

The Confidant

by Joe Six-Pack



Dude! Brad here, the Bradmeister. Bulldog Brad. What up!?

Dude! You won't believe some of the shit that's been goin' on ta me, dude. I mean, some serious whack goin' on in my life, ya know?

My counselor, Mrs. Friel, the bitch is gonna kick me off football unless I do this after-school shit. Fuckin' math. Then that prick Turner saw me an' Kristin gettin' it on the hallway. Now I gotta go in front of the principal with Kristin an "explain myself." Explain what? It's like natural instincts, man. I can't help it if I gotta got a hot piece a tail all over me. What am I gonna do?

And then this asswipe rammed my GTO in the parkin lot. Yeh, that's why I gots'ta ride my old ninja bike. And the insurance place says that it's all my fault. The guy wasn't lookin! He's just like zoom and wham!! And I'm doin' nuthin'! I mean - what the fuck!? Shit is so fucked up.

My radiator's ventin' and the fan is bent. I figure as long as I've got it on the blocks, I'll give it the works. Do you still have my torque wrench?



And that's not even the worst of it, dude. Man, I got this closet, you know, and I open it this morning. It's just, you know, a regular morning. Nothing weird. So I open my closet and there's this thing in it.

Man, don't even think of tellin nobody this, Justin, or I'm gonna fucking rip you a new one. Dude. I'm serious.

So in my closet, it's all my stuff and then there's this uniform in it. You gotta believe me, it's what happened. True.

There's this thing that looks like a cheerleaders' thing.

I'm fucking gonna kick your ass if you don't stop laughing. Fuckhead.

It's a cheerleader uniform man. Yeah, our school. So I'm like thinkin' did I get really ass drunk last night and bag a cheerleader? For just a sec, I'm thinkin' "Yeah! Bradster! Ka-ching!"

But uh-uh. Nah. I remember playin N64 'til like 3am. That fuckin' Mario Go-Kart is addictive, dude. So its' gotta be a joke. My parents, man, they aren't gonna pull that shit with me. So I figures it's gotta be someone here at school. Some chucklehead got into my room and stuck it in there. It's probably some pantywaist tryin to make me look like a fag.

I'm gonna kick hella ass on someone today man. I'm gonna find this freakin perv and split his skull open, dude. True. True.

Justin, you just see if anybody's talking about it, man. People trust you. I don't know why. They just do. And you can see if anybody's braggin or whatever. Just don't... you know... tell anyone. Just listen an' stuff. I'll see ya later, dude.

Yeah, I gotta go see the principal. Check wit'cha tomorrow.



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Justin! Hey, dude. Nah, I ain't figured it out yet. I busted that Miller kid's ass yesterday just 'cause I need to blow off some steam, man. Guy was beggin' for it anyways. But he didn't do it, probably.

Hey, since when does anybody need a reason to split open some geek's head anyway?



Uh, dude, can I ask you somethin'? Man, this is gonna sound crazy, but... do I look, different to you? I'm lookin in the mirror this morning and I dunno. I look... wrong. Something's all screwed up. These clothes itch an' they're all baggy and they look all... I dunno. Wrong.

Maybe I'm just all fucked up over this prank thing man. Did'ja hear anything? Anything?

Fuck. Well, just keep listening man.

Bro! You up for the game? We are gonna rock, man! South is gonna know what it's like to get a Lincoln High first class ass whuppin. You an' me man! I'm your personal protector. I'm the center, and you're the QB. No one gets past me.

I growl and bark, and then I grab 'em, tear 'em in two and bury them right there on the field! Bark! Bark! Grrrrrr! Arooo!

That's why they call me the Bulldog!



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Ok, look. I'm sorry, It was a bad game fer me. You gotta believe me, dude, I was really tryin' man. The guy they had on me was just too big, Ok? I guess he was like 350 pounds or somethin'. Fuck, dude, he was just really good. How many sacks? Eight?

Eleven. Right. Sorry, dude.

I'm not usin' it as an excuse or nothin, but I was feeling really weird. Something was just all wrong yesterday. Yeah, I dunno. Weird.

I know I asked you yesterday, but I really gotta know. Do I look smaller or something? My face seems all smooth and different. My parents said it was all in my head.



Oh fuck, my parents! That reminds me, something really fucked is happening at home. My Mom, you've met her, right? She's like a hundred pounds overweight and smokes all day. She's even more slack than my Dad. Greasy shirts, sweat suits and she just sits around all day watching TV.

And then, so, I wake up this morning and she's changed.

How? She's doing something to her hair and I think she's got like lipstick on and she's all makin' breakfast for me this morning. Her idea of breakfast was a Pop Tart and a Bud. Now it's fuckin pancakes and bacon! I don't know what's up with her. Shit's gettin way strange.

And Kristin! She dumped me! She fuckin' dumped me! That fuckin principal says we can't 'associate' anymore on school grounds. So then Kristin says she needs some 'companionship' and dumps me. Shit.

Dude, I almost forgot. Did ya hear anything about that cheerleader uniform prank? Cuz this morning some other stuff like panties and bras were in there too. It's getting wired.

Well, keep listening. Meet me back here tomorrow. An' sorry about the game. I'll get it together, bro.



Hey there, Justin. Fuckin' ay, man. I know something's really wrong with me. Look at me! I've lost 30 pounds an' lookit my face. What the fuck is wrong with me?

What do you mean? I'm totally different! Can't you see it? Look! My nose, my eyes! Look!

Yeah, Ok. Maybe you're right. Maybe it's just me. I'm just stressed out. I'm sorry, dude. I didn't mean to go all crazy on you.

You heard that coach benched me? Dude, that aint right. I tried hard, last game. Really hard. The guy was just bigger than me. It's not fair. One bad game and he sits me down. Then he says he doesn't know why he ever put a weak kid like me on the offensive line. Weak? I fuckin bench 300. Or at least I used to. Jerk.

Thanks for listenin' to me dude. My friends all seem to be avoidin' me, the assholes act like they've never even known me. Guy gets sent to the bench and they all abandon me. Well, fuck 'em!. I appreciate you stickin around, man. Really. Thanks.

Oh yeah, the uniform. It's still there in my closet. I figure whoever put it there is waitin fer me to throw it out and then they catch me in the act, and then take pictures or something. So I'm not gonna touch it. In fact, I think even more girls stuff is showing up in my closet. But like I said, I'm not gonna touch it. I ain't gonna give that guy the satisfaction.

Hey, I'll see you after school. No. I'm not going to practice. I quit. I don't need that shit.

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Over here! Hey! Dude! It's me, Brad!

Hey, uh I know I've been a little weird lately, but I'm gotta ask you one last time, man. I look different, right? I've changed, right?

No, dude, really! I know I look weird. I know it. I used to have to shave and, I used to be like six-two or six-five or something like that. I'm shrinking.

I'm not imagining it! Stop saying that! Fuck, everyone's telling me to calm down and relax! Well they're not the ones changing! They think I'm nuts! Everyone!

Look at my hair! See that proves it! It's coming in light at the bottoms. The roots. Look they're all light. See, I'm changing. Something's way fucked up here, man, and nobody sees it!!

Take it easy?! What the fuck are you talking about?! My body is fucking changing every single day!! What the fuck do you mean, "take it easy!?"

Ok, yeah, yeah. I'm sorry, Justin. I'm sorry. I don't know what's happening. It's all so strange.

I don't know what to do, though. I really think something's wrong with me. I truly do.

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Dude! Hey, how's it hangin'? Yeah, I'm feelin' much better today, Justin. I'm not even gonna think about.. well you know. No sense in gettin all schitzo about nothing. I'm just gonna take it easy.



But you remember what I was sayin about my Mom? Well, she really went over the edge today man. She's dressin' like some psycho TV Mom from the fifties. It's weird.

I mean, I'm not complaining about the laundry gettin done and the house is way clean, but she's driving me fuckin' nuts! She's tellin me what I should wear! She wanted me to wear this fruity shirt she bought me last Christmas. it's all yellow and shiny. Feels all nasty against my skin.

And she's buggin me about my posture. My fuckin' posture! She used to spend eighteen hours in a hammock, and she's buggin me about posture. And then she's all over my case about my 'deported'.

Deportment. Yeah, that's what I said. De-port-ment. What the fuck is that, anyway? Whatever.

Yeah. I'm sorry about yesterday. I guess I really flipped out on you. I'm Ok today. I think you're right, and it's all in my head. I mean, I fuckin' thought I used to play football. No, really! I thought You and I were playin' football together! Weird, huh? A gimp like me playin' sports.

Well, you don't have to laugh so hard.

Anyway, it's all over with. And I don't look any different today than I did yesterday, right?



Whatever that was, I'm over it now. Hey - can I catch a ride with you after school? Yeah I can wait 'till after practice. Hey, I'll even watch. Thanks, man. I'll have my car fixed by the day after tomorrow and you won't have to put with my shit anymore.

Who's fixing it? I'm fixin it, man. What do you mean "What do I know about cars?" I know a fuckin hella more than you fuckin ever will, jack off!

I'll see you after practice dude.

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Thanks fer pickin' me up this morning, Justin. My car's still out of commission. I was tryin' to fix it myself, but then I thought 'what do I know about cars?' So I took it in to my Mom's mechanic. It won't be ready for a while, I guess.

Oh, the shirt? I dunno. I think it looks maybe too 'summery'. Like a fuckin giant yellow flower or some shit. But feel

it. It feels so cool and slick. I thought what the hell.

Dude, I was gonna ask you. I found this old ticket stub in my jacket pocket. It was to the monster truck rally in town about two months ago. The weird thing is, I don't remember going. I mean, I would never go to that sorta macho kinda junk anyway. It's so loud and dirty. Do you remember me going? No?

I wonder where the ticket came from. Maybe I just found it.

Well, sure, if you want it you can have it. Ok, yeah, I'll see you later. Thanks for the ride.

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Hey Justin, how's it goin? We're gonna be late again this morning unless you punch it, dude

The hair? Yeah, it's getting kinda long, isn't it? I'm gonna cut it when I get home later. Grow it longer? Are you nuts? I'd look like some sorta hippy fag. Thanks for the advice, dummy.

Hey, are you workin' out or something? You look like you've been buildin' up the muscles there. No? Well, maybe it's that jersey you're wearin'. It looks really killer on you.

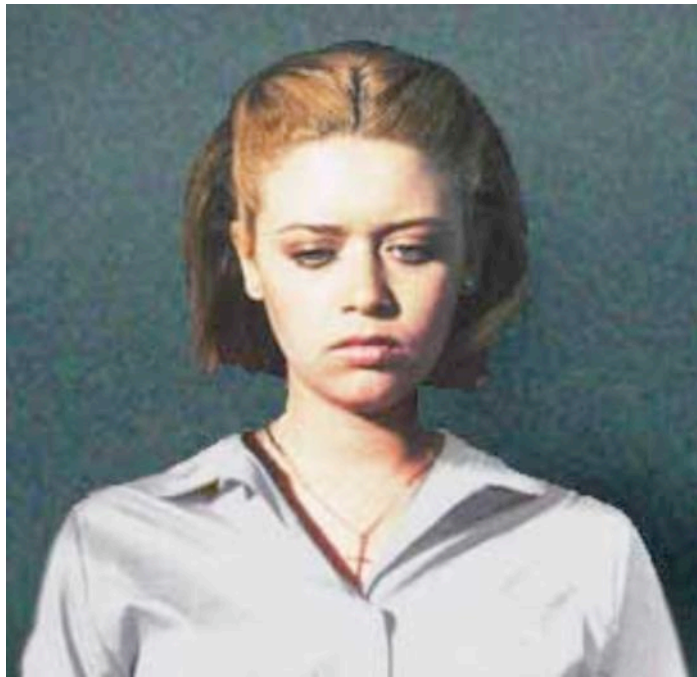
Did I tell you about the latest with my Mom? She's got this new thing, 'chores'. I've never done chores in my life. I mean, that's fer losers who can't get out of the house, right? Well, I guess I'm at home a lot more now. And it doesn't hurt to help out. Mom works pretty hard keeping everything nice and neat. The least I can do is pitch in a little here and there. But it's really dull.

Anyway, Dad says he's behind Mom 100%. And she's in charge of the cleaning and cooking from now on. And it's my place to help. But don't I have a life?



Anyway, you want to meet up again at lunch? I'll meet you at the cafeteria line. Sound cool?

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What is that? Chicken? Are you sure? Man, I wouldn't touch that. Gross. No, I'm not hungry. Thanks for offering.

Why is everyone staring? What's their problem? Get a fuckin' life.

No thanks. Really, I'm not eating.

Oh yeah! The cheerleader uniform! It's still there in my closet, and I still don't have any idea how it got there. I'd get rid of it - god knows I could use the closet space - except mother won't let me "waste" a "perfectly good" outfit. She's really getting strange.

In fact, you wanna do something after practice? I need to get outta that house.

Movies? Cool.

Can I have a bite of your chicken?

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Thanks for the movie, Justin. That thing was fuckin awesome. Good shit.

What did I really think? Yeah, I guess you know me too well.

I dunno. Maybe it wasn't my sort of thing. It was all the kinda stuff I usually like in a movie, but was all so loud and fast. No characters. And really, when you think about it, it was kinda stupid.

But I really liked getting out again. My head's been all over the place lately, and I feel like I'm getting into the groove again. Back to normal.



This hair is getting all over my face. I can't keep it from.. Argh! Ptoo! Gettin in my mouth! Drivin me nuts! You'd think I'd be used to it after all these years, huh?

Anyway, thanks again and I'll see you tomorrow. Oh wait- You're gonna be absent tomorrow, right? You're gonna see the doctor about that concussion you got during the game, right? So I guess I'll see you on Friday, 'kay?

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Hi Justin! Hi! How's it going? What did the doctor say? Oh good. It was so dull around here yesterday without you. You had me worried!

Hey! You know what? I met this girl yesterday. Uh huh. Isis. Yeah! The goth girl!



I was out eatin' lunch by myself, and the this reject Smashing Pumpkins roadie sits down at my table. So I figure - why not? I mean all girls are the same in the dark, right? Yeah, I know what you're thinking. Why would I want to be seen with such a freak? Well, I don't have the right to be choosy, you know. You're pretty much the only one who will talk to me these days.

She turns out to be really cool. She started to talk about interesting stuff. She's into the occult, and spell casting. Like that movie "The Craft" - you know the one. She really knows a lot about it. And she said all that magic stuff really does work! And I even believed her. Heck, you would have believed her too if you were there.



She said that she sensed something was "out of phase" with me, and asked if anything wired had been happening to me lately. Dude, it was like she was reading my mind. So I told her all about it. And she was really shocked to hear my story. But then she said she'd try to help. Yeah, sure, give it your best shot there, missy. But if I can't figure this out, then it can't be figured out. I don't think that some racoon-eyed bitch is gonna do anything but light candles and crap.

But it's nice that someone cares at least. I mean, I guess I should appreciate that she wants to help. But I don't think it's gonna go anywhere.

At least it's cool to have someone more like me to talk to. You know what I mean. You and I are good friends - the best - but you know, I don't follow all that stuff about cars and football and that stuff.

Don't get all pouty with me! I'm still your friend, you jerk! Tell you what. Let's go to that new place near the Target store. The Italian place. You wanna? Cool. I'll see you after practice!

Have a nice practice?

Oh, I guess you saw that, huh? Well, I was just sitting there by myself as usual, when over comes Mrs. Opal. She's being all nice to me for some reason, and then she asked me to try out for the pep squad.



I was just watching you practice as I always do, waiting for my ride home. Really. I was just sitting there. I guess she saw me cheering you on from the stands.

And what is she thinking, anyway? Me on the squad? Strange. So I said no. Well, I basically kinda said no.

You're kidding. You think I should try out? Yeah, I guess I've already got the uniform. Ha ha. Funny.

Yeah, well I did try it on. How could I resist? But it's really not me.

No. Being on the squad would be... I dunno. wrong. For some reason. It's not... I... Well, I'm not the peppy type anyway. And those girls are real bitches. Who wants to become a cheerleader?

So shut up, and let's go get something to eat!

That's Ok, Justin I'll just nibble off your plate. Mmmm. That's tasty.

No, I feel fine. Why do you ask? Well, I guess I'm just kind of... distracted. Kinda.

This is gonna sound strange, but didn't I... Didn't I used to be more like you? Big and strong and... Weren't we best buds? I mean not like now. It was different. We were on the Football, Basketball and Baseball teams. Didn't Kristin Chase used to be my girlfriend? I mean, I remember this like it was a long time ago, but it seems so real. It's like a dream, but I can't shake it. I was the big man at school and I remember this time Kristin and I were... uh... kissing in the hallway... I had to go see the principal...

She and I were really close. I remember it better than anything.

I just have to believe that something has gone really, horribly wrong with my life, Justin. I mean I can't figure out what it is, exactly. But I know I used to be this other type of person. It feels as real as any memory in my head. I couldn't have dreamed it up. It was real life. My life.

Maybe I should talk to Kristin. She would remember. I guess I'm just a little scared to talk to her. I mean, what would I say? I'd sound like I was totally nuts. She'd never go for it. I don't know what to do.

Really? You think I should ask her? I guess it's my only way on knowing for sure. I suppose I'm just being silly about it. Maybe one day I'll be able to laugh at all this crap.

Thanks, man, I knew you'd understand. I'm gonna call her. Good idea. Kristin would tell me if any of this were true, right? I'll call her when I get home.

Um, hey. Justin, it's me, Brad. I just wanted to call you before I went to bed. Did you try and call me? I'm sorry. I guess I was on the phone for a while with Kristin.

I tried and ask her about what she remembers, and I almost did it, but instead she wanted to talk about Jimmy Thomas and Leila Armstrong. She had heard that they were up to something in the drama club closet. And before you knew it, I had been on the phone for three hours just - you know - talking.



But I'll ask her tomorrow. Really. I mean it. I'll ask her all that important stuff. I never knew how much time you could spend talking about clothes.

My clothes? What's wrong with my clothes? Dude. Back off. When you start talking about another guy's clothes it sounds weird. I'd just back off there, dude.

So you wanna know what they were doing in the closet?

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Good morning, Justin! Boy, it's gonna be a nice day, huh? Maybe we can have some classes outdoors today. That'd be so cool.



You like the top? Yeah, it's pretty snug. I think it really looks good on me. It's nice of you to mention it. I thought it was time to dress a little hipper for school. Oh, the design? It's a little Leo. You know, my sign. I thought it was pretty neat. I guess that's why I bought it. Now I don't have to answer that stupid line about 'what's my sign.' It's already on my shirt. Clever, huh?

That astrology stuff is really interesting. I swear that stuff has saved my life more than once. People are always putting it down, but I think it's really really important. I really believe that there's just a lot of stuff out there that we'll never understand. Like the stars, and the moon and the forces that play on the threads of life and stuff down here on earth.

I didn't mean to get too deep on you there. Isis and I were just talking about it yesterday. She really knows a lot about mystical stuff. She's pretty cool. Hey, why do you always leave when she comes around? It's like you're scared of her for some reason. She's really nice once you get to know her. Whatever.

I'm sorry, did I hear you correctly? Did you just call me Bradley? Yes, it's my real name. But since when has anyone ever called me Brad-leeeee. I sound like some sort of geek. Hey, let's go to the computer lab and make like some graphs and stuff, Brad-leeeee. See? It's so stupid sounding. So stop it.

I said stop it!



The shoes? Yeah, they are nice. They look really difficult to walk in, but I think they're worth it. And actually, they're pretty comfy. I wanted them in white, but I guess they only come in black. Too bad, huh? I mean if, I really wanted to buy them in white, then I bet lots of people would too. So why wouldn't they make them in white? I'm sure they'd sell a lot more of them if they came in white, too. But, who can guess why fashion designers do these things?

Ok, thanks for the ride. Do you want to go out and get something to eat after practice?

St. Nazair? That's the French place! It's so expensive!

No, no! We can go. We can go. It's cool. I'd like a nice evening out for us. I wonder if they serve that snail dish?

Yeah, that's a good idea. I should change before we leave. That's a real fancy place.

Oh, and Justin? I think I like it when you call me Bradley.

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Hi Justin. I'm ready to go. Sorry to keep you waiting.

Thank you. You look nice yourself. I hope that this is classy enough for the restaurant. I don't want to look like we don't belong there. You don't think it's kinda weird, just us two guys eating alone? Yeah. I guess it is their problem. But I'm still gonna feel kinda funny about it.

Don't worry about things so much? Easy for you to say, Justin. There's a lot going on in my life I'm worried about. Yeah, yeah. I know. Loosen up. You would say that.

Oh, uh I was gonna mention that I'm sorta short on cash. can you cover for me? I'll pay you back. Honest.

Thanks. But don't think I'm gonna get dependent on you. Let's get a move on. Those snails are getting cold!

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Hey, guy. What a wonderful dinner last night, Justin. I had a great time. We should do that lots more. It was fun! And I loved that club! What a great place. I forgot how much I love to dance! You want to do it again tonight? Great! Let's go somewhere new this time though.

I suppose I was kinda worried about us two guys goin out, but I'm just not gonna worry about stuff that isn't my problem. Life's too short! I need to loosen up anyway.

That guy, you know the one. The one who asked me to dance? That was funny! Did you see the look on his face when I asked him if he was gay? His face went all white! You got so angry, though. You need to take it easy.

Yeah, maybe I did lead him on a little. Everybody flirts, Justin. It doesn't mean anything. I mean we're both guys here, Justin. You and I know that it's harmless.

So, you like the top? It really shows off my tits! I have to be so careful moving or else they fall out. Wouldn't that be embarrassing? Can you imagine? And this skirt is so tricky. I hope I don't have to bend over today.

Did you say we were gonna go out again tonight? I forgot. Hey, don't call me an airhead! I'm not an airhead. I'm smart. As smart as you.

Yeah, so I'll see you tonight. Where do you wanna go?

"The J-Girl Club?" What's that? A 'theme' dance club? What's the theme?



Hi! I'm just about ready Justin. You can sit there on the bed. Just move the stuffed animals to the side.

Okay, okay. What do you think? I tried to follow your instructions. They were so detailed!

I didn't even realize I had most of this stuff. I guess I have so many clothes, I don't remember buying them! I sure hope the pink stuff washes out, or I'm going to be, like, so angry. Ohmigawd, these clothes. They look so cheap and dumb and so... so... what's the word?

Cool? I guess that's the word. Yeah! Cool! I look, like, so cool!

Hey, if I have to dress up to go to the club, how come you don't? It's not fair! I think you should dress up too.

Rules? For goin' out? What kinda rules? Oh! We're going in char... char... racht... Oh, fudge! We're gonna be acting? Ha ha! Fun! Who am I? Who am I? Huh? Huh?

Suki, the Japanese schoolgirl? Justin, I don't wanna be a girl! I am not a girl! You're trying to make me look ridicu... ridicu... What's the word?

Hot? Yeah, I look so hot!

Okay. So, I'm Suki. What else?

I can't speak English very well? Okay.

And I'm a bad girl. This sounds naughty!

I can't say "I" or "Me?" I just say "Suki?" I hope I can remember that.

And who are you going to be? Oh. An American businessman. That sounds so hard to do. I'm glad I don't have to play your part.

I was wondering...

Oh, sorry. Suki was wondering when we'll be leaving...

Sorry! You don't need get so mad!

Suki like to know when we go to club?

...Am I doing this right? Oh. Talk like this all night? That's, like, gonna be so hard! Okay. I'll try.

Suki sorry, mister! Suki ready go now!

Okay, mister! We go club now! Suki dance for you! You have good time!

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What a night, Justin! I had so so so much fun! What a blast! I want to be Suki every night! It was like so, so, wild!

I just kinda wish you hadn't spent so much time with the girls there. Why couldn't you and me spend all night dancing together?

No. I'm not mad. It means next time, I should try harder to keep you alllll to myself. Suki try real hard to make you like her!

The shorts? I was just gonna crash today an' wear comfort stuff. I got so wasted last night! I don't even remember getting home. Hey, how did we get home? I remember going to your house, and then taking a shower...

Are you sure? Cuz I remember you carrying me to your bed... No? You drove me straight home and dropped me off before eleven? Oh yeah, I remember it now. That's what happened. I'm so stupid sometimes.

I really wish you'd'a kept dancing with me last night. Cuz I got so lonely that I had to dance with these really creepy guys who kept ramming themselves into me. I swear, I think it was on purpose! They'd get real real super close and then they'd put their hands, like, right on my boobies. It made me feel like I was being viol... violat... Darn it, what's the word I'm thinking of?

Sexy! That's right! It made me feel sooooo sexy! Then when I had to sit in their laps, they'd make me bounce and squirm all over. And they wouldn't even talk to me. They just kept trying to touch me! So rude.

Can we go again tonight, Justin? Can we, can we, can we? Pleeeease?

Come on, Justin! We gotta go! Suki want good time! Suki begging you!

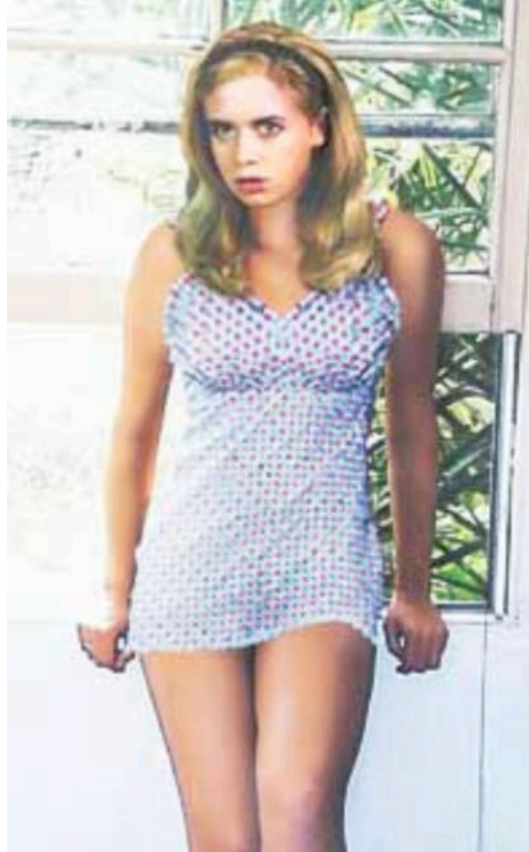
Yaay! You're the best, Justin!

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Um, hey, Justin. Thanks for coming by this morning to give me a ride to school again, but I'm gonna stay home. I'm not going to school today. No I'm ok. I'm a little freaked I guess.

Justin, please don't take this the wrong way, but you scare me.

You scare me to the bone. Something so awful is happening, it's hard for me to put into words. And I think you're part of it.



I look at myself in the mirror, and it's like a ghost is looking back through my eyes. I don't think I used to look like this. Everything seems so different all the sudden.

This is scary, Justin. I can't... I can't... This is the worst thing that could ever happen to anybody. I'm not the person I used to be. I'm so totally changing. And there's nothing I can do. I just want to kill myself. It's so hard to keep on pretending everything's okay. It's not.

And every time I get worried it's like you're trying to talk me out of it. I don't know how or why... I'm not making sense, am I?

I don't know what's happening to me Justin, but it's so wrong and I've got to stop it. And I only know one way I can do it. It's the only solution I can think of. I just can't go on living like this.

Mother doesn't even know that I've changed. Or that she's changed. Daddy just pats me on the head and tell me not to worry. My friends look at me like I shouldn't even be talking to them. No one can help me.

This has to end. Now.

Isis? Yeah I know, she's into all that witch stuff, but... really? You think she can help me? You think it's worth a shot? I hadn't thought of that. It might be, like, a good idea. I don't know.

I don't think it's gonna do me any good. I think... No, Justin! Don't try and make it seem okay! IT'S NOT OKAY!! It's not... It's not... Oh god. I don't mean to cry. Boys don't cry.

Thanks, Justin. It helps to know you care. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to accuse you of anything. I'm just real confused. It's like the world is going on without me and leaving me behind. It's getting, like, so hard to think.

No you go to school. I'll give Isis a call. If you think she can help.

No! Go! Okay, you can drive me there. But I don't want you to be tardy on my account. Thanks, buddy.

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Hey thanks for waiting, Justin. I think you were right. Isis said she detected powerful magic in my presence. She said that, like, she'd be able to, you know. Do somethin to fix it all and stuff.

She's so smart! She knows all these astrology and psychic thingies. I bet she can tell fortunes and read palms. Wow! Wouldn't that be super cool?



Oh! So I gotta be back here at midnight! And I hav'ta wear all natural fibers, and not drink any alcohol... well, she wrote it all down for me. See? I swear to god I'd never remember all this on my own. My head's like so... fuzzy. She said we'd be holding a ritual or something.

Justin, can you take me home? I don't think I can go through another day like this. Thanks.

You know you've been such a good friend to me Justin. It means so much to me. I really think we're as good friends as friends can get. It's nice to able to talk to you about anything. And I've really needed your sympathy these last few days. God, I feel like I'm just dumping all my problems on you without ever letting you even say two words to me. Forgive me?

You're wearing one of those jerseys I like so much. You have such nice strong arms, Justin. I can feel how hard they are. So strong and hard. And your chest. Look how buff that is. You take care of yourself. Has anyone ever called you a stud? Well, someone should.

Look! I can count your abs. Eight. Wow. And your legs. So thick and powerful! They feel so...



Please take me home, Justin. Please.

Now.

Please.

Isis is my last hope. I just hope she can help me.

It's getting harder to focus... I feel like I'm almost... gone.

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Dude. I think she did it. Yeah, I think I'm turnin' back to my old self. Yeah. No shit! Isis really knows her stuff!



The ceremony was all really boring. Just a lot of chanting and candles. Then, right at the end, there was the huge flash and we both got knocked out or some shit. All I remember was she lit this pile of dust, and whack! Out cold.

When we woke up we were both feeling really strange. But then Isis said that she was pretty sure whatever it was that had been 'cast' on me, was 'baited'.

Abated. What I said. The spell was abated. Isis then said she could sense that it was the most powerful magic she'd ever seen and felt. She was kind of freaked out. But she told me not to worry. But you know, she didn't look too good. Kinda sick.

At first I guess I was just wishing that it was working, but this morning I wake up and bam! Things suddenly came back to me. Like the world got back into focus. And I can feel it changing inside, man, It's like a tingling in the stomach and head.

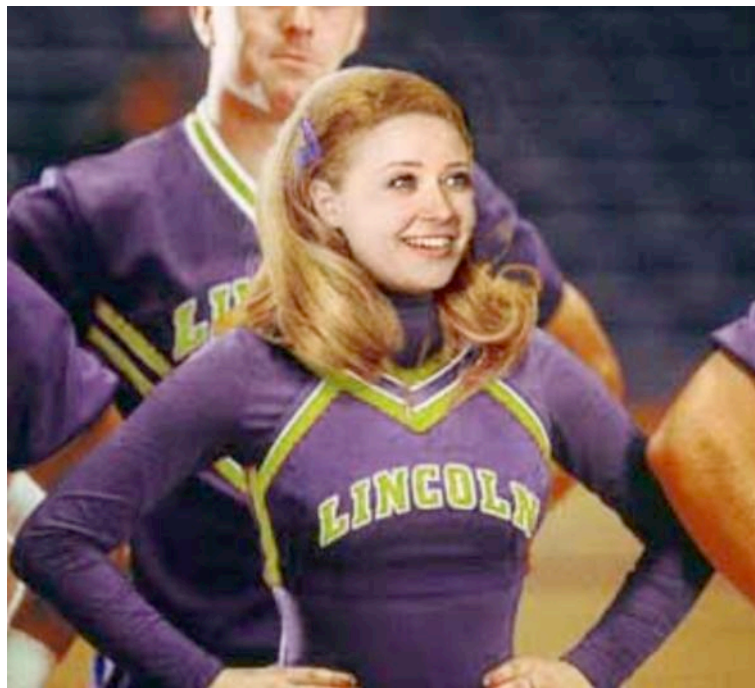
Dude, I wasn't worried. This whole thing was so fuckin weird, though. I aint never heard of this sorta shit happening before. It would make a really scary movie. Like a wolfman sorta thing.

Fuck, dude. You have no idea what's it's been like. Man, it's been one weird ass week. I wonder what the hell happened to cause all this in the first place. But that's ancient history, now.



Because whatever Isis did worked! In no time at all, dude, the Bulldog will be back!

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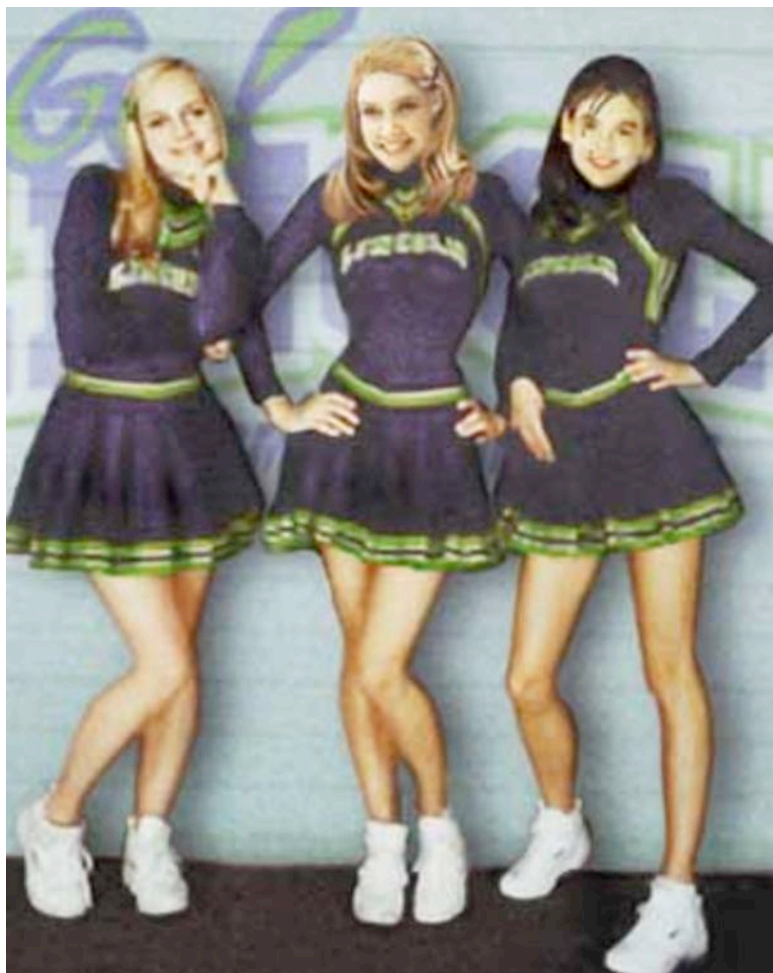
Hyeeeeeee! Justin!! Hey, guy! Missed you. Kiss?

Mmmm. How's my hunk? Did you watch me practice? Me and the girls are starting to really really get it together. These routines are so hard to remember! But two weeks of practice and now I know them as good as anybody. I even asked the other girls and they said I was really super good! It means a lot coming from them. Kristin, the head cheerleader, said that I could even be in her spot when she graduates!

I even made my own cheer today! Wanna see? Watch me! Watch me!

One! One! Lincoln's the One! Two! Two! We're gonna beat you! Three! Three! Come on and scream! Four! Four! Go, team! Score!

Uh huh! I thought of it all myself! cool, huh? Oh Isis helped - I mean Candi. Why do I keep calling her Isis? Anyway. Candi helped a little. Ohmigawd! She's a natural born cheerleader!



And look! Look! They gave me a sweatshirt with my name on it! See? J-e-n-n-i Jenni! Jenni and Justin! The dream couple of Lincoln High! Everybody is so jealous. You know they are.

Is that for me? Oh you're so sweet! I never had anyone buy me jewelry before. Oh! Look! It's a little gold pendant shaped like a puppy! Oh? You say it's a bulldog? Cool! Um, are the eyes supposed to glow like that?

An inscription? "Property of Justin Richards" You bet I am! I love you, love you, love you! Thank you so much! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Suki love you lots!

You and me, Justin. We're gonna be so great together! Our love will never be broken. It will only get stronger. You know why? Because I feel as though I can tell you anything! I don't know why, but I do!



