

Werewolf

Part One: Poisoned

Kathy Finenz was a lucky girl. Her parents were nice, her school was nice, her friends were nice, her house was nice and her yard was nice. The only thing not nice was her little sister, Melanie Finenz. Melanie was a true bully. Though she was only four years old, she was as mean as an angry rhinoceros. Kathy's parents thought Melanie was a sweet baby. The two Finenz parents were John and Angela. John worked as a ranger in Sweet Doe Forest which was two miles from Baskerville where the Finenzes lived. John was a big man with a thin light brown mustache. He had dark brown hair and a small nose, too. Angela Finenz had thin wispy black hair and Kathy resembled her greatly whereas Melanie took after their father. Let's get to the story...

Date: October 31st "Halloween not very good so far" Kathy scribbled in her diary. Actually, she thought, mutinously, it had been a terrible day. This was the truth because Melanie had been complaining all night but finally managed to fall asleep at 1:23am. Kathy was asleep at 3am when something slivery, cold and slimy slipped down her throat. She slept through the whole thing.

Part Two: Dog Princess

When Kathy woke the next morning she felt strangely warm like her blanket was still on her. When she checked her arms and legs she saw hairy old arms and legs.

The morning was bad. Melanie called Kathy a wolf because her teeth seemed big and sharp. Her mother noticed something fuzzy and furry on Kathy's bottom. Kathy lied to her mom and said that today was costume dress up day at school so her mother wouldn't ask any more questions. School was no better when she headed over to her fifth grade class at Roaderg Elementary School. Kathy got an F- at Math because she was thinking about the forest and squirrels and deer and wolves, not the answer to 530×61 . Recess wasn't good either. Kathy's friends called her names because she wanted to chase balls instead of playing volleyball. Maggie, Kathy's best friend, called her an especially bad name. It was "Dog Princess."

Part Three: Want Revenge?

After school, Kathy tore off her jacket and pelted into the forest which was right by her school. As she ran she transformed: hair grew out of her body and the tuft of hair that had been on her bottom that morning lengthened into a bushy tail. Her canines grew to fangs and the next thing she knew she collided with a tree! Shaking her head, she realized she was looking

at a doggy door. (She had seen one in the Thompson's front door.) On the doggy door was a banner, and on the banner were the words: ANGRY AT THOSE WHO TURNED YOU INTO A WEREWOLF? REVENGE IS HERE! Suddenly, realization broke through her just as water breaks through a dam. Looking down, she studied herself. Her fur was hard and bristly, and her claws were longer and sharper than any wolf's. Narrowing her eyes to slits, she curled up her claws and raised her tail, stiffening it. She was a Werewolf now. "I'm a werewolf and I want revenge!"

Part Four: Ambrositern

Awed by her forelegs and hindlegs, Kathy Finenz, now a werewolf, stalked the doggy door ignoring the sharp entrails of bark that scratched at her fur. She was trying to get her bearings but she didn't have a chance as she was tumbling head-first down a dirt stairs. When she reached the bottom she just managed to skid to a stop before she crashed into a huge, bulky werewolf. She shook her head trying to get her bearings. Finally, her vision cleared and she peered around. Kathy was in a huge, dimly lit room with a gigantic dirt mound at the other end. But there was another thing that attracted her: there were millions of werewolves gathered, and all of them were howling! They were howling at the wolf seated on top of the dirt mound...but why? She was answered almost immediately when the wolves became silent and the she-wolf on the mound began to speak: "Oh, you poor

werewolves, poisoned just for another's pleasure," she cried, emphasizing the word werewolves. "How would you like to take revenge? Well, the answer is here!" All the werewolves howled. Kathy stayed silent, unsure of what to do. "Well revenge is here and the secret is this!" The werewolf on the mound dipped her muzzle and came up with a small brown pitcher. "This is legendary Ambrositern!" The wolves looked at the pitcher dumbfounded. "John, explain to them what Ambrositern can do." The largest of the two guards that Kathy now noticed at the foot of the mound got up and began in a gruff voice: "Ambrositern can turn others into mice. But only others. And it will not work if you do not want it to." The wolves stayed hushed. The she-wolf went on with her talk: "Now that is the power of Ambrositern. We shall give half a gallon to everyone. Stay where you are and we shall bring it to you." She handed the brown pitcher to the skinnier of the two guards. He walked through the crowd steadily and surely giving every werewolf a half gallon. Kathy shivered in excitement as she was given her own small pitcher and some Ambrositern was poured into it.

A wolf stirred the air as it raced past. Turning around she was just in time to see wolves racing by all eager to try out their new solution. Finally, Kathy was out in the lush green forest where she slowed to a trot. As she walked, she noticed the meeting had lasted until nightfall. Time to poison Melanie!

Part Five: We're Death

Kathy stepped back, satisfaction warming her pelt. She had just fed Melanie a quarter of the gooey substance called Ambrositern. “Now it’s time to poison Maggie.” Kathy had a grudge against her former best friend for calling her “Dog Princess”. Her plan was to terrorize the kids on the school playground until she found Maggie. When Maggie opened her mouth to scream Kathy would pour the Ambrositern into Maggie’s mouth. But then, very suddenly, a snap sounded and pain blossomed in her side. “Gun!” she thought. A man emerged from the undergrowth and to her ultimate pain and surprise she recognized him as her father.

Kathy turned back into a human when she died but her father had already left so he never got to see his daughter again.

The End