

2 dead.

One a truck head that reeked of oil and muck. He was loud and abrasive but people still liked him for the beer and casual conversation. He never kept his hands to himself. His muscle car was a common sight and sound. He has throat ripped out.

Other was a young woman. An outsider, but she made enough friends in her time since she moved. She was clever and loved her family. Her name was [REDACTED] Gennadyevna Medvedev. She loved flowers. *She was my sister.* She bled to death.

No one was happy about this news, more people thought they knew what happened. They were wrong. They were so wrong. They lit bonfires and left flowers and toy trucks. My daughter left a coyote toy. She's not even in school yet, some people tried to get mad at her but they couldn't for long. The smell of smoke made my eyes water.

I asked my husband if we could move. He kissed my neck and told me to go to bed. I wasn't right. His breath was fruity. He didn't want to, there wasn't enough there yet to convince him. I was grieving, he said he was, that was enough to chalk danger to my head.

It's not.

I slept on the couch, he didn't want me to. I did anyway. He drank until he went to bed. The only other one to notice I was out was my eldest son when he went to pee and grab some water. He walked over, shot daggers to our room, and left a hug. I knew he was going to have a fight with his father tomorrow. I already planned to intervene.

The door rang early. Cops asked questions and shared their condolences. I didn't like talking to them, I hated seeing the guns on their belts. I was honest. They asked for my husband, he was already gone. Jason answered instead, still mad but only a kid. He said he might as well be the man of the house, they liked that answer a lot. I didn't. His younger brother laughed at him. They eventually left when they realized I wasn't any help.

I want to leave.

No one else did.

The door ringing didn't stop. Too many people had too many questions, but they hid them under wanting to be comforting the only next of kin that was in town. It's bad, but I grin and bear it. My kids say I'm unconvincing. I don't care about that. They start asking my boys instead, saying they don't want to worry their sick and grieving mother. I tell them to stop. They do it more.

I met a private investigator. He doesn't believe what the locals do. I appreciate it, even if I'm still so tired of it. They're spreading out myths and legends to try and explain everything. Men are

arming themselves to the teeth. He told me to stay safe. They offered to teach Shaun and Jason to hunt. I told them to leave. Shaun said sure so they'd leave him alone. They didn't listen to me.

My daughter won't sleep on her own anymore. She said she's afraid of what all the adults tell her to be afraid of. Her daddy told her there's nothing to be afraid of. She looked to me and I told her to not be afraid of that. She hugged me and thanked me. We all know she doesn't trust him. He decided to go out with friends that night. She liked sleeping there without him.

I asked him again about moving when he came back and sobered up. He told me to calm down. His nose bled. I didn't say anything. The private investigator came back in the afternoon. He asked me more questions and left flowers.

Shaun went hunting with the men. I told him not to but he didn't listen. Jason stayed home with me. He said he didn't want to worry me more. I appreciated it. He said he liked the flowers. Shaun came home with squirrel nuggets from one he shot. A hunter's wife made it for him. Chloe laughed at him for being gross.

It was almost a month since [REDACTED] died. Shaun said the men invited him to go hunting again. I begged him not to go. He said ok. He left in the middle of the night. I waited for him.

1 dead, 1 injured

A man came back with a mangled hand. He said it was ok though. What was terrorizing them he did his best to deal with. If that's what it cost, he would take it.

A boy on the same party died. He slipped away in the dead of night. They didn't know he wasn't with anyone else until it was too late. He was brilliant beyond his years. He was subject to peer pressure. He loved reading about science and wanted to get a PHD. He never listened even when he should've. His name was Shaun Jones Lyons, his daddy named him that, it was more American. He wasn't a daddy's boy though. *He was my boy. My son. Mine.* He was bloody and worn. He had shotgun shells in his chest.

They had the same thing for him as they did for the last two. A memorial for another victim. They worried about me attending in my condition. I did anyway. It didn't feel right. They the gear they got him alongside toys and flowers and cards. I did everything I could not to scream at them. Chloe refused to leave my side. Jason had his hands in fists. His father took smoke breaks.

I begged him again if we could leave. There was a new hole in the wall. I didn't bring it up to him again.

People visiting got worse. They wanted to comfort me. They said I looked sicker. I didn't care. They kept talking to Jason. He was the man of the house to them. He's a teenage boy. I heard him tell them to leave us alone. I wish he didn't have to do that.

Police asked more questions. They thought it was just an accident. Some of them were there. I don't trust them at all. I know it wasn't. They ruled otherwise. I don't want to live in this town.

The PI came back. He said he didn't think it was either. I don't know if we're thinking the same thing. He says he doesn't believe in superstition like most of the people living here. I'm pretty sure we don't agree. I'm happy we're closer on the subject. He said he'd come back soon and left more flowers.

My husband and Jason got into a nastier fight than I expected they could. Apparently, Jason thought he wasn't doing enough. His father was high. I stepped in, but they told me to stay out of it. I didn't. I ended up collapsing. That only got Jason more angry.

I talked to the PI again. He took me out to lunch, saying that it would be good to get me out of the house. He asked why I even moved here if I seemed so miserable. I told him it was because of my husband. He asked why I don't leave. I didn't have a good answer. He gave me a piece of paper with a number and an address on it. I hid it.

They fought again. Jason apparently brought up moving this time. His father wasn't having it. Jason stormed off. My husband kissed me and fell asleep on a recliner. I was scared shitless. Chloe fell asleep in my arms. I waited for hours. He came home and apologized for scaring me like that, hugging us tight. He had a bruise on his cheek.

The hunter got out of the hospital. He was unhappy that they never found the body of what he took down. They promised to go looking again with any more men they could get, just to be sure it was gone. They weren't going to find anything. They asked Jason to join them, to get vengeance. He apparently said he had to watch us instead.

It was almost a month since then. I told Jason to pack his bags. I packed ones for Chloe and I. We couldn't stay here. Jason was weirdly proud. I left a note on the fridge. I told my husband he could leave too if he changed his mind. I knew he wouldn't. We left town. I made a phone call. He never left me one after he came back.

Nothing was found.

The town celebrated that they were finally free. My friend who was investigating everything told me that. He said they were happy the werewolf was dead. It didn't matter no body was found. This was enough to have no more deaths. I said it was good for them. My kids think I'm a terrible liar. I probably am.