

REAL TO REEL

**Contains anthro cat character TF, MfF, tooning, identity death
Octransfur story #28: Time - Commission for MonkeySpunk!**

“Ugh, why the hell are we even going to this dumbass cartoon film strip, anyway?” Albert grumbled as he and his friend Sylvia stood in front of the movie theater. It was the ninetieth anniversary for the classic cartoon character Sandford, and for one day only, a compilation of every single cartoon he starred in was being shown, something that Albert couldn’t help but detest the very prospect of. What was even the point of watching these antiquated, busted up, placid cartoons held together by below minimum wage strings and musical pieces?

“Don’t be such a sourpuss, man,” Sylvia rolled her eyes at Albert’s continued whining. To her, there was nothing wrong with seeing what came before, and just because there was a ton of animation nowadays that rocked did not mean every piece of animation that came before was irrelevant and unappealing. Albert was like this all the time as well, disregarding anything that was “old.” Maybe it was to compensate for every time he felt old (as well as bald).

“Psh...gimme a fuckin’ break,” Albert kept scoffing at the idea of watching these cartoons. “Do you really expect me to like something that people only liked because it was the Great Depression and they had literally nothing better to show? These cartoons pride themselves on being corny, filled with outdated references, and animation errors!”

“Geez, dude, you’re sounding like we’re watching Birth of a Nation or something.”

“Oh, that reminds me, there was so much fucking—*woooah!*” Albert leaned onto the poster the theater had put up for the Sandford event, and immediately fell into the wall as if it was made of water. In one fell swoop, he was gone.

“Hmph, showed him for complaining,” Sylvia just walked by. She had no idea why she was even friends with him in the first place.

Meanwhile, Albert was still circling around an empty void, one that was quickly becoming more and more monochrome with each passing second. Before he knew it, he was spit out into...some place. Though when he looked closer...

“What the \$#@%?!” His usage of the F-bomb was notably censored as he took a look around him, at every single thing in this world that had a face. The trees had faces, the buildings had faces, he would even bet the ground had a face! All eyes were on him, too, so he could never shake off the feeling of being watched again.

“Why, hello there, kiddo!” The sun beamed as it hopped around its place in the sky.

“Hey, shut up! How do I even get out of this craziness...” Albert was feeling the onset of a headache right now. Despite being in black and white, he was still feeling a distinct feeling of sensory overload. Before he could get far, however, he was met with the visage of a certain feline, one with pie eyes, oversized shoes, and dapper dress sense.

“Hiya, pal!” Sandford stuck a gloved hand out for Albert to shake, a gesture he rejected. “Have a warm welcome to our fun animated world! You’ll be sure to make us smile, and we wanna do the same to you!”

“The only thing I’m making is for the exit!” Albert growled as Sandford looked at his watch as if he had places to be.

“Whoops, looks like I’m late for my hot date! Just go walk around, chum, you’re gonna be in-toon with us in no time!”

“Hey, get back here, you little %@\$^! How the !&# do I get out of this ^#%@!”

Albert was in quick pursuit of the little cat twerp, running across several blocks of the cartoon city. Despite him being several times smaller than Albert, he was distinctly just out of his reach! It was getting frustrating as he was turning around blocks quicker than Albert, causing Albert to crash into cakes and people carrying sheets of glass in increasingly contrived, slapstick ways. It was a long chase, but eventually, Albert managed to follow Sandford into a grocery store. A grocery store that curiously only sold tomatoes, too...

“There he is, that little piece of...” Albert whispered to himself as he tried to watch Sandford’s every move. If he couldn’t give him a straight answer to the question of how to get out, maybe he could lead Albert to the exit with enough following. He was just loading tomatoes into his shopping basket at this point without a care in the world, each one having a face to it, which was so absolutely repulsive to Albert that he couldn’t help but complain aloud to it.

“Geez, what’s the point of having these tomatoes with faces on them, anyway?” He grumbled for the millionth time today. “For what reason would you want to eat something with a face on it?”

Suddenly, the tomatoes in the display behind Albert grew offended at his statement.

“Hey, we don’t like the face on *your* ugly mug, but do you see us complaining?” One of the tomatoes sharply addressed Albert’s inflammatory statement.

“Yeah, let’s get him, boys! We don’t stand for racism here!” All at once, the tomatoes on the stand pelted themselves at him at terminal velocity. In time, his entire body was coated, undeniably inundated with black tomato goop. In lieu of any paper towels or bodies of water, he wiped off all of the gunk himself, completely unaware of the white gloves that had mysteriously worked their way onto his hands. What decidedly didn’t come off, however, were the changes that were starting to work their way through Albert’s face. His previously light peach skin had been instantaneously taken over with a pitch-black fur, which had spread to his entire body as the gunk dripped down. A small, white feline snout had worked its way down to the bottom of his face along with two pointed ears at the top of his head, and his eyes had only gotten larger and more animated-looking, even taking on the pie shape of Sandford’s. Even his clothes were affected, no stains appearing on them but quickly draining themselves of all their previous color. Before he could come to, however, he was met with the angered voice of the store owner. His diminutive size, button nose that matched Albert’s, and prospector-type appearance and voice did not distract from the anger he was feeling.

“Hey, punk! Ya ruined all my precious tomaters!” He barked out. “Now it’s time fer ya t’pay!”

Wielding a sledgehammer that was almost as big as him, he took no hesitation in slamming it on Albert’s head, impacting him with a pronounced *BONK!* sound and causing a world of pain for Albert in the process. While no bones were broken nor any “real” injuries past a large forehead bump that could easily be pushed down, it was enough to stagger Albert momentarily, birds and stars circling around his dazed head, knocking his rather hefty spectacles off in the process. Once he could actually see straight, the store owner gave him one last warning.

“And stay out, ya little twerp! If ya ever come back, I’ll be sure yer gonna sleep in the ground for the rest of yer life!”

This was bad...*real* bad, Albert thought as he bolted out of the establishment. Looking at himself, he was shocked by how tiny he was. Albert had to be half his previous height by this point! Geez, how strong did that store owner guy have to be, anyway? He tried to pull off these gloves, only to discover they were practically bonded to the skin underneath. Pulling them to an absurd degree only solidified their hold on his hand, making him panic even more. However, Sandford running by reestablished the task at hand. He needed to get to him before any of this got any worse!

Albert made chase to the rogue cat across more of the city, ducking and weaving through banana peels, cream pies, and even stray anvils falling from windows in the process. He was getting surprisingly good at dodging all of these obstacles, his body squashing and stretching more and more with each passing second. Eventually, the two made it to a small clothing store, Albert following Sandford to a section near the back where he was trying on various different sets of clothes (all of which looked exactly the same), along with a rather large bow tie.

“Heh...lookin’ snazzy, big guy!” he complimented himself, his own reflection seeming to move on its own without any prompting from his body. Rushing towards Sandford and hiding behind a girl’s clothes rack, he couldn’t help but be disgusted by the contents of the shelf.

“Geez, how could he think he’s snazzy when all the clothes here look like they came from the dump?” Albert commented.

“Yeah? Well how about you like being worn by us, buddy?” The clothes soon sprang to life like everything else at this point, assaulting Albert with their presence, binding him so he couldn’t move. In due time, his body was wrapped like a mummy with different women’s clothing, every last garment calling for him to be redressed. Once they finally let themselves off, Albert was greeted with his body adorned with a white, polka-dot dress, high heels, and a girly bow. He didn’t have time to take all of this off, though, as Sandford was getting away! With these high heels on him, though, it was a struggle just to move forward, overblown tripping noises punctuating his every step from here on out as Sandford simply whistled his way out of the store.

Right outside of the clothes store was a large patch of flowers, to which Sandford was picking out a whole bouquet’s worth as they danced and swayed in place. Trying to navigate the

unsteady dirt floor and not caring what plants he demolished along the way, said flowers were not very receptive towards his assault towards him and immediately plunged towards his rear end. With a sharp poke, Albert's eyes widened as he was seemingly pumped full of air, reflecting itself in his chest, which grew several sizes into full-on cleavage, with a disembodied *DING!* sound and a wolf whistle just to add insult to injury. The plant soon broke off, becoming a long tail that idly flicked back and forth as she continued to chase Sandford. In her head, however, things were soon bubbling out of her control.

"Ooooh...what's happening...I feel all...funny," she slurred as the memories out of the outside world drifted away to be nothing more than scattered, fuzzy memories. Shaking her head to regain her consciousness, she finally made it to Sandford's house.

"Ugh, finally! That good-for-nothing cat has nowhere to hide now!" She stomped across the pathway and barged into the house...only to find Sandford, raising a glass of nonspecific liquid as a candlelit dinner awaited her.

"Hiya, Sasha! How's my number one girl doing on our anniversary?" He met her with a smile, his girlfriend completely gobsmacked at why she was even chasing him in the first place.

"O-oh, you mean to say...I...you...you didn't forget our anniversary after all?" The name Sasha immediately dominated her mind as the new identity fully asserted herself. A snapshot of who she was engraved itself in her now toony mind, a history of Sandford as a simultaneously sweet but difficult boyfriend rewriting itself into her memory.

"Of course not, doll! I was only out all day 'cause I only wanted the best for our anniversary dinner. The best food, the best clothes, the best flowers, all for the best girl in the world!" Sandford continued to flatter Sasha.

"O-oh...c'mere, sugar! I can't ever stay mad at you!" Sasha pulled her boyfriend in for an embrace as the two gave each other the wettest smooch of their lives. Hearts fashioned themselves in their eyes as the two looked longingly at each other, happy that their anniversary was going so swimmingly.

Meanwhile, back in the real world, everyone was clapping at such a wholesome conclusion.

"Ah, old cartoons never get old," was all Sylvia could say as the end card rolled on screen.