

Brandon quietly walked around the park, enjoying a nice sunny summer day the best way he knew how. He always enjoyed his walks in the park, watching everyone walking around and taking in the beautiful scenery. Sometimes, however he wished that he could enjoy it with someone instead of always being alone.

He sometimes looked for ways he could try to find a walking companion, and now was no exception. He already had his eyes on a young lady who was also walking alone. She was about his height, with long red hair that reached beyond her shoulders where it was tied in a pony tail. She wore a green tank top and jean shorts, and seemed to be one of the few other people there just for the scenery. Everyone else seemed to be jogging, listening to their iPod, having a picnic with their family, or playing with their dogs in the open grass fields. She watched all of these activities every now and then, but seemed more solely focused on just enjoying a good day for a walk.

Brandon found himself wishing he could work up the nerve to approach her and ask if he could walk with her, but she seemed pretty well happy with her lonely walk.

Brandon shook his head and turned away, before suddenly noticing that he had accidentally walked off of the sidewalk while his mind had been wandering. Apparently his feet had been following his mind's lead, and he had been wandering aimlessly at the same time.

As he turned his head to move back to the sidewalk, he saw a sudden flash of color. He raised his hand reflexively, but only managed to deflect it slightly. He managed to catch a glance of the wobbling Frisbee just a moment before it collided with his face.

He stumbled a few paces before he managed to get over the surprise of having been hit. He looked around for the Frisbee with some embarrassment, but noticed quickly that he could see it right out in front of him. It took him a few moments longer to realize that he had caught it in his mouth and was currently holding it in his mouth.

The awkwardness of the situation didn't seem to fully register with him. Although he understood that it was strange for him to have it in his mouth, he couldn't for the life of him think of why. It felt right to have the plastic of the Frisbee between his teeth for some reason he couldn't understand, but every moment made it feel more natural.

At the same time as his mind was pondering the imponderable mystery of the Frisbee in his mouth, the rest of his body was undergoing a change. Black and white fur began to stick out around the collar and sleeves of his shirt, and the longer he stood there, the longer the fur grew. Black fur began its crawling climb up the back of his neck, and white fur ran up his neck and ran up under his chin. It then grew out in tufts on either side of his face, covering his cheeks, while

black fur started growing at the upper edge of the white and continued until his entire face was furry, in a very familiar pattern.

By this time white fur had completely overtaken his arms, and similar white fur was beginning to grow down his legs from underneath his shorts.

All the time, everyone in the park mysteriously ignored the half-animal man, sometimes seeming to stare right through him without giving his state any notice.

Brandon had completely lost any resignation he had previously harbored about holding the Frisbee in his mouth, and he now chewed on the hard plastic without opening his mouth. As he did so, his teeth sharpened and grew in his mouth and his mouth began to push away from his face, following the lead of his changing nose. Instead of being clearly separated from his mouth, his nose had now joined with his mouth in a protruding muzzle and was marked by a cold black pad.

His hands were also changing as his fingers drew up into his hand, now stubby toes not suited for manipulating objects. His thumb drew up even farther until it was up past the wrist of his shrinking hand. It was then the first of his fingers to grow a claw at the end, replacing the fingernail. Soon, however, all of his stubby fingers had a sharp white claw at the tip, and now looked almost exactly like paws instead of hands.

As his paws finished changing, his ears began to move up his head, changing as they went. By the time they reached the top, they had changed to rounded triangles and folded over at the tips.

The changes to his face finished as one of his eyes shifted color, so he now had one brown and one blue eye.

His legs were the last things to change, but their changes went quickly as his foot lengthened and left him standing on his tiptoes and the bones and muscles quickly shifted until it was hard for him to stand up. He stumbled a bit before he let himself fall to all fours, shedding his shoes and socks on the way.

The last addition to his changed body was the tail that began to grow as he fell forward onto four paws. It pushed the waistband of his jean shorts until they puddled at his paws, followed closely by his Boxers. He was now naked below the waist, but as a border collie, he didn't really care.

The tail that had pushed his shorts down grew longer until a full-length black and white tail wagged behind the fully-changed Border collie. His mind, the first thing to start changing, was also the last to finish. The last thoughts of a human named Brandon were replaced by memories

of a dog named Bandit. A good dog. He wagged his tail happily and looked around, still clutching the Frisbee in his mouth. A good dog who wanted to play...

Not far off, he spotted a familiar young woman wearing a tank top and walking slowly through the park. The green of her shirt was lost to his canine eyes, but he still recognized her. He had some small memory of having been afraid to approach her before, but he could think of no reason to fear her now.

He ran towards her, panting around the Frisbee in his mouth and hopeful that she would play with him.

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Lydia strolled lazily through the park, enjoying the sun and the songs of the birds in the trees overhead. She always enjoyed taking a step outdoors, especially on beautiful summer days like this one.

She didn't really mind being alone; it gave her time with her thoughts and let her clear her mind from a tough week at work, her usual motive for such excursions. She did recognize, though, that some companionship would not be altogether unwanted.

She took a few glances at the other people in the park, but few of them particularly interested her. One young man, however, caught her eye a few times. He wore a plain t-shirt, black of dark blue, with a red bandana tied around his neck and a pair of cargo shorts coming down just past his knees. She caught him giving her glances, and she knew essentially what he was thinking. He was trying to work up the nerve to talk to her, but every time she glanced at him, he turned away and tried to look somewhere else.

He seemed like a nice enough guy, but Lydia was a firm brooder that the man should be the one to approach in such a situation. If he couldn't work up the nerve to talk to her, she would not do the work for him.

He stayed in her general area for about a quarter hour before she lost track of him, at which point she stopped to watch the picnickers in one of the open fields in the park. There were a couple of families around, as well as a couple dogs playing with their owners or just walking through the field. Bicyclists came down the sidewalks every now and then, but they left as quickly as they came.

Lydia was suddenly distracted by a bark from beside her. She looked down and saw a border collie staring up at her and panting, tail wagging. Sitting between them was a well-chewed

plastic Frisbee. It had obviously been meant to put up with that sort of punishment, though, and none of the dog's sharp teeth had pierced the plastic.

"Hello, boy!" Lydia said happily, bending down and patting the long fur on the collie's head. He licked at her hand and wagged his tail harder. As Lydia leaned over to pick up the Frisbee, she noticed that the dog was curiously wearing a baggy black shirt as well as a bandana. Before she could put two and two together, though, her fingers grasped the edge of the Frisbee.

Suddenly, she looked down at the Frisbee with head cocked in curiosity. Why was she trying to pick it up with paws? She dropped to her knees and leaned down, trying to flip the Frisbee up a little to catch it in her teeth. As she did, however, her human face began to force out into a muzzle, and her much more sensitive black nose was pressed painfully into the sidewalk.

She got back up on her knees and stared down at her nose, mind tumbling around in confusion. She had never had trouble picking up things in her muzzle before... Had she? She whined a little bit as the pain in her muzzle faded, and slowly the shock of the strange accident faded.

As Lydia recovered, however, fur was quickly covering her face. Where the dog in front of her was only black and white, however, her much bushier coat of fur also had traces of orange in it on either side of her face as well as a spot that ran down the back of her neck and into her tank top, the color matching that of her human hair.

Both her hand and her feet were turning black on the bottoms and growing tough calluses, while lush black and white fur ran down her arms. Her feet began to lengthen, and she let her sandals slip from between her toes, leaving her feet bare as they began to shape into paws.

The other dog watched the change with tail wagging faster than ever, but no one else in the park even seemed to pay attention to the two of them, even when a tail snuck its way in between her top and shorts. It waved uncertainly back and forth as she recovered from hurting her nose.

She finally dropped back down to hands and knees after a few moments of recovery and scooped up the Frisbee without a hint of trouble. The other dog barked happily as she retrieved the Frisbee, even as Lydia's ears bent limply over at the tips like his own, which left her face completely changed. Her arms were not too far behind, as the fur finished growing just as her own claws replaced her and her thumbs changed into dew claws. It felt perfectly natural for her to stand on the pads of her new forepaws, and her back paws sped through the change, the last things to finish. As they finished, she quickly shifted from her knees to the pads of her paws, finishing her change into another border collie.

Her earlier confusion was quickly quashed when vague memories of Lydia's past life were

replaced by images of the life of Lady, a tricolor border collie who loved to play. She wagged her tail and barked to the other collie, which happily returned the bark and nipped at the edge of the Frisbee in a bid to take it from her jaws. She pulled back valiantly, resulting in a stalemated game of tug-o-war. They both pulled the disk and growled in mock threat back and forth, but any ground gained by either was quickly retaken by the other.

They were interrupted by a quiet chuckle from beside them, which both of them instantly recognized. They disengaged their game immediately and jump up in elation in front of their master.

The old man ruffled the fur of both of the newly changes dogs, smiling as Bandit tried to take all of the attention and Lady wedged herself and the Frisbee in just enough to get a good scratch on the head from her master. After ruffling her ears with a laugh, the man grabbed the Frisbee and took it from her mouth with just a slight tug. She happily relinquished her grip to him and bowed low in anticipation of a throw, tail wagging furiously. Bandit jumped up behind her, barking his head off in excitement.

The man didn't throw immediately, though. Instead, he reached down and took ahold of the tank top that Lady still wore. He pulled it up over her head while she assisted him by backing up away from him and trying to pull away from the restricting material. As the top slid off, there was a jingle of metal from the tags on Lady's collar, which had mysteriously appeared around her neck.

The man helped Lady out of the rest of the human clothing, which he added to the bundle of discarded clothes Bandit had left behind him. Soon Lady was again wearing only her collar, which was exactly as she knew it should be.

The man then gathered the bundled shorts from around Bandit's paws. He had been in too much of a hurry to untangle them before running to greet the young lady, so they had followed him as he ran. The man quickly took care of the shirt next, but he left the bandana around his neck. The bandana functioned as Bandit's collar and it was the only collar such a faithful dog would ever need.

The man finished by picking up Lady's discarded sandals and putting everything into a strange brown bag that stood beside him. He snapped his fingers, and the bag disappeared, but only his dogs noticed.

The man smiled. "Good dogs," he said. "You two really do make a cute couple."

He displayed the Frisbee in front of the two dogs then, with fingers far more nimble than his age

would seem to allow, he let the disk fly in a perfect glide, much to the delight of the dogs. Both gave chase, but the nimbler Lady maneuvered around Bandit and caught it first.

The game continued like this for many hours, until the man found he didn't have enough light to play by anymore.

"Here Bandit! Here Lady!" The two dogs abandoned the improvised wrestling match they had started in the grass and happily bounded to their master. "Good dogs!" he praised. Both dogs barked in unison and beamed up into his face.

"Ah, you're the best dogs a man could ever ask for," he said fondly. "Still, the two of you have your own lives to worry about, now don't you?"

Lady suddenly started. Memories suddenly resurfaced in her mind, memories of a woman named Lydia. As she thought about the woman, she seemed to be more and more familiar, until she finally had an epiphany.

She was Lydia!

At first Bandit just cocked his head towards his master. He couldn't rationally understand the meaning of the words that the man had spoken. It didn't even bring any thoughts to his mind, other than blissful happiness in having his master pleased with him. Slowly, though, even as Lady seemed near panic with her realization, he began to remember. He didn't remember himself immediately. Instead, he had memories of a lady in a green tank top, a lady he wanted to meet. No, a lady Brandon wanted to meet...

But he was Brandon!

That realization sent him into a near panic, and the old man soon had to deal with two very fearful dogs. It took him a few moments to hush them, and he even had to take Brandon's face between his hands to calm him down, even after Lydia had been quieted by the man's calming tones.

"Is that better?" he asked the collie point blank. Brandon gave a quiet whine, but gave a human nod of his canine head. The man released him and stood back up.

"Now, the two of you were doing just fine until I let you remember who you were," the man said, still almost sounding like he was talking to his dogs instead of rational people. "Don't worry; I am about to change you back. I just wanted you to have your own minds in these bodies so you wouldn't write it off as a dream. Now..."

He snapped his fingers, and the two dogs suddenly found themselves clothed again, and their bodies began to return to normal, much more quickly than they had originally changed. Brandon stood back to his feet first, and he watched with wonder as his hands extended from dog's paws, and the nose in front of his face drew back into a human nose.

He looked over at Lydia. Even while still half dog, she was still very comely. He looked away; he wished he could work up the nerve to talk to her...

And he was suddenly struck on his once-more canine muzzle with a newspaper, causing him to yelp in pain and embarrassment. He looked in surprise at the old man, who wagged a finger in his direction. "Come on, Bandit; you've been playing Frisbee with her all day, don't lose your nerve just because you're human!"

Brandon looked down in shame over his muzzle as it once more shrunk into his face. He looked up towards Lydia, who was politely concealing her laughter behind her hand. She was now fully human again, even while Brandon still felt his tail shrinking back into his spine. He smiled at her, and she smiled back.

"Hello... I'm Brandon," he finally said. Two strong hands gripped his shoulder and pushed him in her direction. He wasn't able to stop until he stood only a step from her. He cleared his throat to speak again, but the woman interrupted him.

"Hello, Brandon. My name is Lydia," she said, sounding somewhat awkward.

"I'm sure she must be hungry after playing so hard, ask her to dinner," Brandon heard a voice from behind him. He couldn't save himself from laughing at that, and Lydia, though still shy about the strange meeting, joined his laughter with her own.

Brandon finally brought himself back around and looked up into Lydia's face. "I haven't eaten yet, would you like to join me over dinner?"

"A nice, fancy dinner..."

"A nice, fancy, PRIVATE dinner," Brandon said without missing a beat. He was feeling more confident already.

A solid hand clasped him on the shoulder. "I wouldn't have t any other way," the old man said, smiling.

"I'd love to have dinner with you," Lydia answered. She beamed happily. Neither of them was dressed for a fine dinner, but neither did they care much. They were interested in each other, not whoever else might be watching.

"Well, I'll be on my way, then," the old man said. He picked up a brown bag from beside him that seemed to come out of nowhere. "Don't be strangers, though, this old man can get lonely sometimes."

"Where are you from?" Lydia asked.

"Inconsequential at the moment," he said, smiling. "If you ever want to see me, though, just hold your dog tag and think about me. I'll be around."

Lydia noticed now for the first time that, although she was human, she still wore the leather dog collar around her neck. She held the tag between her fingers and looked at him questioningly.

"Yes, that's it. As for you, young man, you'll need to be in her company to see me again." The old man smiled deviously. "I don't suppose that will be too much of a problem, though."

With that, the old man turned around and walked away, leaving the newly acquainted couple to get to know each other better.

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The wedding wasn't very long in the coming. When it did come, many questions were asked about certain decisions regarding the wedding, including why the bride and groom were featured atop the wedding cake alongside a pair of border collies when neither owned a dog. This sort of question was just pushed aside, as were questions about the special guest that only the bride and groom seemed to know. As it was their event, though, no one was very worried about it.

The one other concern that the bride's family had was the collar that their daughter had grown very fond of lately. She said that it had been given to her by her husband-to-be and was very special to her, but many attempts were made to try to keep her from wearing it visibly at the wedding. None of them worked, however, and she was still wearing it quite prominently as she marched the aisle, much to her parents' chagrin.

The wedding went off without a hitch, though, and the happy couple hopped into their limousine through showers of rice and rose petals, laughing with joy all the way.

"Well then, my fine couple, where shall we take this honeymoon?" a familiar voice asked from

the driver's seat. As expected, the twinkling eyes of the man who had orchestrated the events of the day they met looked back at them from the front.

"Eventually, we'll be taking this honeymoon all the way to Paris," Brandon replied. He looked over at his newlywed wife and smiled.

"For now, we want to take a detour to where we first met," Lydia continued.

"To the park!"

"Right you are, Lady, right you are," the man said. He put the limousine in gear and started off towards their destination.

When they arrived, no one noticed anything odd about the old man coming to the park with his two playful border collies, nor did they see anything odd about the nondescript station wagon they had arrived in.

And at the end of the day, no one was around to think about how odd it was for the pair of dogs to change into a happy newlywed couple, or the limousine return from its own disguise. As he had done since he met the couple, the old man kept their special secret just as it was, and he continued to do so for many years in the future.