

In this world there are creatures that are linked to a person's soul. They dictate which emotion will be the main one that you will feel for the rest of your life. People just call them emotions, even though they look like animals. Everyone can see them, so you can tell how someone is going to act based on their emotion. Each type of emotion has a different color, and each type has multiple heightened versions of itself.

My name is Emily, and while usually a heightened emotion returns to its non-heightened state after a while, mine ... doesn't. I have an anxiety emotion, which is the most heightened version of fear, and I'm tired of saying heightened so much, so I'm just going to say they are higher tiers of a certain emotion. Anxiety is a tier 3 fear emotion, which kind of just means I always have really high levels of stress, and paranoia. It prefers that I call it a he, and he is a wolf. We can talk to each other through our thoughts. Emotions are connected to a person's soul, sure, but they are also mentally linked to that person. I live with my mom and dad, and my little brother, Joey. My mom has a trusting emotion, and my dad has a funny emotion. We treat our emotions like we would treat real animals that we would keep as pets. Mom's trust is a big green dog, and dad's funniness is a parrot that tells him jokes that he repeats to us. Joey's emotion hasn't shown itself yet, he's only 4, but he loves mom and dad's emotions so much, I'm sure he'll have a good one. My anxiety gets along with the rest of the emotions, but he's not as quick to join in when we all do something together. Of course that makes me a bit uncomfortable because how he feels is how I feel. But I still love doing things with my family, and he joins in because he knows it's fun. Tomorrow is my first day of high school, and I'm kind of nervous. Ok, maybe a lot nervous, it's already really late, and anxiety is freaking out about tomorrow. He keeps saying things like, "What if we get lost on the way to the school? What if someone attacks us? What if we can't get home after school?" I keep telling him that we'll be fine, but he's started to get me scared for tomorrow too, I really hope it goes better than we think it does.

I barely slept last night, but I still feel mostly ok. I started to get ready for school, but halfway through making the sandwich I was going to eat for lunch, I felt a tug on my pant leg. It was trust trying to get me to pick her up, Mom calls trust her so the rest of us do too. I patted her head and told her that I had to make food right now, and I would pick her up later. She looked a bit sad but understood and walked over to play with joey. I packed up my lunch, and hugged mom and dad, I picked up joey and squeezed him. I went out the door and walked to the end of the block, where my bus stop was. I waited for about 10 minutes until the bus came, I got on and sat towards the back, and anxiety hopped onto the seat next to me. The bus ride took about 25 minutes, and I got to school half an hour early. I decided to just go to my homeroom to meet anyone else who arrived early, as well as my teacher, and to hopefully get anxiety to calm down before the class is full of people. I got to the class and when I went in I greeted the teacher, "Um, Hi, My name is Emily Stevens, am I in the right homeroom class." He answered my question, "Yes, you are, I remember your name on the attendance sheet, My name is Mr. Hames. You can sit anywhere you want." I heard anxiety growling behind him. He turned and I walked around him to see anxiety trying to intimidate a small orange cat. "Stop it bud, you can't just go growling at every new emotion you see." Mr Hames walked over and picked up the cat and placed it on his desk. I recognized it as a kindness emotion, I told anxiety about it, and he calmed down. I think he understood that the cat wasn't a threat.

Sooner or later there were a bunch more students in the classroom, when about twenty minutes later Mr. Hames told everyone to quiet down and gave us an announcement, "Because it's the first day of school this class will just be a time for you to talk to the other people in the room, get to know each other!" After he was done talking I looked around at the people that were at my table. One of the three other seats was empty, there was a person across from me and a person to my right, the person across from me spoke up first, "My name's Jamie, what about you guys", "I'm Emily." I replied quietly, "What about you" I said to the other person at our table "Oh, sorry, my name is Zoe" I could see a little yellow ball of fur sitting on the top of her head, "This is my emotion" Jamie said holding out her arm revealing a gray bat hanging off of her forearm. Anxiety started to growl, "Would you stop that already" I turned to it and grabbed it by the fur on it's back, "Woah, nice wolf" I heard Zoe say behind me, "And you have a very nice hamster" I replied pointing to the now uncurled yellow hamster sitting on Zoe's head "Thanks, it's always up there" Suddenly I heard a roar from across the classroom, and I recognized it immediately, "Oh no" I whispered as anxiety broke from my grip and started running towards the origin of the sound. I don't know how I didn't see the huge red lion in the room earlier, but I could certainly see it now, and so could anxiety, that was now on top of the lion, clawing at its back. I quickly ran over and grabbed anxiety by the front paws and pulled him off. I watched the wounds on the lion's back close up in a short time. Then the Person that this anger emotion belonged to punched me in the side of the face "What the hell was that for! Why did you attack my-" He paused "Wait a second, I know that wolf. Emily?" Yup, he recognized me, that's the last thing I wanted. "Listen Aric, you know I can't control anxiety that well, especially around you, so don't go blaming me that your lion aggravated it." He looked so mad that his emotion's red hue started to darken. He swung another punch at me, but I moved out of the way. "And what with the punches, was that really necessary?" I asked him as he got ready to punch again. "How is this my fault! Just because anger roared doesn't mean your wolf has the right to-" He was cut off by a loud meow, and an orange cat walked between us.

Anxiety recognized the cat and it backed down, but Aric's lion didn't know it so it pounced, but as soon as it touched the cat, the lion looked at it confused. The lion sat back like a dog and just looked at it. The cat meowed again, glowing a brighter orange now, I realized that it was giving off its emotion to the lion. The lion, a pure emotion of anger, was now laying in front of me, with a cat sitting on top. Anger turned a lighter shade of red, I noticed that Mr. Hames was talking to Aric, that must be why anger was so calm. They finished talking and Aric walked over to me, and apologized, anxiety nuzzled up against his leg, and I saw the lion getting up. Zoe started talking to me once I came back, "What was that about? Who is that guy?" I tried to think of a good way to answer her question, "He was one of my classmates in middle school, he didn't like me that much, but my anxiety just doesn't like the lion." I looked over to anxiety now with a small yellow hamster on its nose. "It seems to like your Happiness though" Zoe looked at me confused "How do you know?" "Well it probably would've tried to eat the little thing, if it didn't." Class was over after that, and the rest of the day went really well. I met a few other friends and interesting emotions. I went home and was pleasantly surprised to see an orange caiman wandering around after Joey, that's a good emotion to have for him.

