

Dragon Changes 2: The Change in Brad
By
Jonathan Brothers

On the television screen appeared a red, blue, and gold logo intertwined with various interspersed video snippets. Subsequently the screen shifted to a smartly dressed woman with shoulder length auburn hair and a warm smiling face. At first the broadcast was of her looking at her papers, then on cue she looked up and addressed the camera in front of her.

"Welcome back to the second hour of our show," greeted the woman in a pleasant voice. "Today marks the two hundredth day of the arrival of the dragons," she read off the teleprompter in front of her while a graphic appeared next to her head showing a huge red dragon flying through the air. "Authorities are puzzled as to explain what is causing the appearance of the dragons. So far we have had reports of people all around the world being killed and eaten by these creatures. That a myriad of reports claim to have seen human sized versions of these dragons who subsequently grow into mammoth proportions. On top of that any attempt to stop these dragons while they are growing haven't succeeded."

The female news anchor then shifted to a different camera view while a video began playing next to her head. It showed a scene from a long distance airplane of various shaped dragons all flying around the Rocky Mountains. "The air force reports numerous sightings of dragons among the high peaks of the Rocky Mountain range. These sightings go from Chile all the way north into Canada. There the dragons seemed to be congregating around the peaks as if they now was their home. Various eye witnesses suggest that dragons from all around the American continents are congregating within these mountains. While the European and Asian authorities are reporting that even more dragons have been seen flying above the Alps."

The news anchor paused to let the video shift to full screen before continuing on. "So far no one has been able to approach these dragons to find out who they are or what they want. The president has suggested that as a nation we take no aggressive action against the dragons that might provoke them into attacking and destroying any chance for a peaceful resolution."

The broadcast then shifted to other major news happening around the world. Once the video had shifted from the unreal scene of the dragons to one more mundane, a woman sitting in a kitchen chair sipping a steaming cup of coffee, looked up to the digital clock built in her microwave. Seeing the time and not hearing any movement upstairs, she leaned towards the main

staircase to yell, "Brad time to get up, otherwise you'll be late for school."

Her voice echoed up the stairs and managed to pass through the closed bedroom door. Past the door lay a typical teenage boy's messy room. Clothes lay strewn about various pieces of furniture, myriad computer game posters, movies, and a few sport players, were pinned to the walls. Off against one wall was a rather high tech computer system that lay dormant on his desk. Opposite the computer tucked in one corner, lay a small twin sized bed. A blue and white comforter lay strewn over the bed showing Brad's sleeping outline laying on his stomach with one of his legs poking out from under the cover.

Upon hearing his mother yelling for him to wake up, the young teenager began to groan. Stirring within his bed told him he felt like road kill. His head hurt and his body ached badly. Unsteadily he swung up into an upright position with his bare feet thudding heavily on the room's cold wooden floor.

Rubbing his painful eyes and brushing a bit of his semi long dark brown hair out of his face, Brad blearily peered at his alarm clock. Seeing the time, he sighed and achingly pushed himself up out of his bed.

Adjusting the sport shorts he liked to sleep in, Brad sleepily thumped out of his room, down the hall, and into the bathroom. Closing the door behind him, sounds of both the toilet being flushed and shower running could be heard about the house.

A short bit later, a slightly cleaner but still sleepy Brad lurched out of the steamy bathroom back to his bedroom. He had hoped the hot shower would clear his head, but it didn't seem to do the trick. He really didn't want to go to school feeling as bad as he did. Especially with some of the more forceful students there waiting to continue their attacks on his character.

Shortly he emerged downstairs and heavily plunked himself down in a kitchen chair. Still feeling bad, all he could do was to cross his arms on the table top then flop his head down on top of them.

Seeing her son, his mother asked him to lift his head. Beholding his feverish look, she put her head against his forehead. "You're burning up," Brad's mother exclaimed with concern. "You're not going to school like that, go back upstairs and get some rest."

Brad didn't want to argue and did as she told him. Painfully, he undressed and got back into bed. There he tried to go back to sleep, but between the shower and how bad he felt, he wasn't going to get much sleep. Instead he reached over to his bed stand and grabbed a small square remote. Aiming it at

his computer, he caused one of his computer's dual screens to come alive with what looked like a movie.

There he tried to get comfortable while mindlessly watching the movie's action scenes.

After a short bit, his mother came upstairs and placed a steaming mug of what looked like tea by his bed. She also handed him some pills to swallow. Then he washed them down with some sort of orange fizzy anti cold drink she asked him to drink down. Chugging the savory drink, his mother told him that she had to go to work. That if things got worse that he should call her.

Taking the empty glass with her, Brad's mother left the room to headed back downstairs. Shortly he could hear the front door open and close followed by his mother's car starting.

For a short bit he contemplated the realization that he had the house all to himself. In the past he would have tried to enjoy not being at school. Yet, he felt downright terrible.

Instead, Brad reluctantly chose to lay in bed and watch the movies he had on his computer. At least it was something to keep his mind off whatever he had caught. Though, for a brief moment Brad did wish he could have gone to school only so that he could pass it on to his bullies. That would have been some sweet payback!

Soon enough Brad passed out.

He wasn't sure how long he had been asleep. But when Brad awoke, he noticed things had changed. The ache and pain from that flu or whatever had passed. He wasn't certain if it had been from the stuff his mother gave him or from something else. Either way he felt far better then before.

Pulling himself out of bed, still in his pajama shorts, Brad hurried downstairs to grab something to drink. While inattentively chugging down a glass of water he began to absentmindedly scratch his arm.

Getting himself another glass of water, Brad's attention was brought to the incessant burning itching on his arm. Looking down he nearly dropped the glass of water he was drinking. Putting the thing down, he stared in disbelief as he beheld what looked like blue scales growing out of his skin. He probed the strange scaly area until he noticed other spots along his body had begun itching. Checking them out showed him that even more blue scales were growing all over his body.

Rapidly, Brad's hair fell out in huge clumps as more scales grew out over his skull.

"What the hell's going on with me," Brad exclaimed in horror as he watched the blue scales grow in. It seemed to him that along his back arms and legs the scales were bluer and

tougher. While the scales along his chest and stomach were almost white and softer.

Brad remembered how Dragons were appearing all over the world. Seeing the scales made him realize that he was turning into one himself. While everyone around the world had no idea where these dragons were coming from, Brad finally grasped the answer. It was because they had been humans like him. People who had transformed into dragons!

Before his mind could dwell on the realization any farther, he noticed that the tips of his fingers and toes began to hurt. Brad peered at the digits as large thick sharp claws erupt from the tip of all ten of his fingertips. Brad realized they might be sharp enough to slash just about anything he wanted too.

Abruptly, Brad's stomach began to rumble. He had to eat and eat as soon as possible. Rushing over to his mother's refrigerator, he began to seize everything he could and wolf it all down. Within a short bit his stomach felt bloated and sated.

With his hunger abated, all sorts of things began to hastily happen to him. His face began to push out as his nose and mouth. They were reforming into a long reptile like snout. While his eyes changed into two sky blue reptile like eyes and his teeth quickly altered into long dagger like fangs. Two nubs began to form along his back next to his shoulder blades. These nubs swiftly pushed out into two small weak arms. Yet, they didn't stay that way as the those limbs began to push out and form into two huge blue bat like wings. Finally, he felt a pushing along the back of his shorts. Pulling them down revealed that a nub of tail was pushing out from his butt. Shortly even that had grown out to over four feet to a tapered end.

As quickly as those changes hit him, Brad's hunger came back even more fiercely then before. Raiding the refrigerator and just about every other spot he knew food was, his hunger went away again. This time his existing limbs began to change. His legs became rear legs while his arms shifted to allow him to walk in a four legged gate, though he still retained his hands. On top of that, his tail grew longer while his neck pushed out a couple feet.

Swinging his head and neck around told Brad that he now looked like a human sized blue dragon. However, remembering the news stories about the other dragons, he knew he still had some more growing to occur.

The thing was, was that Brad wasn't horrified by this. Instead he was more fascinated by it. Slinking around the kitchen with his four legs felt right to him now. Flexing his new wings made him ache to go fly right now.

Why couldn't he fly right then?

Following the thought, Brad went over to the back door and opened it. Going out, he briefly beheld the fall scene before him. He didn't care who saw him just that he wanted to fly!

Reaching out his wide wings, Brad flapped hard while jumping at the same time. The powerful motion was enough to launch himself up into the air. The gust of wind from his wings was strong enough to tip over some of the deck chairs closest to him.

Climbing up into the clear air, Brad began to sail around surveying his neighborhood from the air. The higher he went the more he was able to perceive. Soon he could see from the lake beside his town all the way over to one of the great lakes fifty miles away.

Being so high seemed to relax him. Made him feel good. This was far better than going to school and learning. Much better than getting beaten or humiliated by bullies every single day. Even better than surfing the internet and gaming with his friends.

Thinking about it, Brad realized that his new existence was enjoyable enough that he didn't want to go home anymore. Yet something was tugging at him in the back of his mind. As much as he didn't want to live in his old home anymore, he wondered if he should leave his mother hanging? Something, maybe his conscience, urged him to leave a note for his mother. Letting her know what had happened to him.

Finally, he resolved that was the right thing to do before leaving her permanently.

Ignoring the gnawing hunger in the core of his being, Brad swooped around in the air and headed back to his old home. He didn't care if anyone had seen him or not, just that he had to do this one last thing before going away.

Thumping down onto his old deck, Brad went to the back door and pushed the door open again. Briefly he looked around at the mess he had made while gorging himself earlier. An old urge suggested he had to clean up. Ignoring it, he went over to the table and sat up onto his hind legs and tail. There he reached out and grabbed for a piece of paper and a pen. Taking a moment to figure out how to handle the pen in his newly transformed hands, he soon wrote his mother a note.

Brad explained that something in him had changed and that he wasn't coming home anymore. That she shouldn't come looking for him. That she should remember him the way he was, not what he changed into.

Satisfied, Brad left the note on the kitchen table and left the same way he came in. Taking a moment to close the door behind him, he turned around and leaped back up into the air.

Finally paying attention to his hunger, he began looking for something to eat.

Cruising around he peered at the streets below him looking for something tasty. It dawned on Brad that he was hunting.

In a short time, he spotted an old woman walking her dog. Ignoring the lady, Brad swooped down through the air at a high rate of speed at the pair. With all four eager limbs stretched out, he ignored the screaming lady and slammed his claws deeply into the snapping beast's back. Then with a heavy flap from his wings, he yanked the canine up into the air ripping it's leash from the woman's hands.

The beast squirmed in his tight grip, but no matter what it did, the thing couldn't get free. It then tried snapping at him but its teeth were nothing against his draconic hide. What he needed was to find somewhere to devour it in peace.

Flying north a bit, he soon came across a deserted section of large forest. He knew there were many of these areas around his old home where he could hide out in.

Spotting an opening in the forest large enough for him to pass through, Brad soon touched down on his hind legs. Once safely on the ground he quickly grabbed the dog's head in his powerful jaws and snapped its neck. Dragging the limp body behind him, he went deeper into the forest until he found a nice comfortable spot. There he began to rip into the still warm dead dog.

After a bit, his belly felt full and he felt groggy. Moving over to an inviting dip in the forest floor, Brad curled up in it for some shut eye.

When Brad woke back up, he wasn't sure what time it was. It felt like it was deep in the middle of the night.

Getting up from the spot he slept in, Brad began to stretch his limbs out. Doing so told him that the area around him had gotten a bit smaller or more likely he had gotten a bit bigger. Another thing he quickly noticed, was that while it was dark out he could easily see around him like it was bright as day.

Navigating his way back to the spot he landed in Brad soon leaped up into the air. Flying around, he began to hunt for more food. Angling westward a bit he soon found himself flying over a large dark farm field. By the look of the stubble still poking out of the bare ground, the farmer had recently harvested this year's corn crop. It made peering at the field much easier. Scanning from one end to another, he didn't see anything. However something in him told him to wait. Silently, he began to climb higher up into the air and circled over the area.

His patience was awarded when three deer slowly made their way hesitantly out into the open. By the amount he had grown,

Brad realized that the deer was small enough that he might be able to grab one in each of his hands.

Tracking his prey for a bit, Brad waited for the right moment. Seeing an opening, he quickly dove through the air with his two clawed hands outstretched in front of him. Then out of pure luck, he slammed a hand into each deer and sunk his claws deeply into their hides. So deep that he had a good hold on their spines.

Flapping back up into the air with his prey, Brad winged his way back towards the same spot he slept in before. There he dispatched both beasts and hungrily wolfed down as much of their flesh as he could. Happily sated, he again curled up again to sleep some more.

Brad awoke with the rise of the sun. Getting up and stretching again told him he had grown much larger. So big that the forest around him seemed much tighter and more confining.

Carefully making his way to an opening, Brad flew out of there. He was now a huge blue dragon roaring out the fall colored forest. As he flew along, he guessed that he had to be the size of a large truck. Maybe even a bus. So large that the humans he saw below him looked as small as the dog did the day before.

Peering at those people he wondered something. Could he snack on them as he did with those other animals? It wasn't like they could do anything to him with his huge size. His hide felt thick and hard enough that a bullet might even bounce off it.

Brad resolved to try it out. Seemingly coming silently out of nowhere, Brad began to grab one human after another. He grabbed an adult in one hand, then transferred them to his other hand so he could grab more. Soon he had a small handful. Enough that as soon as he found a wide enough field to land in, he began to hungrily dig into each. To his viewpoint, they were the same size as a candy bar and tasted like nice meaty snacks!

Soon Brad was back for more, grabbing anyone he could catch. He didn't care who they were or what they were doing, just that he was hungry and they were tasty. After a short bit of gorging himself, he flew off.

As he flew through the air, he could feel his body getting larger. Eventually he felt hungry again and went to snag some more human food. Except this time, he had grown large enough that when he got one, he could simply eat them in one bite while still flying.

Untold humans later Brad began to feel strange. The feeling wasn't that he was getting larger, but that other things were happening. Enough as such that he had to land. Soon he

spotted a barren field deep within the countryside where he wouldn't be bothered.

Landing on the barren tilled land, Brad began to shudder. The first thing he noticed was that long horns began sprouting out along his head. Peering about, he began to see other horns growing in about his body at various locations. Yet the horns weren't the only changes.

Soon he began to feel a strange dividing sensation along his jaw. It felt as if the long bone structure was splitting in half. Along with that more muscles and other things began to grow within the split.

By the feeling of the structures growing in, Brad realized that he was developing a second mouth right under his first one. Using his newly grown second tongue, he felt around that mouth to feel similar fangs as he had in his first mouth. To him, it felt so strange have two separate tongues in two different mouths. Opening both jaws up wide, he could taste the air with both highly flexible tongues.

However, his attention was ripped away from his newly formed second mouth to two strange growths by his shoulders. While those growths began to grow in, his shoulders grew wider and his body grew even more bulky. Peering at both growths they began to push their way out while something was growing at each of their ends. Rapidly Brad realized that they were two new necks with a head forming on each neck. These heads had the same horns, eyes, and even double jaws.

But what shocked him even more was when those two new heads finished growing, they opened their eyes. When that happened Brad became disoriented for a moment. Once he regained his balance, he realized that he was looking out all three heads at the same time. That he could hear out of all three sets of ears. Breath out of all their mouths.

He was so fascinated by the fact that not only was he looking at his wings with one head, but also peering at the ground with another, and the sky with the third. Using all three points of view, Brad realized that his body had grown even larger to counter balance his newly grown heads. That his wings were wider and longer than a short bit ago.

Before he could contemplate his changes any farther, he began to feel something growing in his middle head. His original head. Whatever it was, it was growing within his upper jaw underneath his first tongue. While it didn't feel like a hard object, it did feel solid enough. Plus, whatever it was, it seemed to be forming within its own fleshy sheath.

After he was sure it had stopped forming, Brad felt the urge to push it out of his middle head's upper jaw. Upon doing so, he felt a sort of rushing shift with his consciousness. To

him it felt as if his mind had shifted from his three heads to this newly grown piece of him.

Even more, he felt as if there was a head on it. Opening the head's eyes, Brad was presented with what looked like his original teenage body. It had the same skin, arms and hands, head and hair, and so on. Yet instead of legs, his waist was connected to what looked like a fleshy tongue like tentacle that went into the pouch inside his upper jaw.

From the vantage point of his newly grown human torso, his dragon body looked absolutely huge. Large enough to dwarf a large two story home. Yet, as much as he was looking at his transformed body with his human torso, Brad realized he could still see out of his dragon eyes. Using them he saw his small human torso poking out of his upper jaw as if he was sticking out his dragon tongue.

For some fun, Brad stuck out the tongue in his center head upper jaw. He let it play over his small human body. He could not only feel the slobbering tongue with his human skin, but at the same time he could also feel the torso with his dragon tongue. Then for even more fun, he pushed out his lower jaw's tongue and used both to bath his human half with his own saliva.

After the enjoyment wore off, Brad felt as if he had finished growing and changing. That this was what he was going to be from now on. Not that he minded it as this new strange body felt great.

Contemplating his changes, Brad realized he felt something tugging at his mind. That he had somewhere to go. It felt as if there was a huge beacon out there calling him to it.

Withdrawing his human torso back into his mouth, Brad jumped back into the air and began to fly westward. Rapidly the land passed underneath him. While he made his way across America, he remembered something from back when he was a human. How the humans had realized that there were dragons hanging out along the rocky mountains. Putting it all together he realized that was where he was heading towards.

After a day of flying, Brad felt he was coming home. Up ahead he spied all sorts of dragons flittering around those huge snow capped peaks. Using all three heads he spotted many different dragons. Some he saw had three heads like him, some with two heads, and many with only one head.

The huge group all welcomed him to their gathering. Brad soon found out each one had a human torso poking out of their mouths like him. That they all had abruptly changed into dragons. Also like him, they felt this was the spot they needed to be.

Brad was home. He had no urge to go back to his old house or see his mother anymore. He didn't care what had happened to her or what his disappearance had done to her.

These were his people now. His dragons.