

You're a Work of Art!

Erdo Taali

You walk into the artist's studio. It was like a forest of a dozen or so statues. Looking around, you see every manner of being. Anthros of all sorts - furs, scalies, insects, sea life, primates, and even humans. Every gender, including mixes, appears to be covered. You fit right in with this diverse crowd. How it's possible Erdo is able to sculpt such detailed statues so quickly is a mystery. There were at least thirty or so statues in this studio - and each looked as though it must have taken months of work. Could he really sculpt a statue out of you in one night?

"Alright, m'friend, if you're comfortable with it, now you can slip your clothes off and stand over there on the stage," gesturing to an empty spot on the floor with a few spotlights around it. "But I'm sure you understand, if you back out, I can't give you the check." The money was certainly good. Besides, who would know there's a nude statue of you somewhere? And any of your friends who do visit art galleries would consider it an honor to be friends with someone who was a subject. No harm, and you're a few thousand richer! The thoughts make it much easier to slip out of your clothes.

He has you stand on the "stage" - the only empty spot in the entire studio. Looking around, you wonder if there's even room for more than one person to haul some of these statues out. It's clear the guy knows what he's doing though - the

plethora of species and genders (including the trans-gendered, multi gendered, or gender neutral and androgynous beings) had such detail, why would you be any less of a work of art to him?

"Alright, hold any pose you want," he tells you. The long-haired man looks at you with a relaxed casualness. Your eyes look to his hands - for the first time, it's become clear they're not really working hands; they're pretty smooth, callous-free, and don't look like they've sculpted anything. As you ponder the hands, wondering why Erdo isn't touching the mound of clay in front of him, you attempt to hold a better pose. But you notice your legs feel oddly heavy.

Indeed, when you lift your right foot up, you plop its unusually-heavy form back to the ground. The sound of a stone *thud* hits your ears. You look down to see the source of the sound. It's a sight that makes no sense. Your right foot - and indeed your left too, are completely solid stone! You attempt to twiddle your toes a bit - curl your ankles and walk again, but the weight is so great already you can't take another step! All you manage to do is bend your legs weakly as the material just crawls up your ankles, shins, and calves!

"That's a good stance to hold," he calls to you in a mocking fashion. You look over to the man - he's not even leaning over his materials any more. He's just standing there with a sick grin and his arms folded. He clearly has no intention of working with any tools. "There's such a demand for statues, as you can see," he

says, walking toward you as you feel that locking feeling cling at your knees. "I have no idea what to do with a chisel, but I know how to make a statue from a fine specimen such as yourself!"

You were ready to scream at him, shout out for help. But opening your mouth, no noise comes out. You feel that heavy, stone feeling starting to brew inside you. You look down to find it's going up your thighs. It's high enough for you to reach down and feel - indeed, you feel as though your sense of touch were working just fine, yet you cannot move your grey, lifeless limbs.

"Come now," you hear the man's voice as it approaches, gripping your shoulders. "I'm sure you want a better pose than gripping your legs, don't you?" With him so close, now's your chance to take a swing at him! But you realize the feeling is in your fingertips - your weaker arm you can't even move. Your strong arm, only the fingertips twiddle a bit, just barely raising the forearm before you suddenly feel it simply hold in place. It hits your shoulder.

Your breathing gets heavier. But within, the heavy feeling only continues to weigh you down, almost feeling compressed in yourself. You want to gasp again - but within - even your lungs have solidified. It feels as though you've choked. Your heart thumps.. and freezes. Yet your quivering head remains vibrant with life and panic. Your body's become so stiff, you can't even look down at what's happened to you now. You simply watch the man reach his hand forward, and feel him caress

your chest over your heart. You feel him massage and rub back and forth - and indeed, it doesn't feel bad. But you have no muscles to flex in reaction, no heart to thump in delight, and no lungs to gasp in air. Your quivering mouth weakly mouths the word "no.."

It holds its O shape. Your hair has solidified as a single mass. Your cheeks, your shaky eyes and tongue have completely greyed out to lifeless stone. Your eyes have locked forward staring at Erdo. But, they cannot follow him as he walks around, inspecting his work - inspecting you. Indeed, you can still hear him as he carefully walks around, his little snickers taunting your stone ears.

You suddenly feel a hand grip your right shoulder. Your first instinct is to shake it off and turn around, but it's no use. It's a feeling of a strange weight in you like you've never known. You want to gasp the air just to fill your stone lungs, but instead you feel... stagnant, for no other term. Locked in one moment of time, yet time itself and your awareness continues. The man keeps his hand on your shoulder as he walks around to face you again, staring into your still eyes.

"You're a pretty one, know that?" He leans in, giving your still-open mouth a playful kiss, not more than a second. You can't see his right hand, but you feel it grip your left hip, even slip around and cops a feel from your left butt cheek. "I'll bet you'll earn me at least ten grand." With that, he walks away. You hear his footsteps behind you getting more distant. He lets out a yawn which echos the room,

sounding like he'd spent hours of work on you. He shuts the lights off, leaving you alone in the dark studio - with dozens of other silent statues, all of them wondering what will become of them as well.

"Have to hand it to you, Erdo," the second voice says, "You know your way around a chisel and hammer."

"Well, I do my best. I want each one to be its own unique work of art, as though each one has a story of their own."

"That they do for sure."

You hear the footsteps approaching from the right. The all-too familiar "artist walks by first. A second figure you don't even recognize stares at you, almost longingly. The figure appears rather androgynous in both appearance and voice. "Oh my," the stranger says, looking at you, "Do you have a title for this one?"

Erdo shrugs his shoulders, "Like the rest, I always like the client to make each work their own."

The figure leans up to you, curiously touching your chest, right over your still heart. The fingers grip, "Hehe... I think I'll call it... 'mine.'"

"Glad you like it! It's my newest work in fact! I haven't even set a price for it..."

"Oh, I'll give you twenty thousand, right now."

"Gracious, I'll take that as a compliment, we have a deal."

Mysterious hands of movers grip and haul you, hoisting you sideways, passed the dozens of other statues. At this angle, you end up passing by each of their bare asses and groins. You feel yourself bouncing up and down with each step. They carry you out to a padded crate, sealing you up in darkness, there to join a collection of art for the buyer, forever to be admired in this personal gallery. Until, perhaps, you'll be placed in a museum, sold elsewhere, forgotten about even. Hopefully, you will be handled with care...