

## **The Transmogrification by Mohammad Khan**

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It's 8 pm and I'm finishing up my Spanish homework before class tomorrow morning. The yellow fluorescent casted my homework in dull yellow haze. My eyes blurred the words and lines. It's almost 2 am.

I shut off the light and head to bed. I slept normally but when I woke up it was anything but normal.

When I woke up, I couldn't move and my eye sight was different. It wasn't binocular as usual, two eyes but everything was squished in a circle. Like I could see in a radius but only towards the ceiling. Half of my vision was covered by a blanket and the other half stared at the ceiling.

The sunlight traveled across the ceiling as lie immobile and mute.

"Ralph, Ralph, Ralph!", shouts mom. "It's almost 9 am. You're late for school." I hear her footsteps coming up the stairs. "Ralph", she says opening the door. "I called you fifteen times. What —". She stops cold.

I can't see her, but I can hear her as she shouts for my father to get up here.

"What's going — " He also stopped talking. "Where's Ralph?"

I thought they couldn't see me. My father's hand reaches for my blanket, pulls off the cover, and stood back.

"I don't see Ralph", says mom. "Just a —"

"He's a doughnut. A goddamn sprinkled chocolate doughnut."

"Well what do we do?"

"He can't go to school."

"But they're not going to believe that he's been turned into a doughnut."

And then my sister, Stephanie, rushes in holding a ringing phone. "Mom, the school is calling about Ral— What happened to Ralph?"

"Your brother's a doughnut", says my father nonchalantly. "So we tell them he's a doughnut."

"But they're not going to believe that."

"I know", said my father. "I just want to see what they say." Stephanie leaves the room with the phone.

Then I heard a slap. My father picked up a sprinkle that fell off of me and my mom must've slapped his hand away.

"Don't eat him", says my mom sternly.

"Whaaat? He can't feel it. He's a doughnut."

"You don't know that. He could be alive", she replies.

Stephanie rushes back in. "The school nurse is on the way and I called an ambulance. How's he doing?"

“Still a doughnut”, says dad.

Then I felt part of my body crack and part of my doughnut body began to fall off but Stephanie caught me. I winced in pain as the blistering crack tore through my body, but no one heard me.

“he’s falling apart, we need to do something.”

“I know no one wants to hear this”, starts dad, “but we could eat him.” And we froze. Even my dad frozen, couldn’t believe what he said just said.

Even I froze, trying to prevent cracks from propagating even more.

Later the school nurse and the paramedic arrive.

“I can’t believe your son’s an actual doughnut”, says the nurse. “He can have the time off.”

“Is there anything you can do”, pleads Stephanie.

“I can’t”, says the nurse. He walks to me and lifts off a piece and examines it. “But I can run some tests.”

“I’ve only seen one other case”, starts the paramedic. “But I know where I can take him.”

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Then Stephanie and the paramedic take me to a gray care facility. It looked like a warehouse but was an advanced facility on the inside with people in lab coats.

The paramedic brings a doctor over.

“Yes”, says the doctor. “Bring him over here. We have similar cases.”

Stephanie holds me in her arms as we follow the doctor. “How many similar cases”, she asks.

We walk through a hallway of glasses containers on all sides. Doctors working with large foods, animals, and regular people.

“We have cases of people waking up as food, animals. Some believing they were in a story and woke up with no identity, those are the more benign ones.”

“Animals like what?”

The doctor points to a large shelled stink bug behind a glass container. “Gregor woke up as a bug. been like that since the 1900s.” She walks another container. “Phil here was woke up in a log cabin until he saw all of reality crumble around him and forgot who he was entirely.”

“Will Ralph be ok here?”

“Of course. We have the best treatment.” The doctor opens a glass room. “Put him here and I’ll get Dr. Collins.”

She leaves me and Stephanie alone in the room.

Stephanie places me on a single metal chair sits in the middle of the room.

“It’ll be ok”, says Stephanie. “You’ll get better.”

Dr. Collins walks in carrying a large toolbox. “Hello”, he says. “Wow. It is a large doughnut. And I thought Lisa was kidding. How you doin kiddo?”

“His name is Ralph.”

“Sure it is. Look, I’m gonna need the room. You can visit him again in 2 weeks.”

“2 weeks? He’ll be ok by then?”

“Maybe. We can never tell.” Collins takes out a large needle and saw from the toolbox.

“Will it hurt?”

“No. We haven’t found evidence that they can feel pain. Ron will be fine.”

“Ralph.”

“Right. He’ll be fine”, said Collins. “Now please leave.”

I tried moving, screaming, anything to urge Stephanie to stay, but I could make no sound.

This would be the last time I see Stephanie.

As Collins injects me with the needle and begins sawing, a bone shattering pain traveled across me.

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“And that’s how I got here”, says Ralph sitting in a circle of other similar anomalies of broccoli, a stink bug, and other assortments of food and animals. A translator is hooked to Ralph’s doughnut body as a Phil walks up to him and removes it.

“That’s very good Ralph. Glad you could be with us”, says Phil. “Now, would anyone else like to try the new translator?”