F. J. Bergmann - . . . But Paranormal Revenge Is Crappy

Bertram intoned the final words of the spell. The change swept over him.

He howled in mingled triumph and pain as his arms deformed into . . . feathered wings? His jaws became . . . a beak? The howl trailed off into a coo of dismay.

But all was not yet lost. Bertram fluttered out the window to perch in a branch, centering himself over the sidewalk, no longer regretting his indulgence in three Taco Paradisio El Grande burritos. He'd show Lisa and her new boyfriend what a were-pigeon could do!

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