



The Cat That Reset Time

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Arthur wakes up to the shrill ring of his alarm, feeling the crushing weight of another identical morning. The room is bathed in a cold, grey light that makes every object look weary and worn, mirroring the exhaustion in his eyes.



As he reaches out to silence the noise, he notices his cat, Orion, sitting perfectly still in the shadows of the corner. The cat's golden eyes are wide and unblinking, watching Arthur's every move with an unsettling intensity that feels far too intelligent for an animal.



In his morning haze, Arthur fumbles with a cup of coffee, watching in slow motion as it tips over the edge of the counter. Just as the ceramic hits the floor, a jagged glitch tears through the air, distorting the room like a corrupted video file.



Arthur blinks, and the coffee is suddenly back in the mug, steaming as if it had never been moved. He stares at the dry floor and his steady hands, his heart racing against the heavy silence of the kitchen as he questions his own sanity.



He looks toward the digital clock on the wall, seeing the numbers 7:15 flicker and vanish, replaced instantly by 7:00. Orion blinks a single time, his tail sweeping across the floor in a slow, deliberate arc that seems to synchronize with the ticking of the clock.



The day becomes a blur of impossible corrections; every mistake Arthur makes is instantly undone by a ripple in reality. Whether he drops his phone or misses a vital phone call, time simply resets itself, and Orion is always there, perched nearby and observing with a silent, judgmental gaze.



"It's you," Arthur whispers, his voice trembling as he backs away from the small, furry creature sitting on the table. Orion steps forward into the light, and the very air around him seems to hum with a heavy, magnetic energy that makes the hair on Arthur's neck stand up.



Panicked, Arthur lunges for the front door and throws it wide, desperate to breathe the fresh air of the outside world. To his horror, he steps through the threshold only to find himself standing back in the middle of his own kitchen, facing the same closed door.



Orion's eyes begin to pulse with a faint, ethereal glow as the hands of the wall clock spin backward so fast they become a dizzying blur. Arthur collapses to the floor, pleading for the cycle to end, but his voice is swallowed by the roar of rewinding time and the shifting shadows of the room.



The world suddenly snaps into a silent, frozen tableau, leaving Arthur suspended in a moment of absolute, terrifying stillness. Orion gazes directly forward, a soft meow echoing in the void as a final message appears in the air: the nightmare is only just beginning.