

'Twas a dark and stormy night...

Heh. Did you really think I was going to start this story out like that?

No, although it was dark, and it was stormy. The tale I have to tell is much, much more than a simple Halloween story.

Fasten your seatbelt, cause it's gonna be a bumpy ride.

Like I said before, it was dark, and it was stormy. It also happened to be All Hallows Eve, because, of course, everything spooky was either on Halloween or the day before.

I'm getting off track. All Hallows Eve, and I was making final preparations for the trick-or-treaters tomorrow; checking my decorations, plugging in lights to make sure they worked, and making sure my stock of candy was ready to go.

There was just one little problem:
I didn't have a costume.

In all my desperate attempts to deck out the front of my house just perfect for Halloween, I had somehow forgotten to pick up a costume!

And, of course, when I checked all the local stores online, they either only had the really cheesy costumes left, or nothing at all, so I couldn't rely on any stores to pick something up last-minute. As I saw it, I had three options:

A) Hand out candy without a costume, which many people did, but I just didn't want to do that;
B) See what I had that I could throw together; or
C) Go to the store and pick up one of the cheesy costumes, which really seemed like a good way to get laughed at.

After some deliberation, I decided to go with option B. I wanted to wear a costume this year, but those stupid cheesy ones were, well, stupid.

I started rummaging around in the closet, looking for something to throw together.

Hoodie? No. What could I possibly make with that?

These pants- by the smell of them, I'd somehow neglected to wash them for a while. I threw them in the hamper and kept looking.

Aha! This jacket- Black leather. If I could find a bandanna and sunglasses, maybe I could go as a biker, or something like that.

It was then that the doorbell rang.

'Oh, the early trick-or-treaters must be here,' I thought to myself. And so, I grabbed the candy bowl and headed to pass out the treats I had.

But when I got to the door, there weren't any smiling kids waiting to fill their bags, nor any adults just looking for a good scare. Not even any teenagers running away from the door after a ding-dong-ditch.

No, it was... a package.

"Weird, I didn't order anything...

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Shrugging, I decided that maybe I had ordered something and was just half-asleep when I did it. I set the candy bowl down on the table near the front door, and brought the package into the kitchen, closing the door behind me.

The package itself wasn't anything special, just a regular brown cardboard box, with clear packaging tape keeping it closed.

Strangely enough, there was a sound coming from the box. Almost like...
Almost like a very faint scratching noise.

I turned this over in my head for a moment. Strange box arrives on my porch on All Hallows Eve, when I didn't order anything. It isn't marked, and it's making a strange noise. I debated whether or not to call the police. Could it be poisoned? Maybe a porch bomb?

But...

I looked down at my hands.
I'd already touched the box.

I instinctively grabbed a few paper towels and wiped off my hands, then washed them thoroughly with soap and water. Even then, I couldn't shake the feeling that this box had done something to me.

Then I had a thought.

'Some poisons show up under a UV light, right? I have some in the basement!'

And so, down to the basement I went, making sure to grab onto the knob with a paper towel. I kept a couple UV lights down here for my mini-greenhouse, and they were on 24/7.

I put my hands under the light, hoping and praying that nothing would show up.

One Mississippi...

Two Mississippi...

Three Mississippi...

Nothing.

Nothing showed up. My hands looked the exact same.

I breathed a sigh of relief. So, it probably wasn't poisoned, or else I'd be feeling some kind of effect by now.

I grabbed a box cutter on my way up from the basement, not even bothering to use the paper towels anymore. Might as well go ahead and open that box.

The tape was just normal tape and cut with ease. The box unfolded as normal, revealing a bundle of tan tissue paper, undoubtedly protecting whatever was inside.

Taking the tissue paper out just revealed more and more paper. Over half the box was nothing but just tissue paper! The discard pile got taller and taller, until I eventually saw a flash of-Brown fur?

Yep, I saw that correctly. Underneath all that tissue paper was a folded-up costume, one that had tan-ish brown fur on the back of it, and white on the front. I only saw a square of it, though, so I couldn't make out what it was supposed to be.

I took it out of the box, unfolding it and holding it under the light to see it better. It was indeed a costume. A coyote, in fact. I almost mistook that canine head for a wolf at first, before realizing the proportions were slightly off. A tan-ish brown coyote with a white underbelly. Looking over the arms, I saw that, instead of hands, this costume had paws, complete with rubber paw pads and even black rubber claws on the end of each of the four digits!

Wait-
Four?

I shook that thought out of my head. Not important.

The tail looked almost lifelike, a completely perfect tail for a coyote! Moving further down, I saw that the costume was clearly made to be worn normally, as it was made plantigrade, not digitigrade. And finally, the feet! They ended exactly like the hands, with paw pads on the bottom and those black rubber claws.

The costume itself was beautiful! Everywhere I touched it, I felt a slight tingle coming from the fabric, almost like it had a slight static charge.

I ran my fingers through the faux fur, feeling the tingle caress my hands. It was so soft, and that slight buzzy feeling made my hands feel pleasantly numb.

A sudden thought struck me, and I put the costume back down.

Just who had given this costume to me? How did they know that I needed one?

Going back to the front door, I could see that nobody was outside. The same was true when I opened the door to get a better look through the screen door.

This whole ordeal...

It really left me with a lingering sinking feeling in my stomach.

I closed and locked the door again, full of unease. That costume was still on the table, completely still.

I really didn't like this.

This time, I took the costume to the bathroom, where I held it up in front of me, trying to get a gauge of how it would fit on me. As far as I could tell, it looked like it would fit perfectly... Only one thing left to do. Try it on.

As I changed into the costume, that strange staticy feeling got stronger as more and more of me came into contact with the fabric. The inside of the costume was even softer than the outside, somehow!

And soon, the only thing that wasn't in the costume was my head. The costume's head hung down my back like a hood, and that's just what it felt like.

A hood in the shape of the upper half of a coyote's head.

I took a moment to look at myself in the mirror. This costume really did look amazing! The fur looked almost lifelike, and the paw pads on the feet felt like the most comfortable pair of shoes I'd ever worn.

And, just as I had suspected before, it fit perfectly.

I went to put the head (hood?) up, but hesitated.

I really wanted to know, who sent this to me? How had they managed to get the costume to fit so perfectly?

Was this a gift from a stalker/secret admirer? Was this some way of being told I'm being watched?

I stood there in indecision, trying to make sense of the situation. On the one hand, I really did need a costume. But on the other, should I accept one that was just dropped off on my doorstep?

After some deliberation, I decided to go for it. I already had the thing on; a little late to be second guessing myself now.

And with that, I flipped the hood up

.

Taking a step back, I took note of myself in the mirror. The costume looked so real, every detail looked completely immaculate, right down to the subtle fur patterns. Except for the head, of course, which was just a simple hood, but even then, it looked amazing.

The sticky feeling from before was now over my entire body, including my head. The costume felt...

Tight. More so than it should.

I flexed my right hand, feeling the awkwardness of having two fingers shoved into one digit of the paw. The static made my hand feel like it had fallen asleep.

Actually... Scratch that. My entire *arm* felt like it was asleep.

As I started to notice this feeling, my wrist suddenly gave off a loud crack, along with a sudden flash of pain. As I grabbed it, my entire right arm started to pop and crack, filling out the arm of the costume better and better.

'Wh- what? What's going on here?'

My entire right arm was now entirely too thin to still be human. The proportions were all wrong, and when did my hands shift? They actually felt like proper paws now, not just awkwardly shoving multiple fingers into one paw digit.

Wait-

No.

I could *feel* the air on the costume's fur. As I experimentally flexed my arm, I could feel everything through my arm, as though it was my own.

There was no way.

What was this costume *doing* to me?

As this thought flashed through my head, my left arm was already snapping and popping into place, along with both of my ankles. I couldn't stand up anymore, and slid down the wall into a sitting position, holding onto the toilet for support.

It felt... mildly painful, but also strangely good at the same time. The feeling of both the static, and of me wearing the suit gradually faded, as the suit's arms and legs finished merging with mine, and fused, finishing off their changes.

I now had the arms and legs of an anthropomorphic coyote, but my head and torso were both still of me wearing the costume.

Not for long, however.

As my hips and lower body started to change, I started to think, oddly calm for how absurd my predicament was. I was both pleasantly surprised and cautiously wary about the whole ordeal. What if this was permanent? Would I be able to live like this?

Could I really live out the rest of my life as a coyote?

As the changes spread up into my chest, those doubts and worries were chased out of my mind. Somehow... Somehow the suit made it all seem okay. Like... Everything was going to be fine, in the end.

And with my torso now properly coyote-fied, it was time for my head. The hood pulled down tight over my head, blocking out my vision. As I felt my ears change, for a moment all sound went deafeningly quiet, before my nerves connected to the ears on top of my head.

And *hoo boy*, this was so much better! I could hear everything now, every little creak and groan of the house, even the scuttling of one or two mice in the walls that I didn't know were there before.

I opened my eyes, delighted to see that cold black nose at the end of my brand-new snout. I took a few experimental sniffs, and was bombarded with a whole array of smells, from the aforementioned mice, to the very faint smell of mold and mildew from outside.

This was amazing! My senses were so heightened... How had I gotten through life without this before?

As I shakily stood up, taking note of my new digitigrade stance, I noticed my clothes from before. Bending down to pick them up was a bit of a challenge, but I managed it. And they still fit!

Well, except for my jeans.

A sudden idea hit me. I managed to stumble my way into the kitchen, still unsure of my footing, and grabbed the scissors. A few minor snips here... This seam can go for sure... And voila! Jeans fit for someone of my stature!

And they fit perfectly. The few snips I had just made allowed for me to wear them again, now that I was no longer plantigrade, but the cuts were small enough so that they didn't ruin the look of them.

Making my way back to the mirror in the bathroom was much easier now that I had gotten the hang of having paws instead of feet.

And there I was. A beautiful anthro coyote, the same colors as the costume I had put on not even five minutes ago. The static from before was completely gone, replaced by the slight rustle of my oh-so-soft fur.

After looking at myself in the mirror for a bit, the doorbell rang. The first few trick or treaters had started trickling along, and I gladly handed some candy out.

I still look back on that one night, even several years later. Sure, it was a change, but a welcome one indeed. I've gotten used to living out life in a different form, all thanks to the mysterious person who sent the costume to me. And with more and more cases of transformations popping up around the world, I'm starting to not feel so alone anymore.

And to think, I got so many compliments on my "costume" that year!