



She Wolf

The “change” happens once a year. From beautiful, intelligent creatures, we become crazed two-legged monsters that prey upon their own kind. Spooky creatures, really, when you think about it.

Jimmy and I were at the traditional meeting place, the ubiquitous pine forest located just outside of Anywhere for the “Howl All Eve” celebration when she arrived. We were in charge of entertainment and it was quite clear she wasn’t happy—stalking back and forth—giving us the look, same look she had last year when we showed the movie “Monsters for Breakfast” which I thought, personally, had great commercial possibilities: kid’s sugary breakfast cereal made in the shapes of various two legged monsters; small (but non-chokable) plastic action figures; you know, for Happy Meals, that sort of thing. Sometimes great concepts never make it out the gate.

“You’ve got to be kidding.” She snarled. “This is all you got? Same old lame, tired story: Beware! Teenagers camping in the woods stalking a wolf.”

“Actually,” said Jimmy, “It’s a rabid dog they’re terrorizing. A wolf saves them.”

I watched as she bent her head, then, with a pant, raised up and looked at me, her ice blue eyes sending shivers down my spine. I glanced over at Jimmy; he looked ready to cry.

“We’re sorry,” he whimpered. “We just thought that maybe, with the right sound system—”

“Uh, huh.” She growled.

“We’ve got a killer poster!” I said, hopefully. “It’s specially designed for our target demographic.”

“Target demographic?” She barked. “What did you have for breakfast, Alpha-bits? Let me guess, this “killer poster” is, what, like a picture of these skinny pine trees behind me with, oh, I don’t know, the letters “Beware” painted on them or something equally lame. Right?”

“Actually,” I said, covering up the poster of the skinny pine trees with “Beware” painted on them, “It’s not quite ready—more of a concept.”

Boy were her blue eyes killer.

“Gentlemen, we are out of time. Tonight’s the night, a full moon “Howl All Eve” night. We’ve got a pack of teenagers coming to the show and nothing new to whet their appetite.”

“We could go with “Monsters—”

“No, never mind. If this is all you got, “Beware” then that’s what we’ll show. We’ll count on the full moon to do its magic.” She shook herself all over and stretched. “Alright, boys. Let’s get some sleep before showtime.”

I tried, but I couldn't. "Howl All Eve" gets me excited; everyone shedding their everyday appearance for new skin, even if just for a night.

They started arriving as darkness fell: a few loners, but most in packs of 7 or 8, teenagers generally, a few adults like us, although I've been accused of never growing up. Don't think that's fair really, just because I still like to go out and howl, you know, once in a while.

The moon rose above the pines, big and beautiful, shedding a bright silver glow, causing the tall trees to cast long dark shadows. She took the stage and, as always, opened the show with a song, soft and plaintive to start. The crowd started howling along (most weren't good singers) then, slowly, it began as they/we started changing into their/our real(?) selves, the self hidden beneath the ordinary.

The movie started but, thankfully for me and Jimmy, no one was watching, occupied with their transformation as it is, like all change, quite painful at first. I heard one teenager scream, then another as we wolves slowly turned into two-legged men and women. I looked at Jimmy, He was getting up off all fours, standing erect, changing into what we used to fear.

I stood as well, moving fingers and toes (strange things they are) and laughed, which always surprised me. What an amazing hairless beast I had once again become.

A light touch grazed my arm(?) and there she was, the She Wolf, a silver haired beauty with those killer blue eyes. Smiling, she hooked my arm, walking me away from the others, off into the shadows of the pines.

"Don't you want to check out the buffet?" I stammered. "They're serving prime rib and sausages."

"Later." She pulled me closer to her side. "Tonight, we're omnivores, we can eat anything we like—even ice cream!"

"If I still had a tail, I'd wag it for you."

"If you still had a tail," she replied, "I'd let you."