

Lunar Landscapes: The Question

March 13th 2005

"The house was strangely hot tonight. I guess it could be that it was the third day straight of this hellish rain. Its not unusual or anything, but I'm still sick of it. Tonight is supposed to be the full moon, but I doubt I will be able to see anything through these clouds, oh well. It is not like they are rare..."

Sitting down John sighed heavily, the noise sounding harsh with the tapping of the rain on the roof tiles. The diary slid to the floor, the leather cover slapping the floor with a satisfying "clap." He slid deep into the soft leather Lazy-Boy. Shadow's danced across his walls with the leaping and prancing firelight. Spires of red and yellow rising and falling; lazily consuming the wood. It seemed like another languid night. Normally he would lie back, closing his eyes and listen to patter of rain cascading down his roof, body and mind relaxing to the steady noise.

He was almost in a trance when something jarred him. Something wasn't quite right, something was different and he just couldn't finger it. Then it hit him: it wasn't that something was there, it was that, something wasn't. The incessant flow of rain had halted, shaking his head he listened carefully, but he couldn't make out a single drop hitting his roof. Rising from his inert position he made his way to the window. Straining his eyes in the darkness, it seemed clear. The hazy cloud of rain was really gone. The fact that this was what he had been waiting for completely escaped him for the moment. He looked up thinking that since it had stopped raining then maybe the clouds would thin, and he could see the moon.

While he stared into the hopeless black morass, a beam of platinum light burst through. Not even seconds later the clouds seemed to dissolve

as a flood of light seemed to flow directly through his window bathing him in a preternatural aura.

Stumbling backwards his feet slipped on the wood floor landing him on his back violently. Cursing while he sat up, he rubbed a hand along his back, shots of pain following his touch.

"Dammnit! What the hell was that? Well I finally get to see the moon and I slip, I love fucking spring!"

After making this comments, he slowly stalked back to the chair, sitting down brutally, taking out his anger on the chair. Feeling only slightly relieved he relaxed as well as he could back into the comfortable embrace of the chair.

Embracing self pity he began to mentally lick his wounds, he was embarrassed even though he was alone. He had begun blaming the rain, and was about to move into the moonlight so he was too preoccupied to notice the moonlight seeming to focus on his window. The fire's light overpowered by the hoary glow. As it had entered it lithely reversed out the window, the luminescent glow vanishing suite. John looked up just as it vanished, his face screwed in puzzlement.

"Huh... Maybe I'm more tired than I thought." He rubbed his eyes, but something inside said to look at the moon one more time. So he slowly approached the window once more, cautiously looking to the sky. The sky was remarkably clean, the moon floating saintly in the black abyss, pinpricks of light surrounding it. He was about to go back inside when once again, a beam of light sped towards him, this time he stood his ground. The beam struck his eye, another following into his other eye. Not able to move he felt his entire body become electrified with energy, each neuron and cell excited, his entire body felt charged, and then it faded, leaving him breathing heavily.

"That was different..." was all he could think.

Stepping away, he looked at the inside of his house expecting everything to have changed but it was all the same, nothing seemed different, and this left him puzzled.

Cautiously he walked around the room, checking each nook and cranny, everything was the same. Unconsciously he growled lowly, miffed at how he was wrong. Then he thought about it.

"Did I just growl? No, I couldn't have." He dismissed continuing his search for what was different, not even considering that it could be himself.

Finally returning to his chair he sat down with a "humph." As soon as he had sat down a shiver ran through his body, he felt as if goose bumps were forming rapidly across his body. Confused he raised his sleeve, almost choking as he noticed it was covered in a light gray fuzz.

"Wha...th...fu....huh?" He stammered, staring more at the offending hair. Curiously he reached out a finger and touched it, when he felt it was real on his finger and he felt it move on his arm his mouth finally closed. Now he was speechless, even his mind was stuttering, clouded, by something within. Closing his eyes to try and clear his head he becomes overwhelmed by a picture of the moon. Opening his eyes once again his body shivers once gain looking at his arms, the grey hair has thickened. Feeling light headed he tries to steady himself, touching his ears in the process he feels their shape has changed, become more pointed.

"What the hell is going on," he cries aloud?

"We are becoming free," a melodic voice from within resounds.

"We, who is we?"

"Us, you and I., soon we will be free, we can shed this human shell, live as we are meant to live!"

"What do you mean free?" John asks even as he can feel the hair creeping across his body; sparks jumping along his back, reaching his tail

bone, the bones feel like liquid and begin flowing; caudal bones extending and pressing against his underwear and pants.

"We shall change to our feral form, be free of the human façade. We will be wild, live free, like our lupine ancestors!"

"What? I'm going to become a wolf? Why? I don't want to be free, not in that way!"

As John yells at the voice the changes stop, the entire energetic feeling fades. The room falls deathly silent.

"Why?"

The cease surprised John even more than the changes did, he was left silent.

"Why am I wrong?" The voice asked.

Standing in the middle of the room, a thin tube of skin and bone extending from right above his butt, pointed ears and fur covering disconnected parts of his body he looked like something out of a horror novel. This was the first thing he grabbed a hold of.

"Where do you think we can go looking like this? As soon as people see us they will freak, and call the cops. This just isn't normal!"

"It is dark; we will make it to the woods without being seen. In the woods we will be happy; we will no longer have to deal with pointless human things, like money."

"Why do we need to leave things behind? I like my house, my car, I like my things!"

"These things don't make you happy. I know you, I am you, and we feel trapped."

"This is where I belong, I am not an animal, I am human, I am better!"

"We are an animal, we need to be free, and we need to run!"

"I've got exercise equipment, I am fine."

"We don't fit in; I know you have felt that!"

"People don't usually feel like they fit in, its not uncommon."

"You think it's more than that; you don't feel like you're the same as them. You think you are better, and we are."

"No, I'm better, if you are a wolf than how to know how to speak English?"

"I can speak because you can speak, we are the same, and we are one. Together we can be more!"

"I am fine as I am! I don't need your help, I don't need you; I am complete!"

"You need me; I have always been there, always that voice saying everything is alright, in the end everything will be alright. You wouldn't have made it this far without me. Remember the time you got lost in the city, I led us out, and you were ready to cry."

"I would have gotten help. When else have you helped me?"

"Every time, you decide not to turn down a side street or decide that you are going to take a different route that is me. A gut feeling something is right, that is me. We are one, I am your more primal side, but together we can do so much more, be so much better. Embrace me, and learn what you can truly be."

"Why do I have to change, I am happy as I am."

"You don't want to be better, to be stronger, to be faster?"

"Not if it means losing my humanity!"

"What is humanity, if not a façade to hide behind, to act 'correct'? So you can call yourselves better than animals, which is exactly what you are!"

By this time John had realized that he was losing, but he wasn't exactly sad about it. Everything the wolf had said was true, he realized that part of the real him wanted to go, wanted to give up human life and live in the wild.

"Alright," John pauses. "I'm scared." He said in a timid voice.

"It's alright, together we can survive anywhere!" At that moment John dropped his guard.

As suddenly as it had stopped the energy returned, his body, their body felt like a million volts was flowing through, charging each cell. Uninhibited by anything, the changes came upon him swiftly. His bones all seemed to liquidize at once, slowly flowing around in his body, his spinal cord curving more pushing him onto his hands and feet. His hips shifting his weight forward, pushing him into the balls of his hands and feet, the heel, moving upward, the lower bone lengthening and the upper bone shortening. It felt like his knees were being pulled backwards, finally shifting into place, now much higher his heel feeling like a reversed knee, his phalanges now extending downward also forming the bones, of his paws, the mass from his feet shifting upward into powerful muscles in his legs. His arms undergoing similar changes but a little shorter. While his limbs were changing; his main mass, began to shrink slightly, getting smaller, but growing far more muscular. His three or so original caudal bones becoming many, forming a long whip like tail, soon growing a thick fluffy coat of fur grey like the thick fur coating the rest of him. After most of the other changes except fur growing had ceased, his face began to expand forward, his nose tipping it, taking on a black color as it grew wet and cold. While he was staring down the barrel of his new muzzle, the wave of smells in his house hit him like an oncoming train. He snorted loudly, the snort covering up the feeling of the fur covering his face, as his vision changed, things outside becoming clearer in the night. With another sneeze the changes stopped.

"Let's run."

"Yes, let's" John replied.

There mind's working together as one they ran across the floor, claws clicking on the wood floor, towards the door. Stopping in front of it, carefully balancing against the door, they turned it with their teeth.

"What about my house?"

"Tomorrow we will return here and to human form...we can change at will unless under the full moon, but I think you might enjoy the wilderness more than you think."

With that they sped out of the house, the door closing swiftly behind them, running down the dimly street then onto a creeks bank, speeding along the meandering turns, paws easily treading across the consuming muck. Trees flying by at what seemed like an incredible speed, soon they reached the edge of the forest.

Both of them ready they step gingerly through the thick undercover, immersed in the wild scents, lost in the exhilaration they begin running. Soon they catch the scent of a rabbit, they give chase, darting in between trees across logs, running for the pure joy, not caring if they catch the prey, just for the chase.

After running for hours they finally slow down at a small, stream, they lap at the cool clear water; John wondered how he ever lived without this, the wolf wondering if they could go to the bathroom soon. Suddenly reminded of this John, lets the wolf lead, they walk over to a tree, and lift up their leg, this is the first time John noticed that their organ had changed too, as it rose out of its grey furry sheath, slick and pink, and they both sighed as they released a stream of steaming urine onto the tree, marking their territory but also feeling relieved. They sniffed the tree taking in their scent, and then looked skyward; the moon was already half way descended to the earth.

"Do you know the way back?" John asked.

"Yes even though I don't really think we want too."

"No, but we must."

Resignedly the wolf began their trek back towards the human world. Once again they began to run, speeding along trails known only to the animals, running through the darkness, like it didn't exist towards the sleeping human town. Paws hardly leaving an impression in the soft dirt as they near flew through the forest; emerging a few hours later as the street once again. Quickly they run back up to the house, now they look at the door, not knowing who they could possibly operate it.

"What the hell...I can't think how to work this...um....door."

"Being in the woods, is so intoxicating we must have become more feral than we thought."

After staring at the door they have up and crossed into the backyard, curling up in a lawn chair on the back porch, where they instantly feel asleep.

While they slept the moon fell below the horizon and with its disappearance went the wolf form. The muzzle sucking back into his skull the sharp canine teeth, melting back into human, ridged teeth. His nose returning to its original form, his ears losing their pointed definition as they slipped back onto the side of his head.; his arms and legs returning to their original lengths, the knees shifting down to their original position, none the worse for the wear; the fur retreating back inside his body, the tail sucking back inside like spaghetti. The only evidence left from the night before was his organ still resting inside a grey furry sheath attached to his stomach.

March 14th 2005

"Last night was something else. I learned a lot about myself from the moon. Its as mystical as they say it is. I cannot wait for the next one. And for what I have learned, I may not have too."

END OF THE QUESTION

Written by Lazerous the Dreamer