

My Halloween as a Werewolf



By Tamara Kula

My friends say I'm obsessed with werewolves. I love werewolf movies, werewolf videogames and werewolf books. Halloween is my favorite holiday, and every year I go as – can you guess? – a werewolf.

I had made some improvements in my costume since last year. My new yellow contacts that glowed in the dark looked very eerie, and my new long, black claws were very realistic. I was so excited that I got dressed early, then lounged on the couch watching TV in my costume while I waited for my friends to come over.

It's true that most 15-year-olds don't go trick-or-treating anymore, but I see no reason to give it up. On what other holiday can you go running around in the dark, scaring little kids, knocking on doors, and collecting bags and bags of free candy? My point exactly.

Ding Dong! I ran to the door to greet my friends. Ron made a wonderfully disgusting mummy. Trevor was a vampire with a little too much blood running down his chin to be realistic, and Matt was, like me, a werewolf.

"Wow, Matt. Your costume is awesome! It's even better than mine!" I exclaimed, running my hand over the coarse, dirty, grey fur.

"Thanks," answered Matt in his best growl. "I wanted to look as real as possible."

I was secretly a little disappointed that he copied my idea and now looked like an even better werewolf than I did, but I swallowed my pride and said, "Is everyone ready? Let's go!"

As we stepped out into the darkness, Matt's eyes glinted yellow. "You have the same contacts I do," I said, trying to sound cheerful. "Look at the beautiful full moon."

After hitting a few houses, we decided to hide behind some bushes and scare the next group of trick-or-treaters. We didn't have to wait long before we saw a group of ghosts and princesses coming our way.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my hand. With a yelp, I looked down and in the dim beam of the streetlight, I saw blood trickling down my wrist.

"Matt, did you bite me?" I cried in disbelief.

"Just trying to be realistic," Matt growled.

"You better not do that again," I said menacingly, baring my fake fangs. The rest of the evening went as usual on Halloween night, and I was exhausted by the time I got home. I quickly got ready for bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

I was woken up an hour later by the phone. As I stumbled into the kitchen, I saw yellow eyes reflecting in the dark kitchen window. I had forgotten to take out my contacts.



It was Matt on the phone. "Hey man," he said cheerfully. "Sorry for ditching you for trick-or-treating. It's just that Lydia invited me to her party and I hated to say no and - "

"What are you talking about?" I asked groggily as I switched the light on. "You were with me all evening." I glanced up and saw a werewolf in the mirror. "Calm down!" I told myself. Apparently I had fallen asleep in my costume.

"No, I was with Lydia all evening," Matt said happily. "But you have to share your candy with me, OK?"

We said goodbye and I walked sleepily back to my room, confused. It was then that I saw my werewolf costume in a crumpled heap by my bedroom door.