

The Transformation Story Archive

Spells 'R' Us

Just Any Horse Will Do

by Jack deMule

"Hello, may I help you?" asked the proprietor of the shop.

Jack studied the old man for a few seconds. Then he looked around the cluttered room, and shook his head. "Naw, I guess not. I heard this was a costume shop, but I can see I was misled. Looks more like you're into antiques."

The shopkeeper chuckled. "I wondered when you'd be in to pick up your costume, Jack. I have it right here." He rummaged through a corner of the shop, and returned with a very fine looking donkey costume.

Jack stroked the costume's soft gray fur and frowned. "No, I'm sorry, that won't do. You see, I'm looking for something a bit more permanent."

A broad grin lit up the old man's face. "Why yes, of course. Maybe this will interest you." He retrieved a dusty old photo album. Its gold embossed, black leather cover was tattered from many years of use. "Look through this, and see if there is something in here that interests you."

After several minutes of flipping through the album, Jack shook his head. "Nope, can't say there's anything there that trips my trigger."

A crimson tinge crept across the old man's face. "You really are being difficult," he said through clenched teeth. As the shopkeeper's anger subsided, a wicked grin appeared on his face. "Oh, I have just the thing for you." He took a small charm from a curio cabinet near the front of the shop. "Take this, and when you see something you like, presto! This charm will take care of everything."

Jack took the small pewter horse and examined it. "Uh, OK. How much do I owe ya?"

The shopkeeper began to giggle. "Everything you have." Then as he calmed down, he took Jack by the elbow, and escorted him to the door. "Try the charm. If you like it we can arrange a payment plan you can live with."

Jack headed for the mall exit, a big silly grin on his face. I'll head for Suffolk, he thought. They have a lot of nice horses in Suffolk county. Then something caught his eye.

In the center of the mall was a huge topiary. A beautiful construction of iron rods, and sphagnum moss, covered with ivy. It was a gigantic unicorn. Jack was enthralled. As he reached out to touch it he felt his consciousness begin to disperse into every leaf. As if he was immersed in some thick, viscous fluid, he could barely move. He tried to scream. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the shopkeeper had followed him. The old man looked on gleefully as Jack was absorbed into the living statue.

People busy with their shopping passed all around him, but none noticed as Jack's body evaporated. Leaving behind an empty pile of clothing.

The shopkeeper picked up the clothing. After taking the charm from a pocket, and some credit cards from Jack's wallet, he threw what remained into a rubbish bin.

"That silly ass, he should have chosen from the album. Secretariat, or Dr. Lee Geer, weren't good enough for him?" The old man bristled at the thought. Then an evil grin slowly crept across his face.

He cast one last glance at the unicorn. "Hmm...Jack will be in for quite a shock, when he's pulled apart this coming spring. I wonder what next year's theme will be?"

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