

I had only just arrived in the deepest part of the Amazonian Rainforest, where I was conducting a bit of research during my visit. A cluster of wild bananas caught my attention. It was unlike any I'd ever seen before. "This is fascinating! I wonder if this type of banana has ever been discovered?" I said, cleaning my glasses with a small wiping cloth.

Before I knew what I was doing, I found myself reaching out for one of the wild bananas and peeled it, taking a bite out of the wild fruit. "This banana...taste...*good!*" I said thickly, not realizing what was beginning to happen to me. My thoughts seemed a bit unfocused, a bit dazed...almost...*primal*. I unconsciously took another bite of my banana, not noticing that my muscles were strengthening and thickening.

"What...happening...to...me?" I said slowly, scratching my head in confusion, like a gorilla would. My teeth began to sharpen into fangs, while the buttons on my shirt began popping off one by one. My body pulsed with newly strengthened muscles. I felt immensely uncomfortable in the strange constricting pieces of human clothing, which made me itch all over. I felt my humanity slipping away, my mind deteriorating. All I could think about was...*the jungle*. I smacked my lips, taking yet another huge bite out of the fruit held in my thickening hands.

I fought hard to regain my clarity of the surroundings, and for a moment I saw what was gradually happening to my body. "Huh? What's happening to me? I...didn't...want...th-this," I said shakily, falling into a clouded state of mind. Everything felt...*different*. I could hardly remember where I was or *who* I was. I scratched my head once again, struggling to regain conscious and rational thought.

Just as I was about to gain consciousness, a voice came from my right. "Not so fast, gorilla. Stop your pitiful resistance. It's only humiliating you even further. You've eaten the sacred fruit and now you must join the Jungle. No one who eats of that fruit is allowed to escape this rainforest unchanged," the smooth voice said, and I looked around for the source of who'd spoken.

“W-who...are...y-you? What are you doing to me?” I stuttered, every word costing me my humanity. A black panther stepped out from the shadows and walked up to me. The panther went behind me and lifted a claw up to my coat, raking a line through the seams, ripping it open. With an odd tingle, my back burst with new muscles, feeling unexpectedly liberated from restricting clothing.

I sighed in relaxation, my eyes clouding over. “Yes...that feels much better now, doesn’t it, gorilla?” the panther said, and I felt myself slipping away. I looked over through the daze and blearily saw my arm being slowly covered in black fur. I hardly cared much....hardly cared for anything at all. The last traces of my humanity faded away, and I felt oddly liberated by this realization.

The panther effortlessly slid a claw through the seams of the former human’s remaining clothes, allowing for black fur to poke in between the openings. The near finished gorilla was showing no signs of humanity, or conscious thought. The panther smiled, as the transformation came to a finish. The newly transformed gorilla came out of the hypnotic spell the bananas had cast on him, looking around with different eyes.

The only remaining evidence of the former human left was the broken glasses that had been damaged during the transformation. The panther picked these up and buried them underneath the forest floor, where nobody would ever find it again. This was the law of the Amazon: No one who eats the sacred and forbidden fruit could escape unchanged. As the gorilla lumbered away, a stray piece of torn fabric slid off the side of his broad back, falling into a rushing creek, and was carried far away. The panther walked away, not looking back at the gorilla.