describe things odd. The mountains were closer now than Cat had thought possible to walk in twenty minutes. The rocket lost on the distant horizon still haunted Cat’s thoughts by emitting a horrible light that combined with the extra suns made Cat attempt to shiver his non-existent spine. Passing a group of giant Penguins the Cat stopped to ask for directions. But without a common language and the only common words shared being the phrase, ‘fish good’ this proved impossible. At the sight of several frozen hideous cylindrical bodies with wings and tentacles Cat paused. The mountains were no longer mountains but an immense wall. What lay beyond those maddening mountains Cat didn’t know. The sun had returned the land to darkness

the sun dogs gone with it. Cat looked back along the straight path he had walked from the landing site.

The light from the rocket had flared up. Cat took to the air. Everything was burning bright with white light. An alien city beyond the mountains there one moment and gone the next. Cat floated in a void of warmth. The light went and the dark cold returned. Cat stood still but still moved. The ground rocked slightly. Waves it appeared.

“Well that is just great. I can’t swim,” Cat said.

Those Coordinates

The iceberg was getting smaller by the hour. Cat had started to suffer water damage from standing on the melting ice. Feeling cold because he should and miserable because he was Cat floated over the Pacific randomly, carried by the waves. Cat did not know how long he had been afloat on the diminishing prison of ice. He had spent as much time as possible sleeping, dreaming of the fish that swarmed around the ice burg on occasion. When Cat opened his eyes the sun was always in the same place or it was gone. The iceberg hit something and everything stopped.

A single hideous monolith-crowned citadel pierced the water.

Cat opened his eyes and looked upon the wave smoothed stone of the citadel.

The monoliths twisted alien gargoyles were partly eroded by the constant waves and partly eaten away by vegetation and mold.

Cat stepped from the iceberg onto a platform level with him on the citadel. An opening in the wall allowed Cat to slip through into the darkness of the structure.

“Cthulhu, are you there?” Cat said, shouting and mewing for his lost friend.

Reality changed and a spiral staircase appeared where Cat thought there had been nothing ahead of him.

At the bottom, deep below the water level it seemed something woke.

“Cthulhu is that you?”

Cat put a paw on the step. Water ran from his skin and beans.

“Cthulhu, I’m scared!”

The Common Sense of Cthulhu

Cat gulped. It did not serve any real purpose since Cat did not need to breath. It only served to make Cat feel better. Cat did not know how long he struggled to make his way down the steps but he struggled down each of the steps. The stairway clearly not designed for a small toy cat made of artificial fibers and materials descended deep below the surface of the sea. The steps were smooth, well trodden and dry. The monolith that Cat was descending was something long forgotten, missed by science. In the depths of the alien citadel Cat came to a chamber bigger then his mind could comprehend.

Everything faded.

Cthulhu, the plush green Cthulhu that Cat had seen weeks ago torn apart by the chocolate horror sat next to Cat.

They where sitting on the top of the citadel high above the Pacific ocean. Its waves lapped against the ancient smooth monolith. The sun sat low on the horizon.

As Cat came around from his broken state he saw Cthulhu, the sun and the endless waters around him.

“How did you get there?” Said Cat.

“Do you really want to know? You passed out last time,” Cthulhu said back.

“Yes,” Cat said.

“Well okay. But this is the last time,” Cthulhu said.

Cthulhu explained everything to Cat. Who didn’t faint and forget this time from the shock.

“Oh. So it is like that is it?” Cat said.

“Yeah. I guess it is. Say how do we get home from here?” said Cthulhu.

Survival

Cat on top of the monitor. Cthulhu sat next to him.

“Cat,” said Cthulhu, “what do you need to survive?”

Cat looked out over the messy book infested room that lay before him and thought for a short while.

“Well given that I am a walking environmental disaster. Not really going to degrade or rot are we. We don’t need air or food. Damn that means I can’t say fish,” Cat said.

“Well let us assume that the basic stuff has been met. Not that our basic requirements are that high. What do you really need to survive? The thing in your life that adds that certain special something to life,” said Cthulhu.

“Why have you come over all philosophical?” Cat asked.

“Don’t know just have. Well what is it?” said Cthulhu.

“Well I guess the hope that one day through accident, luck or misadventure; the hope that one day, I will finally get to taste the salmon that I crave,” Cat said.

“Oh good call,” said Cthulhu.

“Well what do you need to survive?” Cat said.

“Souls of course,” Cthulhu said, without pause.

“Souls,” said Cat, “you keep mentioning this. What do you mean?”

“I mean real human souls. That master should be bringing me. Although with his present geographic position he is forgiven for not bringing me any,” said Cthulhu.

“Do I want to know what you want human souls for?” Cat said.

“To power my eldritch magic supply,” Cthulhu said.

“Really?” said Cat.

“No! Of course not. I just say it because it sounds cool,” Cthulhu said.

“Right. So what do you really need?” said Cat.

Cthulhu shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know. The occasional horror film maybe. I do have the urge to watch The Exorcist.”

Pirates of Neo-Tokyo

“Arrgh,” said Cthulhu.

“Arrrrgh,” Cat said.

“Oh no. Not again,” Marvin said, looking down on Cat and Cthulhu from his shelf.

Cat had an eye patch covering his bad eye. Cthulhu had a white bandanna on his head. It had red polka dots on and Cthulhu was quite enamoured with it.

The two were sitting in front of the keyboard that sat in front of the large monitor.

“It be time for our new favorite show Cat,” said Cthulhu.

“That it be second mate Cthulhu,” said Cat, pushing his paw down on the keyboard to start the video playing.

“Hey I’m the captain today!” Cthulhu said, looking annoyed.

“Arrgh but I be a mutineering sea dog. Cat. Sea cat,” said Cat.

“Not this again. Please,” said Marvin, a look of even more despair some how came from the plastic action figure.

“Aye aye Marvin,” Cat said.

The theme tune to the TV show started playing through a pair of expensive looking blue headphones placed next to the keyboard.

“Woo space pirates of neo-Tokyo!” Cthulhu said, as he started to bop along to the theme music.

“Please stop it Cthulhu. You are only embarrassing me. Not that you care if I get embarrassed,” said Marvin.

“How do they do all those crazy things around the rigging of the ship with long hair? Surely it would get caught in the ropes and really hurt,” said Cthulhu.

“I don’t know. It is an animé normal rules of reality get left at the door and beaten up by card game addicted school kids,” said Cat.

“Well I guess. But why is everything called Neo-Tokyo or Megatokyo?” Cthulhu said.

“Because it implies something more fantastic than the current present day Tokyo. Which for residents must get quite mundane. Especially if you get stuck in traffic and have to deal with gawping westerners everyday,” said Cat.

“But the Tokyo in this show is fantastic. It is on a moon of Saturn. Is full of pirates who sail spaceships that look like eighteenth century sailing ships and have cannons,” Cthulhu said.

“What did I say earlier? Reality gets left at the door and only cool and awesome is allowed in,” said Cat.

“Then why are they singing about instant noodles?” Cthulhu said.

Take it to Twenty Three!

The speakers in the masters room came to life for the first time in months. The warm hiss of static grew steadily louder as Cthulhu turned the volume control round.

“Higher higher,” Cat said, a manic look crossed his face.

“I’m trying as hard as I can,” said Cthulhu. The hiss vibrated every molecule of air in the room.

“Are you ready for me to press play?” Cat said, sitting at the computer his paw resting on the mouse.

“Yes. Just let me retreat to a safe distance. The rings of Saturn maybe,” Cthulhu said.

Cat pushed himself against the mouse to move the cursor on the screen. Putting all his weight down on the button all Cat managed to say before the volume of the music engulfed him was, “Ha ha very...”

The rhythmic pulsing of down turned guitars throbbed.

Drums played a simple rhythm in some distant background lost in the depths of pulsing guitars.

This went on for some minutes. The lyrics started, a man depressed or filled with endless grief sang, “And all the stones I’ve thrown they come back twice as strong.”

The music stopped eventually. Time had come broken in the middle of the song. Ten minutes had been made to feel like ten thousand years.

“Wow,” Cat said.

“I think I know how Marvin feels,” said Cthulhu.

“No you don’t. That song failed to even come a billion light years from how I feel. If anything it made me feel worse,” said Marvin the Paranoid Android, looking slightly more unhappy than he usually did.

“Oh well. I enjoyed it anyway,” Cat said.

“Well I enjoyed it. But, well I hate to say this. But can I listen to some B*witched now?” said Cthulhu.

All Alone

Cat was awakened by noise. Opening his eye he looked across the bed room. Light from the landing flooded through the crack.

“Marvin. Are you awake?” Cat said, tired and confused.

“Yes. I am always awake. Why would I need to sleep?” said Marvin.

“Well I don’t know. It is too early for that kind of discussion. I was just going to ask what time it is,” Cat said.

“Three PM on Friday first of June. But I’m not the speaking clock. Just more accurate and less cheerful. So don’t ask me,” said Marvin.

“Thanks,” said Cat. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

When Cat next woke up the room was full of light.

“Bit quiet isn’t it?” Cthulhu said, climbing up on to the monitor.

“Yeah, I thought the boy would have woken me up with his stupid alarm clock,” said Cat.

“Oh! Does that matter? Aren’t you going to ask me what I’ve been doing?” said Cthulhu.

“It does matter. That was the first decent nights sleep I have had for a while. I dreamt of tuna,” Cat said.

“Well I was organising a party for tonight,” Cthulhu said, a proud look spread across his tentacles and beamed from his eyes.

Cat stopped to think for a moment. Partly to wake up a bit more. So as to better digest what Cthulhu had just said.

“A party,” said Cat.

“Yes. A party. With friends, drinks and music,” Cthulhu said.

“But you have none of them,” said Cat.

“I have friends,” Cthulhu said, taken back.

“Us,” said Cat. “Not that I’m not happy to have you as a friend but four people at a party is pretty poor.”

“Well I was inviting other beings,” said Cthulhu.

“Who?” Cat asked, dreading the answer.

“Just some friends from work: Dagon, Hastur, Yog-Sothoth. You know know the beings,” Cthulhu said.

“Masters masters are going to go crazy if they find out,” said Cat.

“They won’t find out,” Cthulhu said, a canny look in his tentacles.

“Why? Please say this isn’t a stupid answer,” Cat said.

“It isn’t. They just left at stupid time this morning for somewhere,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh. That explains me being woken up,” Cat said.

“No. That was Marvin wanting to talk to someone. He told me this morning after he woke me up,” said Cthulhu.

“But the point is. We are all alone. Well I’m off to watch the big TV downstairs and House,” Cat said.

Fnord

The denizens of the monitor watched TV. The news had started. Something about stair lifts malfunctioning was being said. The screen flickered for a single frame. The word fnord flashed on the screen for the duration of the frame.

“Whoa,” Cthulhu shouted.

“What? What is it now?” Cat said.

“Did you see that?” Said Cthulhu.

“See what? Are you just saying something to get attention,” said Cat.

“No. I saw something. A single frame, the word fnord all over it. Now I can’t stop seeing it in all this news,” Cthulhu said.

“What?” Cat said.

“Fnord Cat. I said Fnord,” Cthulhu said, as slow as he could.

“Still don’t here what you are trying to say,” said Cat.

“Hang on. I’m starting to get the hang of this Internet thing,” Cthulhu said, as he started to climb down from the monitor to the computers keyboard.

The computer went from off to on and the screen burst into life. Numbers and letters scrolls up and off the screen.

“How did you do that? I thought you could not use computers,” said Cat.

“Well I can learn,” Cthulhu said. “I’m not stupid. Just special.”

“Special you certainly are,” Cat said.

“Shush,” said Cthulhu, as he used eldritch magic to use the computer.

Cat waited patiently waiting to be proved right. This had happened before and Cthulhu had been wrong.

He didn’t know what he was going to be right about. But he would be right. Which is all that mattered.

“Look I don’t know how to explain this to you. The Internet has not helped. It might be because I’m well me that I can see this,” Cthulhu said, starting to explain.

“Your world has this mind control thing going on. A phrase if you like. One designed to tap into human minds and make them uncomfortable. I don’t know why it appears to affect you.”

“Shut up. You are crazy,” said Cat.

“Fnord,” Cthulhu shouted at Cat.

Cat felt uneasy.

“I didn’t hear anything but I thought you said something,” Cat said.

“Fnord,” said Cthulhu.

“Stop it,” said Cat.

“Fnord,” said Cthulhu, who was really enjoying this.

“Fnord,” Cat said, who had finally caught on to the word.

Cthulhu felt annoyed.

“Doesn’t work on me. Different psychology here. Totally alien,” said Cthulhu.

“Damn,” said Cat.

Land Diving

The coffee cup of doom rested on the desk next to the mouse. Bigger than Cthulhu’s plush form and bright orange it had lain on the tabletop for weeks. Half filled with coffee it now supported a complex ecosystem of bacteria. Cthulhu sat next to the mug chanting. The bacteria had become intelligent enough to find god and they had found it in Cthulhu.

For intelligent bacteria, Cat would point out after they had been washed away down the kitchen sink; in a flood called, ‘the great cleaning’ by the survivors. They were not very intelligent if they decided to worship Cthulhu.

Light shone above the mug forming a brown and less brown image. Some strange effect that the bacteria could cause due to the influence of Cthulhu’s magic. Or more likely Cat thought the coffee being really strong.

The image was of master. He stood on the edge of a very large concrete object designed to hold water in one place. Or as Cat called it, a dam.

“What is he doing?” Cthulhu said.

“A bungee jump,” said Cat.

“No. What is he doing?” said Cthulhu. “Not what is the activity called.”

“Jumping from that dam while attached to a very long, and strong elastic band,” Cat said.

“Why?”

“Because it is perfectly safe. Yet still has a very large element of fear,” said Cat.

“Or because it will look good in his biography,” Cthulhu said.

“Well that. But lots of people have done this. This ain’t special,” said Cat.

“True. Humans are a weird lot. So I won’t try and understand. Besides I can think of harder and braver things to do,” Cthulhu said.

“Like what?” Cat said.

“Asking a girl out,” said Cthulhu.

Just Super

Cthulhu had acquired a red cape. It was not a very long.

Coming down to the middle of his stubby legs it looked very silly. But Cthulhu looked proud. He wore goggles which rested on top of his bulbous head.

“I am Blog-o,” said Cthulhu, standing as tall as he could on top of the monitor.

Cat opened his eye.

“And I am laughing on the inside and the outside,” Cat said, laughing, before going back to sleep.

“Well you will never understand what it is like to be a superhero,” Cthulhu said, waking Cat up. “You are just a mundane little cat who is missing an eye.”

“Jedi cat,” said Cat.

“Well that doesn’t make you a superhero,” Cthulhu said.

“Does make me a hero though. Not a very good or efficient one. But a hero none the less,” said Cat.

“Well I’m based on Cory Doctorow. Who in the future will be remembered as king of the bloggers,” Cthulhu said.

“Where is your high altitude balloon?”

“Oh Boo is just filling her up with hot air,” said Cthulhu.

“Yours I gather,” Cat said.

Cthulhu looked at Cat.

“You’ll soon learn what Blog-o can do,” he said.

“Look like a prat and float about the room in a leaky balloon rather quickly loosing

altitude. Besides what is Blog-o man going to do? Stop flame wars and bring peace to the blogosphere,” said Cat.

“Well no! In fact I shall float magnificently high into the sky, stopping flame wars and bring peace to the blogosphere from the edge of space,” Cthulhu said.

“Right. Okay. Aside from that fact you sound like a really geeky superman who stole his costume from Cory Doctorow. Why are you doing this?” Cat said.

“Donno something to do. Got to keep busy haven’t you?” said Cthulhu.

Tea

“Time for a spot of tea I think,” Cat said, standing up on his back legs and pushing his seat away.

“I do say so,” said Cthulhu, removing his top hat.

The two creatures sat in white wrought iron chairs outside in the sun on the patio of a grand old house.

“Oh tea fairy,” said Cat, said in a polite raised voice to a small fairy who glowed orange over the table next to the duo.

“Coming,” said a shrill voice.

In a matter of moments the ball of light that enclosed the delicate figure of the waitress came to the table.

“What will you two fine gentlebeings be drinking this afternoon?”

Cat thought for a moment. He stroked his chin with his right paw.

“I think young lady. I’ll have the green tea,” Cat said.

“One green tea sir,” the fairy said, as a cup and teapot appeared on the table quite suddenly.

“I’ll have the rooibos tea. If you have any,” said Cthulhu.

The fairy paused for a moment.

“Yes we have all teas here at the Tea Shop Out of Time,” the fairy said.

The tea appeared in a cup along with a teapot. The red liquid steamed and its spicy aroma spread.

“Oh that does smell lovely,” Cthulhu said.

“Yes it does old chap,” said Cat.

“Do either of you care for any light refreshments? I can summon up the house special,” the tea fairy said.

“Oh that would be great. Don’t you think Cthulhu?” Cat said, who smiled, because he had read the blackboard which said what the house special was.

“That would be so kind of you,” Cthulhu said, who took his pocket watch from his waistcoat “But do we really have time before the train to Pluto?”

“Oh I’m sure we do. Two house specials please,” Cat said, to the tea fairy.

A plate glowed into existence on the table.

The plate had lots of small tuna sandwiches without the crusts on it.

“Oh excellent,” Cthulhu said.

“Even if we do not have time. We can make time for tuna,” Cat said.

“You are so right,” said Cthulhu, who sipped his tea.

The One Where Cthulhu Eats A Muffin

Cat was curled up on a sofa in the ‘Philip’s Filter’ coffee shop. His eye was open and he was looking at a large bowl of creamy coffee purring.

The bell on the door rang and Cthulhu walked in. He went to the counter and mumbled something to the barista before moving to the sofa.

“Well budge up,” Cthulhu said.

Cat shuffled, “Do I have to?”

“Yes,” said Cthulhu.

Cat slowly sat upright.

“Well I guess my coffee will be cool enough now,” said Cat.

“You put milk in your coffee. I thought you had better taste,” Cthulhu said.

“It isn’t milk. It’s cream,” said Cat.

“Same difference,” Cthulhu said. “Have you tried the Muffins today?”

“No,” said Cat who started to lap up coffee from the bowl.

“You might like them. Instead of fruit they have people in,” Cthulhu said.

“Nah I don’t eat Human. They wriggle too much,” said Cat.

“Well they are dead people. I mean the oven killed them. If not the food processor,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh. Well then what is the point?” said Cat.

“People taste nice,” Cthulhu said, blankly.

“Tuna tastes better,” Cat said, just as a plate carrying a can of tuna with a garnish of a lettuce arrived.

“Maybe. But people aren’t endangered,” said Cthulhu.

“Lettuce isn’t either but I’m not eating it,” said Cat, pushing the lettuce off the plate.

“But lettuce just isn’t fun,” said Cthulhu, just as his muffin arrived screaming in pain.

“Hey there are live ones in that muffin,” Cat said.

“I asked for some fresh people to be shoved in,” said Cthulhu.

The bell on the door rang and Marvin walked in.

He walked to the sofa in the center of the cafe.

“I’m so depressed,” Marvin said.

The bell rang again as Boo flew in on his strap on wings.

Boo squeaked.

“What is that Boo?” Cat said.

Boo squeaked again.

“Timmy fell down a well and is drowning in freezing cold water,” said Cat.

Boo squeaked some more.

“Let me finish my coffee and tuna. If Timmy can survive that long we’ll go throw rocks at him,” said Cat.

“What did Timmy ever do to you Cat?” Cthulhu said.

“Stroke my back the wrong way,” said Cat, with an annoyed look in his eye.

“Well that explains everything. Just leaving him there to drown while you drink your coffee. I’m ashamed to be your friend,” Cthulhu said.

“Why don’t you go save Timmy?” Said Cat.

“Because my coffee will go cold. And I want to eat these humans while they still wriggle,” Cthulhu said.

Boo squeaked, something about them being useless.

The Secret

“I know the secret that master has been looking for,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh Cthulhu have you been buying DVDs from the back of the newspaper again?” Cat said.

“No. I just know the secret,” said Cthulhu.

“Well I know lots of different secrets. Can you elaborate?” Cat said.

“Well you know. The secret. The holy grail of wisdom. How to get the girl,” said Cthulhu.

“That isn’t a secret,” said Cat. “That is just a matter of self confidence and proper grooming.”

“No this goes deeper then that. Much deeper,” Cthulhu said.

“Oh? Well I suppose actually trying to get a girl that likes you helps,” said Cat.

“No deeper then that. This is eldritch knowledge I’m talking about. I just remembered it,” said Cthulhu.

“Well I think you should try and tell Master. You do owe him quite a bit,” Cat said.

“I owe him nothing. Besides how do I communicate this secret to him?” Said Cthulhu.

“Well you could just write him an email,” Cat said.

“Email isn’t how I like to distribute eldritch secrets. You never know who might read it,” said Cthulhu.

"I'll try and tell him in his dreams. I just hope he doesn't misinterpret them as something else," Cthulhu said.

"Oh okay you do that," Cat said.

"What was that other secret?" Cthulhu asked.

"Oh just this crazy theory about if you believe in something hard enough it'll happen. Been sold on DVD out of the backs of newspapers," Cat said.

"Well that is kind of dumb. I mean no one wishes misfortune on themselves. I wish it on them!" Cthulhu said.

"Well I guess there is some kind of correlation between people who are successful and healthy and how they see themselves. But to draw the conclusion that they are successful because of self belief is preposterous," Cat said.

"That is a silly belief. But what you just said earlier about getting the girl," Cthulhu said.

"Well that is different," said Cat.

"It always is when you say something is true," said Cthulhu.

"Well it isn't the only factor involved tentacle face," Cat said, getting defensive.

"Okay okay. I won't push it. Besides I know for certain that all the people promoting that theory are going to make a nice pre-dinner platter for some great old one. How else do you think it would get published?" Said Cthulhu.

"Well people are quite stupid," Cat said.

{{Some commentry on the insperation for this. A Mekka Blue strip (this one) gave me the idea. It is a secret I'd understandably quite like to know. Not the silly movie one which as I practice the clown code here I won't link to. But the girl one of course. I was speaking with Magnus (the guy in the comic) and just got the idea. This means I can go to bed at a maybe sensible time. :P}}

The Book of All Names

Cthulhu sat behind the monitor chanting.

"What are you reading Cthulhu?" Asked Cat. "Anything good?"

"Oh just something I found crumpled on a bit of paper back here. So far so dull," Cthulhu said.

"Oh what is it about?" Cat said.

"Just something about opening a portal to the forth world, break the forth wall in space, end of the multiverse, names of all the things. The usual," Cthulhu shouted up to Cat, from his dark place.

Marvin the Paranoid Android woke up.

"You know you are pronouncing that wrong," said Marvin.

"Am I?" Cthulhu said.

"Yes. Let me say it," Marvin said.

"No you idiot robot. His dyslexia is all that keeps the multiverse here," said Cat, hissing, his fur spiking up in fear.

It was too late. Marvin had started the chant.

A peace light surrounded Marvin.

"Oh it is worse then I thought. The end of all things is badly designed," Said Marvin as designed by Apple Inc.

Marvin was standing on the stone floor.

Cat was standing on his toes, fur upright and drool coming from his mouth.

Cthulhu sat looked around the massive hall.

They were on a bridge the the midst of an infinitely deep stone gorge. In each brick a face. Screaming out insane half truths.

"You know this could be a lot scarier," Cthulhu said.

"How? You made the whole universe disappear. How could it get any scarier?" Said Cat, trembling, a moment away from breaking down.

Cthulhu made things scarier. The voices in the bricks started to scream out, "Tuna is gone."

Cat broke. He jumped at Cthulhu's claws out and his fangs stretched wide ready to bite.

Landing on Cthulhu. Cthulhu was pushed back. A leg stepped over the edge of the bridge. Cat clawed and bit at Cthulhu without awareness of the situation. Cthulhu fell backwards and Cat hung on.

"Well now you've done it," Marvin said. "Leaving me here with just some screaming bricks for all eternity. Well I guess I could see where this bridge goes."

Marvin walked forwards across the bridge. Soon he came across a giant skeletal hand embedded into a plinth of human skulls. Inside the hand's grasp a small book bound in flesh lay untouched. In purple the cover the title, 'Book of All Names' was handwritten. The hand released its grip when Marvin approached.

Taking the book Marvin read it. This for an android with hands quite the wrong shape for reading ancient books of forbidden knowledge took longer than Marvin expected.

It was a book of baby names.

"Cthulhu undid all of the multiverse just for that. I hope the master is happy. You had better complain," Marvin said.

The Gynoid and the Android

There was a lack of universe around Marvin.

All that existed was screaming stones and a book of baby names.

Marvin had experienced something like this before and decided to wait until something interesting happened.

He powered down.

In front of Marvin was another robot. A female robot. She stood taller than Marvin and her body was designed in the nineteen twenties. All bronze and abstracted features. She tapped Marvin on the head.

"Wake up sleepy head," she said.

Marvin's eyes lit green.

"What is it?" Marvin said.

"Nothing much. My stupid friends. Well if you can call them that destroyed my universe and I ended up here. Thought you could use the company," she said.

"Oh. Mine did that too. Small super-reality isn't it?" Marvin said.

"I'm Maria," said Maria, extending her arm out to Marvin.

"Marvin," he said, taking Maria's hand in a nervous gesture.

"Pleased to meet you," Maria said.

Marvin said nothing.

"Are you going to say anything?" Maria asked.

"No. No one normally expects me to say anything. At least something they'll understand," Marvin said.

"Well I could try and understand if you said something," said Maria.

"Earlier today. Not that the concept of days has meaning now I am no longer on a body in space, rotating around a star. Earlier in some period of specific time I worked out exactly how to recreate the super-reality. I think it will involve some unusual behaviour on my part," Marvin said.

"Oh well I do not understand that. See I was built just to impersonate someone. Then someone else. It is all rather confusing really," said Maria.

"Built to do menial work on a space ship so fantastic and elegant in design and construction it was named the Heart of Gold. Also given a brain the size of a planet," said Marvin.

"Well I see we both have issues with how we are presently," Maria said.

"We do," Marvin said.

The android and the gynoid talked.

They told each other everything they knew.

Marvin felt happy.

Maria felt like she had found herself.

She called herself Brigitte.

“But our issues are gone now. You can rebuild the whatever you called it. The super-reality to how you want it,” Maria Brigitte.

“I can’t,” Marvin said.

“Why not?” Asked Brigitte.

“It would be unwise. You have your friends to see again. Reality to get back to,” said Marvin. “I have mine.”

“But,” Brigitte said.

“I want to be with you. Really. You are understanding and care. But,” Marvin said.

“But what?” Brigitte said.

“I think I just put the super-reality together again by saying that,” said Marvin.

“Marvin I,” said Maria, as the super-reality restored itself.

Cthulhu was sitting behind the monitor reading from a scrap of paper.

“Oh what is it about?” Cat said.

“Just something about opening a portal to the forth world, break the forth wall in space, end of the multiverse, names of all the things. The usual,” Cthulhu shouted up to Cat, from his dark place.

Marvin woke up. Fireworks

The chocolate horror ran into the room and darted under the bed.

Cthulhu looked at Cat who was spread across the top of the monitor.

“What has gotten into that cat?” Cthulhu said.

Cat, who knew what was about to happen covered his ears with his paws.

A high pitch squeal filled the room. The thick blue curtains stopped none of the pink light flash momentarily into the room.

There was a banging which made the window shake and Cthulhu jump.

“That is what has gotten into that cat,” Cat said, just as another rocket raced into the sky and exploded outside the window.

“What was that?” Shouted Cthulhu.

“That cat is scared of loud noises,” Cat said, shouting back at Cthulhu who had now covered his ears.

“Why would they be making this horrible din?” Cthulhu said.

“I don’t know. But it is coming from the field across the road. Why don’t we take a look?” Said Cat.

“Are you crazy? We could get hurt really badly. Or worse discovered!” Cthulhu said.

“Are you are great old one or a great wussy one?” Said Cat.

“A great old one,” Cthulhu said, starting to glow a supernatural green.

“Well then. Beam us across the road Scottie,” said Cat.

Cat and Cthulhu disappeared from the monitor.

The hazel eyes of the chocolate horror could not hide the terror of the fireworks or the sight of disappearing stuffed toys.

The chocolate horror decided to try to sleep until everything was back to normal.

That it decided would be a very good idea.

Cat and Cthulhu sat on a low rock outcrop. In the distance in the middle of a football pitch. A large bonfire was burning. A man made of wood stood inside it. The fires ran up the mans legs and body. Screams of joy and pain came from the area of the bonfire. Another large rocket took to the sky.

A crowd of people danced as silhouettes around the fire. The firework exploded in a bright white flash. Illuminating symbols of wealth and poverty adorning the revellers.

“What on this Earth have we entered into Cthulhu?” Cat said.

“Cultists, Cat. We have found some cultists. My kind of people,” said Cthulhu.

Cultists

“Your kind of people,” said Cat.

“Yeah my kind of people. You know mailable and adaptable types,” Cthulhu said.

“The kind of people who build large fires in the middle of public property and put

people inside burning wooden shells,” said Cat, observing the scene in front of them.
“Well of course. Good cultists tend to be a bit violent and stupid,” said Cthulhu.
A rocket landed at the bottom of the rocky outcrop and exploded. Cthulhu flew backwards into a tree and groaned.
Cat laughed. “I like these cultists already.”
“Right,” said Cthulhu. “Time to get great old on them. Show them who to worship.”
“Who are they worshipping?” Asked Cat.
“I don’t know. Don’t care. Not me,” said Cthulhu. “That has to change now.”
Cthulhu started to grow. First to the size of a tree. Then larger. The low clouds touched the top of Cthulhu’s head.
The noise from the bonfire stopped. Apart from the screams of pain. The crowd of humans turned towards Cthulhu who covered several of the farmers fields that neighbored the playing fields.
“Oh God,” one of the cultists screamed, before passing out.
Other cultists burst into insane cries. One or two jumped in the bonfire.
Cat sat on the rock below Cthulhu and purred.
“So this is what the end of all things will be like,” said Cat, to himself.
“Bow before me puny mortals,” said Cthulhu, in a alien language that sounded like gravel being shaken.
“Oi Cthulhu. Speak English. They won’t understand you. I don’t understand you,” said Cat, shouting towards the enlarged plush Cthulhu.
“Oh sorry. I forgot and got all dramatic,” Cthulhu said, in English.
Cthulhu took a step forwards. His foot stepped onto the bonfire.
“Don’t do that you flammable idiot,” said Cat, shouting at Cthulhu.
“Too late,” Cthulhu said, as the fire caught quickly and ran up his right leg.
Aquaphobia
Cat peered deep into a wine glass. The wine glass had a base of deep red power and stained red sides.
“Is that the same glass as before?” Cthulhu said.
“Yeah, the master drank the wine months back. But the glass was left here. Cleaning fairy hasn’t noticed it yet,” said Cat, without looking up from the glass.
The room smelt of stale wine.
“How could she not notice that smell?” Asked Cthulhu.
“Selective sense of realty. Don’t know really. Just doesn’t smell it or see the glass there. Just guessing. Now let me concentrate,” said Cat, quite annoyed at the interruption.
“Oh okay,” said Cthulhu, as gently as he could.
“Quiet you annoying thing from beyond the stars. Something is happening,” said Cat, screeching in anger as a hazy rouge vapor formed in the glass.
The master was in trouble. Trapped in water. Head kept above water by an overly buoyant life vest. Master spat brown water from his mouth. He swore and a look of panic covered his face. The master kept disappearing under the water. An arm always above the water kept hold of a plastic boat. The master hit something and cursed in pain. Then carried on downriver looking even more annoyed.
“I don’t think the master looks very happy there,” said Cthulhu.
“That is what they call in the business an understatement. Not look happy. He looks about to freak out,” Cat said.
“How can you tell that?” Cthulhu queried.
“Well I think in matters like this Master is more like me then you,” said Cat.
“How? Scared of getting a bit wet!” Cthulhu said, mocking cat.
“Well not so much scared of getting a bit wet. But of drowning, being cold, alone and out of control in a substance which while really quite important. Well phobias are irrational things,” said Cat, trying to explain but falling short.
“Nope don’t think I understand,” said Cthulhu.

“Do you think he does?” Cat said, just as the vapors in the wine glass disappeared.
“Well that was fun,” said Cthulhu. “I know what dreams to send Master now to freak him out.”

BBQ of the Gods

Dionysus tripped over the frame of the French window into the garden. Stumbling into the garden he made a complex series of moves with his feet to balance himself. The large goblet of wine he carried in his hand spilled a tiny bit.

“Hey Dennis,” shouted Cthulhu, who was sitting on a stool next to a BBQ.

“Don’t call me that,” said Dionysus, slurring his speech.

“Don’t worry man about what we call you. Just drink more wine,” said Cthulhu, turning over a slab of meat with a pair of metal tongues.

Dionysus glugged more of the wine down. “Why would I worry octopus face. I’ve got my wine. I’ve got my nymphs. I’m wearing my best leopard skin toga. It’s all good,” said Dionysus, announcing his joy to the assembled crowd.

Cat sat in the long grass under the magnolia tree napping. Eris walked up to Cat. She had an expression of foul anger on her face. She carried a golden apple in one hand.

“What kind of joke do you call this?” she shouted at Cat.

Cat opened his eye and yawned. “What joke?”

Eris dropped the apple at Cat’s paws.

“It’s an apple. A golden apple! What in the heck are you trying to insinuate?” Shouted Eris.

The other guests at the BBQ started to turn.

“Oh not this again,” one of the guests said.

“I don’t know anything about this Eris,” Cat said, truthfully, giving his best attempt at cute he could.

“Really? I don’t think I should believe you. But I really want to,” said Eris, quite taken with Cat’s pathetic attempt at cute.

Marvin was standing next to the bins behind the garage. He looked at Cthulhu sitting ten meters away next to the french window.

Marvin lifted the lid of the bin as Prometheus walked over towards Marvin.

“It is a pleasure to serve,” Marvin said, as Prometheus poured the contents of his plate into the pin.

“Never a pleasure to serve man,” Prometheus said, turning around to leave the BBQ.

The Master Dies

It was afternoon in the Master’s room when a ghost with blue edges appeared.

It had long red hair down past it’s shoulders. The ghost wore a pair of sporty looking short trousers and hiking boots.

Cat who had been performing his after lunch meditation, just before his fifth nap of the day.

“Master are you back?” Asked Cat.

“Not as such,” said Master, keeping his voice low.

“So why are you standing here?”

Master waved his hand through the bed.

“Ah dead,” said Cat.

“Yep,” Master said.

“How?”

“I had a little accident and fell,” said Master.

“Fell from what?”

“A mountain! Definitely an interesting experience. Oh well life goes on. Well it doesn’t. But ah well whatever. Good way to die. Hurt quite a bit though at first,” said Master.

“You do know you’re a force ghost. I didn’t know you had Jedi powers,” Cat said.

“Well that is the thing. I don’t have any!”

Cat paused to think. The ghost of Master crouched down on the floor and started to look

through piles of books that had been scattered there.

"I'm not sure that you are dead," said Cat.

"Oh. That would be news to me. I thought falling lots of meters and landing on spiky rocks would definitely do about a plus million deadly damage to me," the Master said.

"Well it does. But I have you tried doing anything to your physical body? I believe you might have some control over the physical world."

"Well I stood for a few minutes over the corpse as my friends checked to see if I was dead. Then burst into hysterics," Master said. "Why do I feel so calm?"

"Nature of the force," said Cat. "You've accepted your current state of existence because you can have no objective other state of existence. There is some advanced Jedi philosophy in there to explain. But that is the basic point."

"Oh! So how do I get back to my body and what kind of things can I do to it?" Asked Master.

"Think of it, maybe. Think really hard about it to get there. Try popping all the broken bits back together. I don't know. Maybe Death or something will be there so you can challenge him to a game like in Bill and Ted," said Cat.

"Ok thinking of my body," said Master.

The ghost didn't leave.

"Really thinking of my body," Master said, again.

The ghost flickered.

"Just go already," said Cat.

The ghost disappeared.

Masters body hung from a metal wire by a climbers harness. His body had been smashed against the rocks.

The ghost of the Master looked at the body. He moved the head. There was a disgusting cracking sound as neck vertebrae already loose broke free. The head of master fell forwards. The people around Master, his friends went paler. One of them, a girl, already shaking, threw up. They had not seen the Masters ghost.

A girl dressed in black with combed back hair stood next to Master.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," said the Masters ghost.

"Well just be glad you died doing what you love," she said, trying to comfort Master.

"Aye I did," said Master. "Is there anyway I can kind of get out of the whole being dead thing? There are quite a lot of things I still need to do," said Master.

"Lots of people ask that you know. Few rarely get the answer from me. Well I won't take you yet. But climb up the top of this mountain and look under a rock. You'll know which one," she said.

"You'd be Death right. Or else conversation would be kind of silly," Master said.

"Yup. I'm Death! Now get walking boy," said Death, fading away.

Master started to climb along the metal wire.

"Well, this has been an interesting day," he said.

A Comic Book Death

The Master leaned against a metal cross drinking a cup of coffee.

"Where did this come from?" Asked the Master, putting the empty cup on the concrete base.

Sitting on the base of the cross the Master looked at all the little rocks littering the grass.

It could be any of them, thought Master. It could be all of them though.

Master kicked a pebble.

A little bit of reality disappeared from the ground.

Master leaned closer to the hole in reality. He put his little finger in the hole and wiggled it.

Master started to pull at the hole. The ground ripped away. A hole in the ground, on top of a mountain in Switzerland.

Blue waters shifted below the hole.
Master sat on the edge of the hole, dangling his feet into the other reality.
Master pushed himself into the hole.
He hit the water and went under. When Master came to the surface he heaved for air, coughing up water.
The master calmed down eventually. He was in the middle of a lake. High yellow tree covered cliffs surrounded the lake.
About half a kilometer away the Master saw a house.
The Master floated, unlacing his boots he let them sink to the bottom of the lake.
The Master lay on the beach drying in the sun, with his eyes closed, quite enjoying himself.
“Hey, get off my beach!” a woman’s voice said.
The Master opened his eyes, a woman in a blue skirt and bikini top was standing over Master.
“Sorry don’t know how,” said Master.
“There is a book in the house that will tell you how,” said the woman, offering her hand to the Master.
The Master took the hand and stood up.
“You’ve interesting hair,” she said, in reference to the Masters long red hair.
“I hear that a lot,” Master said.
The woman started to walk towards the house, the Master followed.
There was a thick book on the kitchen table.
“This,” she said, “is, ‘The Book of All Hours’. If this doesn’t tell you how to leave my beach. Nothing will. You’ll be stuck here with me.”
“Would that really be so bad?” The Master said.
“You’d get bored,” she said, flicking through the pages at random.
“Oh there I am,” said the Master pointing towards a small cross, with his name next to it.
The woman took some scrap paper from a draw in the sideboard. She started scribbling on it. The Master excused himself and went to look around the house.
There was a cry from inside the house.
“Hey come back!” The woman shouted.
The Master, who had be climbing on some rocks near the house ran back.
“I found out how to send you back,” said the woman, “walk waste deep into the lake. Then say your name.”
“That easy huh. How come you don’t leave? Don’t know your name or something,” said the Master.
“No. I don’t,” said the woman.
“Oh. Well I’d better be leaving. See you around,” said the master walking out of the door.
“Remember me,” said the woman, as master waded into the lake.
The masters body heaved on the side of the mountain.
One of his friends threw up.
“Are you okay?” One of his friends asked.
“It’s all good,” said Master. “I’m okay.”
Harry Potter and the Half Plate of Chips
Cthulhu on the desk next to the monitor. He had a book spread out in front of him. It was a thick hardback. The dust jacket had been removed and Cthulhu stood in front of it, having to lean over to read the top of the pages. Which were taller then the plush form of Cthulhu.
“What are you reading?” Cat asked, looking down from the monitor, where he had been napping, as per usual.
“Harry Potter and the Deathly Hollows,” Cthulhu said, “the book fairy delivered it to the desk this morning. I’ve nearly finished.”

“Oh well I could tell you the ending if you like,” Cat said.

Cthulhu appeared annoyed.

“No! Don’t tell me,” Cthulhu said. “I want to read it for myself.”

“Don’t you want to know how I know the ending?” Cat said.

“Probably from the Internet. You are just about sad enough to read the spoilers for the book so you can tell people who want to read it the ending and spoil it,” said Cthulhu.

“No I’m not,” said Cat, who had read the spoilers initially at least for a different reason.

“Then why did you look on the Internet to find the ending?”

“Well I want to enjoy the book at my own pace. I’ll read it later. But I don’t want to have the ending spoiled for me,” said Cat.

“Okay let me try and follow your logic here. You do not want the ending spoiled. so you read the ending deliberately,” Cthulhu said, finding the Cat’s logic contradictory.

“Well I’m not interested in the end of the story. The actual events of a story rarely. At least if the story is any good. It rarely makes a difference knowing the individual actions in a sequence of events in a narrative. Or even the exact order of the events. Because the key plot points people talk about don’t matter if the dialog or the description is any good,” Cat said.

“So why did you read the ending?” Cthulhu asked, since Cat had not answered the question.

“Simple. I hate the idea of anyone else being able to spoil it for me. At least if I spoil it for myself. I’ve done it out of my own choice,” said Cat.

“Suppose that makes sense,” said Cthulhu. “Just don’t tell me what happens.”

“Fine. But there is a great sex scene in the final chapter apparently,” said Cat, with a smile on his face.

The N’t Emergency Service

“We have a crisis!” Cthulhu shouted. “This is the worst thing ever.”

Cat roused from his sleep. “What? What is it?”

“Only the worst thing to ever happen in the history of history,” said Cthulhu, a grave expression on his face.

“Did Master break wind again in front of a lass he likes?” Cat said.

“No. Besides when you have to toot. You have to toot,” Cthulhu said. “Worse we are running low on coffee.”

“We shouldn’t be running low on coffee,” said Cat. “We don’t have any coffee. The masters mother and father buy the coffee he drinks when he is staying at their house,” Cat continued.

“Well that isn’t quite true,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh? You have some coffee then,” Cat said.

“A very special coffee. Evil Eldritch Espresso, made from beans ingested by slave children who were entombed alive to die in casks made from wood chopped down to make way for a McDonald’s cattle ranch,” said Cthulhu.

“Why would you give him that? It has human excrement in it,” Cat said.

“He doesn’t hug me enough!” Cthulhu said.

“He really should hug us more. Still that coffee is not as bad as Nestle coffee,” Cat said.

“Oh this is positively fair trade compared to that evil,” Cthulhu said.

Cthulhu if you want to get coffee quickly there is an emergency service you can contact. Phone, two way magic goblet of vile liquid or magic circle the Coffee Fairy,” Cat said.

“The Coffee Fairy?” Cthulhu said, hoping this was some kind of reverse tooth fairy.

“Ja,” said Cat, “think of pizza delivery with a disgruntled foot tall flying fairy who delivers a bag of coffee. They should be able to get you your beans of evil.”

Cthulhu started a magic circle behind the back of the computer monitor.

“Hello,” he said.

“Hello. Coffee Fairy, the seventh emergency service,” emanated from the magic circle in a high pitched squeal.

“Hi. This is Cthulhu. I’m here to make an order on behalf of Cat. Do you have Evil Eldritch Espresso?”

“Sure,” the magic circle said.

“Good. Can I have a bag of that delivered before Thursday?” Cthulhu said.

“Right away sir,” said the magic circle, as it stopped glowing.

The next afternoon just after Cthulhu had finished his daily wander in the dreamlands there came a flash outside the Master’s window. A fairy dressed in blue overalls knocked on the window. It struggled to hold a bag of coffee and hover at same time in the torrential rain. Cat who had been sleeping on the window sill looked at the fairy and licked his lips.

The fairy gave cat the finger.

Cthulhu looked at the glass in the window and made it disappear, just because he could.

The fairy floated gently in.

“Cat if you ever try and eat an employee of Coffee Fairy Plc we might try and make you pay your rather large unpaid bill,” said the fairy.

“I know. I only joke. How are you Bill?” Said Cat.

“Fine. The coordinates for the gate spell are wrong. You need to adjust them,” said Bill the fairy, who dropped the bag of coffee on masters bed as the window reappeared.

“I’ll get Marvin to make the adjustments when he wakes up,” Cat said. “He has been feeling more down then usual. So decided to sleep for a few months.”

“Well wish him the best. Better be going. Some beings here have work to do,” said Bill, who disappeared in a red flash.

“Work what is that?” Cat said.

“You know that thing normal people do. Master worked you know,” Cthulhu said.

“That in no way makes Master normal,” said Cat.

“Well he always was a little work shy,” said Cthulhu, “I hope he likes his birthday present.” Homeward

“I want to go home,” said Cthulhu, moaning.

“Why? Haven’t you got it good here,” Cat said.

“Well I have. But you know. Homesick. I miss the lakes of fire and ice. The blood red of my ancient home star glowing in the distance. It is a long way across the infinite void of space,” Cthulhu said.

“Yeah well my home is here,” said Cat.

“Besides the stars here are different. And I miss my kind,” Cthulhu said.

“Sorry I don’t get that feeling,” Cat said, “my whole species is made up of loaners who can not get on with other.”

“Well so is mine to some degree,” said Cthulhu.

“Besides aren’t we good friends? We get on well enough,” Cat said.

“Sure we do. I respect you for a lot of things. There are beings here that I care for deeper then the deepest depths of Marvin’s infinitely large brain. Beings unique to my knowledge of existence. But I just can not get over the fact that I miss my kind,” said Cthulhu.

“Then maybe you should go home,” said Cat.

“I have no home. Not anymore. But I can visit that place again,” said Cthulhu.

“Then go,” Cat said.

“I won’t see you for sometime if I do go,” said Cthulhu. “This is why I’m not sure about leaving. Even though I want to leave. Don’t know if I’ll see you again,” Cthulhu finished.

“Just go you green goober,” said Cat.

Cthulhu disappeared in a burst of green light.

{{Actually written on the plane home from Switzerland. As was the previous issue. The one before that was written in the airport departure lounge. :P}}

Cat

Cat climbed over suitcases left in the hallway by a master without the inclination to tidy them away. He walked into the kitchen of the house and ignored the smell of the litter tray. Light from the outside world lit the white tiles of the kitchen and Cat squinted his one good eye and darted into the room to the side. Running under a table that towered over Cat he ran into a window. The double glazed window squished Cat's plush head and Cat paused for a moment.

Looking left sideways Cat poked his head through the gap between the window frame and the wall.

The garden green and yellow in the summer sunlight welcomed Cat into the grass. Walking across the uneven concrete flags Cat entered the grass. It tickled him. Walking slowly around the sundial in the center of the lawn Cat came to the long grass. Stretching out in it Cat yawned enjoying the good life in the shade. Soon a blackbird landed in front of Cat. Looking at the toy curiously, it called to Cat, then flew away. Looking in the direction of the birds flight Cat saw the blue cloudless sky cast against the neighbours red brick house. Cat looked towards the alleyway leading out of the garden and wandered to the gate along the white and red chasm that made the alley. Sitting at the black iron gate Cat looked at the grill placed on the bottom to stop the chocolate horror from escaping. Cat attempted to squeeze under the plastic piping tied to the bottom of the gate. Also attached to the gate to stop the chocolate horror from escaping. Cat struggled for a few minutes to push his head through the space under the gate. Struggling for a few minutes Cat made it through.

Walking along the short driveway of uneven slabs of concrete Cat came to the pavement and the outside world proper. Looking a head of his a hedge stretched to the high of the house he had just left. In the gaps between the hedge Cat could see a large grassy field with people playing football in it. A car raced down the road too fast for Cat to register it coming. Looking right, Cat saw more houses along a tree covered path. To his right the trees and the shade they provided disappeared and turned on his side of the road to blank looking houses built en masse. An old Victorian house on the other side of the road, next to the park sat lonely on the other side of the road.

"Well this is interesting," said Cat to himself in his cat tongue.

"Right or left and I see more of the human world. Right in front of me though however lies the cat world."

The chocolate horror crept up behind Cat.

"Personally I'd go back inside," it said.

"Why?" said Cat.

"Well it is very scary out here," it said.

A lorry drove past the two, making a loud noise. Which caused the chocolate horror to flinch nervously.

"Those are scary things," said Cat.

"Everything is scary," it said.

"I know. You're especially scary," Cat said.

"Am I?" it said. "So sorry. Well I'm going inside. Not really meant to be sitting here."

"I'm definitely not meant to be sitting here," said Cat.

"In that you are very definitely correct. Have you made a choice yet?" it said.

"Back to the garden. It is a scary world. I need to think about it some more," said Cat, walking back along the driveway.

Cthulhu

Green hazy mist descended on the Masters room and Cthulhu walked in from the space between worlds. He immediately and to his surprise landed on a rather hard bony body. The body which had not stir was that of the Master who appeared at this present time was in the middle of a very deep sleep. Cthulhu who had not anticipated this tip-toed through the gap in reality and reappeared on top of the monitor. Cat was awake and

looking concerned bathed in the blue light that filtered into the dim room through the curtains.

“How long has been like this?” said Cthulhu.

“About four days. He’s sleeping longer each day as well. Not good,” Cat said.

“He’ll soon find a better rhythm Either that or get slowly madder and madder until all he does is sleep most of the day away while raving about how bananas are evil and should be punished by eating them for the rest of the day,” said Cthulhu.

“He already does that,” Cat said.

“Oh,” Cthulhu said. “Well not long now before the paddy wagon comes.”

Cat smiled.

“My vacation was fine by the way,” said Cthulhu.

“Oh yeah that thing,” said Cat.

“Aren’t you going to ask about it?” Cthulhu said.

“No,” said Cat.

“Why not?” asked Cthulhu, who had prepared slides.

“Because last time I asked you the answer you gave was that it was indescribable to any beings other than multiversal beings such as yourself and kind,” Cat said.

“Did I really say that?” said Cthulhu.

“Yes!” said Cat.

“Oh. Well I have a PowerPoint presentation. I’ll show it you when the Master eventually wakes and leaves. I captured some lovely screaming in the pits of joy,” Cthulhu said.

“I didn’t think there was such a thing as lovely screaming. I mean the fact that whatever is screaming is presumably due to something not very lovely happening to them. Especially if they are in a place called pits of joy. Even if that name isn’t ironic I’d probably scream,” said Cat.

“The name is very ironic and once you find out why they are screaming you’ll think it very lovely that these beings are screaming,” said Cthulhu.

“Try me,” said Cat.

“Later. When will the Master wake up?” said Cthulhu.

“Eventually. Maybe,” Cat said.

Conspiracy From the Heavens

Cthulhu looked into the coffee mug that he and Cat had converted into a magical device to pick up BBC News 24. The bacteria cultures at the bottom of the mug. Which had used a few millimeters of Rooibos tea left in the bottom of the mug as a medium, had evolved the ability pick up the Sky News signal. But after a bit of magical interference the duo had managed to get a decent image and a much better news channel.

“Oh mighty Corporation what vile influence have you fallen for this time?” said Cthulhu, as a flippant comment about the lack of real news.

“Isn’t it obvious,” said Cat, who was browsing the bookshelves in Masters room now they had been stocked up with the previous years acquisitions.

“Isn’t it most obvious that it is an invasion of Triffids from Russia. Well maybe not Russia that would be a dated suspect. Islamic terrorists; well maybe not. This at the moment lacks terror. Of course I know it it must be.”

Cthulhu started giving Cat the, ‘what are you talking about look’.

“It must be Merial. You know those people that might have possibly caused a very small Foot and Mouth outbreak. They do sell the vaccine after all. But I doubt it is them,” said Cat.

“Why? Sounds like a good theory,” Cthulhu said.

“Well, I just don’t think they have the capability to launch this biological weapon into space. I mean this meteor shower is lasting for days and is quite widely distributed across the planet,” Cat said.

“What are you ranting about?” said Cthulhu.

“That meteor shower that is going on at the moment. The Perseid ones,” said Cat.

“What about it?”

“Well haven’t you read ‘The Day of the Triffids’? It is all over the news. This is a clear attempt to blind the population in order to make them more submissive to a breed of carnivorous planets bred for some nefarious reasons by parties at present unknown,” said Cat, starting to drool a little at the mouth with madness.

“You’ve finally lost it. This is beyond any previous level of insane ranting. I mean what proof do you have?” said Cthulhu.

“Just listen I say. Look last year on the television there was no coverage. This year lots! It is a deliberate attempt to get people to look up at the skies. At very bright lights. That will cause the blindness,” said Cat.

“It could just be a slow news day,” said Cthulhu.

“It could be just a slow news day. Or it could be the first stage of a global take over by some unknown third party using these Triffids as their means of attack. Think about it,” Cat said.

“I refuse to Cat. This is stupid. What proof do you have that there are Triffids in those meteors? None,” said Cthulhu.

“Well no I don’t have any proof. Yet! Tomorrow just you wait and see,” said Cat.

“Okay Cat. If human society makes it another night without crumbling into weeds and ashes you have to accept that I’m right. Otherwise you were correct and I’m just a silly Cephalopod,” Cthulhu said.

Marvin opened his eyes. He had been listening into the whole conversation. As he listens into every conversation.

“Cthulhu is making sense,” he said.

“No he isn’t!” said Cat, taking a defensive tone.

“Yes I am,” Cthulhu said.

“I was about to say that clearly something is wrong with the world when such a role reversal has taken place,” Marvin said.

Can You Quit Evil?

“Hey Cat I have just read the oddest bit of news,” said Cthulhu.

“Is this about Karl Rove quitting at the end of the month?” Cat said.

“Yeah, how did you guess?” asked Cthulhu.

“Just one of those cat like intuitions. Also your the big evil around here. I thought you might have something to say about it. I mean can you quit being evil?” said Cat.

“Hang on a minute!” cried Cthulhu. “I’m not evil! Just of a different moral standard due to my massive age and power.”

“Oh right of course I forgot. How do you feel about the issue of eradicating billions of living creatures over an issue of civil planning?” said Cat.

“I’m not that fussed. It’d be inconvenient but does not bother me one way or the other,” said Cthulhu. “Damn! Cat you know what I mean. Moral relativism is a liberal thing apparently. Embrace it Cat,” he shouted a second later.

“Well can you quit being evil? I mean this is the person directly responsible for George Bush being president. The evil emperor! Head of The Imperial Empire, to put it in a handy convenient Star Wars metaphor,” Cat said.

“I wouldn’t exactly say that guy is fully in charge. Some American animated series, probably not The Simpsons, maybe Family Guy, cast Karl Rove as that Palpatine dude,” said Cthulhu.

“Who’d be Darth Vader?” asked Cat.

“Oh Dick Cheney of course. Can you quit being evil? That is a good question. I guess you can. I mean if you embarked on a long quest of looking inwards at your morals and values. You know assessed them against everyone else’s and sought to find deeper meaning in your life other than gaining power and wealth,” said Cthulhu.

“Do you think he’ll do that?”

“Fat chance! The guy is fifty six and presumably has bank accounts with very large and impressive numbers in it,” said Cthulhu.

“So what is George Bush in that Star Wars thing we had going earlier?”

“Jar Jar Binks!”

Outside

Cat and Cthulhu sat on top of the Masters monitor looking at the rain pour outside the window. The row of trees across the road from the duo was shaking in the wind. Cthulhu had a curious look on his face.

“Cat do you ever wonder what it is like outside?”

“No. I can see what it is like outside. It is wet, windy and uncomfortable,” said Cat

“I don’t mean out there!” said Cthulhu. “I mean out beyond the trees and fields we can see. What lies beyond? What is happening in the world?”

“Well according to my best guesses and most recent browsing of the BBC News website. Everyone is stabbing everyone and the government is calling a bunch of people protesting about the environment terrorists. Also it appears to be raining. Rather a lot here. But in Greece the islands are catching fire and everyone is without water,” said Cat.

“Cat.”

“Yes Cthulhu.”

“It would be nice to see these things take place. Wouldn’t it?” said Cthulhu.

“I guess it would. But how would we get there Cthulhu? We are not the most mobile of beings. What do you want Cthulhu? Some kind of device that changes your relative dimension in space while also manipulating the very time it took to get there?”

“Yes I do Cat. I want a TARDIS!” Cthulhu said.

“Well how the devil are you going to get one of them?”

Cthulhu shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know. Magic.”

“Magic! Oh I know what this entails,” said Cat, “just don’t wake anyone up with your chanting.”

Cat slept on the monitor as he usually did. The Master slept not far from them. But in the middle hours of the morning in the time between dawns when the whole house was silent Cthulhu chanted and used his considerable power to build himself a TARDIS.

The Master had woke up and gone. A book from the shelf had been pulled by Cthulhu. The softcover book had a orange cover. Rough in texture and designed to feel older. The book was dog eared from traveling with two different readers. It gave a very slight green glow. More then any normal book could said to have. On the cover was written ‘Vellum: The Book of All Hours’. Cat looked at the book while cleaning himself in the morning and commented to Cthulhu. “Is it safe?”

“Oh perfectly. It is hardly radioactive. It is only giving off a slightly mutating dose. Master should be fine. Won’t notice a thing,” said Cthulhu, trying to reassure Cat.

“Well how does it work?”

“Well you open it. Like a book. Turn to a page. Any page really; it doesn’t matter which. Although I quite like one hundred and twenty three. Then using a bit of psychic Hokey-Pokey I imagine the time and location and we arrive there. Quite simple really. Where do you want to go Cat?”

“Somewhere nice,” said Cat.

“You’ll have to be more specific then that. This is not a artifact that works in generalizations.”

Cat sat and thought in the way that all cats do by appearing to sleep for a long time.

“A travel bookshop. So we can find places to visit,” Cat finally ventured.

Fountain

The Tinguely Fountain stands in the center of Basel. In its shallow waters are many individual fountains made from junk. Bits of bicycles, old motors and sculpted paddles all working together to pump water into the air or kick it up from the water. The fountain works all day and everyday. In the summer when it is warm people paddle in the cool waters. And often people just sit by the side of the fountain under the trees and observe the fountain work as trams pass by every few minutes.

It was a warm night and reality cringed above the fountain. The Masters room was, for a second projected above in miniature viewed through a green haze. Cat fell through and landed in the slight pool of water. Breaching the surface he hissed. Cthulhu landed on top of him. He floated next to Cat and smiled.

- Isn't this great? he said.
- No it is not great. I'm wet and cold, said Cat.
- Well I like it. Don't know why we are here though. Or where our TARDIS is.
- We happen to be in Basel, said Cat, who was struggling to stay afloat.

Cat started to move towards the edge of the fountain. Pulling himself onto the smooth stone sides he called over to Cthulhu.

- The Master used to live here. He brought me here when you know, died.
- When did I die? said Cthulhu, who floated in the water next to Cat.
- A few months back. Never mind, it's old history now.
- That still doesn't explain why we are here though.
- Have you been reading Masters dreams again?
- No, said Cthulhu, lying.
- Are you telling the truth? said Cat.
- No.
- Has Master been thinking about this place in his dreams?
- No.
- What has he been dreaming about then?
- Ice axes, his old high school, socializing at that old high school with a wide variety of people, a person locked up in the old physics building, wondering why he has a pair of ice axes and climbing on a really high mountain made of fake rock with unidentified people.
- So he hasn't been dreaming about this place then?
- Nope, not a pinch of sand about this place. Must have leaked through from somewhere else. I wouldn't know where though. I'm only a great old one and not an expert of human psychology after all, said Cthulhu.

Cat looked around at the fountain. There was no one around and Cat could see an orange paperback book at the other end of the fountain.

- Let's go, said Cat.
- But I want to swim more, said Cthulhu.
- I want to go somewhere else. I don't know where though. Shall we press random again?
- Okay, but let's not use Master's subconscious as the pool of options.
- I agree, said Cat. But what should we use?

Cthulhu climbed out of the water and opened the book. He shrugged his shoulders.

- Let's just pick a page at random from the book.
- OK, but if we end up somewhere weird and uncomfortable I'll kick up such a fuss.
- Would I ever take you someplace weird and uncomfortable Cat? asked Cthulhu, with a wry smile.
- Yes, said Cat, instantly.
- But you'd still kick up a fuss even if I took you someplace not weird and comfortable.
- Yes, but don't blame me for that. Blame my domestication.

(Actually written and posted on Sunday 26th of August. Backdated to Thursday 23rd of August in order to keep a pretense of my sanity and organisational abilities from the past week.

- Will))

Changes

Cat and Cthulhu appeared from nothing. The improvised TARDIS took its place on the bookshelf again. Things had changed since they had left. The old solid block of a monitor had gone from the desk surface which instead had been replaced with a wider, larger slab of plastic.

“You won’t be able to sit on there you two,” said Marvin, shouting down from the shelf, which had also been rearranged and had many more books on it.

Cat and Cthulhu both looked at Marvin. “We could try,” they said together.

“Well Totoro tried. Well he succeeded. But I don’t think either of you are the right shape,” said Marvin.

“What do you mean right shape?” said Cat.

“Well speaking as someone who is remember incapable of cruelty please remember. But your both too large. The wrong shape actually. If you balance on the new monitor you’ll block the Masters view,” said Marvin.

“Well if you put it like that,” said Cthulhu, “shall we just sit at the bottom and look sad?”

“Yes. You do that,” said Marvin.

Next to Marvin stood a blob with arms and small ears made of gray fur. It had a furry white belly.

“Who is that?” asked Cat.

“Totoro,” Marvin said, “he is from Japan.”

“How did he get here?” said Cat.

“In the post,” Marvin said.

“Well if he is from Japan I gathered that. But how? Did Master you know, buy it?” said Cat.

“No,” said Marvin.

“I doubt he stole it,” said Cat.

“Came in an unlabeled package,” said Marvin.

Cthulhu, who was searching the almost tidy desk pointed at a padded envelope. “Did it come in this?”

Marvin looked at the white envelope with neat handwriting giving the Masters address. “Yes, that would be the package.”

Cthulhu pointed at the stamp on it.

“It’s not an airmail stamp,” he said.

“So. Totoro still comes from Japan,” Marvin said.

“Prove it,” Cat said, shouting up at Marvin.

Marvin poked Totoro gently in the side and muttered something into it’s ear.

Totoro said something in Japanese. Cat didn’t understand. Cthulhu replied back in Japanese.

“I believe him,” said Cthulhu.

“I think I have to,” said Cat, looking shamed.

“Wow this screen is cool,” said Cthulhu, who had started to run Google Earth on it.

Cthulhu rotated the map around to the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

“I can see my house from here,” he said.

Center of the Universe

Cat sat looking out into the world beyond the window in deep thought. Several large fat pigeons flew past the window which Cat ignored them and carried on looking at his reflection in the mirror. Cthulhu who was used to Cat sitting in silent contemplation didn't think of asking Cat what he was doing. Cthulhu instead started to whistle. Cat tried to ignore Cthulhu.

"Will you stop that," said Cat, shouting at Cthulhu.

"Stop what?" said Cthulhu, who started whistling as soon as he'd answered the question.

"That. That infernal whistling," Cat said.

"Oh that. Are you trying to concentrate on something?" said Cthulhu.

"You know I was trying to think. What do you want?" said Cat, screeching.

"Just to be a little bit involved maybe," said Cthulhu.

"Involved in what? My private thoughts."

"Well what are you thinking about?"

"The center of the universe," said Cat, "What is the nature of it? Nougat or tuna? And the only means I can discover the answer is by thinking seriously hard in silence about the problem."

"That's silly Cat. How can you solve a question about the material universe with pure thought?" Cthulhu said.

"It is called philosophy Cthulhu. You might have heard of it," said Cat, attempting to look down on Cthulhu.

"Look Cat. I know what philosophy is. I am the inspiration and lead figure for several schools of it," said Cthulhu, "and is it not part of philosophy the idea of the scholastic dialog?"

"I suppose those are provable assertions," said Cat, looking annoyed that tentacle face had beaten him in logic.

"Well then," said Cthulhu, "do you want me to start?"

"Go on then," said Cat.

"I assert first that the center of the universe is provably not contain tuna fish in any significant quantity to be an important and vital part to what makes up and sets the behavior of the center of the universe we are discussing," said Cthulhu.

"It would be our universe we are discussing," said Cat.

"Well your universe. I exist in many. The first axiom of my dialog is supported by the fact that tuna exists on only one planet in this universe. This planet. Since tuna does not exist in a quantity that defines the behavior of this body, even if this planet is asserted to be the center of the universe. Tuna can not be said to make up the center of this universe," said Cthulhu.

"What about nougat?" said Cat.

"Well nougat while tasty and existent in many places in this universe. Including a cluster many hundreds of light years in volume in a distant and rarely explored part of this universe. It does not make up the center of the physical universe," said Cthulhu.

"How do you know that? That location could be the center of the universe," said Cat.

"Well it isn't. In fact I'm getting bored."

"I can tell. You have that look on your face. The one where you know the answer already and have just been stringing me along for your own amusement," said Cat.

Cthulhu did have that look on his face. "Azathoth, the blind idiot God. Nuclear chaos, an always changing mass of energy. I've seen it and it's avatars."

"Well that is a bit of a let down. Does that mean it is theoretically possibly for tuna or nougat to make up at least part of the center of the universe. Even for a very small amount of time?" said Cat

"I guess," said Cthulhu, "but I doubt it. Of all the trillions upon trillions of combinations of complex matter. Do you think it likely that either of those two will appear?"

As Cthulhu said that Azathoth turned into forty percent tuna fish and forty percent nougat for a second in time. Azathoth unthought that it quite liked those forms. Whenever those words were spoken it always turned into them for a short duration of time.

Giant Argument

Cat sat, curled up in a old beaten up armchair. The armrests had worn down to the point were they felt leathery to touch and the original green covers had faded. He purred.

"I'm going to tell you a story today. Do you know how the Giant's Causeway was made? No it was not a volcanic eruption and millions of years of erosion by nature. That would be boring. Also it was not that story of the giant Fionn mac Cumhaill building it to pick a fight with a Scottish giant. None of that pap. No the reason for the giants causeway does involve Scotland. But it also involves a woman scorned. Well, a giantess absolutely livid at her former husband. In the old days before Atlantis sank there were no nations and the islands had not taken their final positions in the place of things. What is now known as Ireland and the landmass that has Scotland at the top were closer. Even giants you understand have limits to their strength. Although you would never I hope raise this point with a giant. Now the giant that lived in Ireland, Morne. Who now rests under Slieve Donard forming the mountains core. Morne was married to the most lovely giant in all the world. Of course Morne was also a terrible drinker. And prone to go wandering for affections. These affections wandered once to far when the Irish giant got tempted by the giant which now lives waiting to be reawakened under the Pyrenees. Pyrene a mysterious character and the kind of person to wind people up twisted paths of lies seduced Morne after Morne discovered the secret of Mead. Now Morne's misses had enough at this point kicked up such a fuss. She wandered half way across the world and started to throw immense columns of rock at Morne who lay sleeping on the coast. These now make the Giant's Causeway as we know it today. But also I feel that the site should be renamed to the Giant's Headache," said Cat.

Cat looked into the fire.

"Is that true?" asked a young kitten who had been sat on the stained carpet listening to Cat.

"Does it matter? Maybe it really was geology. Maybe it was Fionn mac Cumhail. Maybe it is the remains of Morne's punishment. It's another story that'll enrich the place."

"Does that place really need enriching anymore?" said Cat the Younger.

Cat shurgged, "not really."

Busted

The baggage claims of the interdimensional travelers station for Earth was busy. It usually was. Beings of different shapes and unshapes waited at the carousel in the center of hall waiting for their possessions to appear. It was never really needed for beings to bring real things from universe to another this way. But it was considered polite by all of the really important and powerful beings in the multiverse. Cthulhu stood at the carousel for a short eternity. Then left the baggage claims hall.

Customs officers stood by the exit of this gap between the universes. Spheres of iridescent light floated to Cthulhu just as he was turning to the nothing declare exit. They spoke as one, "excuse me sir. Do you mind coming this way for a mind examination?"

"What?" said Cthulhu, who was lost deep inside his mind thinking of mountain ranges with impossible geography.

"Would you come with us?" it said.

Cthulhu stopped imagining the egg box range, "Do I have to?" he said.

It said without pause, "Yes."

Turning on the spot Cthulhu followed the lights to the something to declare exit. They stopped Cthulhu in the middle of the room.

"First we are going to have to ask you some questions. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Cthulhu.

"Good. Are you aware that it is against the laws of this universe to import certain ideas and objects which confirm to specific dangerous realities and possible existence?" It said.

"Yes," said Cthulhu.

"Are you carrying any of these ideas or objects inside your being?" it asked.

Cthulhu hesitated, "No."

It asked next, "Do you mind if we search you for these ideas?"

"No," said Cthulhu, who did not have a choice, and quite resented the delay.

It searched Cthulhu without much care for Cthulhu's ideas or for finding anything hidden inside other ideas. It found nothing.

"Thank you for your time," it said, "the exit is over there."

Over where?" asked Cthulhu.

It shook a sphere in the direction of the exit.

"Oh," said Cthulhu, "thanks."

What Are We?

Cat and Cthulhu sat on top of a PC tower looking out into a car park. Few cars, student cars mostly were parked in it. Master had left the blind open.

“What are we?” said Cat.

“Toys, we are a child’s playthings,” Cthulhu said.

“You don’t sound convinced,” said Cat.

“Well that’s what you want to here. Not what I think,” said Cthulhu.

“What do you think?”

“That we are something else. I’m not sure what exactly. We aren’t toys. I’m Cthulhu and I’m not Cthulhu at the same time. You are a cat and a stereotype of a cat at the same time. I am made of fibers and two plastic eyes but I am also made of something unreal and intangible. You Cat. You also are made of the same pair. Does the Master ever play with us? No, not physically like an actual child plays with toys. He can’t have played naively with toys for a decade. But does he play with the ideas we can be forced into representing? Sure, I figure he does. Does he use us as shifting metaphors for his life? Yeah, you bet. Does he also use as the crux of jokes that comment on something or nothing? You bet he does. Do you even know how you came to be in the Masters possession?”

“I do. It is how I know I’m a toy. He bought me from a shop called Another World in Leicester. No sorry. Scratch that. The shop is called Forbidden Planet now, after the movie based on The Tempest. Anyway he was in there. This was after he’d acquired you and Marvin. He was in there probably buying comics and saw me behind the counter. I’m an impulse purchase. Nothing more and nothing less,” said Cat.

“Impulse purchase. No I don’t think you’re one of them. Sure, the Master saw you and on a flutter in his mind bought you. But the fact you’re still around. Well, sitting on this PC tower after how many moves? I think that speaks to the fact that you aren’t a small impulse purchase anymore. Might once have been I’ll grant you. But no more. So what does that make you? Well Cat. I said that you are either a stuffed polyester body; or a set of ideas. Are you one personality of the Master? The grumpy, sleepy, lazy and scruffy cat. Or do you represent the wily, acrobatic and attentive Master?” said Cthulhu.

“Don’t know. Do I have to be any of them? Why can I not just go back to sleep in the sun?”

“You don’t have to be any of them. You can sleep in the sun. But you asked me a question and I want to give my answer fully,” said Cthulhu.

“How do you know what Master knows?” said Cthulhu.

“Don’t know. I don’t care for answers. Well Cthulhu where do you come from? How do you know you’re not just a mear toy?”

“I was a gift. One from Christmas. Again bought in Forbidden Planet. But from a branch in London. I was a considered object. Someone thought and purchased me with specific intent,” said Cthulhu.

“Well then your not a toy. Good for you. But I am. If you are a set of ideas what are you then?”

“Glad you asked,” said Cthulhu.

Cat broke in, “I don’t need you to tell me damn it. I don’t care.”

“Yes you do. I’m the pretentious, foolish and wise Master. The unknowable and ultimately pathetic trivial core disguised as a safe image and sold to the outside world. The all-knowing idiot that crashes through life and succeeds without merit or effort. The curse of Master’s human curiosity pushed into the seas of madness. But the blessing also that the Master can swim just a little bit,” said Cthulhu.

“But he keeps on swallowing salt water you pretentious idiot. I’ll take the material view on my existence. I’m a toy and proud,” said Cat.

There's Something About Drinking

A Verdant mountain summit on the far edge of the small lake next to Cat who was sitting quite comfortably in a fold up chair. Cthulhu sat in his camping chair. He was shaking a cocktail mixer in his lime colored hands. When Cthulhu poured a creamy liquid out of the cocktail mixer into a bowl and placed it on the ground Cat stood up and stretched, before joining the bowl on the floor. He started to lap up the cream. Cthulhu who was preparing his own drink took a highball glass that he'd put ice in. Then carefully he poured from a clear liquid from a ceramic bottle into the highball glass until it was about a third full. Cthulhu looked at the glass and it started to fill with a fizzy transparent fluid. Then a frozen looking lemon plopped into the glass. Cthulhu drank from the glass and gave his most refreshed sigh. "This is a good White Russian," said Cat, lapping from the bowl in between words.

"I wouldn't know Cat. I can't drink them. Lactose intolerant," said Cthulhu.

Cat looked just a bit surprised, "really?"

"No, of course not. No enzymes involved in my digestion. Especially not mammal enzymes. I've just never gotten around to trying one," said Cthulhu.

"You've lived for untold eons. How can you not gotten around to it?"

"A million years is a short amount of time. A hundred years is a long time. It's a how shall I say an interesting effect of being around so long," Cthulhu said.

Cthulhu sipped and looked at the mountain's reflection in the clear waters of the lake. "It is times like this Cat I wonder about drinks."

"Cthulhu you have a drink in your hand," said Cat, "if you aren't at least thinking a littlest tiny bit about the gin and tonic you're holding. Then you have a problem."

"Here me out. I'm just saying that drinking is an involved process. The gin in my drink comes from a very good friend of mine. The gin is also quite interesting," said Cthulhu.

"Why is the gin interesting?"

"Because the planet it is from and the solar body it orbited no longer exist in a solid state of matter," said Cthulhu.

"Oh," said Cat, taking time to digest that idea by licking more of his drink up, "where does the vodka in this come from?"

"The Spar."

"Not so exciting then," said Cat.

"Not really. Anyway I've other bottles of liquids that are like this gin. There's the whiskey that's limited in number of bottles produced to one bottle. Oh and the staff at the whiskey distillery were killed and eaten so no others were made."

"Quite a lethal whiskey then."

"You're telling me. The stuff tastes great; but you could drive cars on the drink," said Cthulhu.

"You shouldn't drink and drive Cthulhu you know that. You also know not to waste perfectly good alcoholic beverages," said Cat.

Cthulhu finished his drink. "Remind me to warn you what rum and coke does to me someday. I'll give you the synopsis now: like Armageddon with caffeine, and too much sugar. Gin and Tonic, however is like waking up with a new body desperate to tell you all about it. In intimate detail."

The Game of Kings

Cthulhu took from the side of his chair and placed on top of the white wrought iron table a wooden box. Unhitching the clasp on the side Cthulhu opened it carefully. It was a backgammon board. Cat, who was observing Cthulhu's behavior drank from a bone china cup the finest teas from all of China. "Sir will you hurry up. I want to win this game and proceed onwards on my tour," said Cat. Cthulhu sat carefully setting up the the board. After a few minutes the board was laid out. Cthulhu put the doubling dice to sixty four and put a pair of black dice next to Cat. Cthulhu took a die from his pair and rolled. The Cat also did this and declared, "sir I do believe I go first."

Cthulhu mumbled something underneath his tentacles and Cat dropped his dice.

"Are you sir cheating?" said Cat, looking furious.

"How dare you accuses me?" Cthulhu said, his eyes turning deep red.

"You mumbled something," said Cat.

"Only a prayer to my Goddess of good fortune. Since we are gambling," said Cthulhu.

"I still think something is wrong with this," said Cat.

"Then sir I raise the stakes of the game. Do we double or do you quit?"

Cat looked at the the blank cheque he had written and placed next to the board. He looked at Cthulhu in his well tailored suit. He looked at his own recently bought suit.

"I accept sir," said Cat, turning the doubling dice to two.

After that Cat made no more comments about cheating.

The final pieces were left on the board and Cthulhu was smoking a fine human soul cigar. The screams filled the coffee house at the end of time with pleas for mercy. Both Cthulhu who was smoking the cigar and Cat who had a catnip pipe in his mouth ignored them. Rolling his set of dice Cthulhu moved the last two of his checkers off the board. "Sir I do declare that I win. Please write me a cheque for double the agreed starting stakes," said Cthulhu.

Cat wrote a cheque in narrow spidery handwriting and passed it across the table to Cthulhu. After emptying his pipe and calling for a maid to bring him his top hat and overcoat. The Cat bid the great Cthulhu farewell as he went to meet his train. Cthulhu passed the cheque to his servant by dropping the paper from the table. A primordial stew that pooled next to Cthulhu's feet waited under the paper's fall while it wafted down from the table.

"What do you mean that the cheque is false?" said Cthulhu, angry.

"Well I don't care if he was just a cat. He was the king of cats. So he said. He had to have money.

Explain the suit and the tour," said Cthulhu, to the stew.

"Then get to that train and force him to give you the money," said Cthulhu.

The stew moved towards the platform in a hurried flow of movement.

Cat screamed.

Tummy Rubs For Cthulhu

Cthulhu was using the Master's computer to read the news. Initially he had gone on the BBC website to check for updates on the disasters going on around the world that he had claimed to Cat that he'd caused. "I've found some rather odd news," said Cthulhu, to Cat who had been sleeping on top of the computer. Cat opened his eye and yawned while Cthulhu started to laugh discreetly.

"What is it?" said Cat, annoyed that his afternoon nap had been disturbed.

"Just a bit of none news on the BBC site," said Cthulhu.

"If it's not news why are you bothering to tell me?"

"Because I'm annoyed that it is news. Everyone knows that dolphins are friendly towards humans. Even if this one has been disowned from its pod. That probably means it has done something to the other dolphins to force it into exile," said Cthulhu.

"Or it's the dolphin equivalent of the ginger haired kid," said Cat.

"Or that," said Cthulhu.

"So what's your point? The BBC posted a stupid news story. They do that all the time."

"Kind of. But I'm also jealous," said Cthulhu.

"Jealous. Of what? A mammal giving attention to other mammals," Cat said, mocking Cthulhu.

"Yes. I'm jealous. Why shouldn't I be?"

"You claim you're an extra-universal entity from beyond mortal understanding. You openly profess and work towards the downfall of all life on this rock so you can replace it with your spawn," said Cat.

"That doesn't mean anything," said Cthulhu, "I'm not a Vogon. Deep down inside you know. I just want to be loved."

"You," said Cat, struggling to digest the implications of what Cthulhu had just said, "just want to be loved."

"Is there anything wrong with wanting the occasional tummy rub?" said Cthulhu.

Cat said, "no. Although I prefer having my neck massaged."

/* Comments: The news story referenced by Cthulhu is:

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/cornwall/7003148.stm

I personally take Cat's view on the subject of which is best.*/

Digestion

Cthulhu was looking greener than usual as he sat next to the computer monitor. Cat giggled. "Stop laughing," said Cthulhu.

"Why?" said the Cat, laughing harder.

"Because it isn't nice," said Cthulhu, holding his guts and pulling his face.

"Because Great Old Ones should be wise enough not to over indulge," said Cat.

"I swear Cat. I only had one human," said Cthulhu.

"Just one?" said Cat, not convinced.

"Well maybe two," said Cthulhu, who then disappeared from reality in a cloud of green smoke.

When Cthulhu came back from the other side he looked better, "Cat, don't ask where I've been."

"Where have you been?"

"To a place most foul and disgusting. A pocket universe of such horrible sights, sounds and smells that for me alone to describe them to you would cause insanity and enlightenment. I did things most unpleasant even for me. Acts so embarrassing that the universal joker laughs in my face even now," said Cthulhu, "I did say you didn't want to know."

"You went to the toilet and threw up didn't you," said Cat.

Cthulhu blushed, or at least did the his alien equivalent of blushing, "yes Cat. I did."

"I'd just have thrown up on the carpet me," said Cat.

"But you're a cat in theory. You have no dignity," said Cthulhu.

"I have dignity," Cat said, protesting Cthulhu's accusation, "I'm just higher than mortals and great old ones. As such I demand that my regurgitated supper is cleaned up by some low creature and not me."

"Cthulhu how can you have digestive issues? Do you even eat food normally?" asked Cat.

"Well originally when I was a spawn of my parents I did. Vestigial remains of that original digestive system still exists. Obviously it is not designed to extract sustenance from your kind. But I can still taste your kind, in ways and tastes you can not begin to imagine. Your kind tastes good! But you do leave me feeling gassy," Cthulhu said.

"Maybe you're allergic," said Cat.

"Possibly. But if that's the case I'll stop eating earth creatures until the apocalypse. Should do wonders for my bloated and amorphous belly," said Cthulhu.

"Why is it you keep saying things are indescribable? You just gave a perfectly apt description of your rather ugly and flabby waistline," said Cat.

"Because if you've never seen the colour red. How could I describe it to you? It also sounds really dramatic."

Brain Eating Amoeba

“My head hurts,” said Cthulhu.

“Have you been swimming recently?” said Cat, looking slightly concerned.

“Yes,” said Cthulhu, “I went swimming in the shower room about two weeks ago. The headaches started a few days ago. Necks a bit stiff as well.”

Cat consulted the computer. Somehow the Cat had access to a medical database. Putting in the vague set of symptoms that Cthulhu had been exhibiting Cat’s face turned sour. “Cthulhu, did you by any chance thrash about in the water much? Engage in any boisterous physical activity.”

“Did I? I was practicing my synchronised swimming. Forgot my nose plug though,” answered Cthulhu.

“Oh dear!” said Cat, looking over his monocle. “It sounds like you have contracted the deadly amoeba *Naegleria fowleri*. You have two weeks to live.”

Tears welled up in Cthulhu’s eyes. “Two weeks. But I’m just in the prime of my life. I’ve so much I wish to do. Like destroy this world. If only the Master would clean the shower once or twice in a lifetime.”

“Don’t worry Cthulhu. Soon the hallucinations and brain damage will begin. Then you’ll feel better,” said Cat.

“Of course I’ll feel better you idiot. I won’t know I’m dying by then,” said Cthulhu, shouting at the top of his voice.

“Well the mood changes have started. Not long until you die now,” said Cat.

/* <http://www.boingboing.net/2007/09/28/6-die-from-braineati.html>

No I shouldn’t be joking about this. But it’s so exceptionally rare and the idea of *Naegleria* being found in my bathroom so remotely impossible. Along with the idea of Cthulhu being able to fall afoul of terrestrial life. There has to be some inherent humour in those ideas. Even if it’s silly and immature stupidity. Funny ist still funny.*/*

Unconscious Violinists

“Cat I have an important question to ask you,” said Cthulhu.

“What,” said Cat.

“If I was really badly injured and needed to be connected up to someone for nine months to ensure my survival. Say for example you. And this was done while you slept one well whenever you sleep. Would you allow that to happen?” asked Cthulhu.

Cat thought about this. He tried to think of a number of reason for and against allowing Cthulhu to use him as life support in this hypothetical situation.

“Maybe,” said Cat.

“Why, maybe? Don’t you know that it would be morally murder for you not to do this unconditionally? More importantly, don’t you love me? Do you know how much horror I bring to mankind? Would you really like to be responsible for destroying one of humanities greatest horrors?”

“Cthulhu, nothing would make me feel better then destroying you. If it could stop an apocalypse,” said Cat.

“Damn! Maybe I’m a bad example. What if I was a world famous violinist? That brought pleasure to thousands, ” said Cthulhu.

“That would be trickier. But there is still the fact I wasn’t asked if I wanted to donate my body for nine months. Probably leave the violinist to die,” said Cat.

“Ah I suppose. But what if it was a baby? You were pregnant with a baby. It would be a situation almost just like this,” said Cthulhu.

“No it wouldn’t,” said Cat. “I’m a stuffed toy. A male stuffed toy at that! I can’t even begin to think how I’d react in that situation,” said Cat.

“Oh I bet you could,” said Cthulhu.

Trains

“Cat,” said Cthulhu, “I have another question for you.”

“You always have questions for me,” said Cat. “What now?”

“Okay, imagine that you are standing next some tracks. There is a fork in the tracks. On one fork there is a group of five people tied to the tracks. The other fork has one person tied to it.” said Cthulhu.

“Right, I’m standing next to tracks. Wondering why people are tied to the tracks,” said Cat.

“Well Cat. That brings me to the final part of the question. There is a train on the track. It is heading towards the group of five people. You can switch the direction of the train to the line with one person tied to it. What do you do?”

Cat shut his eyes. He wiggled his tail a little as well in contemplation.

“I wouldn’t divert the train,” said Cat.

“Why?” queried Cthulhu.

“Because I don’t take the view that the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few,” said Cat.

“I think that all life is equal. Me, you, them, you know all life. Equal. It’s not stackable. Saving five lives doesn’t automatically make killing one morally correct,” said Cat.

“That’s unusual. Most people take a utilitarian viewpoint. That the total score would be four. If you saved the lives of the five,” Cthulhu said.

“I know that. I did consider it as an option. But if there are five people tied to the tracks. For no reason other than a cruel thought experiment, or for some punishment, whatever. It’s happening. It’s happening to them. I don’t want to take an active part in killing one person. When I could take an inactive part in the death of five people who from the onset of the experiment were doomed unless I intervened,” said Cat.

“But you wouldn’t really do that. Would you?” said Cthulhu.

“No you’re right there. I probably would divert the train in a snap decision. Impulse and my overriding urge to preserve life whatever the cost would kick in. But as a point when asked questions like this I feel duty bound to point out that I think all life is equal. The size of the grouping shouldn’t come into discussion when saving lives. It’s just a principle,” said Cat.

“I get you. If it makes you feel better by saving the one life you’ve only provided me with one snack when the apocalypse comes and I eat everyone,” said Cthulhu.

“Well, the best thing for you would be if I jumped in front of the train to stop it. Thus saving all six of the lives. The win win situation for the people tied to the tracks,” said Cat.

“Except you’d be dead. You’re not that selfless,” said Cthulhu.

“I’m not sure. These thought experiments only exist to explore scenarios. Not to work out what one would do in real life,” said Cat.

“Except if your life is a thought experiment. Then these thought experiments are what you’d do,” said Cthulhu.

“But life isn’t a thought experiment,” said Cat.

“Well. I don’t know about that,” said Cthulhu.

“Okay stop there. That thoughts going to haunt me tonight in my sleep,” said Cat.

And Curry!

A plate of yellow noodles covered in a thick orange sauce was on the masters desk. One fork was at rest on the plate. Next to the plate was a glass of water.

“Cthulhu, what is that smell?” said Cat.

“Curry,” said Cthulhu, “curry and noodles.”

“Again, that’s all the master has been living on?” said Cat.

“Well funds are running low,” said Cthulhu.

“Aye, that might be the case,” Cat said.

“Anyway the curry is inspired by a mathematician,” said Cthulhu.

“Really?” Cat didn’t believe Cthulhu.

“Well yeah. Haven’t you heard of Haskell Curry?” said Cthulhu.

“No! What did he do?” Cat said.

“Logic and early work on computation,” said Cthulhu.

“Is he really famous?” said Cat.

“Not really. Well he has two programming languages named after him. Called Haskell and Curry,” said Cthulhu.

“Is that what the book on the floor is about?” said Cat, who was making reference to a yellow book with the words Haskell written on the cover.

“I guess so. I’ve not actually looked in the book,” said Cthulhu.

“Can you even read Cthulhu? I’ve never seen you read a book.”

“Yes,” said Cthulhu, who pulled from nowhere an edition of Ghost in the Shell.

“Comics don’t count,” said Cat, who felt snotty toward them.

Cthulhu rummaged around in nowhere space, his stubby arm reaching into conceptual nothingness. He pulled out a copy of the, “Necronomicon: Pop-Up Edition.”

“Mind body spirit books don’t count. And pop-up books especially don’t count,” said Cat.

Cthulhu sighed, “aw.”

Poker Faces

Sitting on the floor of the Master's room, in between the dirty laundry and textbooks Cat and Cthulhu play cards. Having no dealer for their little game of poker they had resorted to jointly summoning magic hands, one hand each to deal the cards fairly. Play went backwards and forwards with no clear winner. The pot was made up entirely of Master's two bronze coins, which he never spent and lots of strange looking currency from around the world.

"Cat, what is your poker face?" asked Cthulhu.

Cat threw some money into the pot.

"I don't have a poker face Cthulhu. I just play," said Cat.

"But Cat everyone has a poker face," said Cthulhu, whining.

"I don't. Even if I did would I tell show you it," Cat said.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," said Cthulhu, who signalled to his pair of magic hands to deal the last two cards.

"Then I'd have to change my poker face. You'll just have to try and work it out for yourself Cthulhu," said Cat.

The magic hands gestured for the two players to reveal their hands. As Cat showed his cards Cthulhu shouted out, "there I see your poker face!"

Cat looked at Cthulhu. "No you've not," said Cat.

"Yes Cat. I have," said Cthulhu.

Silence followed during the next round of play.

"See there is is again," said Cthulhu, just as Cat threw some coins into the pot.

"That's just my face," said Cat.

"Yes but it is in a different position when you bluff," Cthulhu said.

"I think I know when I'm pulling a face," said Cat.

"Then do you know that you have your tongue stuck out?" said Cthulhu, summoning up a mirror from nowhere space.

"Ah," said Cat, who saw his tongue sticking out slightly.

"Won't make any difference you knowing I know that. You can change your poker face all you want," said Cthulhu.

"Why?" Cat said.

"I can read your mind," said Cthulhu.

Gone (1/3)

The Cthulhu had rested The Book of All Hours against the side of Master's red water bottle. As Cthulhu chanted in the strange language that the book was written in Cat was preparing a knapsack. "Cthulhu stop chanting," said Cat, shouting and stuffing as many useful looking items in the bag as possible. The chanting stopped.

"It's okay Cat. I've finished and nothing bad has happened. Why are you packing a rucksack?" asked Cthulhu.

"Because whenever you start chanting from that infernal book I get a feeling. A gut feeling that I need to be prepared," said Cat, examining two flashlights closely.

"But nothing has happened. The spell failed."

Cat put both of the lights into the bag. "Do I want to know what the spell was meant to do?"

"Just transport me to the edge of the solar system for ten minutes. Then bring me back," said Cthulhu.

"You're mad. You really are," said Cat, closing the bag with a drawstring.

As with all things that force the universe to reorder its internal state. There was a flash of white light, followed by a green fog. On the desktop Cat and Cthulhu were gone.

This Was Not The Expected Result (2/3)

“Where are we? I can’t see anything,” said Cat, opening his rucksack in the darkness.

“I don’t know. Underground in a place made of stone,” said Cthulhu.

“Not on the edge of the solar system then,” said Cat.

“No. We are definitely on a planet of some kind,” said Cthulhu.

“I guess that is a good thing,” Cat said as he turned a headlamp on.

The pair of stuffed toys were in a room made of gigantic stone bricks. A single exit had been covered with unpainted plaster. The light of the headlamp moved around with Cat as he scanned the room. A sarcophagus had been laid to rest in the center of the room. Clay urns lined a shelf made of wood on the wall. Overall Cat got the impression that he was standing in a tomb. Likely, due to the indecipherable hieroglyphics an Egyptian tomb, thought Cat. Cthulhu was sitting where he had arrived in the tomb thinking quietly.

Cat called over to Cthulhu. “If this was not the expected result. Does it not follow that we will not be yanked back to the Master’s room?”

“Well ah. I don’t know.”

Cat jumped on top of the sarcophagus. It was very flat and perfect for resting on. In the absence of anything else to do Cat curled up to sleep. Cthulhu was flipping through his copy of the Book of All Hours with a frantic pace. The lid of the sarcophagus moved.

“Cat, I can’t read the book.”

Cat opened his eye. “Then why did you move the lid?”

“I didn’t do that,” said Cthulhu.

“This isn’t a good sign,” said Cat, who jumped from the lid and landed next to the plastered up exit.

Wake The Dead To Take Them New Places (3/3)

Sent by magic most unnatural Cat and Cthulhu are trapped inside a dark Egyptian tomb.

The lid moved free of the base of the sarcophagus at the moment Cat jumped from it. The lid slid to the floor and shattered. Cat saw a hand grip the edge of the sarcophagus. The hand was mummified. Brown and dried it was almost perfectly preserved. With a groan a body pulled itself up into a seating position. It then said something which Cat didn't understand. Cat knew this was due to his lack of knowledge of Egyptian. But also Cat felt very strongly that since the undead thing did not have a working tongue anymore, it would be rather hard to understand anyway.

"Where are we?" said Cthulhu, in a language Cat understood. The monster replied in the unintelligible drone it had spoke in.

"Egypt. What year is this?" asked Cthulhu. Cat thought this a very simple answer. He had already worked out they where in Egypt. The year should have stayed the same.

"2007. Well that's good. Can you read this?" Cthulhu showed the monster the Book of All Hours. It nodded.

"Good," Cthulhu started to chant. It was a different chant to the one that had taken them here. But Cat reasoned that spells must come in pairs. The one that took you somewhere and the one that took you back.

The universe reordered itself. There was an awful lot of green mist. There was also no more tomb. It was still dark though. The only lights came as tiny points of light unimaginably far away. Everything was very cold. The monster was with them. It was below Cat. But above Cthulhu.

"Cthulhu was this what you were trying to do earlier?" said Cat.

"Yes. We should be back where we started in a short while."

"How long is a short while?" said Cat, not trusting the measurements of time Cthulhu normally gave.

"Ask the Pharaoh how long he's been dead. About that long," said Cthulhu.

Cat & Cthulhu - Double-O Eighty

“Cthulhu, how old is James Bond?”

“I don’t know Cat. His late thirties maybe,” said Cthulhu.

“Wrong! Roger Moore is eighty,” Cat said.

“That doesn’t mean James Bond is eighty,” said Cthulhu.

“Yes it does. He’s the oldest James Bond actor. I think that’s kinda sad. Double-O agents are meant to retire at forty five,” said Cat.

“So, they retire. That means they get to live safe lives after and end up dying of old age,” said Cthulhu.

“Cthulhu, they are double-O agents. They are the most hardcore secret agents in the British secret service. James Bond is the best and most hardcore of them all. He should have died in a spectacular ball of fire days from retirement,” said Cat.

“But you’re confusing reality with fiction again,” said Cthulhu.

“What? No I think that to be the best actor in James Bond you should live as James Bond,” said Cat.

“The method actor approach to doing James Bond. Interesting, but possibly just Jack Nicholson living normally,” said Cthulhu.

“Does Jack Nicholson have a license to kill?”

“No,” said Cthulhu.

“Besides he’s too old,” said Cat.

“Look what is it with this age thing?” Cthulhu said, starting to look offended.

“Just well my image of Bond is as a young man. Not someone at risk of suffering from dementia or drawing a pension,” said Cat.

“Well I’m billions of years old. Are you saying I couldn’t play James Bond?”

“Yes, but your a extra-spatial horror from beyond our universe with too many tentacles. Also James Bond had an interesting childhood and an interesting adulthood. What is he going to do in old age? Potter about in the garden. That’d make a horrible film. He couldn’t do the action stuff without risking breaking his hip or having a heart attack,” said Cat.

“I’d still be a better James Bond then Roger Moore,” said Cthulhu.

“That’s a given,” said Cat.