

The Becoming

By Kieran Smith

“Mum, Dad”, I yelled.

The wind roared as my brother and I place the dusty mat on the lush, green grass.

“They can’t hear us over the wind”, my brother Lachlan groaned.

On the horizon I could see two figures walking over to us. One had a cowboy hat and the other held what looked like a watering can.

“Finally”, I thought to myself. Grabbing my baseball cap, I ran over to what I thought was our parents.

As I approached, the shapes were now clearer. A tall man with big muscles who was wearing a black leather jacket and had a dark brown hat on his head. The other person was a tall woman with beautiful blond hair and gardening gear.

“Come on you guys”, I said, “We’re having a picnic over...”, I paused. Suddenly their clothes ripped, revealing what looked like a wolf’s body. What I thought was my dad opened its mouth and howled. The now clear werewolves had sharp teeth as white as snow.

“Quick, over here!”, my brother screamed. I jerked my head away from the werewolves and ran to where my brother was hiding behind an apple tree.

We watched as the werewolves ran around looking for us. My brother gasped. A thousand, may be a million, werewolves were running out of the forest in front of us. “Oh no, what do we do?” I yelled.

The wolves lunged at us, and they teared us apart.

A search went out the next day, but no one found the remains of us or our parents. But every night on a full moon, the werewolves come back for another meal...including two that look just like two small brothers that once lived in the area.