

Justin

I was taught to hate music. Ever since I was old enough to understand the difference between music and random noise I have loved it, but I can only enjoy it in private. Even thinking of the music can have an effect on me. My life's destiny was stolen from me by events that I would never remember but will never forget. I've lived a hidden life, shielded behind walls, but no one ever said I liked it.

I stood outside the school waiting for my ride to pick me up at 2:40pm as always. I yawned as I stared out into the street thinking of Love 4 You by EH!DE without realizing it, doing something I knew not to do. My short chestnut brown hair sat atop my head unmoving, staying out of my brown eyes. My angular face made red by the heat. I slouched as I stood, making me look as if I was 5'11" when I was actually 6' tall. My green t-shirt billowed in the wind and my jean shorts were held down by my wallet. It was just another normal Friday.

Then, a tug on my arm pulled me out of my trance. I turned to look at who was tugging and saw... her. Her hair was long, wavy, and brunette. She had a perfect hourglass figure, she looked like a model but healthier. She was dressed in a light blue shirt covered by a thin black cardigan, black skinny jeans, and black Converse. Her smile was bright white and her eyes as blue as the Caribbean waters and were as deep as the ocean. She looked at me and said "Come on. You're always standing here every day and you get picked up. Don't you ever want to go anywhere other than home?" I was about to say something but she pulled me along before I could.

I sped up my gait so I could keep up with her. I had no idea where we were going and... I liked it. "See. Isn't it better to get out sometimes to go where you want to go, do what you

want to do?” she said as she spun around to face me and walked backwards. I couldn’t say no, especially since I had a giant grin plastered on my face. For the first time in my life I felt like I was the one controlling my actions rather than my parents. I followed her through the streets since I didn’t know, but I could follow her blindly for hours. She was my angel in black breaking me from my chains. Who was I to deny fate?

“I’m Cara” she said.

After a half an hour of walking through the town my feet were tired but eyes readily looked at everything as if seeing the world for the first time but I was only experiencing it for the first time. I walked without looking where I was going and ended up walking face first into a glass door. Cara let out a slight giggle as she held the door open for me and said “I’m sorry, I should’ve gotten the door for you but you’re so fascinating to watch. You act as if you never been outside your house before.” I gave her a confused look and her smile suddenly became a little bit more awkward. “Oh. Ok, that’s a little unnerving. I’m happy to help you have your first delve into public.” she said with a smaller grin which suddenly got larger, “maybe we should give you a wardrobe change. We around to so many stores as she “changed my wardrobe”. When she was done with me she stopped to look at her masterpiece. I stood there in a light blue button down short sleeve shirt with some blue and red checkerboard shorts and some neon yellow and grey tennis shoes. To be truthful it wasn’t much of a change but to me it felt so strange.

“I’m glad you like it,” she said as I looked over my new duds, “cause you owe me about \$300 for all of these new clothes.” “Thank you?” I said with an undecided smile. I walked with her through the mall and we talked about so many things. How things work in public. Whats

okay to do in public and what isn't. By the end of the day I felt like we were like best friends. Even worse, I think I might've been falling for her.

I went home and walked into my house on cloud but my cloud was quickly shot down. "Where were you young man?! You had me worried sick! We've talked about why you can't go out into public." my mother yelled as she walked into the foyer. "But mom it was so much fun." I said. "I don't care. What would happen if people found out about your little secret?! What would they do?!" she yelled. I felt years of rebellion and anger welling up inside me and I yelled back as ran up the stairs to my bedroom "I don't care what happens as long as I'm not trapped in here for the rest of my life like you want me to be!!!!!" I ran into my room, slamming the door, and flopped onto my bed, crying as my emotions that I held back for so long came out like a volcano. It was too much for my mind to handle and I passed out.

I woke up and took a shower to wash my emotions away in the drain. I got dressed in a black t-shirt, purple hoodie and some gray camo shorts. I was meeting Cara at a place called The Box. I snuck out of the house through my window. I knew what was waiting for me downstairs and I didn't want to receive.

As I followed the directions she gave me I heard the music getting closer and closer. I met her a few blocks away from The Box. I felt nervous. I knew I couldn't so I decided that I would trust Cara a little bit more.

I pulled Cara off the main road into an alleyway. "Why are we here?" she asked me. "Cara, I haven't been entirely honest with you. I'm sorry but I can't tell you why but I can't go with you." I said urgently. "Wait why can't you come with me and why are you acting like

this?" she asked. "I can't tell you here but meet me at school tomorrow with a speaker and Ipod." I said as I walked away from her.

The next day I stood outside the school waiting in a pair of military green cargo shorts, a Doctor Who t-shirt that said "Wibbly Wobbly, Timey Wimey, Stuff.", and a neon blue and white striped beanie. I paced back and forth. She would be the first person to ever know my secret other than my parents and their colleagues. Suddenly 2 hands were on my shoulders. I nearly jumped out of my skin in shock. I turned to face Cara as she stood there laughing, holding a large bag. "Why did you tell me to come here? What was so important you couldn't tell me where we were?" she asked. "Follow me." I said as I walked up to the side entrance of the school's auditorium and unlocked it with my key. "How did you get a key to the auditorium?" she asked. "I stole a key from one of the teachers freshman year and made a copy of it." I said. I flicked on the lights and stepped onto the stage. "Alright, I'm guessing you want the speaker and Ipod now, right." she said. "Could you plug in and start it up?"

She started playing Kirby Smash by Foxsky. "I had microchip inserted into my brain as a child and it had a singular effect. Whenever I am exposed to any form of music be it mentally or physically it... changes me. I've found that it goes quickest and lasts longest if I dance along to the music." I said. "What do you mean changes?" she asked but I didn't hear her, I was losing myself in the music. As I let myself move to the music I felt it begin.

I threw my hat off the stage onto one of the seats. My hair grew longer and straighter, hanging in front of my eyes. I felt as any bit of fat or flab on my body was immediately replaced with muscle, leaving my clothes hanging loosely on my body. I kicked my flip-flops off as I felt the changes ramp up. My feet suddenly grew larger and less human. Five toes suddenly became three very large toes. Fur began to grow up from my feet to cover my entire body. "Whoa." she

said. I giant puff of a tail grew outwards from my spine, making it so my shorts had less of a chance of falling to my feet. My calves grew even more than the rest of my muscles. I felt as my nails grew longer becoming claws. My face grew outward slightly as my front teeth grew longer. The bulge in my shorts grew larger as certain parts got a little boost. My ears rose to the top of my head and grew upward they were taffy being pulled, coming to points at the end. It stopped just as the song ended.

“So that’s why you didn’t want to show me in the alleyway, you were afraid someone else might see.” she said. “Well its also because its not the same every time. I’ve tested it with many songs. It seems that certain songs have certain effects,” I said as I looked at the new white bunny body I had, “the amount of time it lasts also varies. It usually depends on how long I replay the song in my head. Mostly I didn’t want to do it because a few songs have turned me into a wolf and that probably wouldn’t go over well.” “Well its certainly a conversation starter. Maybe if you started with a small group of people.” she said.