

THOSE
MAGIC CHANGES

Chapter I

BecomingBabyAgain

The two sat down to their game.

Alan dug through the box to find a counter to move across the board. Just like a monopoly set, there was a little metal top hat, a small dog, an iron and some other little metal trinkets. He eventually settled on some little semicircle thing with four little wheels.

“I’ll have this car thing” he said

Jimmy flicked through the instruction book and then smirked, “Car! Ahah that’s a pram!”

“We’ll I’ll pick something else then!”

“Oh, forget it, it doesn’t matter”

Jimmy picked a little counter at random and set it down next to the stroller on the starting square of the board. A little handbag and a small pram next to each other.

“Let’s begin!”

Alan took the dice out of the box, place it into a cup and shook it around like he was in some casino before rolling it out onto the board. The dice had landed slap down on a four and Alan moved his little pram four spaces.

“When is this supposed to be fun?” he asked

“Can you think of literally anything else we can do?!”

Jimmy grabbed the dice and rolled it out himself, it had landed on a 6 and duly he slid the counter along the board. He was luckier than his friend and landed on a card square, picking up one of the cards he read it aloud.

*That handbag suits you! Perhaps you will feel a development in your maternal instincts
[+5pts]*

Alan sighed loudly, “I have literally no idea what that is supposed to mean! Maternal instincts? Points? How did it know you were using the handbag counter or was that just a coincidence?”

“Hey, hey” cooed Jimmy, “calm down, it’s alright” He flicked through the instructions again and came back with the answer that “The winner isn’t actually the one who reaches the end of the board first, but the one who has the most points. So, at the moment I’m on 5 and you’re on 0 and it says in this little book that ‘*The one with the most points and the most magical transformation wins*’”

“Well as I say this is a stupid game”

“C’mon it’s your turn”

Once again, Alan picked up the dice and rolled a 2. At least he’d landed on one of the card squares. His was slightly more confusing.

I think that you’ll be the first to admit that you were never totally in control, but maybe you’ll find yourself having a few more ‘little accidents’ [+20pts]

“Okay yeah, you’re right I have no idea what any of these little cards mean, maybe we should just put the game away”

“Woah hang on, hang on! Just because I’m winning now suddenly you want to stop playing”

“Look we’ve got nothing else to do! Just sit down and let’s play”.

Alan never noticed, and nobody could see through his trousers, but a small wet spot was beginning to grow slowly on the front of his boxers. Getting ever so bigger with each drip.

Jimmy took his turn again, rolling and moving his counter. Alan, then Jimmy, each rolling the dice and sliding their counters until Alan landed again on one of those card squares.

Crazier things have happened than this! Don’t you remember? I guess your memory isn’t as good as it used to be... [+10pts]

“Nice, 10 points! I’m way in the lead now! You’ll never catch up”

“Haha yeah that’s right sweetie!”

They both paused and looked at each other, Jimmy immediately apologised. Why did he call Alan sweetie? That was pretty strange he thought, but it just came out of nowhere. They both brushed the comment aside awkwardly, pretending as if it had never happened.

“Maybe we should stop playing after all”

Something, deep inside them, longed for them to play on. They didn’t know what, but the game had caught them. It had drawn them in ever closer, there was no turning back now.