The Chase

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“Get your ass back here, dweeb!” The bully bellowed, chasing after the scrawny little freshman who had had the gaul to refuse to do his homework. Why were the scrawny kids always so fast, he wondered as he huffed and puffed down the street. His would-be victim was nearly half a block ahead, but he had never been one to give up when a pummeling was due. He hated when they ran, but the sheer thrill of chasing them like some sort of apex predator could not be beat.

The bully saw his target disappear into one of the shops and grinned. He would just have to wait outside to nab him. He slowed to a jog, figuring he had all the time in the world. There was no escape for that dweeb now. What kind of sissy ran away instead of fighting like a man?

The bully reached the store that his prey had gone into and laughed. It was not a store at all, it was a freaking dance studio! He peered through the windows, but could not see the scrawny little freshman at all, just a bunch of girls prancing around in leotards. He had to be somewhere.

As the bully peered into the studio, he began to feel dizzy. It got to the point that he pulled away from the window, holding onto the ledge to steady himself. The ground looked like it was rushing toward him. Pulled back as he was, he could see his reflection in the window. He was, he was shrinking! He

gasped as his crew cut suddenly erupted into long blonde locks that cascaded down his shoulders. His ripped jeans became tighter and tighter they turned from dark blue to white, squeezing him to an uncomfortable degree. His black t-shirt with what his mom called Satanic imagery turned white as well, becoming more form-fitting as he continued to shrink. He groaned as he felt as if his organs were slithering around, but his clothes continuing to change provided a distraction from whatever was happening to his insides. He watched, horrified as his clothes formed into a leotard and tights, his tattered sneakers becoming a pair of dainty slippers. Netting exploded out around his waist, forming a tutu just as his long hair fixed itself into a tidy bun. He stared at his reflection, almost having to stand up on his toes to see himself now that he was so short. He had to be six years old now! And was he a girl? He did not know. He sure looked like a girl, but he did not want to check.

“Oh!” He heard himself say, his pouty little girl lips forming the word. “I’m going to be late!” He tried to stop himself, but his slippered feet led him skipping into the studio, tutu bouncing merrily.