

Sold to the Circus

Mom always said that if I ate too many bananas I would turn into a monkey. I never listened.

Since I was young, I always liked bananas. I would eat them for breakfast, I would eat them for Lunch, and even eat them for dinner. I only ever ate bananas. Mom always said that If I ate too many bananas, I'd turn into a monkey and be sold into the circus, but of course, I didn't listen. And for years I just kept eating bananas.

Everything was up until a few years ago, when my skin color started to slowly turn a light shade of yellow. At first I thought nothing of it, but when it didn't stop, that's when I realized I have an issue. I looked everywhere for information and answers about my skin, but I couldn't find anything or anyone to help. All throughout my panicking I didn't stop eating bananas, and I never stopped to think about the effects of my habit. Almost a year after living with this curse, I learned to accept it and live with it.

A few years later, I was still eating bananas. Everything seemed fine, except for my skin, which still hasn't changed back. I then started noticing I was losing my ability to speak, and I started showing severe symptoms of ADHD. My grades started plummeting and I couldn't sit down. I couldn't listen. I couldn't stop moving. My mom keeps jokingly saying that I'm turning into a monkey and says she's going to sell me to the circus. She keeps suggesting that I stop eating bananas. Once again, I don't listen to her.

At age 12 I started to grow massive amounts of dark hair. My mom took me to get shaved, but it fully grows back in only a couple of days. We now have hired our own personal barber to help me.

"Nothing the circus money won't fix. Maybe you should stop eating those bananas", my mom says.

It's no longer a funny joke.

I'm going to bed. I've had pains everywhere on my body all day long and your jokes aren't helping." I respond. I head off to my room for some sleep, hoping that when I wake up, this nightmare ends.

I wake up to the sound of laughing. I'm no longer on my bed, It feels like in its place I'm lying on concrete ground. I push myself off the ground and start to head in the direction of my room's door. My room is now cold and dark. I can't see. Lights flash on above me and the laughing gets louder. I turn around to see an entire stand full of people laughing at me. I don't understand what they find so funny. I look down at my hands, and see they no longer are the normal yellow color, they are now covered in hair. I try to tell the crowd to stop laughing, but I've now completely lost the ability to speak, my words are filled with cries from a monkey. I start to panic. I turn around ready to hide myself, but more lights flash on. There are more monkeys. They all start running at me. I run and hide myself behind a plastic play house that was set on the stage.

It's been more than a month since I arrived here. Every day I convince myself this is just a terrible dream. The other monkeys knew I was different, and they often bullied me. Everything like this stayed the same for months, until one day I saw a familiar face. It was my mom. She was looking directly at me from in the stands, and she was laughing. I thought she was here to save me. After the circus show was finished, she started walking towards me. I kept trying to say "Take me home" and "Please help", but nothing came out. Once she reached the bars she grabbed the bars and got close to me.

She then whispered, "I told you." And then she then walked out of the tent.

A year later, I've learned to accept that I am a monkey, and there's nothing I can do to fix that. I've learned to live with it. The monkeys still treat me the same. I'm not talked to by any of the other animals, and I've learned to deal with that as well. Everyday, I sit next to the bars, and wait for someone to help me.