

If I Woke up as a Yinrih

I was asked what I'd think if I turned into a yinrih. Here are my thoughts:

Pros:

- + Extra thumbs. I could open jars with one hand (paw) because I could use a finger and my inner thumb to twist the lid, and the rest of my fingers and outer thumb to hold the jar.
- + Prehensile tail: Do I even need to elaborate? It's as dexterous as a tail could possibly be. It has enough tensile strength to support my weight, and just enough compressive strength to act as a cane when walking on my hind feet. I'd be prehending the crap out of everything with that bad boy.
- + 2 extra li'l grabbies (my rear paws).
- + Built-in writing utensils. Random guy: "Do you have a pen?" Me, holding up my two writing claws: "All the dang time! Oh, you want to BORROW it? Sorry I'm not amputating my fingers." And you better believe I'd be sniffing my own ink. I love the smell of rain.
- + All the extra colors I can see thanks to my much wider visible spectrum. Oh, and I could actually see, too. That's a plus.
- + Built for an arboreal lifestyle. I'd brachiate all over the place making silly gibbon noises, or as near as my cynoid vocal tract would allow.
- + Prodigious sense of smell and hearing: Cancer detection let's go!

Cons:

- Covered in fur: I hate it when my hair covers my ears, and I hate having facial hair. Being covered in hair all over would be a sensory over-stimulation nightmare.
- Whiskers: Same as above, but on steroids.
- Wet nose: I don't think I'd like having a slimy mucus membrane at the tip of my face. Yes I know it helps with the sense of smell, but I'd dislike it all the same.
- Claws: With the exception of the writing claws, I think having sharp claws would be hard to manage.
- Humans trying to pet me: get your paws off me you dirty ape! Do you want an assault charge? because that's how you get an assault charge. This would only be a problem right after First Contact, though. I think after a while humans would wise up to the fact that yinrih aren't dogs and

don't like being touched.

- No sweat glands: No more persistence hunting :(

Mixed:

~ My hands are now also my feet. Boo! (but on the plus side, my feet are now also hands, yay!)

~ Longer lifespan: NGL living for seven centuries would be both awesome and terrible.

~ Can't speak English anymore, but now I can finally speak Commonthroat!

~ Not being able to go unconscious. If my chronic insomnia translated into a difficulty going into or remaining in torpor, I think I'd go nuts. On the plus side, I'd no longer have the existential dread of wondering whether the me that wakes up in the morning is the same me that went to sleep, or just an exact copy that has the same memories.

On the whole, I'm happy to be a member of *H. sapiens*, but being a *V. fidelis* would be cool in its own way.

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