

I used to hate the night, not because it was dark and that's when monsters are said to roam. I hated it because productivity was at the lowest, okay, I didn't mean to sound like an asshole boss. I meant, we are helpless at night. By we, I mean, humans, like you and I. Even if we're required to stay awake as part of a job or something, exhaustion always wins and we doze off for a while, we can't help it; we're humans, after all.

I hate feeling helpless, controlled; by nature or fate or whatever you choose to call it. If truly we are at the top of the food chain, evolved and what not, we should be in control, not this illusion we have, the one we cling to hopelessly even as life fucks us all without consent. I think humans should put more effort into controlling fate, which is what led me to Angus. He taught me many things, and I was an eager student; willing to venture into fields even he was afraid of.

I was the proverbial student that became the master. You see, Angus taught me about astral projection but I took it a step further by learning about consciousness transfer. He always warned me about it; words like: dangerous and uncharted territory, but I didn't let that stop me. I had tasted freedom and I wanted more.

Tonight will be the first night I'll actually try transferring my consciousness into another being. I know I was on a rant earlier about how little control humans have, the truth is, we have more control when we are asleep. It's almost as if being unconscious is when we are the most awake. We all astral project, unwillingly, of course. When we sleep or pass out, our consciousness goes somewhere else. Mastering the art of astral projection helps you navigate and remember that world.

I know I had my work cut out for me, I'm eager, not stupid, which is why I've spent weeks reading up on every single literature on the topic. I've also mastered, to some extent, my astral projection, all that's left now is to transfer my consciousness. I used to hate the night, now, I long for it. I laid down and turned to Angus's worried face, the man had a wealth of knowledge but he was overly cautious. Not me though, I will break the glass ceiling and soar into the night. 'Be careful, Charity', he said. I scoff and close my eyes, everything we want is on the other side of fear, and I live on that side now.

Did I just lick myself? Wait, I did it? Where am I? Why is there a weird hue to my vision? 'Meow', who said that? 'Moew, moew', oh my God, am I in a fucking cat? Great, I'm in a fucking cat. Okay, okay, calm down. Angus said this could happen. I just need to astral project again and find another being. Okay, deep breaths, how do cats breathe?

Doesn't matter, I need to get the fuck out of here. Okay, go..... I open my eyes to a ceiling fan rotating slowly above me. I open my mouth to say something and I heard a groan. Good, that sounds human. I try to lift a hand but it wouldn't move, okay, no worries. Angus also said it might take a few moments to gain control of all the faculties. He actually said those words exactly, weird little man, speaks like an Oxford professor or something. Okay, maybe I should try to talk, I groaned before, I think I've gained control of that faculty. I opened my mouth again and a louder groan came out. Good, that was better. I heard a door creak and the room was flooded with more light. 'Mrs Watson? You're up already', a feminine voice said. I could see her shadow as she walked into the room, I hear her footsteps come closer and then her face as she peered into mine. 'Awww, did you have a little accident? No worries, I'll clean you right up'.

What does she mean clean me right up? Is that a fucking nurses' uniform? I felt her roll me over and I shouted in protest but the only thing I heard was another groan. Great, I transferred into a fucking vegetable. The nurse rolled up my gown and I could feel a light breeze waft through my ass as she pulled down my drawers. Nope, I just called my undies drawers. I need to try again. Wrong body. I closed my eyes and tried to ignore the nurses fingers as she 'cleaned me right up'. Deep breaths, deep breaths, just like you did with the cat. I opened my eyes and the nurse was saying, 'Okay, Mrs Watson. It's time to go night night now'.

Wait, am I still here? Okay, maybe I need two tries. Deep breaths, deep breaths, just like before. I closed my eyes again and opened them after a moment. I could feel the nurses hands on me as she 'tucked' me in. No, no, am I stuck? No, it can't be.

Angus said this might happen, but I felt I was ready. What was the point of studying for all those weeks if I wasn't going to try? Everything is dangerous, and since I transferred out of that cat so easily, I thought I may have mastered it. 'Okay now, Mrs Watson, I'm going to turn off the lights. You have a good night and I'll see you tomorrow, alright', the nurse said. No! Don't turn out the lights!, I screamed but all that came out was a groan. This can't be happening, I can't be stuck in the body of an old lady that lives in a nursing home. What will happen to my body? Or the old lady's consciousness? No, let me out. Someone let me out! The old lady let out a long groan and I knew this was the end. The night had won.