

You sit twiddling your thumbs idling away the time. You've checked your phone countless times in this waiting room. Not only had your health insurance switch you over to a new doctor, but clear across town on the outskirts of the town. The building looked more like a factory that had the insides completely redone to suit a doctor's office. You had to drive around the block a couple times to even make sure you had the right building. The room is almost completely white and has a very sterile feeling to it. Yet something odd about it bothers you. It almost feels odd about the room as if it was real but unreal at the same time. The only decorations up are cartoon pictures posted up on the wall of various cartoon animals with injuries. You see a cat that was flattened by an anvil, a duck holding its bill while covered in gunpowder, and other such cartoon paraphernalia. The place was certainly looking to match its name.

"Dr. Dimm and Watt's Toon Up Office" you repeat, practically rolling your eyes. You wish your insurance had given you a more serious doctor's office. Although you're startled to attention when the door opens, and they call your name. You look up and see a giant cartoony white rat staring at you. You stare in disbelief. Again, the rat calls out your name. It must be a costume. A very realistic costume that makes them look like they walked straight out of a cartoon. The rat approaches you.

"Well you must certainly be in rough shape." The Rat looks down at you in concern.

"Come, step into my office and we'll put a spring in your step!" He continues in a concerned tone. Your kind of in a state of disbelief. You watched his mouth move. Perfectly, as if he was incredibly real. You stand up and follow the rat . . . doctor. You watch his tail swaying as he walks, its almost hypnotic seeing it move around so realistic. You find yourself reaching out to touch it but the doctor quickly grabs your hand with a tissue.

"If you would be so kind as to NOT touch my tail please." He says stern but politely.

He sits you down in his office where another giant cartoonish rat is standing, this time black with fur. The patient's seat kind of reminds you of an anvil, but it's surprisingly soft to sit on.

"Ahem, now then. I'm doctor Watt, and this is my aide doctor Dimm!" The black rat waves his paw around before digging in some medical supplies. He pulls out a thermometer and shoves it roughly in your mouth and gives your head a couple of comforting pats. You expected his hand to feel plush and soft from some sort of fabric, but it feels very real and alive as he pats your head. Watt flips through a couple pages on his chart quick, listing off some personal information about yourself, getting the usual doctor stuff done rather quickly. You just nod at each question, almost dumbfounded at what is going on. It feels very surreal like you just walked into a cartoon.

"Now it says here, you're in here for a basic checkup!" Watt continues as he pulls the thermometer from your mouth. He glances at it and shakes his head.

"But I'm unfortunately sad to tell you that you're 100% human!" He says in a concerned voice, showing you the thermometer simply reading the words "Human!" in bright red letters.

"But not to worry, not to worry, that's why you're here! After a quick toon up, you'll be feeling better than ever!" Watt elates as Dimm pinches your cheek a little roughly. You try to stand up. You're getting real tired of this cartoonish act. How did these two get their doctorates anyways!? Though Dimm gently presses you back down to a sitting position and waves his finger as if to tell you "No, no!"

How did you get roped into this? You give a heavy sign, hoping their games are about done and they can begin with an actual checkup. You're relieved when you watch Dimm grab a Otoscope and presses it gently to your ear. Finally, they're taking their jobs seriously. Although the pressing gets a little rougher as it feels like he's stretching your ear upward to look in deeper in your ear. You wince as he stretches your ear upwards for what feels like two feet before he lets go. You hear an almost rubber sound as it feels like your ear snaps back into place. Dimm continues to your other ear as he stretches it

out as well. Although this time it feels like he presses the otoscope deeper into your ear. It doesn't hurt, it just feels extremely weird. As if he's peeking around inside your brain. You wince at the strange sensation as it feels like he's reaching through to the outside of your other ear.

"Ah, thank you Dr Dimm!" Watt says as he grabs the machine from Dimm's paw. You can feel Dimm wiggling his paw a bit. A shiver is sent down your spine as you feel Dimm pull his paw back out from both your ears. Dimm silently laughs as you reach your hand upward to feel at your ears. Your hand inches up and up and up. Although you only find your ears at the top of your very head, and they reach upward still. Having to stretch your arms upward to feel at the tips of your cartoonishly tall ears. You open your mouth to yell out but feel something shoved right into it.

"Now if you'll just saw AAAAH!" Watt grins while you're practically yelling that in surprise. You feel Dimm strapping a gas mask to your face. You try fighting against him, but the toon rat is surprisingly strong.

"This laughing gas should help you relax a bit!" Watt says reassuringly. You begin breathing the gas, squirming as much as you can as Dimm holds you down. Although instead of getting sleepy, you begin finding yourself giggling, then laughing. You can't contain your laughter, feeling like you're being tickled from the inside out. Your eyes water a bit, laughing harder as you can hear your own voice distorting. Each chuckle your voice changes into a dopier sounding laugh. Watt turns the valve as you feel the laughter begin to subside. Bringing you down to a dull chuckle with your strange cartoonish voice. Dimm begins pulling off the mask which seems stuck to your face. He places his paws on the table and begins tugging and stretching your face. Your eyes go wide as you watch as your face stretches like rubber. You watch helplessly as Dimm stretches out your face across the office before stopping and holding it out. Your entire face feels like stretching rubber as Dimm holds it out for you to see his cartoon antics of what he's doing to your body. He gives a mischievous grin before releasing it, letting it snap back into

position. You feel your cartoon snout wobbling as it settles into place. You place your hands up to steady your new snout as the tip of it keeps wobbling up and down. You swear you can hear the cartoonish wobble board sound as it slowly settles down. Dim walks back, giving your nose a couple of honks as you watch your nose at the end of your snout swelling up into a large round black shiny nose. Your snout is taking up a bit of your view stuck with it in your vision, making you extremely well aware what has been done to it.

“Now how about we get that spring in your steps~” Watt gleefully says as Dimm holds up an actual spring in each of his paws.

“Stop it, yah quacks!” You shout. Your voice still changed from that laughing gas. The two rats look at each other. Dimm scratches his head as Watt shrugs.

“Oh, I can assure you, neither Dimm nor I are mallards let alone birds!” Watt says in an explanatory tone.

“We are guaranteed 100% lab rats!” Watt says, pointing up to his certificates he has up on the wall.

Dimm nods eagerly, as he points to a badge on his white coat. The badge reading the words

“Guaranteed rat!”

“Now hold still, this won’t hurt a bit!” calmly stated as Dimm began wrapping springs around your feet and legs. You kicked your legs, trying to wrestle your legs from the toon.

“Wait, whaddya mean? What won’t hurt?” You explain, before realizing Dimm had pulled a giant mallet from behind his back and was lining it up with your leg.

“Oh, come on now, this is a simple cartoon procedure! No need for such a fuss!” Watt waved off. Before you can shout at Dimm to stop, he slams his mallet down on your leg. You wince at the anticipation of pain, but it never comes. You hesitantly look down and find your right foot completely flattened before

popping back into shape. Though that shape is nothing like it was before. Your foot has swollen up immensely. You wiggle your three digits of toes in shock. In your stupor you fail to pay attention that Dimm is slamming his hammer down on your other leg. You watch it completely flatten before popping cartoonishly back, matching your other leg. Dimm grabs your hands, yanking you off the patient's seat. You land on the floor and as if you had landed on a trampoline you bounce a little in place, hearing a soft "Boing" as you bounce. Dimm chuckles silently as he presses down on your shoulders, making you bounce up and down in place, hearing "Boing! Boing! Boing!" coming from your own feet as you do. Dimm presses down hard on your shoulders. You feel your pants getting tighter and tighter around your thighs as he presses down on you. You feel your pants starting to rip as your thighs are ready to burst out. You hear a loud rip as Dimm immediately lets you go. You shoot straight up, bonking your head on the ceiling before landing back down on the ground. You see stars swirling around your head as it takes you a moment to recover. You look down and see you've changed immensely. Your once trim figure is almost pear shaped with your massive kangaroo legs and thighs. Watt is eagerly writing down notes on his clipboard, clearly excited by what you can only imagine him seeing as are "improvements". He licks the tip of his pen and draws a line across your stomach.

"Hey why you go and do dat!?" you blurt out. You try wiping the ink off with your hand, but one of your fingers slips inside the line. Your eyes go wide as you curiously give the line a little tug, peaking inside. You have a pouch! Dimm grabs your pouch and stretches it out wide, reaching his paw in and goes shoulder deep reaching down inside, digging around inside of it. You shudder as it feels incredibly invasive, having to feel his paw dig around inside like that. To your astonishment, Dimm pulls out two giant pairs of boxing gloves from somewhere in your pouch. Not even giving you time to comprehend where he got those he is already slipping them on with great ease onto each of your hands.

"Looking better every second if I do say so myself!" Watt explains. Dimm just silently laughs at you.

Man, you've wanted to bop him since he started playing around with your body. Man you just want to

give his nose such a smack having made you into this . . . thing! You feel steam coming from your pointed cartoony ears as you wind your fist up with a spin. You swing your fist but end up spinning out and bopping yourself in your massive snoot with a loud “HONK!”

Dim just mutely laughs at your attempted antic. Watt looks over you inquisitively, examining your body which is flat on your butt.

“Hmmm, you must be off balance!” Watt circles around you before snapping his finger.

“Oh, I know! You just need a tail to balance out your uh, frontal weight” Watt continues, pressing down on your snout, making it wobble a bit.

“Dimm!” Watt snaps.

“Please, help our patient!” Dimm not needing to be told twice reaches down into your pouch again and pulls out a plunger. Before you can begin to comprehend, Dimm has slammed the plunger right on top the base of your spine began pulling up and down. You feel your spine extending with each pull, feeling it grow longer inch by inch. Your cartoonish body stretching as it sounds like a rubber balloon is being stretched. You hear one loud popping sound as the plunger detaches, making Dimm fall over. You look back over your shoulder and past your snout to see a big thick tail behind you. It seems to move around on it’s own before you feel yourself consciously controlling it. You slap it on the ground a couple of times. You feel oddly exhilarated by such a strange but wonderful feeling. You’re so fascinated by this new addition, moving it back and forth that you don’t realize Dimm has moved up in front of you and shoves you backward. Instinctively you slam your tail on the ground and begin balancing on it. You’re shocked and not sure how you’re doing this, but you’re doing it! You let out a small snicker as you bounce up and down on your tail, hearing it boing with each bounce. Watt seems ecstatic seeing you take to your tail so fast.

“Oh wonderful! I’m so glad you took to your toon up so well!” Watt’s paws are clasped together as he beams. Dimm wheels up a body mirror for you to look at your new self. If you didn’t know this was a mirror, you would have sworn it was a television in front of you. You look absolutely nothing like your old self. You turn your head this way and that way to get a good look at yourself past your big snoot. You look like you walked . . . er hopped right out of a cartoon with your new kangaroo body.

“Now, if you need anything, and I mean anything, please stop by! We want to keep that spring in your step after all!” Watt gives in an excited squeak. You admire your new body, feeling like you stepped out of the best massage and spa day you could imagine. You feel so much more invigorated and bouncier.

“You know Hoppy, I hear they’re hiring a bouncer in the toon district, you might consider applying! Err that is after you’ve had time to admire yourself. But fret not, I can safely diagnose you cured of your human condition!”