

As I sat that winter's day on the jetty, hugging my knees and pulling my hoodie tightly around me, I felt completely alone. Alone was good.

I inhaled heavily, the clean air was crisp and refreshing, like a medicine I desperately needed to cure an awful ailment. I stared at the stunning mountains – but really I stared at nothing; no one but me was seeing such a sight; I was totally isolated from the world and I felt safe. I liked the idea that the rest of the world was safe too.

I tried to connect with the pine trees, the mirror smooth lake and the solitary bird that perched nearby...but they were products of nature – and I was not natural.

I was unnatural.

Escaping the city, the crowds of people, the environment and the temptation had become an obsession. I needed to be somewhere without the temptation that a city had: company, people, flesh.

But what was that? A sharp snapping sound in the distance! Maybe a twig? My heart beat like a drum in my chest as I was seized with panic. I did not want to see anyone, not now.

The sun was sinking low on the horizon. Anytime now, the silver moon would make an appearance. I was waiting for it. I was ready.

It was good to be separate from society in physical way – I was always separate from society anyway. I just don't belong there. I'm an outcast in many ways. People never seem to understand me. I get close, I make friends, and then I change...

Again, I hear a sound. My hearing is sharp – my senses have always been good, but this time I can't detect any unwanted smells or presence of civilisation. I think I'm still safe. It's important to be safe.

Dusk is descending on the scene like a curtain in a theatre and the spotlight is the moon. It will soon shine on me, what a show that will be.

I stand, brush the dirt from my clothes and breathe heavily, enjoying the last second of peace this night.

Here comes the moon.

And here comes my transformation...

I am a werewolf.