

Thursday

Is there any better way to start your day than waking up shackled to a comfortable chair? It sure beats the usual morning of waking up lying down in the gutter with a pile of vomit as your breakfast. I have an apartment over in Brooklyn, but it got foreclosed on a few weeks ago. That's not important right now however. What is important is that this chair feels so soft. I wonder how that is, seeing as it looks old, hard, and full of splinters. I wish those voices in the background would stop talking and let me sleep a little longer.

I can hear one of the voices right now. "Dude, I was like, 'whoa' and he was like 'rar!' and so I was like, 'whoa' again," he's saying. This doesn't sound like the normal chatter I hear on the streets in the morning. Normally it's either about stock market transactions or drug deals. I can barely tell the difference between them.

"What the hell is wrong with you? We almost died you moron!" I know that other voice. It's Mary. I don't remember who Mary is right now, but I know that has to be her. I can't believe she found me a place to stay that's so comfortable. It's the middle of winter and I feel perfectly warm. It must be that "ass-bestos" I've heard so much about. These shackles are getting a little annoying however. Good thing they're made of tin foil, so they break easily. They must be those stage-cuffs that actors break out of. Funny how they look so realistic. Man, I should probably trim my fingernails. They look like claws or something. Why won't those people shut up?

"You know there's only one way out of this, don't you?" Mary says.

"We have to go outside?" Said the other guy, who I'm starting to think might be stoned.

"No you dumbass! We have to kill it." Mary must be talking about that rat we've been trying to kill for the past week. I remember a few days ago, she freaked out when she saw that rat in our apartment. Hey, I remember her now! Mary's that lesbian that I let stay at my apartment for the past month. I think she also has a pet dog. It's a ferocious little devil that bit me last night. That would explain the blood on my jeans, which feel unusually tight. Mary must have washed them in warm water by mistake.

"How can we kill it," the stoner has started talking again. "It's like, totally... really... furry."

"What does fur have to do with it?"

"Oh yeah. Okay, let's shoot it." They must be talking about the dog. It's about time they put that damn dog out of its misery! Ah, the door to the other room is open and I can see them now. I never noticed how gracefully Mary could hold a shotgun. I had also never noticed how

beautifully she could aim at my head, and how enchanting the sound of her finger squeezing the trigger could be. One more thing, I never imagined how painful a shotgun shell to the face could be. Maybe that's why I've never been quail hunting with Dick Chaney. The strange part is, that it doesn't hurt anymore. After half a second of blinding pain, I feel totally fine again.

I do have a headache though. It's not because of the shotgun, it's because Mary's scream is so damned irritating. Why is she running away? "I hate to see you leave, but I love watching you run away!" I call after her in an attempt to put her back into a good humor. It comes out as a sort of gargling, growling-like noise. That must be my stomach. The only thing I've had to eat in the past twelve hours is a hamburger soaked in whiskey. Okay, it was just a bottle of whiskey with a hamburger at the bottom, but still. Ah, I can smell the hotdog vendors. They normally hang out about a mile down the street though. I guess they must have changed location for today.

"Got any money?" I ask the stoner. I guess that it's pointless to expect a response, seeing as he has just died. My guess is that he overdosed on hallucinogenic drugs. My other guess would be that he just overdosed on shotgun shells to the brain. Either way, his corpse looks delicious. It tastes like he hasn't showered in quite a while. I should probably stop after eating one arm. I don't know how many calories this guy has, and I don't want to gain too much weight. I still feel like a hotdog though.

I step out of the door and the light is blinding. This is quite strange, seeing as it's about one in the morning. Ah, there's the hotdog vender, just half a mile down the street. I run towards it. For some reason, running on all fours feels so much more natural and I'm going faster than I ever have. I wonder why the vendor is running away. I guess that just means free hotdogs. Each one tastes more delicious than the last. After about half an hour of eating, the cart is now devoid of sustenance. Is it possible to eat the hotdog vendor? I can smell his trail leading towards Manhattan. That's the problem with living in Brooklyn. As soon as your friends get enough money, they just move to Manhattan, those rich bastards.

Chasing down the vendor feels like too much work however. Damn, there's Mary's dog over in the bushes. He seems like he's grown, and like he's learned to stand on two legs. He also appears to have learned how to talk.

"What the hell are you doing?" he says with a threatening growl.

"Getting some lunch. Now get back home, Mary's probably worried where you are right now. Don't you want your chew-toy. Don't ya, don't ya."

The dog just gave me the "face-palm". I figure it's better to run away than to try to reason with this snarling beast. I can still smell the hotdog vendor. He really should wash his

clothes more often. I chase him down on all fours again, but the dog is in my way, shouting at me.

“You have to get out of here before the cops see us.”

“Okay, you first.”

“You’re coming with me.”

“But I’m busy. I got to find out where the hotdog vendor went.” I can’t believe how ignorant this dog is. I’m in the middle of my meal, and he wants me to back to the apartment with him. Besides, how can I trust an animal that has just face-palmed me.

“Do you not realize that you’re a werewolf, or are you hi?”

“Well, I did just consume a guy who’s blood was probably fifty percent heroin and LSD.”

“See that?!” the dog screams. “You just ate a person! How do you not realize that you’re a werewolf?!”

“Because I’m not delusional. Werewolves don’t exist, and if you seriously think that, then you need a CAT scan. Now if you will please excuse me, I’m going to go track down and eat the hotdog vendor.” Some people just won’t take a hint. Maybe he’ll take the hint if I bite into his neck? No time for that though, he’s just bitten me first. It appears that he’s lifting me up by my neck and taking me to the nearby park lake.

“Look into the water,” he says. So I look in, and all I see is the dog’s face. It looks strangely wolf-like. Now that I examine it more closely, the face looks kind of like me. It’s just as dashing and handsome. The fish in water look delicious. I stick my head in and grab a fish with my teeth. I shake my head to get all the water out of my hair, which feels much longer for some reason.

“See, you just caught a fish with your bare teeth, and ate it raw. Raw, I tell you!”

“Look man, if eating raw fish was a qualification for being a werewolf, then wouldn’t everybody who’s ever eaten sushi be a werewolf? I will not stand idly by while you call a whole race of people werewolves.”

“Look at this then.” He pulls a tail out of nowhere and shows it to me. I follow the tail back, but it disappears behind my butt. In order to follow it, I’d have to turn my head around. I’m sick of his games. I run away towards Manhattan. The dog follows me, and won’t stop. I decide to go over the Brooklyn Bridge. Surely he won’t be able to follow me through all those obese tourists. I can see it on the horizon anyway. I sprint and sprint on all fours. It’s funny how

my hands aren't hurt by all the gravel in the park pathway. I reach Lincoln Street and make a left.

After what feels like almost no time at all, I'm at the bridge. Why did I ever take the subway like a loser, when I could have just been running places this whole time? It's so much faster, cheaper, and there's no smell of stale urine. For some reason, everybody at the bridge is staring at me and screaming random obscenities. I guess it just goes to show how much other New Yorkers hate people from Brooklyn. I guess I can't blame them though, since I can understand their jealousy. The dog is still following me though. That must be what people are staring at.

Suddenly I smell the most delicious scent imaginable. It's emanating from one of the aforementioned obese tourists. There's a huge crash in the distance. A car has just hit the dog that was following me. Whoa, he's just transformed into a human. Man, that hippie I ate must be kicking in. I could almost swear that I have fur and a tail. That's ridiculous however. I know I'm just a little messed up in the head.

For some reason, there's a riot squad staring at me, brandishing several tranquilizer guns. I wonder what they're aiming at. All goes black.

I feel my head under my weight, and covers on my body. Light is shining through the window, and I should probably get up. That sure was one freaky dream last night. It felt so real to me. What's this blood stain on my bed though? It leads to under the kitchen sink. I follow it, with no idea what I'll find. I open the sink and see the body of the hotdog vendor. He looks delicious.

The End