

Gerard



Gerard woke up with a splitting headache and a very bad taste in his mouth. It tasted like ... like *Alpo*? Fighting down an urge to gag, he tried to lick his lips – and his tongue snaked out a good four inches. What the?! A cold chill ran down his spine. Something had apparently gone terribly wrong with the experiment! His neck itched and he reached up to scratch it. But his fingernails had turned into narrow, cylindrical claws. And that was no hand on the end of his arm. It was a *paw*! The gravity of his predicament began to dawn on him, and he struggled to recall the sequence of events that had transpired in the laboratory. He remembered that, just as he was stepping into the Transmogrification Chamber, his dog, Ralph, had broken loose from its tether and bounded towards him. He recalled Dr. Constantine trying to grab hold, but Ralph slipped away. Then the W ray unit sequenced and ... and now he seemed to share some of the traits of an Irish wolfhound! He stretched, and was instantly aware that a fifth appendage straightened out along with his arms and legs. It was a tail! He experimentally flexed his gluteus maximus and it responded by wagging. Well, that was kinda cool. He looked around. Everything appeared in a dichromatic yellow-blue haze, including a fidgety Dr. Constantine. “How the hell could this have happened?” demanded Gerard, which, of course, came out sounding like “Woof!” He suddenly noticed a figure lurking behind the doctor. Good grief, it was him, *Gerard*! Except *this* Gerard wore a dim, Ralph-like expression on his face as he contentedly worried a rubber chew toy. If this was a dream, he sure hoped he woke up pretty damn quick. But if it *wasn't* a dream, what then?!