

# The Cat That Crushed Paris

**\$CATPARIS**



*A lasagna-bloated Garfield wakes up as a skyscraper-sized kaiju and casually flattens the Eiffel Tower while demanding snacks, leaving the French army powerless against his sleepy rampage. The joke is a lazy comic-strip cat turning kaiju destruction into an inconvenience that interrupts his nap schedule. Tone is deadpan absurdity with screaming Parisians and news tickers.*

three trays of Jon's emergency lasagna delivery. The hotel staff had wheeled the pans in on silver carts at 3 a.m.; the smell of béchamel and ragù had drifted down the Rue de Rivoli until every pigeon on the ledges stopped cooing. Garfield's last conscious act was to bat the final ceramic dish onto the carpet and roll THE FILM onto his side, one paw dangling over the balcony rail. At dawn the balcony collapses. Concrete dust coats his whiskers. He opens one eye, registers that the horizon now sits level with his snout, and yawns. The sound registers on seismographs in Strasbourg. He stands. Four city blocks of Haussmann façades pancake under his hind paws. He does not notice. His stomach issues a low, grinding complaint that rattles every window from the Place de la Concorde to the Bastille. He begins to walk. Each step lands with the wet slap of a comic-strip paw print stamped in mortar. The first bakery he encounters—a fromagerie whose owner is still arranging wheels of Comté—disappears beneath his left forepaw. The owner, clutching a wedge of Mimolette, watches the roof tiles slide into the gutter. Garfield's nose twitches at the cheese scent. He lowers his head, inhales the entire display window, and keeps moving. Parisians on the sidewalks film the event with phones held at arm's length, the screens already showing the same orange blur from six different angles. The Eiffel Tower comes into view between two apartment blocks. Garfield's tail, still heavy with sleep, swings sideways and shears the top third of the structure at the second observation deck. The iron lattice folds like a paper fan. Tourists on the remaining stairs hear only a long, bored exhalation that smells faintly of tomato sauce. News helicopters circle; their traffic banners read "\$CATPARIS LIVE-TOUR EIFFEL SIGNAL LOST." French armor arrives along the Seine. Leclerc tanks take firing positions on the Pont de l'Alma. The first round strikes Garfield's flank and produces a puff of orange fur. He pauses, lifts the paw that holds the Pont Neuf, and examines the tread marks on his pad the way a housecat studies a stray burr. The tanks reverse. One commander, still in his headset, reports that the target appears to be searching for an open can. Garfield reaches the Louvre courtyard. The glass pyramid reflects his belly. He sits, crushing the fountain and the queue of early ticket holders. The impact jars loose a single memory: Jon's voice saying "no more snacks until dinner." His ears flatten. A deeper rumble starts in his chest. The few remaining glass panels of the pyramid explode outward. He rises again, slower, and turns toward the Rungis market on the southern edge of the city, where the refrigerated warehouses hold industrial quantities of prepared meals. The army's second wave deploys drone swarms programmed to sting the inner ear. Garfield's tail flicks once; three dozen rotors spiral into the Seine like metallic mayflies. He steps over the Périphérique, each paw erasing a different exit number. Motorists below see the sky replaced by an orange-and-black belly striped like a municipal bus. At the market Garfield stops. The cold-storage sheds are the size of shoeboxes to him. He extends one claw and slits the roof of the largest hangar. Inside, stacked trays of lasagna-industrial, portioned for cafeterias—steam in the sudden daylight. He lowers his head and begins to eat, jaws working with the same mechanical rhythm he once used on a Sunday strip. Each swallow produces a wet, contented sound that overrides the air-raid sirens. The final drone strike targets the roof of his mouth. Garfield's tongue curls, dislodging the machine, and he swallows without breaking stride. Then he lies down across the runways of Orly, tucking his chin onto a wing of the main terminal. The control tower leans against his cheek like a pillow. His breathing slows. The news tickers continue to scroll beneath his closed eyes: "\$CATPARIS-DEMANDS MET-EVACUATION COMPLETE-CAT APPEARS TO BE NAPPING." Rescue crews mark the perimeter with orange tape that matches his fur. No one approaches closer than the length of his whiskers. A single television crew, positioned on a surviving overpass, records the rise and fall of his flank. Each exhale stirs a small dust storm that carries the scent of melted cheese across the empty boulevards. The image holds: a city reduced to the scale of a comic panel, its

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