

Sorry I Ate Your Father,
But Can We Still Be Friends?

By
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Deep in the heart of New York State sat the small town of New Rockford. A village that centered around a semi-busy county road. On either side of the street was a large white church, a few run down stores, a post office, and a Grange hall. Branching off the main street were a few small streets with numerous homes.

Most of New Rockford's history had been relatively quiet. The people worshipped at the local Lutheran church, their kids attended the regional school, and the rest were either retired, working in a nearby manufacturing plant, or were farmers. All in all, the town was a peaceful settlement.

That was until a man's body was found within the local forest. When the state police found it, they saw that the person had been heavily mauled plus at least two of the man's limbs were ripped off and chewed. His corpse were so badly damaged that it took the police a while to figure out who he was. He had been a farmhand from a local dairy farm.

At first the police wanted to chalk the murder up to an animal attack. Yet a few facts changed their minds. One was that the region had not seen such a powerful beast living in its forest for a long time. The other was that in a week, a second body turned up just as badly destroyed as the first.

A hiker came across the body at a junction between the forest and farm field. The remains was that of a local teenage girl. Like the last time, she had been heavily torn apart.

Looking at the spot, the investigators noticed animal tracks. Yet these prints were like nothing they had ever seen before. Something far larger then a wolf. Plus, it almost looked like the beast walked on two legs.

However before the state police could pursue that idea further, a few more murders were rapidly discovered. Yet this time the corpses were found within their own homes. It appeared that the killer let themselves in, ripped the people apart, then shredded the homes.

"Dad, you left the front door unlocked again," called out Audrey Miller. The slim slightly athletic woman let herself into what appeared to be a small farmer's house. Passing through the front door, she immediately found herself in the living room.

Going through the living room, Audrey passed into the kitchen and deposited the groceries she brought. "I thought you wanted to keep that door locked because of the murders." Audrey peered out a side window to see that her father's truck was there. Usually that meant he was home.

Intrigued, Audrey went back to the living room and ascended the creaky stairs to the second floor. Cautiously the woman approached her father's bedroom. She hoped he was just fast asleep. However when she pushed open the door, Audrey saw one of the most horrific scenes she had ever seen. Laying on the bed was the torn apart body of her father. His gut was wide open and the entrails had been whipped about the room. A leg lay on the floor, a highly chewed arm draped over the dresser, while copious amounts of blood had been splashed along the walls.

Audrey could not help herself and screamed. She rushed downstairs and out of the house. Quickly one of her father's neighbors rushed over to see what was the matter. She was barely able to tell them what she had seen.

Before long the house was mobbed by numerous police vehicles. All through it Audrey fought to collect herself. Yet soon she was comforted by her best friend since school, Mark Warpole.

"I don't know what to say other than I'm so sorry," Mark softly consoled her. "Who or what could do such a thing?"

His words seemed to pull Audrey out of her grief. "I'm not sure, but I'm going to find out."

"I don't know? I mean, look at what the thing has done. Plus the police haven't been able to find any clues."

"I know, but I'm going to try," Audrey answered while she stood up.

"Well I'd like to help. I mean, someone has to look out for you?"

"Thanks."

Audrey cornered one of the detectives and learned how the cops had been using everything they could to find the killer. Yet they were making no headway. Even the dogs were unable to track the monster for more than a short bit.

With a little persistence Audrey learned that some of the evidence seemed to suggest wolves were involved. Plus the cops had found numerous hairs that appeared like wolf fur. But on further investigation, no one could figure out what species of canine the monster was.

Audrey soon had a good idea of what the monster might have been: a werewolf. However if she had not seen the torn apart remains of her father, the woman would never have believed it herself. Yet all she knew of the beasts were from works of fiction.

With Mark's help, she began researching everything she could about werewolves. Then she dug up information on the murders. Before long Audrey had an idea that the werewolf had to be someone from the town. Everyone who had been killed were locals. On top of that, while some of the bodies were found a ways away from New Rockford, they were still within walking distance.

Audrey tried to alert the authorities about what she uncovered. Yet they scoffed at her. Some even suggested that the grief over her father's gory murder had somehow rattled her mind. One female officer even quietly recommended a psychologist that Audrey should visit.

In the end, the only person who believed her was Mark. Audrey was grateful for that. He had been her friend through thick and thin. However there was a brief point in their relationship recently when they had been apart. She chose to attend school at Syracuse University. On the other hand, he went to Europe. Then when Mark came back to America, their friendship picked up anew.

For the next few days the pair tried to figure out where the werewolf was going to strike next. Plus Audrey could not figure out a pattern to its attacks. To her, it all seemed quite random. Then she and the police noticed how each homicide scene had wolf tracks leading back to the local forest.

Soon a plan hatched within Audrey's mind. She thought that the monster would either try and kill someone within the forest or escape through it. With that in mind, she went to her

father's home and got his hunting rifle. After stocking up on bullets, hunting gear, and whatnot, she headed into the forest. Mark chose to tag along and the two began to search the forest.

Audrey first went to the different spots where people had been slaughtered. Using a map and a bit of triangulation with a handheld GPS, she found a good hiding spot to hide and wait. There she hoped to catch the werewolf when it came by.

The first night Audrey and Mark waited for the beast to show itself. The night was overcast and it was misting a bit. While the next night was a bit drier, but still just as fruitless. Then on the third night, a full moon came out in the cloudless sky. With fall upon the land, many of the trees had shed their leaves allowing more of the bright moon to shine down onto the floor. On top of that was a soft warm breeze blowing that allowed both people to get comfortable.

"If the monster strikes, tonight's the night," Audrey informed Mark with a hopeful tone.

"It would seem like it," Mark casually replied. He peered up at the moon and smiled a bit.

"I wonder where the thing came from?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well think about it, this area has no history or legends of werewolves. If I remember right, they originally came from Europe?"

"I don't know. There's lots of strange things going on in this state. Do you remember the story about that weird forest down near Cortland?"

"What about it?"

"Well the legends mention that forest was infested with demons. Heck, they say there's a gateway to hell located deep within the forest."

"Hogwash," scoffed Audrey.

"Hey, here we are trying to catch a werewolf. A gate to hell doesn't seem too different does it?"

"I don't know? I mean, what if the police are right. That my father had been killed by some sort of deranged killer. I mean look at it, here we are sitting in the middle of a deserted forest under a bright full moon. If the tales were true, then the werewolf would have already transformed and attacked."

"I don't know. I'd like to think that werewolves, vampires, even hell gates are all true. Maybe it's just that some legends didn't get them right?"

Audrey pondered Mark in the moonlight. "What do you mean?"

"Well think about it this way. Say there are werewolves. Who is to say they only come out during the full moon or that they don't have control over their transformation?"

"I honestly don't know?"

A soft smile crossed his face. It looked like he was remembering a fond memory. "I guess I'd like to think I know," he quietly responded.

Audrey missed his comment or look. She had been pondering a sound off in the forest. Yet she soon dismissed it as some sort of small animal. "Huh, what'd you say?" Audrey asked looking back at the man.

"I don't know, I'd like to think that werewolves are not just some mindless beasts."

"How would you know?" Audrey noticed how Mark seemed to be squirming a bit.

"Well, um, I guess you could say I have personal experience."

"How so?" She was peering at him to see if he was joking.

"Well I guess the best way to say it is that I got a firsthand experience back when I was in Europe." Mark responded as he squirmed even more.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, um, it's hard to explain. I met one when I was traveling through the forests of eastern Europe."

"Why hadn't you said anything before now. Also if you did meet such a beast, how come you're not dead?"

"Well, that's not something a person willingly admits too. But I guess as far as surviving the encounter, well..." Mark lifted up his shirt. As he exposed his bare chest in the bright moonlight, Audrey could see four ragged scars. They looked like a huge beast had raked its claws across his side. "Many of those werewolf tales aren't fully true. I mean, here we sit under the full moon and I haven't suddenly transformed. That can happen at any time I want to. Yet one of the few things they did get right is that I'm always hungry!" Mark admitted as he lowered his shirt.

"You're the werewolf," exclaimed Audrey as she started up.

Mark lowered his head in shame, "yes I am. I'm sorry for what I did to your father. I was so hungry and he was easy to get to. I'm very sorry I ate your father, but can we still be friends," he honestly pleaded to her.

"It was you," Audrey spat back at him. "You ate my father?"

"Yes..."

"But how could you? You knew who he was! If I believe everything you said, you could have chosen another person to eat!" Audrey accused as she backed away.

"Well, I had been holding back my hunger for a long time. Normal human food just does nothing to abate that. Before long I had to eat and almost mindlessly chose him. The thing is, I haven't eaten since then. I had hoped to steer you away so that I could feed on someone else so you would never discover it was me. However because we've been hanging out so much, and well, I'm starving. It's been a struggle not to transform and murder any of the people around me. But I can't wait any longer and you look so tasty," eagerly spoke Mark. His tone had shifted from one of regret to that of longing. His eyes showed he was contemplating her. Even some drool had escaped his mouth.

Before she could do anything, Audrey registered numerous pops and cracks coming from Mark's body. They sounded like someone was snapping celery and carrots. Heck, there was even a bit of a squishy wet sound between it all.

Audrey watched as he seemed to swell up in his clothes. As this happened, Mark began to grunt in pain while his clothes ripped apart. Each split exposed more of his inhuman transformation. His ears migrated up his head and reformed into hairless wolf ears. His mouth and nose pushed out into a muzzle. Numerous fanged teeth emerged into his growing mouth. His arms grew a bit longer and lankier, his fingers extended out, while sharp black claws burst from each finger tip. Mark's legs began reforming into some sort of hodgepodge combination of human and wolf legs. While his feet formed into a wolf's rear paws. Even a long curved tail grew out of his newly exposed butt. Finally thick white, grey, and black wolf fur sprouted all over his body completing his transformation.

"I am so sorry for this," the transformed Mark regretfully spoke. His voice had a deep bestial quality to it. "But you inadvertently kept me from feeding and I'm so hungry." Mark's

long wolf tongue lolled out of his mouth. His inhuman eyes pondered her for a moment.

Audrey was stunned to see her long time friend transform before her eyes. Yet soon her wits came to her and realized her rifle lay on the ground where she had been squatting. Abruptly she dove for the weapon. Yet before she got her hands on it, the monster leapt forward and swatted the rifle away.

After that Audrey tried to back away on her hands and feet. However the werewolf quickly leaped upon her and swatted his clawed hand out. The strength behind his swipe flung her hard against a tree.

Mark then bounded after her like a wolf chasing a toy. Abruptly he stopped as Audrey slumped against the tree in deep pain. The monster then lowered his large muzzle until it was level with the hurting woman.

"I could turn you into a werewolf like me," softly contemplated the inhuman Mark. "However I don't want you to suffer like I do every day. I'm so sorry," whispered Mark as he peered deeply into his friend's hurting eyes. Then he reared a hand back and drove it into Audrey's stomach. Using his claws, he dug in and snapped her spine then ripped out her guts. Finally he opened his jaws and leaned in to chew out her neck.

Afterward the werewolf eagerly tore apart his friend and gorged himself until his hunger was sated. With that, Mark's reason came back to him even more. Briefly he contemplated what he had just done. How he had murdered his friend for food. The realization caused tears to drop from his wolf eyes and down his furry muzzle.

Mark silently mourned Audrey. Then he got up and went over to grab the leftovers of his ripped clothing. He stuffed them into a bag Audrey had brought. Next he grabbed the rifle just in case his prints were on it. Finally he bounded away from the torn up body. Mark planned on going home, transforming back to a human, dressing, packing, and finally getting out of New Rockford. He had to find a safer place to feed.