

Curiosity

A Writer's Digest Photo Caption Contest Story: WDs supplies a picture (700 word maximum)



What would it feel like to be as carefree as Daisy? Samantha had asked herself that question countless times as she sat near her favorite window, arms around her trusty dog Daisy, pondering life on the street outside. A life of not having to worry about history homework or the girls at lunch that made fun of her and dad. Just the simplicity of a happy dog's life. Food. Play. Sleep. Repeat.

Her mind drifted back to the one thing she cherished the most about her furry friend: a curiosity about how the world works that got them in trouble more often than not. She even trained the dog to quietly fetch her presents from under the Christmas tree, the early peek inside temporarily abating her thirst to unhide that which was hidden. The memories made her laugh... or at least she tried to laugh while strange sounds escaped her throat. She looked up, startled. That was going to take some getting used to.

Her jog down memory lane rewound to the events of the previous night in her father's workshop. The main room of the workshop was just like any other room in their home, interior design that had not been touched since the house was built in the seventies, but with cool gadgets and electronics. There was one door to the adjacent room that seemed suspiciously out of place. It gleamed metallic and new,

with an impressive digital keypad above the handle. Her father avoided talking about the door, usually resorting to vague brush-offs like "That's unfinished work Sammy. Someday I'll show you."

But that night, his answer was different. Her dad looked up from his papers, more distant than usual, and said, "Your body is just a box to keep your brain in." Upon seeing Samantha's bewildered look, he smiled. "Let's talk about this tomorrow. Things are about to change for us Sammy. People won't look at your old man as a failure to science... not anymore." Her father's statement that night pushed her curiosity past the breaking point. She just had to know. No more waiting.

The late-night snores of her father let her know it was time to act. She snuck down and entered the numbers found in her father's notebook into the glowing keypad. The door opened, revealing a massive rack of servers and panels. Near the servers were two human sized tubes with an opening in front. Daisy succumbed to excitement first, darting into one of the tubes and began sniffing around methodically. The glass door on the tube whirled shut behind Daisy. "Daisy no!" she blurted out running after her.

Samantha's legs engaged before her brain fully processed her surroundings. Right as a computerized voiced intoned "B Capsule is now ready", Samantha tripped over cables while running to Daisy's rescue. She tumbled downwards and into the open tube. The door to the second tube swung shut, sealing it tight. "A Capsule is now ready. Initiating bi-directional transfer".

From here, Samantha vainly attempted to recall the moments following. A bright flash, then darkness. She remembered waking up, the door to the tube open, and her head reeling. She painfully crawled on all fours through the door and out of the lab. The morning light slowly began to clear the cobwebs as she climbed on the seat by her familiar windowsill. While wracking her brain for information, a shuffling noise to her right startled her. She looked over to see... herself? Her tongue out, panting. Eyes filled with wild, loving abandon. She continued to watch as her body climbed up on all fours to the window seat and nuzzled up next to the side of her. Then her body licked her face. Her furry face.

"Your body is just a box to keep your brain in." Her father's words rush back to her, echoing in her head. The plodding sound of her father's feet announce his morning journey down the stairs, causing her fuzzy ears to perk up. "Hey Sammy! I'm thinking pancakes for breakfast! What'cha think kiddo?"

Her reflexive attempt at "Sure Dad!" comes out resembling "Arf Arf!". This was going to be a long day.