

Fruity Karate

By: Firingwall

“Alright! Time for some training!” Shannon Condie declared happily, locking up her bike on a rack and readjusting her backpack. The long brown-haired girl had rode up to the Kimiyoshi Dojo, the place where she and many others trained. A blackbelt and the captain of the taekwondo team, Shannon loved martial arts and was ready for what laid ahead that day.

Shannon trotted in happily, but her walk came to an abrupt stop not too long after she began. Up ahead of her, she spotted several of her friends and other members of the dojo crowding around someone. A person that she had never seen before curiously enough.

Who’s this guy? She thought curiously as she approached scene, and what’s going...

“HIYAH!” the mysterious individual cried out, throwing out a rather impressive jump kick that sailed above most of the people’s heads. The kicker was a young man, Shannon guessed to be around her age. He had brown hair like hers, though obviously shorter and spiked up in what appeared to be a lot of hair gel.

“Wow!” Ken, a black student of the Dojo, cried out, mesmerized by the impressive kick, “That was awesome man!”

“Heh,” the new teen replied with a cocky smile, “it was nothing that a little practice and years in gymnastics couldn’t do. Now, who wants to see... hmm?”

The teen caught sight of Shannon, who observed with a single raised eyebrow and her head tilted to the side. *What’s this guy’s deal?* She thought, studying his appearance and look, *he’s got a lot of potential and skill but that attitude...*

The guy smirked and approached her, also looking her over. “Hey there,” he remarked, getting a bit too close for her liking, “The name is Bud Ayers! I just moved into town with my folks and was just thinking of joining your dojo here.”

“I see,” she responded softly, “I’m Shannon. ...you seem rather talented, but honestly, I’m not sure if that attitude of yours will do you good here. Our sensei does not appreciate that kind of tone around here, skill or no skill.”

Bud merely chuckled and cracked his knuckles and shoulders. “Oh I doubt it. Once the sensei sees me in action, I think he’ll be very impressed. Heck, he probably hasn’t have seen anyone as good as me either.”

“Oh?” Shannon flatly responded.

“Oh yeah!” Bud replied, “but it’s alright. I’m sure you’re good and maybe with a few years of practice, you can pull off one of those jump kicks I did as good as that!” Shannon said

nothing, just continuing to stare at him quietly. Behind him, there were light whispers and exchanged glances amongst each of the students.

“What?” Bud asked, glancing behind, “Something wrong?”

A frown had slowly formed on Shannon’s face, her eyes haven’t left his own face. She opened her mouth to say something when the door opened up. A much older man, bold and with a long goatee, walked into the room and said, “what’s going on here? Why hasn’t everyone changed into their robes yet?”

“Sorry Sensei Kimiyoshi,” Shannon quickly declared, her stance and attitude quickly changing, giving him a polite bow, “We’ll change right away.”

“We were just talking with Bud,” Alison, a Caucasian girl in the same grade as Shannon, spoke up, “he’s new and was just showing us what he could do.”

“Ah yes,” Kimiyoshi replied, coming closer to look at the new student, “I got a call from your parents saying you wish to join.”

“That’s right,” Bud replied, his tone much different now as well.

“Well I’m always happy to help teach those in the way of martial arts,” said the Sensei, carefully looking him over, “However, I have heard you had some experience in martial arts before you came here. As such, as sort of a tradition we have around here, do you mind showing us your skills in a little demonstration?”

“I would gladly...” Bud started eagerly.

“Keep in mind the demonstration will be a quick sparing match against my prized pupil,” the sensei went on, without missing much of a beat, “Is that still alright with you?”

Bud went quiet and glanced down at the floor, making a small twist with his lips. He took a deep breath and answered, “well... I don’t see why not. ...I’ll do it! I’ll take on any challenger or star you got have!”

“Excellent,” Kimiyoshi said, his gaze turning to Shannon for a brief second before turning back, “then I’ll request you get dressed in the locker room and report to the back. That’s where you’ll be sparing. And as for everyone else, I would request you do the same.”

“Yes Sensei Kimiyoshi,” everyone, but Bud answered back. With that, everyone headed off, the Sensei leaving the way he came in. The boys led Bud towards the guy’s locker room and the girls headed for their own.

Once inside, Alison and Daphne, another student and friend of Shannon, giggled and chatted with themselves. “Oh he’s so going to get it,” Daphne chuckled, “There’s no one who can beat Shannon at anytime.”

“I don’t know,” Alison replied, “He knows some good moves there and he’s another blackbelt as well. I don’t think Shannon should underestimate him.”

“Are you saying I would lose to a guy like that?” Shannon flatly remarked as she approached a locker.

“No... but you may need to be careful,” Alison replied nervously, “I’m sure you’ll be fine, but... you know... never hurts to be careful and weary of your opponent.”

“Your confidence in me is staggering,” the blackbelt girl chuckled, opening up her backpack, “But seriously, if you’re going to be like that... I’m guessing you won’t want one of these little guys to snack on.”

With a cheeky wink, Shannon pulled out a packet of Fruit Gushers and showed it off to her friends. The fruity treat, despite being for a younger age group than them, was a gigantic hit at her school and tons of people absolutely loved to eat them all the time. Not just for the taste, but for the interesting kick they provided upon ingesting.

Alison and Daphne’s eyes widened and their jaws dropped, but only for a moment. Their expressions soon filled with joy, Daphne declaring, “Oh! You brought one! Can I have one?”

“Me too!” added Alison, “I no longer have any doubts in you.”

Shannon smirked, putting the pack away and began undressing. As she did, she merely replied, “Maybe, but only after you girls switch into your Karategi. It’ll be a bit difficult to put it on after you have a Gusher you know.”

Both girls nodded and quickly switched out of their street clothes and until their uniforms, Shannon proceeding to do the same. Once all of them were in dojo clothes, the duo were quickly upon Shannon again, looking at her with eager, excited eyes. Their friend could only merely chuckle and hand the over the pouch.

Both girls eagerly ripped open the Fruit Gushers pouch and dropped one piece into each of their hands. They each glanced at one another and grinned widely, giggling like little girls before they each popped at the treat into their mouths. Biting down on the snack, its juicy centers broke up and sprayed the inside of their mouths.

Almost instantly, their heads shook, something strange happening to them. Alison’s head turned bright red and its shape began to round, growing two times larger than it already was. Her skin turned completely smooth and soft, her ears vanishing in to her softer skull while retaining her hearing capability. Her neck was overtaken by the growth while her hair shot upwards, all moving to one spot on her head and twirling into a large stem. Alison’s head was completely cherry-ified.

As for Daphne, her head also swelled several times over as well, at least six or seven times larger. Her hair completely shrunk to the top, turning into small green leaves as her forehead grew

massive. Her ears vanished as her skin took on a purple-ish red tone and became very smooth to a certain point. A certain point in a sense due most of her skin turning into rows and rows of large, round bumps. With that, Daphne now had a raspberry for a head.

“Are we happy now?” Shannon teased her friends.

“Very much so!” the new cherry giggled, rubbing her round head with amusement.

“Totally!” the Raspberry replied with a beaming smile.

Shannon merely chuckled. Between the head-changing rush and the burst of the energy and power that came from eating them, it was hard not to see why all the kids and teens at her school loved chowing down on them. No one knew why a simple children snack caused this strange effect, but most people who tried the treat didn't really care all that much in the end.

“Well that's good to know,” Shannon replied happily, taking the package back and stuffing it into her uniform's pocket, “I'll have one after I put Bud there in his place.”

“There's no doubt you will!” said Daphne, nodding her large, heavy head over and over, “You'll show him!” Alison didn't say anything. While she gave Shannon a smile, there almost seemed to be a look of worry and concern in her eyes.

Either way, the trio of girls left the locker room and headed into the main dojo area for the big match. There were a few stares from some of the students there, but most gave it no mind after having seen it so much in school. One teen mumbled quietly as they past, “oh boy... wonder what sensei will have to say about that...”

The girls ignored him and stepped into the large room. It was a room with a heavily Japanese ascetic to it from the walls to the flooring to the various objects that littered the room. In the direct center was small arena that Shannon would be sparring in.

As Shannon came in with her friends, everyone else arrived. Bud did a double take when he saw the two fruit heads, while the two guys besides him, Ethan and Ken, did not flinch in the slightest. If anything, they looked disappointed that they were able to get any Fruit Gushers themselves. Sensei Kimiyoshi, on the other hand, merely sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Must you really have that snack right before practice?” he specifically asked Daphne and Alison, eyeing them harshly.

“I thought you were fine with them,” nervously replied Alison, her fingers fidgeting.

“I am, but I would prefer if my students who wish to engage in eating Fruit Gushers, do it after we're done. I don't want them getting hurt after throwing off their balance and focus with growing a large, thick head. But... I can't stop you this time,” he retorted. Finishing his spiel, he took his spot at the very far end of the room in front of the arena.

Shannon watched her sensei back to his spot, but she soon noticed Bud's continued stares at her friend's fruity heads. Smiling, she asked, "is there something wrong Mr. Blackbelt?"

"No," Bud stated, shaking his head slowly as he turns his attention to her now, "I just never seen Fruit Gusher Heads before so up close. It's... kind of weird."

"Weird?" Alison mumbled, "this?"

"Well you'll have to get use to it," Daphne huffed, playing her hands on her hips, "everyone at school eats them, so you'll be seeing a lot of fruit heads in your future."

"Fine fine," he sighed. He looked at Shannon again and smirked. Cockily, he said, "ready to see some talent in action?"

"I hope so," Shannon replied with a small smile herself, "I haven't seen much of that so far, but maybe I'll be surprised." There were a few low "oooo's", but Bud merely brushed it off as he moved over to the arena.

Both Shannon and Bud entered from different points on the mat, even performing a little cartwheel as they rolled into positions. Everyone took their positions on either side of Kimiyoshi, standing firm and waiting the action to finally break out. The room was quiet as the two fighters stood before each other and sensei calling out, "now, bow to your opponent before we begin!"

The two of them nodded and did so politely, even placing their palms together as they did. They stepped back from one another, but once a safe distance away, Bud pulled off two high kicks and struck a pose. His face was fierce and determined, but the longer Shannon looked at it, the more she saw smug coincidence in it.

Oh? Is that how we are going to start is it? Very well. She smirked and struck her own pose. Her smile turning to a serious frown, she launched her own two roundhouse kicks directly at his face. She inched closer with every kick she threw at him, forcing him to step back.

After stopping, she got a good look at his face. It was completely dumbfounded and shock. She smiled again and asked, "impressed? Little something I learned on the road to becoming a blackbelt myself."

"Oh," Bud replied, an audible gulp being heard, "so... you're... you're a blackbelt as well? That's... surprising."

"I'm sure it is for you," Shannon said with a giggle.

She moved, ready to perform another move before their match go underway, but she noticed something off. When her arm brushed accidentally against her side, she remembered that her little pouch of gushers were still in there. *Oh gees*, she thought, frowning slightly, *better get these out of here or they'll stain...*

At that moment, a thought formed in her head and she smiled again. “Hey Bud,” she spoke, “care to make things a bit interesting? This isn’t an official match or anything after all.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, his voice weary.

Maintaining her smile, she pulled out her packet of Fruit Gushers and shoved them at him. “These little treats have a ton of fun and energy packed into them,” she explained, “They give you a bit of a boost to make fighting so much more fun. Care to have one?”

“I’m not sure,” Bud said, “I’ve never tried them before and... didn’t sensei say he didn’t approved of them or something?”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine!” Shannon said happily, dropping three pieces into her hand, “right sensei?” The older man did nothing but frown, his gaze harsh and critical.

“I didn’t hear a no,” she replied happily, before returning her attention back to Bud, “So, what would you like? Strawberry or Watermelon?”

“Ah... watermelon?” Bud replied, still not completely sure on how to respond. Shannon put the Strawberry back in the packet, setting it off to the side, before tossing the watermelon gusher over to Bud.

With that all handled, Shannon gleefully tossed in the third gusher, orange, right into her mouth and chewed. Her hair instantly shrunk back into her skull in a less than a blink of the eye, her head vibrating and expanding outward several times over. Her skin turned smooth, but bumpy and the color turned to a bright orange. Her ears and eyebrows vanished completely, though her face remained the same.

She let out a happy sigh, a huge rush of energy burst through her body. She felt lighter, quicker, and stronger than ever as her head finished transforming into a large orange. She felt excited, ready to run a marathon... or fighter her challenger before her.

In less than a second, Shannon watched as Bud popped the gusher into his mouth and his head expanded out into a large melon slice. He managed to keep a serious face on him, signaling her to come at him, but she could see his legs shiver and shake just a bit. He was full of gusher energy as well and probably feeling the same thing she was.

Let’s do this. The sensei gave the signal and Shannon charged forward, launching several roundhouse kicks directly at Bud. Bud merely backflipped rapid fire backwards at incredible speeds, Shannon chasing him the entire way without losing a signal breath.

Once Bud reached the corner, he moved into a fighting stance. Shannon flinched and spun backwards towards the middle, Bud launching himself upon her like a frog. He even pulled off an somersault in the middle of his jump, aiming a kick right at Shannon.

She merely spun back once again, avoiding Bud’s attack completely. He struck a defensive pose quickly and just in time to. Shannon launched at him herself and sent a series of

jabs and strikes at his face and body. In almost a blur, Bud deflected each single move almost effortlessly. Shannon merely grimaced, frustrated that he was keeping up with her more than she expected, even though he just had gushers for the first time.

Shannon tried throwing every hit she could at him, but Bud deflected them with ease. Then in almost a split second, he dropped down and tried to sweep her leg. She quickly spun backwards, dodging the move as well.

Damn, Shannon thought, he's really good. Just as good as me... better finish this! She bent down and sprung upwards, flying & spinning in the air. She prepared to drop kick him with all her might...

But he merely sprung up as well, preparing to strike at her as well. As their bodies flew at one another high above the ground, the two twisted their bodies just subtly enough to avoid colliding with one another once they realized what the other was doing. Their limbs passed by each with barely a millimeter between the other.

Both landed on their feet somehow, their gaze harsh and their hands up prepared to go at it once again. However, the sensei shouted, signaling them to stop. With that, the match was over. It barely lasted two minutes, but it felt like it went on for ages with all the moves they launched at one another.

Despite it all, neither were short of breath or sweating, still too energized from the gushers. Shannon dropped her guard, smiling and thinking, *well alright then. I guess Bud isn't all boasting after all. He really is at my level after all. Looks like things will be interesting around here now that I got someone on the same level as me.*

Bud smiled back politely and the two went in for a polite, respectful bow. Said bow ended in disaster as their massive fruit heads bonked against one another. Despite their squishy, soft texture, their heads were still their heads and a sharp pain rang throughout their skulls, causing the two to fall backwards.

The two of them laid their on the ground, moaning and grumbling. Sensei Kimiyoshi walked up, standing next to them both and asked, "now, here's another reason not to have Fruit Gushers during practice, unexpected injuries."

"Yes sensei," Shannon sighed.

"I'll keep that in mind," mumbled Bud.

Years have passed since that day and Shannon, a senior in high school, was still one of the best members of Kimiyoshi Dojo. Having finished up practice for the day at the dojo, Shannon walked out with that memory on her mind. She thought curiously, *I wonder why that popped in my mind just now? ...gees... that was a while back and a lot has changed since then.*

Her face turned to a smile and she said, “either way, that sounds like fun right about now!”

Reaching into her backpack she brought, she pulled out a small packet of fruit gushers. She ripped it open and pulled one out, which she almost immediately popped into her mouth. Her head shivered and ballooned open, turning into a bright orange.

“Sooooo good!” Shannon declared, “Taste that blast indeed!” With that, she hopped onto her bike and raced off for home.

THE END