

The Werewolf in My Backyard

It was the biggest snow storm in recorded history. I sat alone at my computer typing away at all my friends. People I hadn't seen in years some I hadn't seen in days, some I wish never to see again. But I added them anyway to avoid arguments. Then I joined a group called, "I have people on facebook who definitely aren't my friends." I chuckled at that and I wondered if those people knew who they were and then suddenly I heard a rustling by my window.

I ignored it thinking it was just large chunks of snow falling off of my neighbor's tree. As soon as this snow clears up, I'm cutting that eye sore of a tree down. It scratches up the side of my house and it hasn't bloomed in the 26 years that I've lived in this house. My parents left this house to me and they told me to be nice to the elderly couple next door, but my parents don't live here anymore. They live in Virginia, how would they know all the way down in Virginia that I had our neighbor's tree cut down?

I returned to writing, I just got finished telling my friends that I didn't give a damn about their mafia wars, I bet that if they were in a real mafia war they wouldn't think it was too funny but then I heard a growl outside of my door. I called my boyfriend.

"Jake!"

He came rushing to me, I wonder if he'll always be able to run that fast, or would I have to get a new boyfriend if he ever hurt himself.

"What is it?"

"I saw something moving in the snow."

"No, I imagined it and decided to call you because I just wanted to waste your time." I was so tired of him questioning me.

"Don't worry about it; I'm used to women wasting my time. Is dinner ready yet?" He started to walk away from me and passed the other window; I was ready to argue with him when he saw something too. "Oh babe, there is something out there."

"Oh my God!" I shrieked.

Jake put on his coat and headed for the door holding a baseball bat, "If I'm not back in five minutes go on ahead and start making dinner without me." He closed the door real fast before I could say anything.

I sat there and I waited and I worried. I watched a whole marathon of True Blood and things started to freak me out a little, What if it was a vampire out in the middle of

the snow waiting to have sex with me? What if he bit into my neck and got blood all over the sheets. Who was cleaning that shit up?

I heard Jake scream and then I heard footsteps running towards the door, I leapt up and locked the door.

“What the hell babe?” Jake shouted from the other side of the door. I unlocked the door and let him in, he looked mad.

“Let me get this straight, I scream, and you’re first reaction is to not run to my aide but to lock me outside of the house?” The two stared at each other for a moment.

“Well, I thought you were attacked that the guy who wanted to attack you only did it to rush on in here to get to me.” I was sure of this.

“Wow, you’re girlfriend is the definition of self absorbed. You ruined the whole joke, Henry was going to scream and come in like he was hurt and I was going to grab you and pretend like I was a burglar it was a whole plan we made, you ruined it.” It was Henry standing in the doorway. I hated Henry, not just because he sits around our house and makes a large mess while playing video games at all hours of the night, but because he insists that we call him H-dawg. There’s no way in hell I’m calling him that, but he wants us to do it but what 28 year old man wants to be called H-dawg. That’s ridiculous.

“But she has a point there’s a werewolf out there, that’s why I’m here.”

The room was still for moment; Henry’s said some stupid things before but nothing ever this stupid. I went back to the computer and sat down I was going to check up on any new movies that was coming out and then I saw it. The werewolf! Of course I screamed to the top of my lungs.

Jake and Henry rushed into the room and saw what I saw, a werewolf running into the park, “I knew this would happen, alright let’s go.”

“Go where?” I was so surprised.

“To kill the werewolf that bit me, he’s been hanging out around West Oak Lane for a few years now; I think he likes it here because news reporters don’t report anything from around here. Let’s go.”

Henry handed me and Jake our own guns and Jake asked, “Silver bullets.”

“Naw man, regular bullets, that silver bullet crap is something the werewolves made up so that we wouldn’t shoot at them, regular bullets work just fine.”

That was the night that changed my life, me, my boyfriend, and my boyfriend’s best friend crept out into the snow what we saw was something we would have never expected.

“Look there’s two of them. Oh my gosh, what are they doing? Oh my gosh, is that werewolf hurting the other werewolf?” I was so confused.

“No, he’s not hurting her they’re making the beast with two backs, you got your gun ready.” Henry was about to get ready to go, but Jake stopped him.

“Wait, wait, you want to kill these two werewolves while they’re doing it? What I shot you while you were in the middle of ya know?” Jake waited for an answer.

“Dude are you serious, it’s a freakin werewolf, we’re never going to get this chance again and if it bites you then you’re going to wish that you shot it the chance that you have to shoot it so shoot them!”

We all jumped out from behind the bush and killed the two werewolves. The next day we returned to see how the police would handle it any differently than Henry said they would but he turned out to be right.

“Yep, that looks like a dead bear to me. Let’s call it in.” The officer said to the other.

I often wondered if I knew the person that was turned into a werewolf that night. I thought that they were supposed to turn back into human form once you killed a werewolf, but I guess not. That night I had a dream about a count visiting me, I started to tell Jake and Henry but I brushed it off. I woke up the next morning and had these huge

bite marks in my neck, but I figured it must've been a rash. So I put on a scarf and I felt really weak so I ate some vitamin B.

“You feeling okay?” Henry asked me.

“I'm fine.” He snatched the scarf from my neck and he looked at the rash on my neck.

“Oh no, not again.”