

I'm a were-what?

You take a deep breath, your heart beating wildly in your chest. *I'm actually doing this.* You think, trying to gather the courage to open the door. You look up to the full moon, and feel its pull. Feel it calling out to you, drawing you towards it.

You place a shaky hand on the cool metal of the door handle and wrap your fingers around it, apprehensive to find out what will happen. To find out what your parents have been hiding from you. What they have been so scared of, your whole life.

You think on what they said to you. "Don't ever go outside on a full moon, sweetie. Promise me that." In your naivety, you nodded vigorously. They should of known that the curiosity would get the better of you eventually. You were always an inquisitive child, after all. You were often scolded for going on your little missions: spying on the neighbours with your binoculars, trying to find out what skeletons hid in people closets. "Curiosity killed the cat," they would tell you. As if that would dissuade you. You knew the true meaning after all; satisfaction brought it back.

It was that curiosity which brought you here, to this moment. You opened the door, placing a cautious foot on the ground.

Nothing happened.

You planted your other besides it, breathing in the cool air. The moon was ever rising, but was not yet high. You trampled through the back gate, grateful for the vast expanse of wood that lined the back of your house.

The pull became stronger as you ambled further into the woods, until you reached a small clearing. You could feel the ache in your bones and the warmth in your stomach.

The moon reached the top of the sky, and you began to feel it. The ache hardened, became sharp. You could feel your body squaring, your muscles hardening. You could hear the grinding of bones and the creaking of wood as you transformed; widening, hollowing.

You sat sedentary at the end of the transformation, trying to get your bearings. You felt cosy and welcoming. There was fire crackling in your fireplace, and smoke billowing out of your chimney, there was the soft sound of the song that was stuck in your head whispering out the speaker that was integrated into your wooden walls.

You were home. No, that's not right. You were a home.

Realisation of what you had become dawned on you. You wished you had listened to your parents. You wished that your curiosity hadn't gotten the better of you. Curiosity had killed the cat, but it wasn't satisfied.

Am I a monster? You thought, thinking back to your transformation. You had realised long ago that you were a were-something, but it was only now that you had finally found out what that something held.

For, you are a were-house.