

Odobenine by Wm. Brett Hill

Night descended leisurely, but Jack felt little of its languid nature as his skin crawled and rippled. He hated being trapped in the city, locked in his apartment as the change overtook him. He hated being surrounded by people who would never understand.

As his teeth grew long and the hair filled in on his face he remembered that fateful night long ago and the attack that brought him to this sorry state. He glared into the shining moon as he grunted and gave in, falling to the floor. Massive, powerful, absurd... Jack the werewalrus flopped around the living room.