

We're All Werewolves...Goddamn Fucking Werewolves

By Aaron Winslow

Nobody could have predicted it. And, I admit, the whole scenario seems unlikely. Crazy even. Nobody could have ever have known, before that fateful day, that the solution to global warming would also turn every person on planet Earth into werewolves.

I'm not talking about sprouting a little extra hair here and there and maybe the urge to growl after a good meal. But we didn't change into sexy fetish werewolves either. No, after the transformation was complete, and the dust had settled so to speak, it turns out that everyone looks like your standard Lon Chaney, Jr. campy Fifties *Wolfman*-style werewolf.

Pretty much any way you slice it, humanity got the shitty end of the stick. I mean, maybe it was all worth it to solve global warming. This is actually a pretty healthy debate right now, and a lot of people a whole heck of a lot smarter than me have weighed in on it, so I'm not about to try. That's above my pay grade.

What exactly *is* my pay grade, you may ask? And *why*, exactly, am I writing this, you might be wondering? Doesn't everyone on Earth already know that they are a werewolf and thus have no need for narrative exposition? Well, yes and no, but that's beside the point.

You see, I'm an astronaut. Or astro-werewolf, as we call them now, and I'm part of Elon Were-Musk's first were-manned mission into the void of space. It's a one-way mission, as far as I can tell, and there's no plan to colonize another planet or establish a permanent space station. Nope, I just shoved my werewolf-self into a spaceship designed and built by some shitty rich were-dude with no were-public oversight or responsibility and let 'er rip.

Normally, nobody would go along with something like this. Or, at least, the only people who would've volunteered would be real losers. But now, everyone's like, "fuck it, I'm a werewolf, nothing makes sense, so I guess I'll just shoot myself into space."

At least, that was my way of thinking. Sure, being a werewolf *sounds* cool. And for a little while, it is. Have you ever had werewolf sex? Or been to a werewolf party? Even an all-werewolf baseball game is pretty damn exciting, although it remains a thinking wolf's game of statistics.

But surrendering to your baser urges day after day gets old after awhile. And unfortunately turning into a werewolf didn't do much for my were-anxiety-and-depression. In fact, it only made things worse!

There you are, walking down the street, a week away from the full moon so you're like "today's the day I get some shit done...no crazy werewolf antics, no binge feasting, I'll see the pack tomorrow. Today, I'm finally gonna start that novel. The great American werewolf novel. There's

nothing to stop me. The resource scarcity problem is solved so nobody works much anymore; arts and publishing grants are plentiful; people have more leisure time than they've ever had. I've got some great ideas, a compelling and original story to tell, I think I could be a unique voice in the world of werewolf letters. Time to get cracking. I'll just walk to the public library and use their computer to start cranking this bad boy out."

And then BOOM. From out of nowhere, ten of your friends, all jacked up on Ever-Wolf (that's a medicine that lets you turn into a werewolf outside of the full moon cycle), jump out of the bushes.

"Time to go crazy, motherwolver," they shout at you. "We're all werewolves...goddamn fucking werewolves!"

"Not today," you say, "I just need some time to write and chill."

But they just shove you around in a jocular yet aggressive way.

"Write and chill"? That's loser human talk. We're werewolves now! We don't even know why but we are and that means that we never need to chill. We just get to go crazy and live forever!"

Then they crack a cold one and hand it to you and basically shove an Ever-Wolf pill down your throat and then your day's shot. No thoughtful contemplation. No chance to make lasting artistic statement that will cross the great expanse of time and leave a mark for future were-generations. Nope, just going were-cruising with the were-boys.

Fun? You bet. How could it not be, especially when you're a werewolf, which I most certainly am. But meaningful? Not exactly.

I think that gives you a pretty good idea of the day-to-day here on Were-Earth. So maybe that explains why, when I saw one of tear-off flyers on the bulletin board of the public library branch asking for volunteers for (and I quote) "Cool Space Mission" I tore the ticket off, turned around and marched directly back to the library computer, waited for the modem to dial-up,¹ and sent an email to Elon Were-Musk.

And the rest, as they say, is were-history. Elon Were-Musk was totally psyched to have me on the mission. In fact, I was the only volunteer. He actually seemed a bit surprised that I wanted to do it, but then he grinned, fangs gleaming, and said "Hell yeah, bubba...let's rock."

¹ I should also explain that another side-effect of stopping global warming is that we all have 90s-level internet technology...it's weird, and no one knows why or how that even happened, but it did, so there ya go.

All my were-buddies were just as supportive. At first, when I said I was taking off, they were like “What? You’re leaving? Everything is so cool here, why would you leave? Where are you gonna go?”

And then I’d say, “I’m gonna shoot myself into space and never come back.”

And they’d look at me, confused for a half-second, and then break out into a classic were-smile. “Hell yeah, motherwolfer. Fuck space. Why does it get to be all big and empty? Go out and tear it up.”

I think about that all the time out here as I’m careening into the void of the universe--am I, at long last, getting some peace and quiet? Or am I just inadvertently spreading this basic-ass werewolf shit across the galaxy? I don’t know the answer to that question, and it’s actually time I wrapped this up.

You probably have some other questions, like: How, and for how long, will I survive? What do I do to stay sane? If werewolf transformation is tied to the lunar cycle, why do I still transform into a werewolf now that I’m well past the influence of Were-Earth’s moon?

And, really, those questions are just the tip of the iceberg. But I’ll level with you: I don’t have any of the answers. Because I’m just a werewolf. A goddamn fucking werewolf.