

The Bump

Monday

It was a Monday when I first noticed the bump: a small lump on my shoulder that didn't look so out of place, it was the summer and the mosquitoes were going wild this year because of the humidity. Oftentimes I left my window open at night and I had thought it was the result of a hungry female hoping to feed her young. As I brushed my teeth I poked at the bump, it didn't itch, but it did radiate a warm throbbing sensation throughout my shoulder blade.

I knew now that it wasn't a mosquito bite, it had to have been a nasty bruise, I recalled to the other day; I had been helping a friend of mine at the office with moving a few heavy boxes and I had bumped pretty hard against the edge of a low filing cabinet. It had hurt like a bitch, it could have produced this bump no problem. I had nothing to worry about.

I packed my suitcase, got a light breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast, and headed off to work, making sure to cover the bump with my dress shirt so people wouldn't ask questions. I never did like when people poked and prodded at my body without my permission, never have and never will.

The day was going by as normal as normal could be, save for the dull throb that would return every so often during web surfing. Things were completely normal.

Except for that bump

The bump had interrupted me during a presentation, the throb had been replaced with a nasty jolt of pain that ran down the length of my spine. I reeled back and screeched, making an ass of myself in front of my superiors. I snarled angrily under my breath and excused myself to the bathroom to check on the cause of my humiliation. I pulled the collar of my dress shirt down to look at the bump and angled my body towards the mirror to get a good look at it.

I audibly gasped

The bump had gotten bigger, fleshier, more tightly packed with what I could now tell was a greenish blue substance that pulsed and roiled underneath like a zit. A zit. It wasn't a bruise, it was a goddamn BOIL.

Fuck, I swore at myself, only disgusting slobs and sickos in hospitals got boils, not healthy minimum wage workers like me! I'd have to get this fucking thing lanced by tomorrow or else risk more poking and prodding from my snobby privileged peers. Thankfully the work day was over by the time I excused myself to the restroom and I managed to exit the office without any problems.

Get it lanced, get it lanced, I don't care if I have to wait I need to get this goddamn thing lanced and taken care of. I hurriedly called my dermatologist and scheduled an appointment for tomorrow morning before work. I loved that guy like a brother, we had known each other since our High School days and he always gave me a friendly "discount" whenever I came in for a checkup. Just a few bucks to get this thing lanced...what a guy. I chuckled to myself and turned the radio up in triumph, I had won, and the bump hadn't.

I would sleep well tonight, giving the bump a juvenile middle finger in the mirror as I got into my pajamas, I knew that this disgusting blemish would be dead by tomorrow morning. The thought of my

skin being so dirty to make a boil made my skin crawl, even in my sleep, I recall nightmares about my body being covered in pus spewing zits and boils that left me a quivering tumorous mass on the floor.

I was wrong, I didn't sleep well that night.

I was worried, part of me had thought that...maybe this bump wouldn't be gone...maybe it was a form of cancer or an undiscovered disease that had no cure. These were just little nighttime dreads though. Everyone had those little existential crises at night about the shittiest and dumbest of things.

Didn't they?

Tuesday

I woke up sore and dizzy but still determined as all hell to get to my appointment. My covers were kicked and askew, flopping everywhere on top of my bed and on my floor. I must have tossed and turned like a motherfucker in my sleep last night, the funny thing is that I can hardly remember the dreams that came after the ones about the bump.

The bump...the bump!

I had to check on the bump! One little check before I headed out, I had a glimmer of hope that it had miraculously fixed itself last night! It had to have! That happened sometimes right?

I was wrong

I gulped, my throat was dry and all that left me was a despairing croak.

The bump had doubled in size from yesterday; height and width wise. It looked like I was carrying a dark bluish tumor on my shoulder. I felt bile rise up in my throat when it wobbled and squirmed. Swallowing my vomit I ran towards my car, still in my pajamas, and sped to the dermatologist's office as fast as I could without having a cop stop me and getting a few awkward gawks at the freakish monstrosity now jutting from my neck.

God, I looked like a sideshow act, I could see it now: come see the new Boil Man! The man with a boil that is gross as fucking shit! Take all the pictures you want folks. My grip on the wheel tightened as I got closer to the office, I almost knocked some poor old lady off of her rocker when I zoomed into the parking space. She should watch where she's going, I got a goddamn monster boil I need to get lanced!

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The look on my friends face made me flush red with both anger and embarrassment, I know he was doing his job, but he didn't have to stare at it like how a tourist stares at the Empire State Building. I furrowed my brow at him and cleared my throat; he got the message and sat me down on the table, dabbing some anesthetic around the boil to numb whatever pain was coming once that thing got poked open.

My buddy had shown me boil lancing videos on Youtube back in college and they were the most painful looking things, the skin tore open and spewed forth a mix of yellowy pus and chunky blood; he puked so hard after watching that one. But that's what he expected when he became a dermatology major, right?

I wondered what made him stay at this job: massaging peoples gross skin, lancing boils, digging blackheads out of pores; all this stuff made me sick, but he was so okay with it all.

Amidst my thoughts I failed to notice my friends eyes widen even further as the scalpel cut into the bluish green skin...at least...I didn't notice until my shoulder lurched forward of its own accord and the boil slammed itself heavily against my friends head; knocking him to the ground. I screamed and got up to help him but doubled back as I felt the boil grow taller and wider once again; the sight of it growing caused me to vomit then and there and through my tear stung eyes I could see my friend stumble back up, backing towards the door and shutting it behind him.

There, standing in my own vomit stained pajamas, I took the time to look over what had just happened. I wanted to touch the boil but I couldn't bring myself to do it. A glance at it from the nearby mirror made my stomach lurch and gurgle once more: it was MASSIVE, it had grown to the height and width of both my neck and my head.

I swear to god...it looked like I had a second head.

I couldn't leave this office through the front, everyone would see it, working on pure adrenaline and fear I opened the back window of the office and crawled out; not even waiting for my doctor to come back before I hopped into my car and sped home; trying to choke back tears and more vomit. It was disgusting...absolutely DISGUSTING...the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. What the fuck was this? First it was a bump, then a zit, then a boil, and now an unidentifiable mass of wobbling flesh that jutted out from my shoulder blade with no pain or effort.

What was with it back in the office too? It slammed itself into my friend all by itself...or had it? Maybe the pain of being lanced made me jolt forward and hit him myself? I wasn't sure right now, my mind was in a haze, and I could see the boil in my rear view mirror.

I wasn't going to work today

No...I couldn't go to work...the fear of being poked and prodded by my peers made me shudder and want to vomit.

I got home, immediately changed out of my vomit stained pajamas, and flopped onto my bed; refusing to stand up or do anything at all. The boil fell limp against my pillow and...I could swear it curled up slightly, like how I would whenever I slept; I could have sworn it was mirroring my sleeping habits.

I didn't care right now, I didn't care about anything, I just wanted to wake up and let whatever this was prove itself to be an awful waking nightmare.

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My dreams were odd, just like last night: I was in a black void and the voice of some unseen creature whispered in my ear. Its voice was unintelligible, a series of moans and groans, whatever it was obviously had no teeth or tongue to communicate with; it spoke quietly, mumbling, as if it was asleep. The muffled sound of blasts and explosions rang in the void around me, each bang made the voice mumble faster and louder until it rescinded into a bass rant full of guttural screams and pained moans. I covered my ears and put my head in-between my knees, the voice was full of pain and sorrow, its tone and wracked screams made it seem like it wanted to die. I couldn't see the creature still, I only heard its

voice. I couldn't take the voice anymore, I screamed back at it to SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME BE!

At my command the voice stopped, so did the bangs and explosions, and I was left alone in a silent void with my head in-between my knees; sweat pouring down my face and hands trembling in horror at the wretched voice I heard. It filled me with both fear and pity, I pitied the tongueless monster that screamed at me amidst explosions...but I feared it because I had no idea what the fuck it was.

I feel like if I saw it...I'd want to die too.

Wednesday

I'm not going to work today. No. I can't.

I woke up to pain in my mouth, my jaws ached and my gums were bleeding. I winced, pulling myself up and flopping forward, not used to the dead weight hanging from my shoulder now. I whimpered as I noticed that it had grown taller and the dark blue discoloration began to crawl downwards into my chest and to my right arm which appeared a bit red and swollen. It itched and felt hot. My breath hitched in my lungs and I put my unaffected arm to my mouth, moving my lower jaw around to try and alleviate some of the pain.

I stopped

Something hard plopped onto my tongue and I immediately spit it out, to my horror, the object was a tooth; a bloody tooth. My tooth.

I gagged and lurched forward, feeling more teeth fall out of my skull and clink lifelessly onto my carpet. I sobbed and gasped through a mouthful of blood and stumbled towards my bathroom; the weight of the insipid boil made me lean to the left and almost fall over onto my side like a wounded horse.

I didn't understand any of this, just on Monday I was a normal person going to work at a job I secretly hated and worked with people I...less secretly hated. Here I was now, a vomiting wreck with a boil the size of my head, teeth falling out of my mouth, and a growing dark blue discoloration that made my body look like a bloated corpse. Was I dying? Did I get some sort of incurable disease? My worries from a few days back became more and more of a reality as the last of my teeth plopped out onto the bathroom tile.

I looked like a wreck, my face was wracked with despair and dark bags underneath my eyes; my cheeks looked sunken in and my mouth was a fleshy car wreck. I gagged, my breath became shorter and weaker, pressure built within my mouth and I could do nothing about it. I watched in horror as my tongue swelled up like a balloon before shriveling up like nothing I had ever seen before and falling out as a dried clump in the sink.

My body went numb and I collapsed.

The nightmares plagued my unconscious mind again, I just kept my eyes shut and covered my ears, I didn't want to hear what this thing was trying to say to me. I didn't want to know what it knew. I just wanted to fucking wake up and go back to a normal life...what did I do to deserve everything that was happening to me?

Okay sure I was kind of a jerk and a dick to people who weren't as smart or attractive as me, I complained about my job too much, I was a lazy fuck who thought that doing nothing at my job was my passive aggressive way of fighting "The Man". God... I sound like an edgy thirteen year old in Middle School. Who do I have to apologize to to make this all stop? Who did I insult offhandedly? Who did I piss off enough to do something so sick and alien to my body?

I don't know who I angered but I wish this would all stop. I want the boil to stop. I want the decay to stop. I want the unintelligible mumbling and moaning in my dreams to STOP.

I woke up on the floor, blood leaking from my nose and mouth, it was thick and viscous and left a disgusting skin like a nasty pudding. I looked weakly to my side, the first thing I noticed was my arms: much more red and swollen than before, it looked to be engorged with muscle, I could make out striations of muscle tissue bulging underneath my reddened skin. They pulsed and bulged, causing me to wail out in pain, the muscles underneath continued to swell against my skin until I heard the most sickening of noises: the tearing of flesh.

I tried to shout out expletives of all sorts but my lack of teeth and tongue made me sound like a dying seal, my arms had been replaced with massive blocks of pure muscle full of red veins and lacked any sort of protective fatty tissue. The raw muscle rubbed against the floor and sent shockwaves of horrendous pain coursing through my entire being, my fingers elongated; bones cracking and snapping as they became straight and cylindrical. The skin grew greyer and harder...almost like...metal?! My hands were becoming metallic and long, the first thing that came to my mind was the barrel of a gun...but that was ludicrous!

Then again, everything that has happened to me up to this point has been incredibly fucking ludicrous, my hands turning into the barrels of guns would be rather normal compared to everything else. I made another noise akin to a scream as my fingers shifted into a circular position and elongated even further, the fingers on my right hand grew long enough to touch the wall four feet away from me.

My "fingers" whirled and spun involuntarily, they had become miniguns, like the guns that one Russian guy used in that video game I played on the off chance that I had free time. Vomit lurched up and spewed out of my throat, running down my chin in a thick stream of oddly dark green goo and my chest puffed up with musculature to counterbalance my new massive arms and hands; my sternum cracked and split open the blue skin of my breast. I moaned and groaned, shakily propping myself up on my massive fingers and finding it surprisingly easy to navigate around with my still shuddering legs, I didn't stop until they finally gave out and I fell onto the carpet with a heavy thud.

The last thing I saw before I passed out again was the boil, the thing that started all of this, begin to warp and distort; features grew on it, it grew a void mouth just like mine and two large vertically angled eyes that blinked ceaselessly on contact with light.

I dreaded waking up again.

Thursday

A voice woke me up, no, a NOISE woke me up. There was the sound of something groaning and moaning in my ear. I had forgotten that the boil had transformed along with parts of my body the other day, becoming a head that, upon seeing it clearly now, definitely wasn't human.

It was humanoid, a dark bluish head that blended seamlessly with a long flexible neck of the same coloration that twisted around eagerly as it saw me wake up. Its eyes were positioned strangely, blinking sideways at me and forming a disgusting open mouthed smile at me with its mouth devoid of teeth and tongue; it didn't even have gums or anything, it was like I was looking into the inside of a shoddy animatronic...a puppet...but it wasn't a puppet, it was a second head. Its nose was almost nonexistent, only from the side could I make out a small button-nose protrusion, but from the front I could only see its nostrils; for some reason it was also wearing a white head scarf? Bonnet? I'm not too sure. Why did it look so happy to see me? What WAS it?

It moaned in a lighter tone and moved its head closer to my own, nuzzling into it. I groaned in disgust and tried to push it away with my transformed arms but it was no use, they were too heavy, my body wasn't fully used to operating them yet. The head made a chirpy little squeak at my attempt, as if it was laughing at me, I'd tell it to go fuck itself if I could.

My legs ached, the remnants of my shirt still hung in shreds against my blue, muscular chest, and I couldn't help but pull my legs up to relieve the discomfort of what I was feeling at this very moment. The second I did though, both my legs were assaulted by the worst charlie horses I had ever felt. The inhuman head didn't even respond to the pain, it just cooed and continued to nuzzle itself into my screaming form as if it was trying to comfort me. I watched in tear stained horror as one leg grew but the other shrank and rotted away, leaving nothing but a cleanly amputated stump while the other swelled with musculature. My pajama pants ripped and tore and my sock popped open to reveal my growing foot. As my pants tore I saw that my thighs were the same blue green tint that the rest of my body was slowly becoming; it appeared torn though, as if I was wearing this new body like a disgusting skin suit. The guns at the ends of my arms reacted and spun wildly, I thanked god that there were no bullets in them or else my house would be filled with bullet holes.

Here I was, stuck on the floor with only one transforming leg, guns for hands, and a second head that made a nasty pit form in my stomach. I worried that I would eventually look like this thing by the end of it all. The head must have sensed that I was distressed and pushed itself under my chin and whimpered like a worried dog.

It made me sick, why was this MONSTER coddling me like this? Treating me like someone it has known for a long time? I wanted to bite at its bloated neck and make it bleed; anything to get it away from me and make it feel the same pain I was feeling. I grunted and moaned wordlessly at it, begging, begging for everything to just go back to normal and for it to leave me the hell alone!

This situation felt so familiar, it was like the nightmare all over again, I realized now that the voice that plagued my unconscious mind was that of this head; a horrible premonition of things to come but with no way of preventing it. An inevitable change that I would have to suffer through for reasons I could not discern.

It continued to comfort me, my mind was in a haze now, and I began to find solace in its attempts to soothe my pained form. My face relaxed, my jaw slacked, pain left my body as if I was being pumped full of morphine. I was beginning to feel...okay. I was so entranced with the heads attempts to comfort me that I didn't even feel the bone shoot out of my amputated leg, growing thicker and blacker until it formed a metallic prosthesis. I didn't notice my nose shrink down, I didn't notice my ears beginning to fade into nonexistence, I didn't even notice as my neck elongated to match the other heads height.

All I felt was comfort, my tired eyes closed, and I fell asleep. For some reason I wasn't as scared of waking up the next day, the other head was the only sense of comfort I had during the entire painful ordeal. Maybe...it wasn't as bad as I thought it was?

Maybe this second head is a blessing? An angel? I didn't know.

Friday

I'm happy!

I feel happy!

I feel like everything is back to normal once again!

I walk down the streets of my city and hum happily to myself, people around me screamed at the sight of me and ran away but I didn't care! My other head nuzzled the side of my own head and pulled my arm up; slamming it into the nearby building and collapsing it in an instant. People continue to screech and scramble around in every direction, that didn't matter though, I was with a friend who made me feel safe and comfortable with myself!

In fact, my new body feels great! No limping or pain, sure it took some getting used to, but now I'm able to walk about with no problem!

A cop comes up really close to me and tries to fire his gun, that's not very nice of him, I decide to voice my complaints by stomping right on top of him with my prosthesis. I wouldn't have done that, but sometimes violence begets violence! I cooed mournfully at my other head and it reciprocated with a gentle kiss, as if to tell me that it wasn't mad about what I just did. He's such a great friend, why did I ever think he was bad? That bump was a godsend, I no longer care about superficial things such as weight or beauty, all I care about is being close to my best and only friend in this entire world.

Part of me recalls another friend though, I think he was a dermatologist, but he wasn't a REAL friend though; he ran away as soon as my friend began to appear, ditching me! Friends don't do that! Friends stick together through everything!

I wonder if there are more friends like us around.

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Reports are popping up all over the state of dermatological anomalies that scientists cannot explain, these strange bluish bumps are appearing on children and adults alike with no warning and the CDC advises anyone with these bumps to seek medical attention. We do not know what will happen if they are not treated as of yet, but we are treating this as a potential emergency

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Earlier today a large monster was euthanized by the local police force, state officials have no idea where it came from but it exhibits the same physical abnormalities attributed to the blue bumps. We can easily assume that this is the result of such an infection. We repeat, if you are suffering from one of these bumps: do not panic and seek medical attention immediately