

The sun felt great on my skin as I laid in bed. just out of the weirdest dream I ever had. That's when I heard my adopted mother calling me. "Caleil, get your ass down here. I need you to reach something for mama." I hated that woman so much, She will never be my mother. Not only must I go to school and get tormented, I get beaten by her for no reason. Whether someone ate anything on her or broke anything, I was the first one to get beaten. The only other family I have is my uncle, but due to law violations he is unfit to be a parent, but by law he is allowed to see me one day a week. Today is that day. I walked down the stairs to the yellow plaid kitchen where the bitch in motor chair was. She needs me because she is so fat she can't get up to get anything. This woman is over 400 pounds with blond hair in a beehive and a cigarette in her mouth. She points to the wine above the sink in the cabinet and blows smoke in my face. I hope one day those things kill her. I reach for the bottle with only one thing in mind, Her death. I have scars on my back where she took a belt and beat me because her husband blamed me for eating her Twinkies.

She blows smoke in my face as per usual and looks at me with utter disgust. I smiled at her and pretend to be nice. I know one day those cigarettes will kill her, if not them, Alcohol or diabetes will do her in. I get down some cereal from the top shelf. I finish my breakfast and get dressed for the day. I looked out the window and my uncle's pick up truck was in the yard. Oh no He is honking. Honking means hurry up. I ran out the door to go see him. "About time you got down here. I thought you died." he jokes. I reply "Don't joke, this week has been shit. All the bitch does to me is blame me for shit her husband does." he looks at me then gets in the truck. I asked him what we are doing today and he says "surprise.

We head into town to get his grocery shopping done as per usual. We stopped at the local pet shop. he says to me that he thinks its time I had a pet of my own. He explained for my upcoming birthday I would be getting a pet snake. I always wanted one. I always was for the weird pets. Mostly because just like them, I felt unwanted, not needed, but unique. I walked in and looked at the reptiles. There were purple and green snakes galore. "Hey kid..." a voice said. "You have to help me" the voice said in a calm but hissing sound. I looked around the shop. Only my uncle and the store owner. I asked my uncle if he heard the voice and he looks like he seen a ghost. "Down here! in the terrarium, boy. Are you blind?" the voice screamed. I look down, scared and there is a bright red ruby corn snake in the terrarium. He is looking at me with contempt. "You're not crazy. You can in fact hear me. Listen to me, I need your help to get out of here." he says.

"I have lost my mind. I'm talking to a snake." I thought. I thought it was my imagination playing pranks. like when you watch too many scary movies before bed. I tell my uncle I want him and we purchase all the necessities for a snake. I studied for months about how to take care of one. So we leave with the snake around my neck. My uncle finishes more shopping, but I stayed in the car. I was too interested in the snake. It's not everyday you encounter a talking snake. "So, who are you and why do you need to get my help?" I ask the snake. "My name is Captain Redrum. I am a captain of the Anthro Alliance army. I only needed your help getting out of that pet store. I was turned into a feral snake by an evil witch who cursed me. I have no idea to go back to my former self. I am going to need you to help me at least to survive in this state." he explains. have I become so lonely, that I need to imagine my new pet snake has a back story and a life of walking on two legs?

Days passed and I researched the history of this "Anthro army". If this was all in my head, It would make a great story. That's when I found articles upon articles on search engines about the great war over 1000 years ago between human and Anthro kind. Humans revered these creatures as monsters. They were half man half animal. Almost like werewolves, but other species and permanently those forms. Like the werewolf they are but fairy-tales these days. Humans have long forgotten of their existence. With modernization and technology, humans belief has gone out the window. We are a species now that needs proof to believe...