

Peeps Destroys the Werewolves
by Abraham Gray

Four Siblings
Cat People
Deadset on Protecting Their Bretheren
Set Forth on a Quest to Slay All the Werewolves
Impeding upon their domain

Peeps their King
his gray fur striped with white below his chin, and to his nose
His courage boundless
Willing to sacrifice all to protect his brethren

His brother
The Gentle Pumpkin
his fur all black, with a white bow-tie
Eternally loyal to his elder brother and King

His younger brother
Pickles the Innocent
all yellow
Who knew not sin
but only wished for love

And the adopted, nimble Sister Peanut
black and white
whose thirst for adventure never faded

And so the four set on their way to destroy the Werewolves
who stole their prey animals
and wasted the remains
and shat publicly without burying it

at sunset they set forth
the Four
and one who lurked the shadows.
To the camp of the Werewolves they stalked

Some of the enemy, still in human form
patrolled the perimeter of the encampment

In the four charged, with Peeps at the forefront
and ripped the throats from their enemies without hesitation

Meanwhile....

At the center of the werewolf encampment
there was a great bonfire
and two rats had their hands in the entrails of a whimpering albino moose
who wished for death to overtake him

Their eyes rolled back in their skulls
and into the future and the past their minds searched
for the secrets that would enhance their powers

The Chief among the werewolves
a scarred M upon his cheek
for Murderer
paced back and forth and listened to the distant sounds of combat
Claw against claw
tooth against tooth
a choked off yelp as the Innocent idiot Pickles ripped a werewolf's head from his shoulders

Screams of death in the distance
the vultures awaken, knowing breakfast, lunch, and supper were being prepared
as the four cats ripped through their enemies
all branded for their sins

Murders
Rapers
Thieves

All torn to pieces in a relentless march of four siblings
and One in the shadows
Until the Chief of the werewolves
could see fighting on the edge of the firelight

his Lieutenants cut down by agile foes
enraged by the theft of their game animals
and the waste of their remains
and the unburied defecation

A brave, gray haired King, leading his siblings.
A black haired helper, anticipating his King's move, and assisting.
An agile sister, lean, black and white, leaping among her foes, clawing eyes and ears.
A massive fool, all yellow, ignoring deep wounds, and decapitating his men with vicious blows from
either fist. And something else, he could hardly perceive, but felt threatened by.

The Chief of the Werewolves turned to the rats,
their eyes rolled back in their skulls,
their hands in the seeping, oozing belly of the albino moose,
and asked, "how much longer, till we get the power you promised?"

The rats continued to search Time and Space,

and the four enraged, righteous Cats
and one in the shadows
approached, killing all the werewolves sent to fight them.

The Chief ordered his trusted advisors into battle,
and they gnashed their teeth
and brandished their claws.
And fought with cleverness and ferocity.

But they were no match for the Four,
and the One in the shadows, who seemed to pull away
any who strayed near.
And they disappeared without a whimper.....

Now four bloodstained and battered cats approached the bonfire,
the chief of the werewolves,
and the two rats, now withdrew their filthy hands.

Said one rat, “we have what we need. You’re on your own, Werewolf.”
and the two rats opened a glowing, eldritch portal,
and walked into it,
leaving the gasping albino moose,
and the Chief of the Werewolves, with an M for Murderer upon his cheek.

“Stand back,” ordered the gray haired King.
“This one is mine, or I will die.”
And so he engaged the Chief of the Werewolves,
who was nimble, and strong.
He cut Peeps three times with his claws.
But the Chief made a mistake,
and Peeps got past his guard,
and cut the Werewolf’s throat, and spilled his blood on the ground.

The King of the cats looked upon the gasping albino moose,
who entrails were leaking from his belly,
and felt pity, and sliced his throat with his claws, and so ended him.

One cowardly werewolf – branded a Murderer -- escaped, and remembered what happened that night,
and shared the tale with all he met – those few that would have him.

But the rest were destroyed by four siblings, and a stranger in the shadows.