

# Once Upon A Werewolf

I scratched at my legs in pain, because of the tens of millions of scornful mosquitoes that had bitten my weak legs, plus the itchy grass that I had barely survived to run through. The moon had come out once again, greeting an old friend on its way up. Once again, I had failed to get under shelter. Again, I was putting myself in terrible, terrible danger. Abruptly my head started to hurt, it was happening once again.

My fingers became gnarly, my feet became flaky and my legs grew horrific black, thick hair on them. It was happening, I was turning into a werewolf once again.

The sun rose, demanding everyone to wake from their sleep. The city that lay in front of me, about to become a horrific tragedy, glowed as the sun rose fiercely. Scorching everything in its way. A delicious smell danced through the air.....humans!

Savageness overwhelmed me, I leapt in the air like a cheetah would, clawing into the person nearest to me.

It was a girl, her face hidden in waves of blonde, curly hair. Her smooth skin dug into my vicious teeth! Bursts of joy swam around my body.

From this point on, after this vicious act, I knew I would always be on the run.