

# Mutated.

## Episode 1.

Sitting in my room I feel fast anger just build inside me. Damn dummies that think they know everything, but don't know anything, are always all over the news trying to make it seem as if I and people like myself are dangerous monsters that should be controlled or even worst destroyed. Don't they know if you hit a dog it will bite? I guess they want us to bite back. No wonder there are so many people who are mutated that are on a wild rampage all around the world. Sometimes I feel like having a little violent fun through the streets, but I control myself because I know better. I know that is not the way to go about doing things. I know I am better then that. It would only further separate us from the normal ones. Normal, what is that anyways?

I feel too claustrophobic in my room. I need to escape. I decide to walk over to the corner store of my house, to get some snacks. I always was a chocolate feen, so a nice milk chocolate bar sounds great right about now. I walk down the side walk away from my house. It was a nice cool night. I walk down a few blocks. I am so glad there is a corner store that is open very late at every corner here where I live. I wait at the corner for a red sports car to drive by. The man in the car had his music on loud. I love seeing people in their cars listening to music and seeing them dance in the front seat. It is like watching a solo dance in a video or something. Once the car passes by, I cross the street to go to the corner store.

I walk up, open the door and make my way to the aisle with the sweets and all the candy items. I find my favorite milk chocolate bar and make my way to the counter to pay for it. There was a slim Hispanic lady in front of me holding her two year old baby boy. He had a head full of little dark brown curls. He was really cute but crying his little ass off. I wondered if I would ever have a kid? It would be nice to have one, but I guess it is a little harder for someone like me to have a kid. I sigh as I see her take out money from her front pocket of her jeans so she can pay for her half gallon of two percent milk, carton eggs and loaf of bread.

As she is paying for her items, I over hear the television in the background. The store clerk had it on the same news channel; it was the same one I had on when I was in my room just a few minutes ago. It was the still about the same story that got me mad. It was talking about two mutants who went crazy down in Miami Florida that caused a lot of structural damage to some bank in their downtown area. The two mutants were I guess trying to rob the bank. Reporter said that they are brothers and they both are mutated. They did not succeed at robbing the bank but they did get away. The cops are looking for them.

The news then showed a video clip of the two guys that the bank's video surveillance camera caught .The reporter asked if anyone knows any information regarding this incident please contact the proper authorities. They showed a bunch of protestors, protesting against the two mutated men. They were mobbed in front of the

bank with signs and wearing faces of hatred on their face. Hearing this one protestor man mention that all mutants should be stopped for good ran chills down my back. I was scared. I was angry of course but mostly afraid.

“Yea he is right! Those weird freaks are crazy; they should all be shot!” the clerk at the store yelled as he gave the woman her change back. The clerk was an older man. He was round and short and the hair from his head must have ran away a long time ago. I got startled and took a step back, he was so loud. The lady with the baby in front of me didn't seem to like his tone or what he had to say. She grabbed her change and left with her baby still crying in her arms. I was standing there and seeing her storm out because she was mad at the clerk made me mad. What an asshole! I know he is probably feeling like this because he is also afraid of people who are mutated. He is afraid of what they can do, but to consider having all of them die for something they did not ask for seems like just a little too much to stomach.

He goes on and on about it with one of his friends that is standing on the side of the counter. His friend was equally rounded and short. I can see that his hair must have joined forces with the clerk's hair. Annoyed, I get closer to the counter. “Can I pay for this now,” I say to the clerk man with a little attitude in my voice. He then turns over to me and sees that I am a little annoyed with him and the things he is saying. He looked at me for a second with a weird look on his round pale face. The look was like as if he is confused that I am mad about what he is thinking. As if all people including me should be thinking exactly the same way he is. I wave my single dollar to quicken this already slow process. He takes the dollar and grabs a quarter from the register that is my change. As he is about to hand it to me, I move my hand and let the quarter fall on the counter. I leave the quarter there on the counter and walk away. As I made my way to the door, I could hear him mutter, “Damn asshole” as I grabbed the door knob.

I got real pissed off. I tried to keep my cool and I walked out the corner store. I stood at the edge of the single step of the store's entrance. I always have been quick on my toes. I needed an idea to retaliate in a settle yet satisfying way. I look over at the side of the store. I notice the big dirty glass window. They had an open light hanging off the top of the window. I focus my attention on the window; focus my attention on the evaporated water molecules in the air surrounding the window. I begin to freeze the window until it is entirely frozen. Once I feel that it is frozen solid, I pull at it from several different parts, shattering the window in pieces. Seems like such a long tedious process but it happens in seconds.

The store clerk ran out from the store screaming. You could hear the fatness in his voice. “What the hell is going on? Who did this shit?” He was mad. Of course I was no longer on the store's step. I was on top of the roof looking down at this little scene I just created. It's a good thing I can fly. I actually flew up here while I was freezing the window. It was a quick easy escape. Looking down at the man yelling and looking for someone for some answer as to why his store window is broken into hundreds of frozen glass pieces, made me laugh. Now there is one point for the mutated people and zero points for the store clerk. At least his open light sign still works.

I am still pissed off with all the damn drama tonight. I am still stressed out with

the news about mutants on television and about the dumb fat store man; I decide that I don't want to go back to my room. I need to get away for a little while and clear my mind. I found myself escaping to my usual spot that I repeatedly visited time to time. I always seem to come to this same place when something is awry. I guess it helps me think and it relaxes me. I always did like the beach. It's too hard to try and understand what will come of all this. It has been six months since that night. It was a night when everything seemed to become more complicated. February third became a date that will live in the mind of people forever. It was no one's fault what came to be, but those we were not biologically affected by the rays that came from somewhere in space seemed to take it harder than those who became mutated. I guess it was fear that motivated their actions. Even though it was just the thrill of making the clerk at the store mad, that motivated me to break his window. Then again, I think he deserved it. Well I know he deserved it.

Watching the ocean and seeing the waves crash against the rocks brings me peace. Nice cool breezes glide across my skin. Bright moonlight shines down onto me. This is actually the place I like to take my dates to. Seems like a cute romantic place to get a little hug and affection. It always brings a smile to my face and it always calms me down when I have a lot on my mind.

I always find myself practicing my powers here. With such a huge abundance of water from the ocean, I cannot help but to have a little fun. I control the water in the ocean to sprout straight up like a water fountain. I like to freeze some of the water sprouts and then turn it back into water. My powers allow me to absorb gas water molecules and condense them and form water. I can then freeze the water and turn it into ice. I can also evaporate the water molecules from its liquid form back to gas form or even from its frozen ice form to gas. I can go back and forth between any of these. I am able to lift, move and control any form of water. It is sort of like a telekinetic ability but I can only do it with water molecules.

I try to exercise my strength and try and carry and control larger and larger amounts of water. I am getting better at this. I try to make shapes out of the water. I like to make all kinds of animal shapes. I always did love animals. I make a water shaped dolphin and fly it around and above the water. I make the water dolphin splash it and out of the ocean. I feel like a water display artist sometimes. It looks so beautiful. It's a tragedy I rarely get to show anyone else the magnitude of my new abilities. I bet lots of people would enjoy watching this.

But due to the extreme fear people now have against people like me; mutated people are forced to hide their talents and abilities. As soon as a mutant is discovered, discrimination and hate follows him or her. It's the new wave of discrimination I think. First it was discrimination against blacks, the Jews, then immigrants, then gays, then Arabs, now in America they focus all their attention and hate on people who are mutated. Politicians and law makers are all arguing over what they should do about mutants. Activist and humanitarians retaliate by arguing and protesting for mutated people. These verbal battles of the rights and wrongs of mutants are all over the newspapers and television. It is a media frenzy. It is getting real crazy to. I really hope something good will end up happening or at least I hope nothing worst will come of this. It doesn't need to get any worst then it already is. I am too scared of not hoping.

I breathe out a long, sad, and worried sigh. So much clouds my mind. So much I am afraid of. So much more I don't understand. It is true some of these mutants are using their powers for bad and destruction. They are not afraid to use their powers to get whatever they want. Some of them are breaking stuff, stealing and hurting people, but so many more don't. Most Mutants are too afraid of revealing themselves. They are too afraid to show what they can do. They are too afraid to let their family know, their friends know or anyone else for that matter. Mutated people are people and like people some are bad some are good and several variations and combinations in between. It's not fair. It sucks how so many of us are in the middle of this crazy war and we do not know what to do.

My thoughts are interrupted when my senses are intrigued. It seems another mutant is near by. I can sense it. Having the ability to sense other mutants when they are near me is very useful. Even though I know another person is mutated, I usually don't make an attempt to talk to them. I know most will deny it or be too afraid. So, usually I just smile at them and continue on the direction I was going. Only one time did I make a friend out of outing someone I felt was mutated. We are good friends now. I love Kate, having her as my friend really helps me out. She is someone I can talk to about stuff, about mutated stuff. I also love when we go out at night and practice our powers together. I need to get thicker and darker shades though.

This person is making their way closer. I can feel it. I get up and try and see if I can spot this fellow mutated person. In the distance on the beach's walkway, I spot him. Walking with his head down and dressed in dark cloths, he makes his way closer to me. I can see that he is burdened as I am. I guess this spot is popular for people who have much on their minds. Tonight I feel a little friendlier than I usually am. I quickly decide that I will attempt to try and talk to this person walking in my direction. Maybe he and I will have a lot in common and maybe we can clear each others minds. It would be nice to learn and to hear someone that is experiencing the same things I am. It would be cool to make some friends that are mutated to.

As he walks closer and is in range to hear my voice, I say, "Hey." He did not glance up. He is wearing a dark navy blue hoodie and his head is down, so I could not see his facial expression. I don't even know if he even heard me. He must be consumed with his thoughts. I wait for him to come even closer. He passes one of the light post that dimly lights the beach's walk way. As he is about to walk right next to me I make another attempt to get his attention. "Yo, was sup," I try to say in a nice and friendly tone. He keeps walking. He makes no hint that he has heard my words or even notices that I am here. He looks cute from where I am standing. There was a cute mutated boy walking close to me. I definitely have to take advantage of this moment.

I then decide to make a more personal salutation. I move up closer to him. I could see half of his face. He does look cute and he has some nice lips. I raise my arm up and gently grab his shoulder, "Yo, was sup dude." He turns and faces me. It is true to say that I was a little startled and confused at first. He had what looked like scales around his eyes. It looked like some kind of snake or lizard scales on his skin. It was kind of weird. He notices my confusion and he closes his eyes a little and breathes out of quick sigh of

aggravation and sadness. He turns away very quickly and continues to walk away from me.

I felt so bad as I knew reactions like mine were probably a huge reason why this person felt the way he did. I did not mean to react the way I did. My intentions were not malicious at all. I wanted even more now, to try and talk to him and let him know that I don't have any ill thoughts about him and who or what he is. I followed him and again grabbed his shoulder, "Yo, wait up. It's cool. I am like you." Something about him intrigued me. Any other mutant that I tried to say hi to and got the same reaction, I would just walk away in the other direction. Something about his eyes had me intrigued. Not so much the scales surrounding his eyes, but the emotions and feelings reflected in his eyes that seem to glisten in the moonlight. I knew what he was feeling and I needed someone like I knew he needed someone.

He turned around slowly. He did not say anything. He slowly raised his head upwards and looked up at me. He looked right into my eyes. I could sense the sadness and hurt inside him. I knew how he was feeling; I knew what he was going through. I got a better look at him thanks to the brightness of the moon and the reflection of light against the surface of the ocean. I was surprised at my thoughts at first. Something inside of me was attracted to him right away. We both were having the same emotions and going through the same experience. As I look at him I cannot help to think that he is absolutely beautiful.

He just looked back at me. I could see his eyes water up. It made me sad to see him like this. I did not know what to say really. I could see that he was in a real depressed and sad state. I walked up to him and gave him a hug. I could not think of nothing else to do. To be honest, I think I needed a hug as well. It felt so nice to hug someone, to hug him. I don't even know this dude but yet holding him is bringing me so much joy. A smile forms on my face. I hold him tight and long. He holds me back. He sinks himself into my arms. Neither of us makes a noise. Neither of us speaks a word. There was such a beautiful and comfortable cool calmness that we were feeling while being in each others arms. It felt so nice, so safe to feel this adorable affection that we are giving each other. I don't know how long we were wrapped in each others arms but it is interrupted when he escapes my gentle grasp and runs away.

He runs down the beach walkway and I follow after. I didn't want him to get away. I didn't want to lose him. Something about him kept me wanting to learn more about him. I felt like he needed someone, and I wanted to be that someone. I wanted to be there for him and help him in anyway that I can. I wanted, needed him to help me as well. "Wait up, beautiful," I shout out as I try and catch up with him. He stops abruptly. He turns around and looks up. His facial expression shows that he is very surprised but confused. He looked as if he was trying to figure something out in his head. I walk up to him. I can see that he is breathing a little heavier from running. His chest raises and falls more quickly than it did before.

He stays there looking up at me very puzzled and obfuscated. He looks so adorable to me. I never had such a strong immediate attraction to someone before. Before I get to say a word, he cuts me off and says, "Why did you call me beautiful?" I stop for a

second before respond. I could now understand why he looked so puzzled. The fact that I called him beautiful is what confused him so much. I guess the scales on his face make him feel and think as if he does not look attractive anymore. He probably thinks that his mutation makes him look like some sort of monster. The tone in his voice has sadness and anger. I couldn't tell which was more dominant, the sadness or the angry. I think he is angry because his mutation caused him to look different. It caused him to look less human. I think he is sad because now other people might not want to look at him or even be around him because they don't understand him and they don't understand what is going on with him. He must be taking the mutated change extremely hard. Taking it harder than I am. I can understand these feelings and understand what he might be going through. I look right into his eyes, "I called you beautiful because that is exactly what I think you are." I said it with great sincerity. I wanted him to know and feel that my words were true and genuine. The scales on his face did not effect my decision. If anything, it only helped to enhance my thoughts about him. The scales around his face only added to his uniqueness, and I find that to be beautiful.

He hesitates to talk at first. So much thoughts and emotions must be racing around his mind. "But I look, my face, its just..., these scales, I am just so...", he mumbles sadly. He sinks his head down and puts his hands over his face. He begins to sob lightly. I can see his body tremble under his dark cloths. Such sadness quickly comes into me. I am hurt because he is hurt. I can feel his sorrow. I feel so sorry for him, for what he is going through for the feelings that he has. It's not his fault; it's not any of our faults! With all the anger and discrimination from society and all his own personal wars with the mutated situation I know he is in great pain and strife. It's a lot to deal with. It's so hard.

I stay still and silent and watch over him for a few seconds. I wasn't entirely sure what to say or what to do to help him. I walk closer to him. I felt so hurt just seeing him wallow in his melancholy tears. I pulled down his hands that covered his face. I rose my hands over his head, grab his hoodie and I pushed it off his hidden face. I place my hands gently on his chin and raise his head up until his eyes meet mine. I follow a tear sliding slowly down the right side of his face. Before it could fall off his chin, I use my powers to control it the water of his tear. I pull his tear towards me and freeze it. The frozen tear of sorrow divides us. I evaporate the tear in a few seconds. I glance up at him fast enough to see him smirk. He is so cute.

I reply with a smile. I pull him close to me. I wrap my arms around him once again. I lay his head on my chest. I embrace him. I feel as if I want to protect him, hold him, and make everything that is wrong with his hurting heart and troubled mind better again. I place a soft and gentle kiss on his forehead. It is followed by a quick tight grasp by him. He holds me back with great strength. I know he needed this as much as I did. We both needed this affection. We needed to feel something else besides fear, hurt and confusion. It felt so nice to hold him and him hold me back.

We held each other for what seemed like hours, but it probably was only several minutes that passed us by. I led him to the edge of the beach walkway. We sat down side by side which is sort of like a small cliff. The ocean and its waves were right below us. I can hear the gentle crashes as we settle ourselves above on the side of the beach walkway. His hoodie is still pushed off his head, and the light shines bright across his face. I can see

the details of the scales, and they really do look like some sort of reptile's scales. It's true it is a bit different, but I seen worst effects that mutation has done to certain individuals on television. I see past his mutation, and actually I think it is kind of cool and unique. Something about him draws me near him that makes me want to be by his side. I want to learn more about him. Learn about his past, his present, and his future. I like him. I like him a lot.

"So, yea, what's your name dude," I say as I look at him. I can see the reflection of the wave's ripples across his face. He is so gorgeous to me. I cannot help but to smile as I sit next to him. "I'm Orlando, and it is a great pleasure to meet you," I say in a little sarcastic way, trying to be funny. He smiles. I smile. It is just too cute. I am so pleased that he feels comfortable enough to sit here with me and chat with me. Much excitement fills me up, as I think and hope that maybe this will lead to something more in the near future. The possibility of finding someone I can be with and share my life with is always a great feeling. I could tell by his huge beautiful smile he was feeling the same way. "I'm Giovanni," he replies.

All I could think was that it was such a cute name for such a cute guy. As I was about to continue the conversation and ask my next question, I could hear someone making their way closer to us. I could hear this guy talking to someone on his cell phone. I got a little nervous because Giovanni and I were sitting very close to each other. I never did mind being open bout being gay in public, but I did not want to make Giovanni feel uneasy. I didn't know how he felt about being affectionate in public. I didn't want his feelings to change if he was to get nervous or scared. Before I could say anything Giovanni lifted his arm and placed his hand on my shoulder. I had a quick, weird and harmless feeling all over my body. It was a quick tingly sensation. It was like the kind of feeling you get when your foot falls asleep. It confused me a little, but as I looked over at Giovanni he was just smiling.

The guy was right in front of us walking by. I looked up at him. He was wearing jeans and a coat and a black fitted hat. He was arguing with someone on his cell phone about a money situation. The person who he was talking to him owed him some money or something. I could see the anger in his face and eyes. He face looked red and his mouth was all cringed up. It was kind of funny listening to him arguing on the phone as he walked by. But as the guy walked by, he looked right at us and it seemed as if he looked right into my eyes but yet he didn't seem to make eye contact. It was as if he looked right past us. Maybe he was not paying attention? The guy continued with his argument and walked right down the beach's walkway.

"That was weird," I tell Giovanni as we turned back around away from the guy walking away. "What was?" he replied with a smirk on his face. It confused me a little. He looked like he had a secret or something. As he saw the confusion on my face, he chuckled a little. "What, what's so funny? The guy just looked at us and acted as if we weren't even here, like he didn't even see us," as I try and explain myself Giovanni starts to laugh. Even though I feel very confused, I cannot help but to smile and listen to the sound of his laughter. Everything about him I seem to like. I like is voice, his smiles, the sound of his laughter. I feel my attraction for him growing and growing. Giovanni then says, "Well he actually did not see us." I am completely confused now, "What do you

mean he didn't see us? How could he not see us? We were both right in front of his face."

"It's one of my powers. I can camouflage against anything and almost disappear. I can even touch things like my cloths, an object or even another person and they will camouflage with me," he finally explains to me. I should have known better, I mean he is mutated. It just didn't cross my mind; I guess I was just still too excited about meeting him to think too much of other things. "Oh, no wonder why I felt a weird sensation over my body. No wonder why the guy walking by didn't see us. That's pretty hot and cool dude. What else can you do, Giovanni? Is that your only power or can you do other things as well"

"Well, I can camouflage. I can jump high and my agility is off the hook. I can also stick to walls and climb up and all around them like a gecko or an ant can do," Giovanni then places his fingers on my hand and he lifts his hand up and I can feel his fingers sticking to my skin, lifting my hand up with his. "I can also alternate my vision in different directions, kind of like a chameleon." I look at him. He shows me that he can move his eyes in different directions. He moved both his eyes in different directions very quickly. He moved his right eye to the left and his left eye to the right and then the opposite. It was really cool. "I am still trying to get the hang of everything," Giovanni says to me as I look at him full of interest. Learning about mutated powers and finding out what mutated people can so is so cool. It's extraordinary what these people can do sometimes. As I look at Giovanni, I could tell I was probably one a few people he opened up to about his mutated powers and abilities. I could see it made him feel good, comfortable and better about himself to get some of the stuff he kept hidden from so many people off his chest. I was even happier knowing that I was the one who made him feel better. I was happy knowing that I made him feel comfortable and safe.

"Damn that sounds mad cool. What about those scales. Do you have them any where else or just around your eyes," I ask Giovanni. After I asked him that question, I kind of was mad at myself for asking it. I already knew he was feeling horrible about it; I don't know why I had to open my mouth up and asked him about something I know he hates. I didn't mean any harm. I was just curious to know and it kind of just came out.

"Well," Giovanni said and then kind of paused. He looked up at me. I felt real bad now. It was going so good between us up to this point. I was mad at myself for asking the damn question. To my surprise though, he just looked at me and smiled. He continued saying, "I have them all over my body. Not a lot, but they are just scattered around my skin throughout my body. They don't hurt or anything. Well I can feel them. They are like apart of my skin. If they get pinched or pulled back, they hurt. It is kind of cool sometimes, but then again when people look at me... well you know."

"Yea no doubt, I know what you mean," I was so surprised that he felt so comfortable so soon with me that he opened up like that. I am happy now that I asked the question. I just look at him, staring into his beautiful yellow and reddish eyes. I just realized his eyes were that color. They looked like a snake's eyes or something. It was really cool. I actually like the scales that surround his eyes like a mask now. They look cool. I think the scales on his body are beautiful, I guess it is because I think he is beautiful so everything about him I will think is beautiful.

It is so wonderful but also so scary that I feel this way. It is exciting and nerve wrecking at the same time. I don't want to let myself get all confused and twisted with too many emotions and questions about Giovanni right now. Right now, I am just going to enjoy his company, sitting here with him under the stars and moon light next to the beach. I will hope for the best though. Hope that I will get to know him better, and get to have him for myself one day in the near future. The very near future I hope. Thinking about all this caused me to smile so big. Giovanni looks over at me and asks, "What are you smiling at?" I reply, "Oh, nothing I was just thinking about some stuff." I try and change my face expression so he doesn't figure out that I was pretty much thinking about him.

"Mhmm," Giovanni says while he looks at me. He can tell that I was bullshitting him. He knew I was thinking about him. He smiled very big though, so he must be happy that I was thinking about him. Giovanni makes eye contact with me again and asks me, "So you know what I can do, what can you do? What are your mutated powers exactly?"

"Well it is kind of hard to explain. I can control and manipulate water molecules," I decide that I will explain it to him as I show him what I can do. "See I can take evaporated water from the air and turn it back into water as you can see when I make this water bubble. I can then take water in its liquid form and turn it back into its gas form and evaporate it. I can take it again from the air, back into water and then freeze the water bubble to ice. From its solid ice form turn it back to water, or from ice into a gas or any other variations between. See I can make ice then evaporate the ice and back into water. The water doesn't have to start from the air; I can use any water supply near me like the ocean, rain, ponds, and even water from sewers. See how I pull up large amounts of water from the ocean. I can move it around then if I want I can freeze it. I can lift and move the ice around with my mind. It is like I am telekinetic but I can only do it with water. I can also sense other mutated people when they are close to me. I can not tell what they can do, just know that they are mutated," I look back over at him. I could see that he is interested in what I have to say. "That's how I knew you were mutated, I could sense it. It is like a get a shiver or something. I get that kind of shiver when someone who is mutated is around me."

"Wow, your powers are really cool! I wish I could do all that. I am just a gecko boy," Giovanni jokes about himself and laughs. His laughter sounds so cute to me. I reply back saying, "A very cute gecko boy," I wink at him and smile. I want him to know that I like him with out saying it too much so soon. "Well I can do more than that. I can move people, plants, or animals since they have water in them. I can pretty much move anything that has water in it, or I can just freeze a section of something and move it that way. See If I freeze part of this rock right there, I can then lift and move the rock." I lift the frozen rock up with my powers and toss it far into the ocean. We watch it splash into the water. I look back over to Giovanni and say, "I can also fly. Since I can control the water in my body I can basically move myself, and fly. It's really cool. That is how I got over here. I flew here just a little while ago before I saw you."

"Damn yo, your powers are cool. It must be real cool to be able to fly. I wish I could," Giovanni tells me. I am glad he is impressed with my powers. Anything about me

that he finds interesting is cool with me. Whatever gives me more cool points in his eyes is great. The more I see him liking things about me, the more I like him. This is so exciting to me. I am really enjoying how things are going with this sudden burst of excitement I am having with this dude I just met. I so love how it feels when you really like someone new. It is so exciting and full of hope.

“Yea, it’s pretty hot. I am glad I got mutated. I mean it does suck since all the animosities that face us being different, but it doesn’t change who I am or what I am about. I refuse to let myself feel really sad or hurt just because people don’t understand me or people like me .I mean it bothers me sometimes, but I don’t let it get to me too much. I refuse to let it get to me. It’s not our fault we became mutated. People just need to let us be who we are. If we don’t bother them, they should not bother us. Bad enough I had to deal with discrimination when I came out being gay, now I got to deal with this shit to. It is just a whole damn Greek tragedy,” I breathe a long sigh. It really is too much to take in and handle sometimes. “But I guess I have no choice but to deal with it. I refuse to hide who I am. I never really cared about what people thought about me, and I’m not going to start now.”

Giovanni was looking down as I said this. I am sure he was thinking about his experiences with the mutated discrimination. “Yea I feel what you are saying. It’s just a little harder for me I guess. With all these scales around my body, it’s harder for me to hide what I am. Most mutated people can hide in a crowd, I cannot. It really sucks a lot for me. I even quit my job and stopped going to school. It was too much for me to deal with. The stares, the whispering, people talking about me while I walked passed them. I could not deal with it.” Giovanni lets out a deep sad sigh as he shakes his head side to side. I feel so bad for him because I know its hard but for him it is obviously a lot harder and more difficult. I cannot believe he actually quit his job and stopped going to school because of this. I never thought it affected some people that much. It really surprised me to learn how much more some peoples’ lives are affected by this whole mutated situation. I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t know what to do. My experiences with being mutated have not been no where as bad as his. It was not that hard for me to deal with. I don’t have anything on my body that would let other people know I am mutated.

Having a mutation that affects your appearance does make it harder for a mutant to hide. I am glad I don’t have to deal with this. I am glad I don’t have anything on my body, but I feel so bad for Giovanni and all the other mutated people out there that are like him and sometimes have it worst then him. It was kind of like that lady I saw on the news. She was mutated and her mutation caused her to look like a wolf or something. She had claws and fangs and hair growing around her body like an animal. The news was showing her argue with some people. The people were calling her a freak and an animal and she got mad and pushed some of them and ran away into the woods. I guess she feels like Giovanni feels. I start to hope whoever that lady was, I hope she is ok.

I pulled my right arm up and placed it over his shoulders. He leaned his head onto my right shoulder. With his hoodie still off his head I got to get a better glimpse of his hair. He has very long dark black hair which he has corn braided. I started sliding my right hand down his hair. I love cuddle moments like this. It’s so damn cute to me. He can’t see it but I have a huge smile on my face. This is very romantic, very cute. Holding

him as we sit on the beach walkway's ledge next to the dark ocean, under the moonlight and flickering stars, watching the small waves splash and make bubbles on the water's surface, feeling the cool soft breeze against our skin, it's really a cuddle dream of mines come true. I am so happily surprised that my night turned out this way. The night is turning out so great.

“This whole mutated bullshit sucks. It's like coming out the closet again or something. First I had to come out because I like dudes, now I got to come out and be mutated. It freaking sucks, yo. At least when I came out as a homo I did it when I was ready. I decided who knew when and how they found out. Being a mutant that can't hide his powers, it's so aggravating. Not my fault I am who I am. But it's whatever, I guess. Nothing I can do about it. I guess I have to suck it up and deal with it someday,” Giovanni says to me. He then takes his head off my shoulders and looks up to me. He has a curious facial expression, which of course I think looks so cute. Then he asks me, “Hey are you in the closet or do some people know about you or are you completely out the closet?”

“Me? Yea I have been out the closet for some time now. I actually came out the closet when I got my first boyfriend when I was almost twenty years old. I didn't want to hide my relationship. I didn't want to lie about it or him. I didn't feel as if I needed to. Being in a relationship is very special to me. I didn't want to be sneaky about it or try and hide it from anyone. So I told everyone about it. It wasn't hard for me to talk about it. Took me just one weekend to tell everyone I really needed to tell. Coming out wasn't that bad for me. So I was lucky I guess. Some of my family members are not so cool wit it but they don't disrespect me or say dumb shit about me, which is cool. All my friends are cool with it, they all still love me for being me,” I answered back to Giovanni. I was lucky when I came out to my family and friends. Some of my gay friends found it harder to come out and their family or friends were not as accepting as mines were. I know some friends that actually got kicked out their homes, beat up, got cut off from their friends and family, so I was very fortunate that I didn't really have to deal with anything like that.

“Yea you were lucky. My mom actually walked in on me and this dude I was messing with. She was so mad. She caught us kissing on my bed in my room, but I guess it hit her hard and she freaked out. She screamed for my dad and my dad came and he yanked him by his stripped polo shirt then dragged the dude out my house. That was the last time I saw him. I never talked to him again. It was crazy though. I was so scared in my room; I didn't know what was going to happen. I just started crying while I heard my mom and dad talking junk about gay people and my mother telling me she doesn't want to have a gay son. Then they basically called up everyone in my family and told them for me. You know how Puerto Rican families are, if one person knows after twenty-four hours everyone in the family knows,” Giovanni says then starts laughing.

I started laughing with him. I know exactly what he is talking about. So I say, “Yea, I know exactly what you mean chulo. I told just the main people I live with, and pretty much they told everyone else for me. It was an assisted coming out event. The phones were ringing that night. Gay gossip is always good gossip I guess. So what about now? Is your family at least ok with it and ok with you being gay?”

He puts his head back on my shoulder. It really makes me happy that he feels so comfortable with me. Just a little while ago he was trying to run away from my sight and now he is resting his head on my shoulders. He runs his hands over his reddish yellow eyes and rubs them. I guess he is starting to get a little tired. It is getting pretty late now that I think of it. “Well, they are kind of ok with it. At first it was real hard. I left my parents house for a couple of days and stood with my older sister for a while. I cried a lot because I thought I was going to lose my family. I really love my family and they were acting as if they didn’t want nothing to do with me. But they came over my sister house a few days after and we had a big family meeting or something. They told me they wanted me to go back home and that they still loved me. This happened last year in the summer and since then I only had one other boyfriend. They met him and everything, and it was cool for the most part. My mom is still kind of freaked out by it. My dad is more ok with it than my mom. My dad’s brother is gay so I guess he is more use to it, so he tries to calm her down when he sees her getting all emotional about it. They both tell me they love me no matter what, but I know they wish I wasn’t gay, which is cool. I don’t expect them to ever be one hundred percent ok with it, just as long as the love and respect me I am happy. The rest of the people in my family or my friends are pretty much ok with it to. Some better than others but its ok now. I wish coming out as a mutant was just as easy as it was for me to come out being gay.” Giovanni tells me while he rested on my shoulders. It felt good that I could comfort him. His coming out story was similar to mine. I was glad to hear that his family was ok with him being gay. So many people still don’t like gay people and I know it is very difficult for some people to come to their love ones.

“So, Giovanni, chulo culo boy.” I say as I laugh a little. I pull his head up and position his eyes so that they look right into mine. I wanted him to know and see that I was being very serious when I ask him my next question. “Do you have a boyfriend now? Are you dating, messing or talking to someone at the moment?” It was the question I been dying to ask him since I first gave him a hug and felt him squeeze me back. I was nervous though asking him if he was single. I guess I have too much hope in the possibility of having him that it will hurt to find out he is taken.

Giovanni smiles back at me. He slides his hand across my left cheek and then holds my chin with his hand and then tells me, “Don’t worry. There isn’t anyone I want to get to know right now, except for you Orlando.” He winks at me then smiles big. It was all just too cute. It was actually the first time he said my name. He sounded so cute saying my name. “So what about you pa, is there any boy in the way that I will have to beat up?”

I smile back. I am doing too much smiling tonight, but I am feeling just too happy right now. I respond back to him, “Well there is this one dude I...” I could see his facial expression turn from happiness to being disappointed, so I quickly stop myself, “No No, just playing. There is no one. I am single too. My bad, I am kind of a jokester.” He nudges my arm and gives me a little mean look. Then he says, “Yea I was about to say, bout to fight this dude. He aint taking my new chulo.”

I love how he is being so presumptuous. He is like staking his claim on me already and I have no problem with that at all. Sometimes it’s not good to like someone so much so soon with out getting to know them first. This time is so not one of those times. I don’t care about following dating rules or being cautious, all I know is that I am

really feeling this mutated homo sitting by my side. I like him, and want to be with him and while being with him I can learn more about him. I am just going to go with the flow and hope for the best. This is not like me. I usually am more skeptical and cautious when I met someone new that I am interested in. It usually takes me a while to feel ready enough to think about being with someone. This time with Giovanni is different, very different. There is something about him, something about being next to him, something about the way he talks and feels, just something I feel that I know I want. I want him. I am willing to take a chance and see where it goes.

“Check you out. He aint taking my new chulo, huh? That’s was sup,” I couldn’t do nothing else but smile. He is so damn beautiful. So then he asks me, “Well when was the last time you had a boyfriend or the last time you was dating or messing with someone.”

“It was actually a few days after the night when that shit came down from outer space and made us all mutated. See me and him were dating for like a few weeks. We been friends for a little while and thought it would be worth a shot to start dating each other. Everything was cool for the most part. We were on a date that night. I took him to the movies and we ate dinner. It was real cute. I then decided to drive up the mountain, Sleepy Giant, and I parked next to the cliff. We walked over and sat close to the edge. I held him in my arms and we talked about stuff. He looked so cute in his stripped shirt. I remember he always wore polo shirts with some nice fitted jeans. He was a real good dresser. He always had on some nice outfits. Then a short while later, we both felt weird. It was like something was floating inside of us. It was really weird. We both didn’t know what they hell was wrong. We thought maybe it was the food we ate or something. We kind of just sat their and dealt with it for a while. Then we both kept feeling weird and uncomfortable so we decided to end the night and go home. I drove him to his house and walked him up to his front door. I gave him a big long hug. I looked right into his eyes, and I leaned in and gave him a kiss on his forehead. When I pulled back he had a look on his face as if he was unsatisfied or something. I guess he wanted more because then he grabbed my face and pulled me close and gave me a kiss. I kissed him back and held him in my arms. I pinched his butt to. He went into his white painted house and I drove off to my home,” I told Giovanni while he watched my lips move. I love how he looks right at me while I talk. I could tell he was a good listener which is a real good quality to have. I pinched his left cheek and watched him smiled and continued with my story.

“The ride home I was feeling weird still. When I got to my house I walked up the stairs to my room and decided to just sleep whatever it was off. When I woke up I didn’t have that feeling anymore, so I just figured it was the food that we had eaten at the restaurant last night. I called my chulo butt, that’s what I called him, and asked if he was feeling better. He said that he was fine to and told me that it was probably just the food. He told me he had a great time with me last night and he can’t wait to see me again. Only I didn’t see him again. That same day it was all over the news about how these waves of electro radiation made its way down to earth from outer space some where. Then a few days later there was news everywhere about how these electro radiation waves had serious affects on people and how some people were mutated by it,” I continued to explain to Giovanni. I looked over at him and he was still just looking right back at me listening to every word that I said. I notice he looks a little cold even though he had that dark hoodie on. I pulled him in closer and laid his head on my shoulder. I wrapped my

right arm around him to try and keep him a little bit warm.

“That was about the time I started to notice my powers. As soon as I figured that the night me and chulo butt had that weird feeling was because those radiation waves that went through our bodies. I quickly called him and asked him if he was ok and he told me he thought he was affected by them to. We both had mutated powers. I wanted to chill with him again just to talk to him about it and really just to hold him and be with him because I felt really scared. He didn’t want to though. He kind of blamed me for his mutated powers since I brought him out that night on top of the mountain. He said it was my fault. I don’t think it was my fault; I had no idea that was going to happen to us. So we slowly stopped talking and that was it. That was like six months ago. I have been single ever since. I was kind of sticking to myself and figuring this whole mutated shit out. It kind of sucked though. I really needed him during that time. So much confusion and fear was in me and I really think we could have helped each other through it all. But ah well, everything happens for a reason I guess.” I tell Giovanni then I paused for a second and I let out a sigh. It really would have been good for me to have someone during that time in my life. To have someone that was going through the same thing I was. It really would have helped me a lot in the beginning of all this.

Sitting down for so long cramped my legs. I raised his head off my shoulder and stood up to stretch a little. I suggested we change locations. We both made our way down the beach walk way trail. I held him in my arms while we walked. It still was just so amazingly cute to me. I was really filling and Giovanni and I think he was really feeling me. I am such a sucker for some homo on homo affection. We found a metal black bench to sit at, just a short walk from where we were sitting. It wasn’t as close to the waves and the breeze of the ocean, which was great because we were getting a little cold. The bench was right next to a lamp post so it was brightly lit. I cradled him in my arms again, not only to keep him a little bit warmer but to also be able to just hold him some more.

“So yea, I have been single for like six months now. I guess I been waiting for you,” I say sarcastically to Giovanni as I squeeze him tight. He is so cute. Then he looks up at me and says, “Yea it sucked that dude did that to you. Yall both could have really helped each other out during time. I know I needed someone so I know you did to. I know what you went through though. It was real hard for me to. I had pretty much the same story.” Giovanni sat up and thought to himself for a quick second. I guess he was thinking about what happened. I could tell it really affected him. I got sad all of a sudden. I was sad that Giovanni had to deal with so much. I really want to be there for him and be that special someone that he needs, that he deserves.

“So tell me about the last boyfriend you had Giovanni. What happened with yall two,” I asked him as we faced each other while we sat together on that iron bench. He looked away and made a little sad smirk. He sat and just stared into the dark ocean. I could feel his sorrow. I almost wanted to change the subject. I didn’t because I really wanted to know what happened, and it is always good to talk about stuff. I know he needed to talk about it and get some stuff of his chest.

I leaned over and gave him a hug, a long hug. I pulled back and placed both my hands on his face. I had my right hand on his left cheek and my left hand on his right

cheek. I looked right into his eyes. I leaned in close and gave him a soft little kiss on his forehead. When I moved away from him I saw the huge beautiful smile on his face. I was even happier because I was able to make him feel happy instead of feeling sad and alone. I am so happy I met him tonight. I moved him out the way for a quick second as I placed my right leg on the bench and I then positioned Giovanni to sit in between my legs. Laid his head on my chest and wrapped my arms around his body. He then grabbed my hands and placed his fingers in between mine. I felt a few of his scales on his hands around his wrist as he did this, but I didn't let him notice I noticed them. We sat there for a second or two and we both got startled as we heard a car approaching. I always been ok with public signs of affection when it comes to being with another dude in public but it still gets me a little nervous I guess. Giovanni seemed the same way. As the car came right by us, he grabbed my hands tighter and I got that weird feeling again real quick. I knew what he was doing. He was using his mutated powers again to camouflage us so we would not be visible to the oncoming vehicle and its passengers. "That is so cool Giovanni. I bet you're a little sneaky one huh. I gotta watch out for you," I tell him but sarcastically, "But anyways, tell me what happened punk."

"Well like I said before, it kind of happened the same way. I was dating this dude I met at school. We went to the same college and we were in the same English class. I was a Journalism major and he was too so I shared classes with him before. I had that visual crush kind of thing with him since I got to see him so often and since he was really cute. His name was John and he was half white and half Puerto Rican. He had light brown hair, green eyes, he was tall and slim, very cute, and at least I thought so. We really started talking when our English teacher put us in a group together. I remember that day so clear because I was so excited and got butterflies in my stomach after she called my name after she called his. We had to sit next to each other and we exchanged each other's contact information and we set up a time to meet so we could figure what we wanted to do for our new project. He sat on the left side of me, looking all cute with his button down shirt and white and blue trucker hat that he had backwards. So to speed it up, on our second group meeting, we kind of let it be known that we both were gay and we both were feeling each other. So we started dating. We dated for about two months and everything seemed pretty great for the most part. He was fully in the closet so we had problems with that but everything else between us was really good. He was my best boyfriend really. I really thought this one was going to last a long time. I don't think I really fell in love with him but I know I really cared about hi and if we were together for a few weeks more I would have fell in love with him," Giovanni tells me his story as I hold him. He pauses for a second, and then sighs. I feel sad for him. I know how it feels to deal with relationships and homos. It always ends in drama. I just hold him tight so he can know I do care about him even though I just met him and I really want to make him feel better. He moves his position against me a little then he suddenly jerks up. Giovanni lets out a grunt of pain, "Ouch, damn."

Confused I asked him, "What the hell happened?" Then he pushes something down in the front pocket of his blue jeans. Then he says, "Nothing I just pricked myself. But where was I?" I replied, "You were talking about Mr. Johnny boy your English class jump off, haha. No sir, so what happened between yall two?"

"Well, it was the night of the outer space anthrax injection," Giovanni laughed a

little, a little cute laugh actually. He is so beautiful. It made me smile just hearing his laughter. “I was driving home from John’s house. I went to go visit him because he was sick. I bought him some egg drop soup from this little Chinese restaurant spot he really likes. On the way home around the block from my house is when I could feel that weird feeling. Same feeling I guess you were talking about. I parked the car out my house and got out. I stood on the side of my car for a while catching my breath trying to calm myself down, because I was a little scared. I never really get sick, so I was worried when I started feeling all weird. I thought I was going to throw up or something. After that I went to my room, went to sleep, and the next morning was just crazyness.”

Giovanni just laid in my arms as he continued his story, “I walked to the bathroom like I always do. I flipped the toilet seat up, and I starting peeing. As I was peeing, I looked at my hands. That is when I noticed the scales. I freaked out and jumped back. I pissed all over my legs and feet, haha. I dove towards the sink and looked at the mirror. I screamed. I had the scales all over my face. My mother ran to the bathroom door asking me what was going on, if I was ok. I didn’t know what to tell her. I didn’t answer. I just starred at my reflection in the mirror. I didn’t know what the hell was going on or what caused this. I tried to pull the scales off. They didn’t move, and they didn’t come off. I pulled harder and it hurt like hell. I screamed.”

“I didn’t lock the door so she pushed her way through the bathroom door. I just got so scared that I grabbed a towel real quick and put it over my head to shield my face from my mother’s eyes,” Giovanni tells me as I can feel the shivers his body is making. “Then my mother is yelling at me, she is asking me what the hell is going on. She pulled the towel off my face. I slowly looked up at her; I was scared of what she might say to me. I looked right at her, right into her eyes. She didn’t say anything at first. She just looked at me. She was so confused, so scared. I was asking her like what the hell was this. Why the hell, how the hell did this happen to me. Then she said oh no not you to, so it is really true. I didn’t know what the hell she was talking about. She left the bathroom. I close the door and locked it behind her. I just starred at the mirror. I was confused and terrified. I started crying. I was so mad that I punched the mirror. My hand started bleeding since the glass pierced my skin. It was crazy.”

“Then like three days later I called John and told him to come over. Event though I didn’t want him to come over I still had to see him. He was calling me a lot the past few days but I didn’t pick up because I was going through too much about what happened. I didn’t know what to tell him about it so I try to avoid him as much as I could. John kept asking me what was wrong because I was crying on the phone but I didn’t tell him anything. I told him I would show him when he got to my house. When he got there I left the door open so he could come up to me room. My parents were not there so it was just the two of us there. He came and knocked on my door. I got so nervous and scared. I didn’t know what to expect. I didn’t know how John would react to me. I told him to come inside. I had this hoodie on that day to. I had it over so it covered my face. He came inside and I told him to wait by the door. He kept walking closer to me and I screamed at him to wait. So he stopped and asked what was wrong. I could tell he was worried about me. I asked him if he heard anything about the people affected by the stuff that came from outer space. He said yea that he saw the news and that he heard some people changed and that it was all pretty crazy. Then he asked me why did I ask him that and did it change me

like it changed those people on television,” Giovanni told me in a sad soft tone. He took a deep breath and continued with story.

“Then I told him that it did. I slowly lowered my hoodie off my head. I already started crying. John just looked at me. He stepped a little closer to me to get a better look. He looked so scared and afraid of me. He didn’t really say anything to me. He just said oh my god and then he just turned around and ran out my room and out my house. I was so sad and angry. I just started crying on my bed. He called me like five minutes later from his cell phone. I picked up quick hoping he changed his mind. He just said that he was sorry and that he doesn’t mean to be like that it is just something he does not want to go through. He said he couldn’t be with me no more and he kept saying sorry. That was the last time I talked to him,” Giovanni told me. I knew he was sad now. I knew he was really hurt. It is a messed up way for someone to brake up. I wondered if I would have done the same thing if I was John. It is something crazy and bizarre. I don’t think I would have acted like that. I probably would have been confused and scared. I probably would have ran away to but I would have came back. I would have realized that it doesn’t matter what he looks like and that I still cared about him. But I guess that’s me.

Giovanni released himself from my grasp. He sat up on the iron bench for a few seconds then he lifted himself up. He was standing there not saying anything. I feel bad and sorry for him. I know it is hard to deal with all this. I know it hurts him, but I guess for him it is a little more worst then other people’s experiences. It is harder for him to deal with it all. For me, it wasn’t that bad, but then again my physical appearance didn’t change at all. No one can tell that I am mutated. No one ever starred at me in horror.

It sucks that I am not adequately prepared to help him with this type of situation. I did just meet him tonight. I do not really know anything about him. I don’t know how to patch it up. I don’t know what to say. I stood up and stood there right by his side. I didn’t say anything. There wasn’t much I could say. I really didn’t know exactly how and what he was feeling because I didn’t have the same experience. I wanted to hug him again and hold him in my arms, but I decided not to. I didn’t want to over do it now. I don’t want to seem like I am going to be one of those types who likes to smoothen his boyfriend. To be honest, I think sometimes people need to stand alone of their own to feet to handle some stuff.

He looked over at me. He has sadness and sorrow in his expression. It is crazy how I feel sad just knowing that he is sad. That it kind of hurts me knowing that he is so deeply hurt and affected by this all. I guess it is a wake up call for me to actually see for myself how many mutated people are feeling so ostracized and afraid. Probably most of them are having the same feelings and emotions Giovanni is having. I really had no idea. I let out a long deep sigh, a sigh of unknowingness. I just looked over at him, and gave him an I don’t know but I am sorry look. He smiled back at me. It was a small quick smile, but a smile.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Giovanni tells me as he starts walking. I follow after him. We walk side by side together, but we did not exchange any words. I guess we were both thinking to ourselves. I know I was. We were walking towards the beginning of the beach walkway. We passed by three iron benches and three light lamps as we continued to walk

side by side. There was lady who was jogging and she just moved right by us. I guess me and Giovanni aren't the only night owls out tonight. She had on tights and had head phones on since she was listening to some mp3 player she had wrapped around her right arm. I could hear some techno type music. I moved a little to the right and bumped into Giovanni a little as I let her pass by me. She sure was jogging real fast. Maybe she is practicing for a marathon or something? Giovanni grabbed my hand gently and pulled me as to follow him. He led me to a curve in the walkway that went outward towards the black ocean. It was like a curved point that stretched towards the water. He sat down at the edge and pulled my hand down so that I could sit right next to his left side. I could feel that stickiness that he had from his mutated powers on my hand as he held it.

So I sat down next to him. It was quite. All I heard was the waves and the wind. We didn't say anything to each other. I wanted to talk more to him about what happened with his family and with John. I wanted to learn more about him, but I didn't want to keep digging in the same hole. I couldn't think of something else to talk about, to change the subject either. So I just sat down. I watched the waves crash against the rocks. I watch how it makes white bubbles as it smashes onto the rock's surface. I look up and watch the pale moon do nothing in the sky.

"So have you ever really used your powers yet? Did you do anything that was really cool with them yet?" I didn't know what else to ask. It kind of just popped in my head. Giovanni quickly turned and looked at me. He looked very excited. Like he knew a secret that he wanted to share with me. He said, "Yes, yes I did actually. I used them to help this lady about a month ago. It was mad crazy but cool to." I asked him, "So how did you use your powers? What did you do?" I am glad I made a good conversation switch. He looks excited about this.

Giovanni turns his position so that he is facing me. The moon is shining down on the right side of his face. He is just so damn cute to me. "Well so yea, like a month ago I was mad about ya know stuff, and I went for a long walk. It was late around midnight and I ended up in downtown. I didn't even realized I was there until I got there and this car drove by real fast and scared me, then I looked around and realized where I was. I was about to turn around and walk back home but then I heard a lady screaming. She screamed real loud. I couldn't see her at first, I just heard her yelling. I could also hear a guy; I could tell they were arguing about something. I heard the man yell out and call her a bitch. I walked over to the corner of the sidewalk so I could see down the street and try to see if I could see them. I saw a lady in a women's business type suit. She looked as if she was about forty or so and she looked as if she was some kind of professional business lady. She was running up the street from the opposite side of the block. She only had one shoe on. She looked really terrified. I didn't know what to do or to say. I just stood there at the corner looking at her. Then the lady saw me and ran towards me. She yelled help, help me please and kept running in my direction. I just froze and didn't react."

"When she finally ran up to me she started babbling and ranting. She was saying that some guys were trying to rob her and that she needs help. I heard the man yell to someone else that they needed to hurry up and catch her. The lady heard the man to and screamed. I knew their voices were close so I needed to do something fast. I pulled the ranting lady's arm and pulled her from away from the corner. I just pushed us against the

wall. I told the lady to please be quite and not to move. I heard the men running up the sidewalk now; they would be in front of us any second now. The lady pushed my arm away and was about to start running away. I grabbed her back towards the white wall and looked right at her frightened eyes and told her to trust me and not to move. We stood firmly against the white walls of some department store. She held my hand so tight I could feel her nails in my skin. That shit hurt to, ha ha. So I used my powers and camouflaged us both against the white walls. I felt her body shiver as she felt me camouflage us. I looked at her and I noticed her face and how she looked down at her body and then at me. She noticed that we were now invisible against the department store. She looked scared. She knew I was mutated. As soon as we were both completely camouflaged, the men turned the corner and both were right in front of us,” Giovanni explained to me as he looked towards the ocean. Giovanni would look at me then go back to looking at the ocean as he told me his heroic story.

“There were two guys, big dudes. One was very tall and skinny. He looked real rugged and busted. He needed a shave and a shower real bad. He had blue jeans on and a big jacket that looked three sizes too big. The other man was more muscular, but he was shorter. He had on blue jeans to but he only had a tight dirty white t-shirt on. I was so damn scared. My body was frozen against the white wall. I didn’t move, I couldn’t move. My heart was thumping in my chest. I tried so hard not to breathe so hard not to make a sound. I could feel the lady next to me. I could feel her body shiver with fear. The two men were right in front of us. They were like two feet away from our faces. They were talking to each other trying to figure out where the lady went so fast. Then the tall skinny dude put his hand in his right jacket pocket and pulled out a gun,” Giovanni paused and took a deep breath. It was so crazy what he went through. I couldn’t believe it. I was just shaking my head in disbelief. I was so surprised that he went through something like that. I said, “Wow that is crazy dude. I would have been sweating my ass off.” Giovanni said, “Shit I was, but let me tell you what else happened. After I saw that black gun come out his pocket my body froze; I felt the lady’s body freeze to. I knew she was petrified because I was to. I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t leave the lady there by herself because if I was alone I would have just crawled up the wall and got away. I couldn’t just diss her. They had a gun; they wanted to kill her for some reason. I didn’t know what the hell was going on. The lady made a small gasp. My body tensed up because the more muscular looking man heard it. He turned and faced us. He looked right at us. I was scared. He took a step closer to us, and he looked puzzled, but then he turned away. He couldn’t see us. I was so relieved. A car passed by and the tall man quickly put his gun away back in his jacket. Both of the men ran up the street. They got into a rusty black two door car that was parked at the end of the street at the corner. The lights of the car went on. I could see one of his back lights were broken. I could hear their loud busted engine as he drove away.”

Giovanni smiled. I can see that going through this crazy experience gave him a little happiness in being mutated. That helping someone with his powers and actually saving her life made him proud that he was mutated. I am glad he has this moment of bravery to give light to his mutated state of sadness. Maybe I can give him more happiness and good feelings towards being mutated. I hope I can.

“So what happened next?” I asked Giovanni. “After the car left what did you and

that lady do?” Giovanni turns toward me and says, “Well when the car drove away, we both caught our breaths. I guess in all the chaos and confusion she never got to take a real good look at me, because after she looked up and looked at me directly, she got startled and backed up. My appearance frightened her. It’s the story of my life huh. But she got over it after a second. She walked up to me and grabbed my hand and said thank you so much. You saved my life. She just kept saying thank you like four or five times. I used my cell phone and called the cops. While we were waiting a few minutes for the cops she told me she was working late on some project and when she got out the men where there waiting for her. She said she smacked the tall skinny man with her bag and ran. Once I saw the cop car all the way down the street I got scared. I didn’t want to get more involved especially with cops there so I told the lady I had to go. She didn’t want me to she said she wanted me to get credit for saving her, that I was a hero. I told her I didn’t want the cops or any new people talking to me. I told her I wasn’t ready for all that. I camouflaged myself and jumped on the wall. The lady yelled up at me to wait a second. I stopped and looked down at her. I uncamouflaged myself so she could see me. She said thank you so much. I winked at her and climbed up the white wall to the roof top. I watched over her at the apartment building that was right next door. I waited to see what happened. When she got inside the cop car and left with the cops I made my way home. Well that was that. Kind of crazy but cool at the same time, ya know.”

“Yea boy, you’re my new role model,” I told Giovanni. He smiled and then nudged my right arm. We both laughed a little. I watched him smile. He has such a cute smile. I always have been a sucker for a cutie with a cute smile. We kind of just watched each other for a few seconds. We looked at each other, looked at each other’s eyes. We both were grinning hard at each other. He is so adorable. Then he asked me while he smiled at me, “S what about you man, did you ever do anything like that before for someone?”

“Well yea I kind of did. I don’t think it was as crazy as what you did but I did save this little boy that lives on my block. See I was sitting down on my front porch to my house. I took the dog out so he could run around. He is a corgi mix dog, real cute and hyper. So he was running around sniffing everything and I sat down on the porch playing with my cell phone. I was texting my friends and stuff. My neighbors were outside on their porch. I don’t like them, well I don’t really know them but they are a bunch of loud and crazy Puerto Ricans. They are always drinking and acting a hot mess outside. Cops probably come around to their house at least once a month. Anyways, so they are acting like they always do but I noticed the little boy was outside on the sidewalk by himself. All the adults were on the porch playing dominos and drinking beer. So I kept looking over there to see when the damn mother or someone would notice that the little boy was outside by himself so they could go get him. The little boy had to be about two or so, he was only wearing diapers and was walking around with no shoes on. He was playing with a big blue and yellow ball. The ball bounced against the chain fence that surrounded the front of their house and rolled past the side walk onto the street. The ball stopped across the street under some white car that was parked. The little boy went after the ball. I got up quick because I was nervous that the little boy was going to get hurt,” I explained to Giovanni. My body felt a little tensed so I stretched my arms and legs as I sat down on the side on the beach walk way.

“So, then yea as I got up and walked down the steps of my house, I saw a big new white truck driving down the street towards the little boy. It was driving fast. I knew the man in the truck probably didn’t even see the little boy. I got mad scared. I looked over at the people playing dominos; none of them was even looking for the boy or knew what was going on. I yelled over to them to get the boy, but their music was on too loud like always. The car was getting real close, the boy was walking across the street. I panicked, I didn’t know what else to do so I figured I had to try and stop the truck. The truck was now on our street, so I concentrated and froze the bottom of the truck where the tires were. The tires started sketching but it still was moving forward. So I froze it more and pushed the truck to the side. The little boy got scared when he saw the big truck so close to him and fell on the floor and started crying. The car just slid over and hit the white car that was parked on the side of the street. I then quickly dissolved the ice and water from the car so no one could think it was me or something crazy. All this happened in seconds. The little boy was ok and the family heard the crash and the mother ran to get her son. The man that was driving the truck came out yelling. He didn’t know what happened. He saw the little boy on the floor and saw the mother run to go get him. He started yelling at the mother saying she needs to watch her kids better and learn how to be a real mother. He lied and said he had to drive his truck into the other car because he was trying to avoid hitting the little boy. He was so mad. His truck looked like it was brand new. It had some nice ass rims and everything. But it was messed up now. Then the relatives of the kid’s family came down and then they were all arguing with the man. They called the cops and it was a whole drama situation in full effect. It was all mad funny after that. I am glad the little boy was ok. I just went on my porch and watched the rest of the drama from there.”

Giovanni laughed, “So the man in the trucked acted as if he crashed his truck on purpose to avoid the baby that is so funny. Well looks like you’re a hero then. Water boy saved the day.” He smiled big. Then I said, “Hero? No not me, well maybe a little I guess. You are to punk. You saved that lady. That was mad cool gecko boy.” I nudge his left arm a little and wink at him. He laughs then puts his head on my right shoulder. It was so cute. I love how he snuggles on me. I can’t believe I just met him and we are already so close. I mess with his hair a little. I ran my fingers along his braids. His hair was really long. The style of his braids was really hot.

“Ya know after thinking about it, I guess it would have been easier to just fly over there and lift the boy up myself, or just lift him up with my mutated powers and move him. Then the truck wouldn’t have crashed into the other car. But oh well, the boy is ok I guess that is all that really matters. Plus they have no idea that it was me. So it’s whatever,” I said. Giovanni take his head off my shoulder and looks up at me. The he starts saying, “Yea don’t even worry about it. But flying sounds so cool. I saw on TV how some people who are mutated can fly and stuff. It must be really cool to be able to fly and go wherever you want. Just fly off into the sunset or something like that.”

Then I stood up and grabbed his hand and stood him up. I felt his scales on his hand; they really feel like snake or lizard scales. Kind of weird but cool at the same time. I had a great idea. I look over to Giovanni as we both stand at the tip of the curve of the beach walkway and tell him, “Well I don’t know about the sunset but what about the moonset?”

Giovanni looked confused. Before he could even say anything I lifted both of us up off the ground. He got real scared and grabbed onto me. He hugged me tight as I flew over the dark ocean. I flew up but not too high. We were directly in front of the moon. Then I said, "Relax chulo, I got you." He looked up at me and smiled. He turned his head left and right to take a look around. He looked down and saw how far up he was and saw the ocean beneath his feet and got a little scared again and tensed up. "Relax Giovanni relax." He relaxes himself again and looks around again. He looks up at the moon and the stars. He had a big smile on his face. I then say, "You are so beautiful."

Giovanni turns and faces me quickly. He smiles so big and I could see that he was blushing a little. It was cute, really cute. I put my hand on the side of his left cheek. I could feel a few of the scales on his face. I hold his face in my hand. I look right into his eyes. I looked at the reddish yellow color again. I pull myself closer to him. I am very nervous but I want to do this. This is too good of a romantic and cute opportunity to avoid or be afraid of. I lick my lips gently. I close my eyes. I am not sure if Giovanni closed his eyes to or is ok with this all, but I couldn't stop now.

I had to continue. I wanted to continue. I move in even closer and give him a soft and gentle kiss on his lips. I give him two more little kisses then I backed up to see his face. His eyes were still closed. He leaned in to give me a kiss, I could see his lips move forward, searching for mines but when he felt that I had backed up he opened his eyes. He smiled, and then I smiled. It was all just too damn cute. I never kissed anyone while I was flying over an ocean at night under the light of the moon and stars and I am sure Giovanni never did either. He lifted his right arm and put around the back of my head. He looked down and then back up at me and nudged my head towards him. He wanted another kiss. I watched as he closed his eyes and leaned himself toward me.

As I was about to close my eyes and kiss him, I heard a group of people walking close to us. It sounded like a bunch of teenagers or something. As I was about to look up to see who was coming, Giovanni pulled me in and kissed me. I got that tingle like feeling again so I knew Giovanni had camouflaged us again. There we were together in each others arms flying about the water, camouflaged so the people could not see us. We kissed for a few minutes. It was a good kissing session. I love the way his lips felt. This was just all too good to be true. Here I am experiencing what might be the cutest and romantic kiss I ever had in my life.

Giovanni then leaned back. He smiled but kept looking down. He looked as if he was shy about what just happened. I grabbed his chin and lifted his face up so I could see his gorgeous eyes. He is so cute. I fly us back down as we are holding hands. We reach the curve of the beach walkway and start walking to the beginning of the beach. We didn't say anything to each other. We just hold each others hand and walk side by side. We both were still smiling. When we reach the beginning of the beach we both stop. We turn and face each other.

"So, Giovanni are you going to give me your number or what chulo?" I ask him as a put on a little smirk on my face. He said, "Duh, you know I am." We both then pull out are cell phones and exchange numbers. I store his number in my cell phone and then tell him, "You better call me tomorrow punk. If not, I will freeze your whole house and you

will be living in an igloo.” We both laugh and then Giovanni says, “Of course I am going to call you, I am going to be your new stalker Orlando. You aren’t going to be able to get rid of me.” He then winks at me and smiles. I said, “Oh damn, I am going to have to call the cops huh?” He replies, “If you do, they won’t be able to see or catch me. So it would not matter anyways.”

I give him a big hug and then one more small kiss on his forehead. “So how you getting home Giovanni? Do you live close to here?” I ask him. He replies, “Well I am going to jump and crawl against houses and buildings. That is how I get around now. I live a few blocks away from here so I should be home in no time.” I look behind as I hear another car drive past us. “Well ok, that is cool. Do ya thang boy. I am going to fly home. So yea I will be waiting for your call. Don’t forget me,” I say as I start lifting myself up in the air.

He looks up at me as I fly higher. “I won’t forget you Orlando. I will definitely holla at you. Be good and good night,” he says as he jumps up and climbs up the telephone pole. He then jumps across the street onto another telephone pole. He turns to look at me and winks. He jumps again real high this time and lands on the side of some apartment building and crawls to the top of the roof and disappears as he runs across the roof. I smile and continue to fly home. So much goes through my mind about tonight. I can’t believe that I actually found someone. I cannot even believe that he is also a mutated which makes it even cooler. I am so excited about this night, about Giovanni. I really hope we get to know each other better and get to be something more than friends. Even if we don’t, at least I have a new cool cute mutated buddy. I am hoping for the best, this does look promising. I think we are going to be something. We are going to be something more than just friends which is great. I have a feeling about this time. I feel and think that he is the one. I keep smiling as I fly over my hometown.

I shake my head and tell myself to stop thinking so much about it. I need to relax and take things slow. So what if he seems so perfect and beautiful. You never know what might happen. I decide that I will try and take it slow, date first and see how it goes. But I already know how I am. I fall too fast. I just hope if I do fall quickly, he does to.

I finally make it to where my house is. I land at the corner across the street from the store. The store was closed now. I can see that the clerk didn’t even bother to clean up the glass that great. There were still a lot of pieces on the floor. He did board up the window though. I kind of feel a little bad now. Few seconds later pass, and yea I am over it. I remembered I still had the chocolate bar in my front pocket. I make my way towards my house. I have such a huge smile on my face. I can’t seem to stop thinking about the night. I can’t get Giovanni out my head. He really is beautiful, and better yet he seems like a good hearted person. Someone like that is very hard to find now a day. I am happy.

It is still cool, calm, and quite outside. Silence is broken by my damn neighbor’s little rat face dog. I hate that dog. It’s the size of a cat but barks like a pit-bull. It’s more like a screechy whiney pit-bull. A dog you have to learn to love I guess. I open the gate that will lead me to my front yard. I go up the few steps and unlock the door. I make my way in and run upstairs. I go to my room and I see my bed and all I want to do is jump right on it. I land hard and roll on my back and just hug all my pillows that I can grab. I

squeeze them tight. I hold on to them, just imaging that I am holding Giovanni again. I can still feel him in my arms. I can still smell him.

I grab my cell phone from my front pocket. I flip it open and find Giovanni's number on my address book. Another smile covers my whole excited face. Just seeing his name on my cell phone screen makes butterflies have Mortal Kombat in my stomach. I kiss my cell phone screen with such joy in my heart. I realize what I did right after and laugh. "I am such a dork, but hey at least I am a happy dork." I edit his name on my address book and put a space in the front of his name. Therefore his name will become the first name on my address book which will make it a little faster for me to find him, to call him, to listen to his voice, and feel happier.

I want to call him right now this very second and tell him everything I am thinking, tell him everything I am feeling, tell him everything I wish and hope that might become. I hold myself back. I don't want to over do it now. I have to relax and hold some of these emotions inside for now since it is kind of a little too early for me to be feeling all these emotions anyway. But I do feel them and it's beautiful. He is beautiful. I am happy, so damn happy. I love feeling so excited about something about someone that could be the one. He could be, Giovanni might be the one for me, the real one, and the true one.

I might be getting ahead of myself, but who cares. I want to live in the moment and the moment now is me and him. I never had so many emotions and feelings so quick, so very fast take over me and make me shiver with happiness. It is kind of scary. He might be an asshole tomorrow and scratch my heart. It might all go down and deep in the ground. But I always been optimistic, shit the grass is green in my yard tonight. All that matters is this moment, for now. I got to hold someone beautiful tonight. I got his number and it is the first in my address book. It is the first in my heart. I decide to send him a text message. I figured it was a way I can contact him again tonight, but yet it's still something settle.

What to say, what to write? I want to say something cute, something that will make him smile one last time before he falls asleep. I want him to read something that will stay in his mind and will hopefully cast me as the main character in his dream tonight. Then again I don't want to be too sappy with it. I bang my finger nail on the cell phone screen as I think of what to write. I type, "I can't wait to see your beautiful eyes again, and I can't wait to see you smile again. Thank you for making my day. You better call me tomorrow punk. \*hugs\* Good night my gecko cutie." I click send and just smile. The lights are off and I am lying on my bed looking upwards at the invisible ceiling.

My cell phone is ringing. I quickly pick it back up from my pillow. I already knew it was him. Who else would call me so late? I flip the cell phone over and see that it was Giovanni but it was just a text message. It was a reply. He said, "thank you for making my day, thank you for holding me, that you for making me feel happy again, thank you for saving me. I am going to call you tomorrow, of course I am. \*muah\* Good night my flying water boy."

The smile that overtakes my face is ridiculous. I think my cheeks are going to hurt

tomorrow from smiling too much tonight. Pain that is welcomed since the reason for it is such great happiness that makes me want to scream. I grab my body pillow and hug it so hard. Kind of dorky, but that's me. A happy dork that is smiling in the darkness of his room with one thought in his head. Single thought of holding someone he just met a few shorts hours ago. Someone that's puts a glow in my soul and makes everything in my room, my world, my life al better again. I breathe in a deep long sigh. The thrill and chills of a new crush is the best feeling ever. It gives someone, it gives me so much hope and happiness that I would finally be able to have someone to be with. Someone that I might finally get to care for and to fall in love with.

This all just seems too good to be true. I always thought it took so much more to feel this way. I thought you needed to be with someone for a long time in order to catch feelings like this. I thought you had to put effort and work with someone before you actually feel the way that I am feeling right now. I feel so lucky; I was at the right place at the right time. I got to meet someone great. Someone that might change my life, and I might get to change his life in return. A great even exchange that we both will be able to provide for one another.

I reread the text message one more time. One more smile before I go to bed. "Thank you for saving me?" I didn't know what he meant by that. I got confused for a few seconds. Maybe he meant save him from being alone and sad? I am happy I was able to do that for him. Actually I guess he saved me as well. My loneliness and sadness ran for the hills, thanks to Giovanni.

I roll over in my bed. I pull my soft pillow close to me and wrap my right arm around it. I remember flying over the ocean while holding him under the stars and moon light. I remember his smile, his beautiful face. I remember the way he looked at me when I first stopped him and told him he was beautiful. I remember the look on his face when I kissed him. I remember how his body felt in my arms. It was all just too damn cute. "I can't wait to hear his voice again tomorrow." I close my eyes, smile one last time, and fall asleep.