

A cat flies up from the mass of people and circles your head, its long gray hair pulled tight against its body. The strange animal seems to be the only nonhuman to have been changed and has been your best friend for the past five years.

You turn back to the city and listen to the song, focusing on the lyrics, pumping yourself up for another attack.

“Can’t wait one more minute!”

The cat – his tag says “Mr. McWhiskers,” but you could never bring yourself to call him that – flexes ten-inch-long claws as it looks to the city. You can see bloodlust in his eyes.

Today will be another long day of death and violence. Just like yesterday was and tomorrow will be.

But that’s the world you know and live in.

You turn up the music and smile, already salivating at the thought of fighting and killing.

Better make the best of it.

THE END