

The Werewolf

By Arthur Shapiro



There are no support groups for people like me. First, there would have to be at least one other person like me, and I'm sure there isn't. I've never been able to tell another soul... I am a werewolf. That's right, I shape-shift into a wolf once a month during a full moon. It's an affliction called lycanthropy, transformation into a wolf.

It all started on a camping trip with some friends. We heard wolf howls, and the next thing I knew, I was on the ground fighting off the alpha male wolf. He must have scratched me or something, but since I had fought him off, I didn't give it further thought.

That is, until a month later, during the full moon, of course. I grew hair all over my body, my teeth became razor-sharp, my face changed, and I looked like a wolf—a werewolf, to be exact.

What did I do? At first, I stayed in bed until the moon moved to its next cycle. But after months and months of hiding, I decided to seek some help. I spent days on the internet, and basically, what I came up with was this:

In European folklore, a werewolf is a man who turns into a wolf at night and devours animals, people, or corpses but returns to human form by day.

I thought great as I fought off the compulsion to ... well, never mind. It grosses me out.

So, off to my doctor, who looked at me as though I was ready for an insane asylum. He said that medically, there is nothing wrong with me, and perhaps I would like to see a therapist friend of his.

I went to see the shrink, who, surprisingly, was most sympathetic. It turns out that he has encountered werewolves before and uses a technique that often frees a person from... What's that word? Oh yeah, lycanthropy.

The cure started as a way to kill them. Fire destroys the werewolf's physical body, leaving the soul no choice but to leave. Werewolves are scared of fire and will back away from it.

He reassured me he wasn't going to kill me, just scare the wolf out of me. It failed.

I had no choice, no support group, no one to talk to, a monthly compulsion to kill and eat things I should not... I was beside myself with grief.

I felt that the only thing I could do was to find an isolated place in the woods to live out my life.

After months of searching, I found Bram Castle in Transylvania. Despite what you may have heard, the Count is a great guy—a bit obsessed with blood, but otherwise nice.