

Starting off, Micropop was a young fellow that lived in a neglectful family. He was often locked in his room and under no circumstances could he leave the house, unless his mother kicked him out. He would receive harsh punishments for small mistakes he'd make.

His mother especially disliked him due to being born...slightly differently. He was born with a much longer tail and had health problems, such as asthma. He always acted slightly different, which the mother held a lot of disdain for, not pleased that he couldn't be same as the other kids, like his sister. That is because he has undiagnosed autism.

The mother kept Micropop locked in his room, to prevent people from seeing his "ugliness", and telling him it's to "protect him" from the outside world. She also often didn't take care of him well, only giving him beet juice as nutrition, it was thick, so technically it was also food. He was left malnourished, and ended up skinny and pretty short, but not that short, because he was born in a family of pretty tall people.

Speaking of, where's his father? Well...long story. His father had suddenly "disappeared" when Micropop was two. Or at least, that's what Micropop was told. The truth is, the mother had done something vile. She was told that her husband may have been having an affair with another man by one of her co-workers, which, the allegation was...sort of false. I will explain more later. Hearing this, she only felt fury, betrayed. In a fit of rage and impulse, she marched home, grabbing the screwdriver from the shed. With this, she approached her husband and stabbed him in the eye seven times, ending in his death. Then, she realized what she did, guilt building up as anger also happened to build up. Why? She felt it was Micropop's fault. But the poor dude was just a baby at the time, he was two. But she blamed everything on him, ever since he was born. She thought that because, when he was born, she had to move jobs and ended up here, and she thought if she didn't end up here she wouldn't have found out about this. Truly a monster, blaming everything on Micropop. With this, she ended up having a truly disgusting plan. She grabbed a saw and separated the father in multiple pieces and cooked him into some delicious steak. To not cause suspicion, she gave the steak to homeless people, as an act of "kindness". His disappearance was unknown, as she removed all evidence and forged a fake "missing" document, that lead everyone to think he suddenly went missing and never came back. With this, she became even more of a monster, mistreating her children and thinking she's superior, able to do that. Along with that, she ended up mistreating herself too. Smoking, drinking and not washing herself.

Micropop was told that smoking and drinking is healthy for her, which he believed. But he was aware that stealing is bad, and that his mother was stealing cigarettes and alcohol. He knew they were poor, so he assumed she was stealing those to take care of herself with the misfortune of having to steal, which was all a lie. She was stealing for the fun of it. But, because of this fact, Micropop had started to steal stuff around the house, except he actually experienced the guilt of it.

When Micropop turned six, his mother started having problems with her vision in her left eye. She loved her daughter so much, she couldn't risk her having bad vision! So, she sacrificed Micropop. He was manipulated into thinking it was to make his sight better, when it was the opposite. They ended up going to a sketchy person, who was not medically professional.

The guy ended up performing a botched surgery on the two, swapping Micropop's right eye with his mother's left eye. Both now having unnatural "heterochromia", as I like to call it. Both their eyes were different colours now, because the mother had dark brown eyes, while Micropop had hazel-green eyes. Scars remained under their eyes, which was stitched, but they never actually went to get it unstitched. But, when Micropop had done a mistake slowly after the surgery, the mother unstitched his scar in a moment of fury. Now, Micropop is

forced to stitch his scar back with staples. It often gets infected, but he deals with the pain, somehow.

He was often given medicine, which he assumed was to make him feel better, and that it had side effects, but it was all a lie. He was given benzodiazepine every night, which was not meant for him. It gave him all the wrong effects and made him feel even worse.

Micropop also often had hallucinations, but the thing is, he was also a medium. One of his most common hallucination was of his father, but being aware of his peculiar self and that he could communicate with spirits, he always assumed it was his father watching over him, but he was actually just hallucinating everything. Unaware that it was all fake. Poor Micropop.

He is also very often mistreated by his sister. But, the sister was manipulated into thinking that her mother's behaviour was normal, she ended up being a bit like her. She had no way of knowing how she acts, right? Her mother gaslighted her into thinking that being mean and constantly giving orders is normal, because that's exactly what she thought too. Deep behind the sister's mind, she was very reluctant on acting like her mother. She knew something was wrong. But she didn't know what. She often barged in Micropop's room and forced him to do her work, despite him not having an education and not understanding the work. He could barely read, but writing and doing the work? Whew, this sister had too many expectations. She often called him names and slapped him when he'd refuse. She was only a few years older than him, but she thought of herself as the best. Micropop assumed that anyone older than him was better and wiser, so he shrugged it off and assumed it was normal. He didn't grow up to act like them because he found it a bit hurtful, he admits, and he wanted to be sweeter and more patient than them!

It's unfortunate he thinks the behaviour of his family is normal and the behaviour of nicer families, actual normal families are unhealthy and odd.

The mother is planning to kick out Micropop when he's eighteen. She wishes for that moment to come quicker, cause she can't handle her son. What a monster. Being as bi-polar as she is, she manipulates Micropop into thinking she loves him and that she's just moody sometimes, when she's just a monster.

Back to Micropop's mistakes, his long tail often causes him to knock over stuff and accidentally hit somebody, when this happens, the mother either unstitches his scar, pulls his hair, slaps him, many other vile stuff or kicks him out of the house for a few days. Micropop often causes mishaps on purpose just so he can leave the house and see the sun and outside world for at least a short time. He doesn't care about the gangs or the judging people, he just wants to feel the fresh air and for the sun rays to hit his body. Unfortunately, he hasn't got much warmth, often leading to colds when he comes back home and having to deal with them for a while, because he doesn't take medicine.

One time, Micropop sneaked out of his room and saw old photos of his mother and his father, together, so happy. They were all covered in dust. He wondered what happened. He wondered if they caused them to separate, or for him to disappear. He often feels guilty for it. Now, for appearances...

Micropop is five foot three and has some big, beady eyes. His right eye being a beautiful, dark brown as his left eye is a glowy, hazel green. He's got some luscious eyelashes, too! He likes keeping his fur, or, well, hair, long, rarely ever cutting it. But, his nails tend to be longer because he hasn't got any nail cutters. His clothes are hand-me-downs from relatives, a dark gray tee that's a bit too big for him and some orange shorts. His iconic tail, that's a bit too long. It fluffs up when he experiences strong emotion, just like his sister's tail! This genetic trait was passed down from their father. His nose is also a bit big, which is another genetic trait passed down from his dad. Unfortunately, he has a ton of scars on his body

caused by mishaps and fights he's been in. He's also quite skinny due to malnourishment. His fabulous green crocs were given to him by his cousin when they came over to deliver some mail to the mother! They've resisted for multiple years, somehow!

His mother thinks his tooth gap is ugly, and he's grown up with a teeth insecurity.

Micropop is thirteen years old.

His sister is a proud girl. Fifteen, and five foot seven! Quite tall, of course. She grew up healthy, unlike Micropop. But, due to poor living conditions, she doesn't have great hygiene. Her hair is often a bit greasy. Speaking of, she has short, blond hair, that glows in the light of the sun! She holds it just right with her cute pink hair clips that are the same shade as her shoes! She likes to steal nail polish from the mother and make her nails all pretty. She has amber eyes that were passed down from her grandpa. The sister mainly wears a certain dress that looks like a medical gown, inspired by her mother's fashion back in the day.

As mentioned earlier, her tail fluffs up, like Micropop's. Her weight is average, slightly pudgy, even.

Her name is actually Opal. She is fifteen years old.

And now, his disgusting mother. A tall lady, about five foot eleven and underweight due to forgetting to feed herself often. She has quite a few wrinkles and she often has eyebags under her droopy eyes. One trait she shares with Micropop is monolids. She is of Japanese descent and this trait has been passed down from her father. Speaking of eyes, she wears glasses!

She has long, black hair that is unusually clean. That is because she brushes it a total of fifty-six times, it takes her a while. Ever since she murdered the father, she refused to cut her hair anymore for unknown reasons. She often wears clothes that look like that of a shrine maiden, due to her mother formerly being one before marrying. Her shoes don't match the rest of her outfit though, them being turquoise coloured loafers. Another trait is that the mother has OCD and is bi-polar. Every full moon she dresses up like how she did back in the day and puts on some pretty makeup. To remember the old times when she was happy with the father. Her name is Caroline, last name Rosewood, which she was labeled as after marrying her husband. Her old surname was Goldie. The kids have the Rosewood surname, though. She is forty-six years old.

What about the father? Of course!

A tall man, but not as tall as the mother. He was five foot ten and had a dad bod. A bit zesty, I must admit. I would believe those rumours about him, to be honest. Some lovely jeans, a luscious belt, and his peach polo shirt! He also wore glasses, which made him look zestier, somehow. He had a bit of facial hair and he always looked quite tired, despite being so energetic.

The amount of dad jokes he had was insane.

With him, the family would've been healthy. Too bad the mother caused her and his own downfall.

His actual name is Hilo Rosewood. He would've been forty-four present time, at the time of his death he was thirty-three.

He was known to love donuts.

Now, present time.

Micropop was gifted a radio player on his 11th birthday. Ever since, he's found out many different artists he likes, one being Jack Stauber. His favourite songs were all from him, and he relates to many of them. The radio player is very old though, and everything sounds quite distorted. He gets to listen to the news through the device and it was his only form of entertainment, until a few weeks ago when he found an old phone that had no password. His

eyes lit up and he decided to... "borrow" it. From there, he made a twitter account so he could communicate with people from his town. He has made very good friends, eventually ending up with almost fifty followers.

Micropop ended up messaging some, and from there it all went downhill, and also uphill.

A list of people he ended up very close with, that he formed close bonds with were... Brat, a sibling figure, Ethan, a brotherly figure, Tool, a fatherly figure and Robby, his crush. A crush he thinks is forbidden, as he grew up to the words his mother said about same-gender relationships, negative words. He thinks he should be banished for liking someone of the same gender.

One time, Micropop ended up being able to reach the window in his room, but right when he wanted to climb down, he fell out the window! A fellow guy that passed by managed to catch him, Tool. Micropop has been grateful ever since and sees him as the father figure he never got to have when he grew up.

One day, when he was kicked out, he sneaked inside the local school and stole some art books. He felt guilty of stealing, so he confessed to a teacher that happened to be on the same platform, and he didn't have any consequences! He ended up liking to draw and he liked making works of his favourite people.

Then, he started to communicate with the others through messages. And just like that, he learned the wrong doings of his mother and sister. He didn't know how to feel. He felt devastated and scared, he didn't know what to do.

But, one day, the topic of his father came up. He was always so confused on how he died and he wanted to find out the secret. He was scared, because other theorized that his mother had killed the father. Oh, he's so unaware...

He ended up sneaking out of his room at night by lockpicking the lock on his door and going into his mother's room. He ended up finding something truly vile. A photo of the crime scene with the father having a screwdriver impaled in his eyes, covered in a pool of blood. He understood almost everything. This was all his mother's doing. He didn't know what she did with the body, but he didn't wanna know. It was enough to know she was a murderer. He wanted to warn his sister, but he couldn't. He was always locked in his room and she almost never came inside to visit. He wanted to tell her, somehow. But Micropop knew he couldn't find a way to.

Something odd happened after the incident that night. The mother started acting very weird, manic even. She had grown an emotional bond over a screwdriver and she giggled a bit too often, which she never did. Then, every night, Micropop started to feel a presence outside his door, as if it was waiting for him.

After a few of those creepy nights, he finally got the guts to leave the room, only to be met with those seven screwdriver impalements. This time, well, ironically, in his gut. He couldn't say anything. He was too surprised to feel that. He quickly fainted.

The mother was the culprit again, this time. She felt evil. But proud. An awful pride in what she did. She decided to showcase his corpse on the streets, by placing his body on a bench. And, slowly, everyone got to find out. Ethan and Robby's poor Poppy. Tool's so-called son figure, and Brat's younger brother figure. He was on the bench, bleeding out. Many people had arrived and saw the scene, and the ambulance was called.

A major mistake that the mother forgot is she didn't hit a lethal spot. Despite having been stabbed multiple times, it didn't make him die automatically. Due to the ambulance, he ended up alive, fortunately.

So many were happy to hear that, especially his closest friends.

Everyone eventually got to see Micropop at the hospital. Emotional and filled with anxiety,

they only felt relief when they saw him wake up.

Micropop started crying, both because of the pain and also because of joy to see everyone there. He was so happy to have people care about him.

In a moment of adrenaline, Micropop had the "gut"...if you get what I mean...to confess to Robby. Surprisingly, Robby reciprocated the feeling, which Micropop didn't expect.

As he slowly started to heal, the doctor at the hospital told him about the many other health problems he had, such as asthma. His friends got together and bought him an inhaler, Micropop has never been so happy.

But...What happened to the sister? When she heard the commotion at night, she left her room and was shocked to see the scene. She quickly fled, contemplating her life and suddenly everything crashed down on her. The death of her father, her mother's actions, everything. It was so sudden, why did it appear to her just now? Maybe it was a sign. It was a sign that told her to escape and that she has to fix herself, and become a better sister. But where was she supposed to go? Her brother was...dead...right? Her eyes were wide as she hid in the shed, hearing her mother's footsteps. Her heart dropped. She didn't know where to go. She grabbed the nearest weapon, which was a shovel. When the mother barged in, she screamed and hit her head with it. This made the mother fall, passing out. While Opal had the time, she fled towards the nearest bench, only to find a crowd of people around it. That's when she saw her brother, injured, showcased on the bench. She was disgusted. Not at Micropop, but at her mother's actions. Her whole behaviour all these years were built on the mother's brainwashing. In the back of her mind, she knew something was wrong. But she didn't know what. As her brother was rushed to the hospital, she just...contemplated. She thought of what might happen next. Will her mother find her? How can she redeem herself? She fell on her knees and started having a breakdown, as the others left. She felt so guilty for all she did, but she knows she can barely redeem herself, because her behaviour was inexplicable. The sister just...thought the mother was always right. It was all a lie.

Brainwashed, gaslighted and manipulated all these years. By her own mother. She held disdain for that woman, and a deep regret inside her for falling for her tricks and treating her brother like hell.

Not knowing what to do, she walked to the nearest store and hung around it all night.

In the morning, her brother was everywhere. Newspapers, newlines, articles, everywhere. She was more than relieved to hear her brother was alright, but now, how was she gonna get to him? How is she gonna apologize? Is she ever gonna get forgiven? Maybe not, she knew that, but she was just glad to hear her brother was okay. All she needed was to see him alright and she was more relieved than ever. She understood she may not be forgiven, she knew her actions, and thus, she decided to redeem herself.

But...What happened to Caroline? Where did she go? When she woke up from her unconscious state a bit after, she only felt rage. She felt betrayed, how dare her favourite child be so disloyal to her? She got up. She knew what to do. The mother rushed into the house and sat in front of her mirror. She was manic, she was giggling, slowly going insane. She knew what to do, something disgusting.

Caroline will take on another identity. She has been waiting for this moment for years, aware it would come sometime.

The mother looked in her series of hair dyes and hurriedly grabbed a blond hair dye.

She gave herself an entirely different identity the whole night. She dyed her hair blond, cut it into a pixie cut...which she hated to do, as she cut off..."memories", one would call. Instead of brushing it, she fluffed it up, a total of eight times. She made her bangs shorter to not give it away. She put on amber contact lenses, not too different from her actual eye colour, so it

seems believable. She actually put on makeup. Everyone in town knew her as the natural, ugly, woman. Now, who was she? Fake eyelashes? Eccentric eyeliner? Lipstick? Not Caroline, right?

She kept her fashion the same, so it seemed believable. If she was the complete opposite, it would break her facade! Grabbing a pair of penny loafers and a flower print dress, she wrapped a cross necklace around her neck. She knew what she had to do.

Renaming herself to Polly Goldie. Finally, she can return to her old name...

"Polly's" plan now was to thrash the house, to make it seem like someone broke in and hurt her children. She grinned to herself, she was aware of how much of a monster she was, and she loved it.

She fled out of the house, seeing if there was anyone around. She took a suitcase she prepared for herself, pretending to leave town.

The plan was working. All she needed to do now was to take revenge.

Thank you for reading! I look forward to making it longer!