

## CHAPTER 01

Morning of Tuesday at High School of Aether and the students already thinking on the Winter weekend. The beginning of classes is being divided between excitement and exhaustion mainly because the Winter never looks to be a good season to study around of snow falling weak and the desire to keep sleeping under a warmed blanket. Snow and cold never look good to study.

On this first week of March, a new student is coming to study at this new and big school accompanied by his friend and colleague Wrastor. Feeling shy by the huge size of structure, the deer turned his head to Wrastor tht looked to *cool* and confident with the ambient.

– I didn't know the school is so big – at entrance of gates commented the deer still amazed with the size.

– You are only seeing the smallest part, dude – Wrastor poked his left arm while accompanies him. – You will see more than this elegant entrance.

It's funny to see Wrastor using black glasses so *style*, his hairstyle to the side and his clothes looking elegant while the deer with name of Cosme is the classic red All-Stars, a navy-blue cozy coat and pants where he hides his long  $\frac{3}{4}$  socks.

– Are you sure that I will enjoy my classroom? – Cosme asked because he chose to sleep at university this week to see how is the experience he hears.

– You won't see any problem, dude. These people aren't *cooler* like me, but they are simple enough to not disturb your way.

If Wrastor is saying it should mean that he is right. Cosme thought a little of this and was confident to endure all kind of situation that appears at his front, beginning with the hall full of students like anthill. Cosme heard a lot about this High School of Aether, very coveted at region, but he never thought that here would be full of dreamers. What does this place have of such special to be coveted?

He walks at hall avoiding pushing at these students of all kind of anatomy, from big bears until the little snake dragging carefully. He blushes with the presence of such students while Wrastor takes the lead to show at Cosme his classroom. He literally

hopes to find peace on this big place and satisfy his parents. His dreams and objectives?  
Unknown.

Walking some minutes until he arrives at his classroom and was a difficult task to endure such noises of crowd talking and hearing steps. Cosme takes a breath to feel relieved that he arrived in peace and caused any trouble. Looking at classroom it's a true mess of species and types, a true mix of colors of all the types and Wrastor is part of it, of course. An incredible place with all the tastes, Cosme thought paying attention at class.

– Here is your party, dude – Wrastor slapped Cosme shoulder with a smile.

– These colleagues look weirds – Cosme looked with one eye almost closed marveling the classroom. – Do you know all of them?

– All of them, fortunately and unfortunately – he keeps the smile even with this argument. – I can introduce you some of them if you want. Maybe you find your cool partner.

– Thank you, but I prefer to do it after.

Cosme looked at classroom again to pay attention on kinds of students he is going to pass his poor years. If it's diversity he heard about Aether so this is a new and *cooler* type. Wrastor grabbed his phone to check his messages and sat at the desk. Cosme gets fascinated with his friend's arms of so big and feathery they are.

Even seeming good to sit at Wrastor side, Cosme walked until the window where he would choose to sit and see the little view he would have of city or maybe the garden. Some students are quiet, others talking in exhaustion. The deer looks to be the most different from them for some reason and he gets uncomfortable with it. Staying quiet is getting boring for him that he decides to lift and goes until his friend, crossing for some colleagues behind them. Passing by a big green wolf, this one accidently lifted his arm and pushed Cosme at desk at his right, moving hard. The one that was writing got frozen when he felt the desk moving and his hand that was holding the pen was shaking having no idea if it's scare or fury.

Cosme and other students that were talking began to watch the student paralyzed and the deer is the only one that is shaking afraid departing away. With the two hands

knocking hard on the desk and calling attention of everyone the student lifted with the head down looking furious against Cosme. A brown hyena dressing black and buskin like rocker, long red hair, a weird skull makeup on his face, bracelets and collar with spikes and the strong and shiny red eyes facing the deer that is blushing and trying to forgive.

– Have you idea of what you did? – the hyena asked with a deep scary voice.

– I am sorry – Cosme stuttered. – It was an... accident...

– Accident?

This last word the hyena was walking until the Cosme and held his shirt, pulling the new student with a desire to punch him to show the true meaning of accident. Other students were watching the scene and some are screaming the words “fight, fight” several times inside the class before the teacher comes. Also, a fight isn’t something they don’t see everyday.

The way that the hyena was facing the deer is pure hatred with a desire to punch him, lifting one hand and closing the fist. Cosme was shaking desperate that he will be bullied on the first day at this great high school he heard so much.

– C’mon, dudes! – Wrastor entered in the middle of them, departing them with his big hands to calm down the situation. – We don’t need to fight because of something that can occur one day.

– He pushed my desk while I was writing – the hyena shouted.

– And this fight won’t help you to concentrate on your writing again, will you?

For this question he kept in silence keeping his fist lifted and closed to give the first punch, but he preferred to forget it. His look keeps a fury with red eyes that shine together with his hair – this was Cosme impression – and the way he behaves quiet on his side. Giving a last look at unlucky deer, he turned back to sit at his desk. The gang got upset with the absent of fight and Wrastor was pulling Cosme to move away from the group.

– Cheese! – Cosme sighed relieved. – Thanks, Wrastor.

– You're welcome, dude! – his arm crosses deer shoulder. – I said to introduce you to some colleagues, but this is one you wouldn't like to meet.

– I noticed with his way – only to remember what happened in seconds puts him in shock.

– He is Forsburn, Zetterburn's brother that didn't arrive yet. When you see his brother you will think that they have nothing of equal. – Cosme had the curiosity to look back and see the hyena sat at his desk with the head down looking at notebook he was writing. – Forsburn is obscure and mysterious. The only thing we know that he likes is writing.

– And bully.

– And bully. You are smart, Dude!

Wrastor looks a good company to pass the entire class by side with the security that Forsburn won't find trouble. The Cosme thought is one: will he pass the entire year studying at class where the first person he met is already enemy? If he has ways to defend himself maybe this wouldn't be a problem.

He looks other students and looks like that the men are big and strong; the weird beetle is tall; the green wolf very strong; the dolphin or orca – he doesn't know at first view – looks smart. The deer should be the only thin and weak. Size is fear that he goes hard at his desk to sit and try to watch beyond the window – and try to not look the eyes on him, mainly from Forsburn.

If this hyena has a brother and Wrastor said that he is the opposite of him, how should he be?

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Refectory. Time of snack.

The line to grab their due snacks are well divided, but huge. Separated in meat, vegetables, fishes, fruits and insects – for some weird people – and the place is huge to comport such students on this place, but all are free to eat outside of refectory with the purpose to not take the tray with them.

Cosme was walking at the table with his plate of rices with pumpkin, grape juice and an apple to sit with Wrastor. He was alone for one big table he is sitting and looks like a big relief for the deer that got glad with the loneliness he can feel at least. He didn't notice that a big guy was behind him to sit with them and was surprised with a greeting.

– Big Wrastor!

– Hello, dude!

Wrastor lifts his hand to greet someone behind Cosme that looked back and faced with fear a big polar bear wearing cap and t-shirt of some e-sport team. Despite his big size in all the proportions, his face is the pure cuteness of a bear with this kind smile. Cosme replied shyly wondering if this is other one that loves to bully when he is disturbed.

– Relax, dude! – Wrastor tried to comfort. – He is my friend too. He won't hurt you.

– Sure? – Cosme was frozen and tried to breath to relieve.

– Why? – the big bear asked confused. – Did I lost something?

After a try of Wrastor to comfort Cosme and introduce him to his friend, the bird explained that the deer is new student and the first moment he putted his hooves on the classroom and had the bad lucky to meet Forsburn “disturbing” him. Only hearing the name of hyena Cosme's furs stand up.

– Forsburn is weird – the bear commented. – I know anyone who likes him and even talk to him. He is obscure.

– And do you know why? – Cosme asked with curiosity to know about the hyena personality.

– Who knows? Maybe Zetterburn should know and look that Zetter is a funny guy – only remembering his personality opens a laugh on bear mouth. – Also, you are new here, alright? I am Etalus.

Cosme introduced himself to Etalus; the polar bear can be big and maybe player or maybe like to do streaming, but he looks to be a funny guy to meet, full of jokes and humor. Wrastor keeps his image of coller guy of high school while Cosme looks like to

be innocent and unknown with his own personality. Everyone has one unique characteristic to differentiate from the others while the new deer looks to know nothing about himself.

Cosme wonders about the students where they come from, their parents, cultures and such things. The hyena looks like to be the only one who wears like a rocker and has a dark appearance. If there is one girl that loves his mysterious way this one should be considered crazy or so strange like him.

Giving a look at refectory he saw Forsburn, the evil hyena, walking with his tray at left. Forsburn gave a look at left and he was trading looks with Cosme that began to freeze his body when was discovered his location.

– Will you eat your snack? – Etalus asked pointing at Cosme plate.

– Ah, yes! I will – he replied waking up from his fear. – I was just lazy.

Etalus smiled giving a bitten on his fish. Looking at other direction, Forsburn wasn't there. A good relief for Cosme.

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Evening; the class is at the end and the class are walking in a uproar until the main entrance ready to return to their homes and rest the night while the next day is waiting. The Cosme's class looks the most anxious to run back to their homes with the big conclusion that he never more saw Wrastor and neither Etalus. He was going out of the classroom, but taking other direction to not be followed by Forsburn, size is the fear he is feeling since he found trouble. He walked until the laboratory at the final of hall with two intentions: hide from Forsburn and he has sure he forgot one notebook there.

Arriving at his destiny with the movement of people decreasing, he gave a look around to certify of his privacy and opened the door slow until puts his hooves in there. Closing, he was at place where the objects are at the same place, including machines, chairs, *Erlenmeyer* how the teacher called and test tube. The place looks creeper with the light turned off and there aren't windows to light. He turned the flashlight from his phone that was great to light and was searching his notebook.

Nothing found. At place he sat he found nothing. He remembered he lent to Wrastor forward him. He went there and under the table he found the notebook on the ground; boring in seeing his study abandoned on the ground, but relieved that he found at side with a backpack. Who did forget that?

He turned off the flashlight and grabbed the notebook; at time to lift he had the unlucky to hit his horns under the corner of the table, stepping back with the scare and stumbling on the machine behind him. The good is that he didn't fall thanks by machine. If he pressed one bottom with the fall he has no idea; machines are full of things, he knows. He was lifting holding one hand on kind of bar and when he made strength to lift the bar went down. This isn't a bar, but a lever and this put the machine to works, making a noise that increase with the time.

Cosme looked back scared and with any time to react, the aim shot him with a laser and he felt a shock that ruffled his body from the hoof until the horn. The shock was fast together with the machine that in quick time stopped working with this loud noise that could call attention. The real attention wasn't the noise, but what happened with Cosme.

In seconds he felt his vision blurs and feeling a strong nausea; he lost the notion of what is happening until he regains consciousness of what happened. Everything looked like to grow for him.

Worse than this: he shrunk.

He looked around and was seeing big objects: the machine that worked right now, the table and such objects including the backpack forward. At first moment he felt scared, little and shy with this ridiculous size that he has no idea the tall. He should call for help, but the fear by the size is bigger than the desire to return to his normal size.

The door opens. Someone is here.

Cosme began to sweat. Despair and having any idea where to hide, his thought was focused only in the black backpack he is seeing. The zipper is opened and inside is the safer place to escape from this step he is hearing. Forget the notebooks and forget the idea to call attention of this person to help him to return to his size.

And how would he return if he doesn't feel courage to tell to some giant?

He still has no idea what is his tall, but has the tall to enter into a pocked with difficulty and squeeze, praying that he doesn't bleed or rip off his clothes. Nothing looks worse than get naked and shrunk and thanks that his clothes are dressed.

Entering into a backpack pocked he sees the darkness and hear the steps louder; anxious and afraid, he didn't think twice and jumped and shut up his mouth while he sees from the hole a little spot of light and a big shadow appearing. The fear he is feeling is huge enough to makes him moan sometimes desiring someone to hug him to comfort or save him. He can't describe who was the suspect outside with eyes very opened in despair. If someone discovers he is very little what kind of atrocities can happen with him?

The shadow outside squatted and grabbed the backpack and lifted, making a rough movement where Cosme was shaken while tries to hold on unknown objects thanks to darkness. The zipper was closed and now the only thing that the deer can watch is darkness and hear sounds of objects shaking with him and muffled steps. Neither the voice he can't hear who is carrying the backpack and scream isn't the best option.

This is the option of fear: get quiet and be taken by someone that is the mystery until appears the time that the true should be showed. How will Cosme explain all this situation and how the colleagues will discuss about his disappearance?