

**The Fuzzy Five in
A Not-So Fuzzy Adventure
By Colleen Flenniken**

It was a dark and stormy night in Fluffton, the perfect night for a horror movie marathon for the Fuzzy Five. The group met up at Patel and Nina Jr.'s house, and was watching the marathon in Patel's garage-turned-movie-theater. The new semester had just started, and the Fuzzy Five hadn't seen much of each other over the summer.

Halfway through "Friday the 13th", the storm grew worse, and large bolt of lightning struck very close, causing Spirit and Britnee to scream.

"Sheesh, calm down. It's just lightning," Breakfast said, staring at the frightened girls beside him. "Seriously, what's with you girls? Nina doesn't act like this." But as soon as he said those words, he regretted them, for when he turned to her, Nina Jr. had a terrified look on her face as she gazed out the window. "Really Nina?"

"W-what?" Nina Jr. responded, looking back at her friends as if nothing was wrong.

"Why are you so scared? It's only a storm. I'd expect this kind of thing from Britnee and Spirit, but you?" Meredith stated.

"It's the storm. It just seems so familiar," Nina Jr. stated, returning her attention to the storm outside.

"Um, maybe because all storms look the same?" Clement replied.

"No, it's... oh, never mind! Let's just go back to the movie! Forget I even said anything!" Nina Jr. said, giving up. Everyone shrugged their shoulders and went back to the movie.

Once it was over, Nightshade went over to the DVD player and pulled out the movie, He replaced it in the case, and picked up another movie.

"No, that's enough movies. Some of us have classes tomorrow," Claire stated.

"Yeah, I have work, too," Patel added.

"Oh, come on! It's '*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*!'" Nightshade sang.

"I want to watch it!"

"Yeah!"

"Me too!"

"Me three!" the other squishables added.

"No, it's too late," Britnee said firmly.

"Oh, relax guys. I'll stay here and watch them, you guys go ahead home," Clement offered.

"I guess that would work," Meredith accepted.

"Okay, but be careful, Spirit!" Britnee exclaimed, squeezing her squishable.

"Thanks Clem. Come on girls, I'll drive you back to the campus," Patel said, opening his umbrella over himself and the three girls as they ran to his car.

For the next few hours, Clement and the Fuzzy Five watched horror movie after horror movie. Between each movie, Nina Jr. would point out how Patel hadn't gotten home yet, but the others clamed her down.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning, the power went out, cutting off their viewing of "The Exorcist".

"Don't worry guys, it's just a power outage. I'm sure the power will be back on soon," Nightshade said to calm down the screaming Spirit and Otto.

"Oh, I hate this storm!" Nina Jr. stated.

"I'll go get some flashlights," Clement offered. "Where are they, Nina?"

"Beats me. That's a question for Patel," she replied. Clement flipped open his phone and sighed.

"No service, cell towers must be down. Oh well. Hey Nina, Patel won't mind if I rummage through his house to find some flashlights, will he?"

"Hey, I live here too, and I say rummage away!" Nina Jr. replied. Clement nodded and ran out into the rain towards the house.

"So, who wants to tell scary stories" Nightshade asked, grinning mischievously.

"Because this storm isn't scary enough?" Spirit responded.

"Exactly. It's the perfect setting," Nightshade stated.

"Yeah, come on Spirit! It'll be fun!" Breakfast added.

"Oh, fine. But nothing too scary!" she accepted.

So or the next hour, the squishables told their scariest stories. But the whole time, Nina Jr. didn't take her eyes off of the battery-powered clock on the wall.

"It's almost 4:30, and neither Clement nor Patel has come back," Nina Jr. pointed out.

"Oh calm down. If I know Clement, which I do, he's either going through Patel's personal stuff, or he's already passed out on the couch. And I'm sure Patel's at OMSU. They probably decided the storm was so bad, it would be safest for him to stay there," Breakfast explained.

"Yeah, I guess you're-" Nina Jr. started, but before she could finish, lightning struck the garage. All of the squishables were shocked, and passed out.

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Spirit woke up, the sun bugging her eyes. She was too weak to close the curtain, so she tried turning away from it. But something was wrong. Her body felt weird, and unfamiliar. She turned her head towards the mirror nearby.

But she didn't see herself in the mirror. She saw a human, a girl about eighteen years of age, with pale skin, red hair, green eyes, and black fox ears on the top of her head. She was dressed in a dark denim skirt, and a tight, off the shoulder shirt the same color as her hair, with the black straps of the tank top underneath showing.

Spirit gasped at the stranger's presence, and sat up, covering her mouth with her paws. But the human mirrored her. Spirit crawled over, and put a paw on the mirror. The girl in the mirror continued to mimic her. Then, Spirit noticed something. Her paw wasn't a paw... it was a hand! Spirit looked down at her body, and found it to be just like that off the girl in the mirrors.

A shriek came from behind her.

"W-who are you? And what are you doing here?" the voice said. Spirit turned, recognizing the voice as Nina Jr.'s. But it wasn't Nina Jr.'s body. The voice it was coming from was a tan girl with blue eyes and brown hair tied into a high ponytail with a loose bunch of hair on each side of her face. She was dressed in light denim skinny jeans and a yellow blouse.

"Nina? Is that you?" Spirit asked the girl.

"H-how do you know my name?" she stuttered back.

"Nina, it's me, Spirit!" she said, approaching the girl.

"Sp-spirit?" Nina Jr. replied. "Oh my goodness, what happened to you?"

"Look in the mirror," Spirit said, stepping out of the way. Nina Jr. shrieked when she saw herself. Suddenly, the two heard groaning. They looked over to see three guys lying on the floor. One was pale, with chin-length black hair, black raccoon ears, a black hoodie, green t-shirt, and black jeans. Another was wearing a yellow t-shirt, blue denim jeans, and was pale with spiky red hair. The third guy had straight blonde hair that ended just above his eyes, tan skin, and a pink long sleeve shirt with blue denim jeans. The two girls shrieked at the guys, awaking them. They rose, saw the girls, and jumped back, before seeing each other and themselves, and freaking out even more.

"What the heck happened to us?" the guy with the spiky red hair asked.

"Who knows? We just all woke up as... humans!" Nina Jr. stated.

"Okay, let's think. What happened last night?" Otto asked.

"Well, we were watching horror movies," Nightshade started.

"And all night Nina Jr. was worrying about the humans," Breakfast added.

"Because they all left and never came back!" Nina Jr. retorted.

"Anyways, we were telling scary stories, and then I felt a shock, and next thing I know I'm waking up as a human," Spirit finished.

"That's it! I knew the storm seemed familiar!" Nina Jr. exclaimed.

"What?" Otto asked.

"Lightning struck the garage last night! *Lightning!* Just like the lightning that gave us life a few years ago!" Nina Jr. explained.

"Oh my god. I think Nina's right. I guess human was the next step up," Nightshade stated in disbelief.

"Wow. So... now what? We just stay human?" Breakfast asked.

"I don't know," Nina Jr. stated. The room was quiet for a few minutes while everyone pondered the situation.

Suddenly, a loud banging came from the door, interrupting their deep thought.

"Breakfast, guys, let me in! The sun's killing me!" they heard Clement yell from the other side of the door.

"Yeah, I don't think that you want to come in here right now," Nightshade said.

"What? Guys, just let me in! *Now!*" Clement demanded.

Breakfast sighed, opened the door, and stepped out of the way, bracing for Clement's reaction.

"Hey sorry about last night. I couldn't find any flashlights in Patel's closet, desk, computer files, and- WHAT THE!!" Clement yelled, seeing the people before him. "W-who are you people! And where's Breakfast and the other squishables!"

"Dude, calm down. It's us," Breakfast said, grabbing a hold of Clement's shoulders. "Look, it's a long story, but it's us. We're just... different."

"Breakfast? It really is you.... Okay, I want an explanation, and I want it now," Clement demanded. The Fuzzy Five explained their story in full detail, and then gave their hypothesis as to what was going on. "A normal person would think that this was crazy. But seeing as how you guys were talking stuffed animals before, and the fact that I'm a vampire, I'll believe anything."

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At about four o'clock in the afternoon, Patel returned with Britnee, Meredith, and Claire. He entered the garage, exhausted and paying no attention to his surroundings.

"Hey, sorry I never came back last night. The storm was so bad, the girls wouldn't let me drive home. I ended up sleeping on the couch in Britnee's sorority house. But I'm back now, and the rain has stopped until tonight," Patel explained, plopping down on the couch and closing his eyes.

"Um, Patel, there's something I need to tell you," Nina Jr. said nervously.

"Hm? What?" Patel asked, his eyes still closed.

"Well, you see, the garage got struck by lightning last night, and all of us squishables were shocked. We all survived, but, it kind of had a weird affect on us," Nina Jr. said quickly, the tension building up inside of her to an unbearable amount.

Patel sighed with confusion, and opened his eyes a little to look at his squishable narwhal. As soon as he caught a glimpse of her, his eyes shot wide open, and he let out a yell. The girls were outside and ran into the garage in response to Patel's shriek. When they got inside, they all saw the squishables-turned-human, and all let out a high-pitched scream in unison.

"Jeez, you girls are loud," Breakfast complained. The four owners babbled incomprehensible words for a few minutes, before Nightshade got overly annoyed.

"Look, if you guys shut up for a minute, we'll explain everything!" Nightshade shouted. The four owners nodded their heads, breathing heavily. For the next half hour, the group explained and discussed the situation. Finally, Britnee asked the question they were all wondering;

"How are you guys going to get back to normal?"

They were all stumped by this question, and the room went silent for a few minutes, until finally, someone proposed an idea.

"What if we get hit by lightning again?" Otto suggested.

"It can't be that simple, can it?" Nightshade stated.

"I suppose it could work. We've been stuffed animals, talking stuffed animals, humans, the only thing that could happen next is alien or back to normal," Breakfast said.

"Yeah, that could work!" Claire said with excitement.

"But how are they supposed to get hit by lightning again?" Patel asked.

"Mount Charles!" Britnee exclaimed.

"What?" Otto asked.

"It's a mountain in the Ominous Mountain range that gets hit by lightning every single time there's a storm. Scientist say it has some strong magnetic pull or something," Spirit explained.

"Perfect! And there's a storm tomorrow night! We'll just have the squishables go up there tonight and hope they turn into stuffed animals rather than aliens," Meredith suggested.

"Sounds like a plan!" Clement agreed.

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That night, as the cool, end-of-summer rain began to fall, the Fuzzy Five-turned-humans and their owners gather into Clement's S.U.V., and started to drive up Mount Charles. By the time they finally got close to the summit, the rain was pouring down, and thunder was beginning to rumble out of the dark, formidable clouds above them. The Fuzzy Five got out of the car, and suggested that their owners drive back down to make sure that the lightning that would soon strike the mountain didn't harm them. After arguing for a few minutes that they wanted to stay and be with their dear squishables, they reluctantly agreed and drove away.

For the next few excruciatingly long hours, the Fuzzy Five sat at the peak of Mount Charles in the pouring down rain. They watched the as the lightning moved towards them from the southwest.

"Anyone else terrified?" Spirit asked, shivering.

"Yeah, kind of," Breakfast admitted.

"You know, it may be really weird being human, but there was one thing I liked about it," Nina Jr. said.

"What?" Otto asked.

"Well, right before we left the house to come here, Patel hugged me for good luck. And, well, I hugged him back. He's hugged me tons of times, but I've never gotten to hug him. It felt nice," Nina Jr. explained.

"Yeah, I got to hug Meredith before we left too. It was nice," Nightshade said.

"Guys, there's one thing that popped into my head earlier, but I didn't say because I didn't want to worry the others," Breakfast stated.

"What?" the others asked.

"What if this turns us back into squishables, but we're not living anymore?"

They all pondered his theory for a moment, and they all ended up with shocked expressions on their faces.

"You're right. What if we don't make it out alive?" Spirit said worriedly.

Suddenly, lightning struck very close.

"I guess we don't have time to think," Nightshade said.

"It's now or never," Nina Jr. added. She stood up and walked to the center of the summit. Slowly, one by one, the others joined her in the center. They all joined hands, and stood in a small circle.

"For squishiness!" Spirit said in a childish tone. The others smiled, and braced themselves.

Lightning struck, shocking them all.

Altogether, they fell to the ground.

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"Hurry! It's been fifteen minutes already! What if they need our help? Hurry!" Britnee complained worriedly.

"I'm driving as fast as I can without risking all of our lives!" Clement retorted.

"Calm down! I'm sure they're fine," Claire said to calm Britnee down.

"Oh, I hope your right."

They had started driving back up the mountain as soon as the lightning struck. They were all being eaten alive with anxiety. All they wanted was for their squishables to be safe. They didn't care if they were squishable, human, or alien. They just wanted them to be okay.

When they reached the top, they saw in the middle of the summit five, round shapes. They rushed over to find their squishables were normal once more. Or so they thought. When they picked them up, they immediately noticed something wrong. The Fuzzy Five wasn't alive.

"No! What happened?" Britnee exclaimed, tears beginning to come out of her eyes, only to blend into the pouring down rain.

"It... it made them *too* normal!" Patel exclaimed.

"No! Otto!" Claire screamed, shaking her octopus.

Clement held Breakfast, just staring at his lifeless, beaded eyes. Patel stroked Nina Jr.'s horn a few times, his jaw open in disbelief.

"No... Nightshade, no..." Meredith cried, squeezing her raccoon. "You were my best friend...."

"Meredith, you're hurting me," a voice said into her ear. She gasped loudly, and looked at the squishable, loosening her grip some. Nightshade was alive!

Clement looked back at Breakfast, whose eyes started to blink, life slowly filling them back up. One by one, the other squishables started to wake up, smiling at their owners.

"You guys are all alive!" Britnee squealed with glee.

"You didn't think you were going to get rid of us that easily, did you?" Breakfast joked.

Everyone embraced each other with joy for a while, as the rain began to let up. Eventually it stopped, and the once intimidating clouds began to disperse, allowing the incandescent morning sun to beam through, giving them a beautiful view of the town and the Melissa River. The owners walked away with the Fuzzy Five that was fuzzy once again.

The End