

I was falling. Falling forever. Falling in a bottomless pit of sorrow. All around me I watched people pass by. All of them were friends of my parents. They had all come to pay their respects. I was felt like I was alone. It was a closed casket funeral because my father's body was so mangled in the accident. My mind was still trapped in that moment. Replaying the moment over and over like a broken record. The car flipping over and landing on the side of a cliff. My mother pulling me from the wreckage. Both of us trying to save my father, who was trapped in the driver's seat. Us watching the car tip over the edge as the snow gave way. The tears had stopped but the aching of my soul hadn't. My father and I were as close as a son and father could get. We did almost everything together and now, in one instant, he was gone, ripped from us by fate. I had become a robot, no emotions, no reactions, just a robot going through its programming. When it happened, walls were built that not even my mother or my best friend could tear down. I was in a coma like state the only difference was that I still moved around.

After the service was over I had many people coming to me to try to break through my wall by hugging my 6 ft frame and whispering consolations in my ears. People went by in dozens. My mother walked over to me. "Cheer up honey," she said as she brushed the long blonde lock that had fallen in front of my eyes, "Just think, hes in a better place now.". She said that but obviously didn't want to hear it herself. She missed him as much as I did.

We gt home after the funeral and began packing some of our things. It was our last night in our suburban home. We couldn't afford to live there anymore so we were moving to a new place that was a little bit more rural. I hadn't seen it but my mother kept telling me "Change is a good thing" as a way to cheer me up but nothing was going to break through my wall.

We got up and finished packing away all our stuff the next morning. My mother had rented a moving truck and was having one of her friends drive it to our new house for us. We drove for four hours before my mother finally said we were only a few minutes away. One more turn and a long winding dirt path later, we park in front of our new house.

If you could call it a house. It was gigantic. It quite surely had more space then our last house. The front doors were wooden but showed a little wear and tear. The windows had a layer of dust on them. It seemed as though the house had been lost in time. My mother got out of the car and walked to the front door, turning back to gesture that I should come with her. I stepped out of the car and walked up the stairs onto the front porch. My mother rummaged through her pocket for a second and pulled out her keys. She picked two identical keys out of all of them and handed one to me. The key itself looked old. It the top was a rose and the rest of it was the stem. The three prongs that jutted out from the bottom of the key were made to look like thorns.

My mother stuck her key in the and fought with the lock for a few seconds trying to figure out how the door unlocked. She finally figured it out and then she forced the door open with her shoulder.

It was at this moment that I finally understood why we were able to pay for this house. It was in dire need of a good cleaning. The floors looked as if they hadn't been cleaned for decades. Every piece of furniture that had been left in the house had a layer of cobwebs on it. My mother went back outside to ask our friend if they would help us clean and, after seeing the state the house was left in, agreed to help us clean.

After many hours of hard work cleaning every last inch in the house, we could finally see what the house looked like in its heyday. The floors were a porcelain tile with a faded design on it. The walls were all covered in wood. Two small tables sat at either side of the front door. Although this was only the front hall. we hadn't made our way through the house yet. We decided it would be better if we moved everything from the truck into the front hall rather than clean the rest of the house now and have our friend stay the night.

After our friend left we started the work of choosing which room to stay in for the night. All of them had an equal amount of dust and dirt left on them. My mother took what was, without a doubt, the master suite and I chose a room that looked out over the front of the house. It was the least furnished

of the rooms so it would be easy to set it up. We went to work on cleaning the rest of the house, starting with the stairs and ending in the kitchen, which was, by far, the dirtiest room in the house. By the time we were finished it was 2 am. We both fell asleep on the couches we had set in the front hall.

The next day we started moving things. All of the rooms got some of our stuff put into them. We started with the study. We moved books to make room for other items and brought small tables in for the things that didn't fit on the shelves. All the while I felt like something or someone was watching me but I just ignored it. That is until I went to the second floor of the study.

I climbed the metal spiral stairs holding a small box of pictures. Since my father loved books we were going to keep all his pictures in the study. I reached the top and started looking at spots I could place the pictures while I hung them on the wall and place them on tables but as I stepped towards the one of the tables I heard faint whispering from somewhere. I stopped and whispering stopped. I, then, moved as quietly as I could but this time it seemed like whoever was whispering was trying to tell me something. I stopped and listened. "Get out while you still can." the voice said. "Leave and never come back." another voice said. I set the pictures down slowly and quickly ran down the stairs to the first floor. Before I ran entirely out of the study, I looked back at the second floor. I saw what looked like a person dressed in a lab coat standing there but a second later he vanished.

I hightailed it out of the study and ran straight to my room. I sat down on the bed and stared at the door, waiting for the man to throw open my door but instead my mother opened the door. "What was all that noise? I thought you were putting the pictures of your father in the study." she asked. "I was but there was something in there with me." I replied in a shaky voice. "Oh honey there's nothing in the house with us. The realtors went through the whole house and made sure every last room was empty, except for the furniture that is." she replied, "There is no one here but us.". She walked out of my room and left the door open. 'Maybe it was all in my head.' I thought.

I left my room after that and began getting better acquainted with the house, finding its secrets. While I looked I found a hollow part of a wall in the front hall. It was a part on the far wall. I knocked on it to make sure and as I knocked I heard my knocks echo. The wood that covered it seemed to be movable so I grabbed onto part of a loose board and gave it a slight tug. The board immediately came off. Behind the wood was a short hall to a metal door. "Hey, mom." I yelled.

After we got the rest of the boards off, we walked down the hallway to the metal door. We tried to open the door but it was locked so we just walked away and went back to what we were doing before. I only found one more thing but it wasn't really anything. It was just a passageway to an empty room that my mom planned to use for her office.

Later that night I decided I would check the door again. I silently snuck down the upstairs hallway to the stairs. I slowly crept down the stairs to the small hallway. I slowly made my way down the hallway. I stopped in front of the door. There were whispers coming from inside. "You idiot! He saw you in the study!" said one voice. "Well I'm sorry but I need one of the books." replied the other. "You know all this you do not need the books!" the first voice said. I slowly began to open the door as the voices continued arguing. Then suddenly all was quiet. Too quiet. I quickly threw the door open. On the far wall whimpering in a huddled mass were three cows but these cows had hands, they looked as if they could walk on two legs but each of them had another body part that I couldn't quite make out. I began to walk closer to them to get a better look but suddenly I felt the pain of a few thousand volts coursing through my body. I fell on the ground, muscles spasming from the electricity. Someone picked me up and began carrying me out of the room. I couldn't see who it was and then I blacked out.

When I came to I was chained to the floor and stripped of my clothing. I was positioned in a kneeling position. Standing only a few feet from me were my mother and some guy. "You did a wonderful job my sweet but it seems our guest has now awakened." my mother said. The guy looked at me with a look that almost said 'I'm sorry'. "Yes. So he is awake." he said. "What the hell is going on mom? Who is this guy and why did he chain me up?" I screamed as I tugged at the chains that

bound me. "Oh honey, he didn't chain you up. I did." my mother said. I stopped struggling "You did, but...but why?" "I did it because you are gonna become a part of my cash flow. You see honey I never really loved you. I acted that way so that I could lure you to this house. I would've brought you here earlier but I tried get your father to help me and he said no. That's the reason why he was always with you. He was protecting you from me but now he can't protect you can he?" my mother explained. "What were those things in that room and what do you mean your 'cash flow'?" I asked, trying to soak in everything she had told me. "Oh those are your brothers, which you'll be joining soon because my cash flow comes from the milk I take from them." she replied. "I have brothers?" I said, trying to put it all together. "Yes, honey. Brothers! I got all of them from divorce. I wanted to divorce your father but he would've gotten full custody. You are getting on my last nerve. Lenny give me the gun." she shouted. Lenny picked up a weird looking device from the table behind him but as he gave the device to her he gesture to something behind me. I looked over and saw a key and a knife just within my reach. I quickly grabbed them. As I kneeled, I unlocked my chains but the knife was still a mystery to me.

My mother turned to me and pointed the device at me. The device looked like a cow's udder attached to the end of a megaphone. On top of it sat a canister with a pipe connecting it to the rest of the gun. "This gun will make you like your brothers, honey. Then I'll find an other man and have another child and bring them here. This gun shoots a blue liquid which is synthesized from the elements in the air around you and will change you. I think I'll try full blast this time." she said confidently as she turned a dial on the side of the gun. She pulled the trigger but before the liquid could come out I jump up and slashed the side of the gun. Half the liquid hit me and the other half shot out the hole and hit her. She stood there, dazed and confused, as the liquid began to soak into her body. I pulled the gun from her hand and fired a second splash of the liquid onto her dodging the back splash.

I stood there and felt the liquid take effect. Black and white fur grew all over my body except one spot on my stomach. My face pushed out into the snout of a cow and my ears became floppy. My teeth grew blunt and my tongue elongated. My hips widened and my buttocks grew large and muscular. I was suddenly on my toes as they changed into hooves. My stomach began to bulge outward and a section in the center turned pink and began grow even faster than my stomach. It began too sag and almost split into four seperate sections. Out of each section a long nipple like thing grew out. I squeezed one and milk shot out.

I looked over at my mother and watched as her transformation went farther than mine but the whole time she cursed me. "Damn you. I'll get you for this. I'll find a way to get moo." she yelled but those were the last words she would ever say. Her transformation had complete and she was now a cow fully and udderly. I mean utterly. Lenny and I went and got my brothers. We all decided to keep the company going but go our seperate ways. I became a the CEO of a multi billion dollar company but every so often we all go back to visit Lenny even though we all know how to door it on our own. We do it to thank him for helping us and also to make sure our mother isn't finding a way to change herself back. It may seem farfetched but to my brothers and I its totally normal.