

KIT KAT'S ADVENTURES IN THE OUTER REALMS



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Kit Kat's Adventures in the Outer Realms

Where do cats go when they dream?

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First edition, July 2021

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Capperloo

"She's dreaming again." Kit Kat's fuzzy front paws convulsed; her nose and whiskers twitched in tandem. A faint "meh" escaped her mouth in her cat dialect. Soon Kit Kat would wake up suddenly and meow. She needed a lap after these naps for her to purr and contemplate with eyes half-closed.

But Kit Kat was not dreaming. Not in the typical sense - she was astral projecting, which is a state of deep mesmerism where the energetic parts temporarily leave the fleshy parts. This energy, or astral body, can travel to other places, times, or dimensions. Occasionally, humans can achieve the necessary state of deep mesmerism required for astral travel, but cats do this as a matter of routine.

Kit Kat certainly had her usual astral haunts - Soppyfields, where the cream flows in great rivers under the mountains. Or Cordiadian, where the long, low-hanging tree leaves sway seductively in the balmy breeze.

But these were not Kit Kat's favorite. Her most visited dimension was Capperloo. She was a giant in this place. The inhabitants are bell-shaped creatures, two inches tall, and moved about the smoothly polished land by what can only be described as a "foot-tongue." What draws Kit Kat here is that the Capperlooians reminded her of a favorite toy from the Earthly plane - the plastic cover for the floor bolts on the contraption that the humans use to shit and piss. In her waking hours on

Earth, she loved slapping at this bit of plastic over the smooth tile floors, listening to it clatter and bounce.

In Capperloo, the ground was slick, whether in the Wavel Forest, Dynaroon highlands, or the Soediodoe expanse. How could Kit Kat resist this place where the toilet-bolt-cover-shaped natives clattered and bounced as easily as her toy on Earth.

Each Capperlooian's outer coating was perfectly matched to the two-meter environment of its micro-orb. One is a deep iridescent green to match their micro-orb in the Wavel forest. Another is so matte black that it's nearly a black hole absorbing all color to disappear in the sooty waterfalls of the Dynaroon highlands.

Despite their near-flawless camouflage, Kit Kat had no trouble finding a Caperlooian by their slow lumbering slide across the polished ground. A wild swipe would bring Kit Kat's paw across the diminutive Capperlooian shell. Off it would fly into the micro orb of its neighbor, bouncing a couple of times before coming to rest. Pouncing quickly and in a single bound, Kit Kat would lay her paws on the creature, fling it into the air, and bat it into the next micro orb.

This caused a great deal of chaos on Capperloo since the inhabitants are unaccustomed to moving out of their micro orbs. If Kit Kat removed one too far from their home orb, they would never make it back to their home, choosing instead to expire where they land.

Of course, Kit Kat was indifferent to the Capperlooian's misfortunes. She only wanted to revel in the hunt of the little toilet caps. When Kit Kat was in a frenzy, she would

"yeoweloo" with all her breath to summon other hunters to her. But this is where she usually snapped back to the earthly plane. Her slave-humans heard only a stifled meow as she woke up with a jerk, and Kit Kat searched for the nearest lap.

Grittevania

On the Earthly plane, the sky was gray, and Kit Kat heard the rain rumble on the sheet metal carport. In her slave human's shelter, icy air blew out of rectangular holes cut into every wall. These humans did not appreciate heat. Kit Kat rolled tighter into a ball and sought refuge in one of the astral realms to escape the irritations of her Earthly plane.

Kit Kat deepened her mesmerism until her nose and whiskers twitched. She arrived in Grittevania. The three suns were at their mid-afternoon positions, toasting the air. Kit Kat flopped down onto her side near the shore of Brackigulf to let the tri-sun warmed sea breeze ruffle her fur.

Above her, Kit Kat saw the Sullenswallows hovering in the breeze. As they floated in their hexagonal formation, their papery wings twitched faintly with each shift of the breeze. If only they would've come closer, Kit Kat wished. A snack would've made her trip extra satisfying. But before Kit Kat could lure a Sullensswallow by mimicking their sharp spit and hiss call, they raised their wings and glided out to sea.

If the Sullenswallows wouldn't play, Kit Kat looked for the Vellumorbs. Small creatures who folded upon themselves into a ball. Kit Kat flipped onto her belly and crouched low to watch for orb-sign – slight displacements of sand that signaled a Vellumorb was moving beneath. But all Kit Kat could see today was the flutter of sand in the breeze. The Vellumorb had become

wary of Kit Kat, and she would not get the pleasure of tearing open each fold until she revealed the stony heart.

But Kit Kat decided she was there for rest, not play, and rolled back onto her side to resume her sun-basking. Only when she heard her slave human clinking the food bowls on the kitchen counter did Kit Kat snap back to the Earthly realm.

Soppyfields

Kit Kat stared out the window. No squirrels romped on the sky patio this morning. She curled up on the carpet to pass the time until her slave human wakes and doles out the morning's food. She let her breathing slow, and her body melt into the scratchy beige carpet. Soon her essence was not with her body but traveling through the ether to Soppyfields.

The mountains towered over Kit Kat in Soppyfields. The mounds of damp, black sludge smothered bits of bone and flesh. The digesting earth smelled of musty bile. Kit Kat navigated her tender-footed paws along the rough steps cut into the mountainside. The iridescent blue spider scorpions tunneled under the thick earth at Kit Kat's approach. She made no advance toward them. Today her tastes did not favor the gristly guts of the scorpion. Kit Kat's empty stomach craved the creamy treat that flowed under the rotting mountains.

Half crouching and half walking, she plodded through a vent hole that led to the subterranean cavern. After sliding down the steep, slick surface of the cavern wall, Kit Kat's paws found sure footing on the rough bedrock at the river's edge. Balancing on three legs, Kit Kat let her front paw sweep the surface of the milky river. The nectar coated her paw in a soft lollipop shell. Kit Kat lifted the paw to her mouth and lapped up the sticky delicacy that reminded her of ice cream soup.

After three pawfuls of the sweet goop, Kit Kat's hunger was sated. She drifted back to her earthly body just in time to hear the electronic buzz that signaled the waking of her slave human.

Leaquad

Kit Kat's acquaintance, Desmond, mistook her for prey again. Kit Kat's hisses were his siren song. She sought the protected spot under the table to escape his rampage. A trip to Leaquad would soothe her until Desmond's nap cycle began.

Sleep came quickly to Kit Kat as it does for cats. As her body slept, her astral essence was free to venture to unharried worlds. Soon Kit Kat was walking among the grass blades in Leaquad. Each blade's girth was a paper towel roll and tall as a tabletop. Despite their size, Kit Kat could maneuver between blades with little effort as she sought her refuge.

Scattered among the iridescent green-purple grass were squares of earth untouched by the vegetal inhabitants of Leaquad. Each bare square was slightly larger than Kit Kat.

Kit Kat sat in the square. It was right. Her eyes narrowed in lazy serenity.

Periodically, a marquis beetle would crawl onto the electric blue moss that outlined Kit Kat's square. She watched as the beetle's red-gold mouth pinchers snipped errant runners of moss. Undulations of pinchers and brittle teeth pushed the bit of vegetable into the creature.

Kit Kat would deploy a single claw to pierce the beetle's candy feather shell. Not killing, but stunning it before she shoved the squealing beetle into her mouth. Her teeth would render it a slurry of candy shards and taffy guts.

A little sweet for her taste. Kit Kat much preferred the musky niggle flies. Most days, they were easy enough for her to catch. Kit Kat needed only to clap her front paws into the air around the moist fly. Again, just to stun it, then eating it whole and alive. But this would require Kit Kat to leave her square. She was not ready for that today.

Castdeep

Kit Kat's dinner had been unsatisfying. It was fowl contorted into a sticky paste. A bird smells of something – dusty feathers and sunny warmth. But this paté mess gave the faintest odor of rotting bird. Kit Kat needed a more appetizing smell. As she settled in for her post-dinner nap, she decided to travel to Castdeep to seek her most delectable quarry, the hunkfish.

As the murmur of unknown humans in the street below passed into silence, Kit Kat focused her attention on the liquid realm of Castdeep. Once her head fell dead onto her blanket bed, and her breathing deepened and slowed, Kit Kat sat perched on the stump of mossy land no larger than herself and gazed at the expanse of water that surrounded her. As much as she craved the hunkfish, this moment always made her pause. The fish would not come to her perched on the few spots of dryish land in Castdeep. Kit Kat must join the fish in their water habitat if she wanted to feast today.

Kit Kat could have jumped into the water to begin her hunt, but her body would simply not make those motions. Instead, she walked to the edge of the land stump and allowed herself to slide down the steep edge into the water.

Kit Kat's legs flailed uncoordinatedly for a moment as she sank deeper into the water. As she acclimated to the cool water seeping under her fur and chilling her skin, Kit Kat's legs found rhythm and slow momentum through the liquid.

To catch the quarry Kit Kat sought, she would have to rely on the curiosity of Castdeep creatures. She could never hope to match the speed of a hunkfish or ringturtle. An eagleray was about all she could overtake at her pace. But the eaglerays had muscles of iron which even Kit Kat's teeth couldn't penetrate.

If Kit Kat's fortunes improved, she might happen upon a brinegrub and hook it securely with her claw. The brinegrub's slimy emanations attracted the hunkfish like the hunkfish attracted the Kit Kat.

But Kit Kat's skin began to numb in the colder depths of Castdeep. She feared a lingering chill if she remained. Kit Kat resigned herself to an unsuccessful hunt and snapped back to her home dry and warm. She mournfully meowed as she woke and sought the comfort of her slave human's lap.

About the Author

Sabina Gartler enjoys writing short-form fiction and non-fiction such as flash fiction, zines, and case studies. She's partial to incorporating elements of the supernatural or science fiction into her stories. Sabina publishes a monthly online zine, *That Plant Fucker*, to indulge her love of herbs and herbal medicine.

Sabina has the requisite collection of journals and books as required for any sort of writer. She is an adequate slave to her cats and has lived most of her life in Houston, TX.

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