

Reggie breathed in and out slowly to calm his nerves as he waited for the stage to be clear. He'd always wanted to try open mic night at the local bar ever since he'd moved to the small English countryside town a few weeks ago. The townsfolk were a reclusive bunch and didn't easily take to newcomers. They were nice enough, but it was clear he was far from being in their confidence. He'd hoped that perhaps impressing them with a song would open them up, but every time the chance came around, he chickened out. It wasn't as if he were a *bad* singer; he was just... a bit flat from time to time. And he wanted to be perfect. Thankfully, his next-door neighbor—the only long-time resident who spoke to him on a frequent basis—offered him a special drink that promised he'd be singing perfectly in no time after imbibing it. Trusting his friend, he accepted the offer and made sure to have it with him when the night came around.

Which happened to be tonight. No pressure.

Taking the bottle out, Reggie looked it over; it was an odd greenish color that seemed to swirl around a bit. Opening it up, he gave it a careful sniff—and was pleasantly surprised by the minty scent. “Down the hatch...” he said as he downed the contents. The liquid was bitter, but not overly so. *It must be some kind of tea. My throat already feels better.* At last, it was time to go up onto the stage. The bar was a fairly standard English small town pub, and was evidently hundreds of years old. The only modern decoration was a skylight directly above the stage. All in all, the place had a certain charm that simultaneously put him at ease, and yet added to the pressure to perform well in such an establishment.

Stepping up to the mic, he cleared his throat, and spoke, trying not to think about the crowd. “Hi, I’m Reggie Jackson from the US. But you all already know that. Figured I’d sing something fitting for the UK, one of my favorites—and incidentally, recommended to me by my next-door neighbor, Geoff!” A brief applause for his friend followed, and then the audience quieted down as a backing track played.

***“I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand  
Walking through the streets of Soho in the rain  
He was looking for the place called Lee Ho Fook’s  
Gonna get a big dish of beef chow mein!”***

***Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!  
Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!”***

At first, his heart dropped as the locals immediately laughed, as if they'd heard a great joke. But he quickly felt relief as they began to clap and cheer along. *They weren't laughing at me for being bad. They were laughing in surprise for me being good,* Reggie assured himself mentally. What he didn't realize as he sang—his confidence growing with every line—was that the full moon began to shine down through the skylight directly onto him, bathing him in its silvery rays. All he noticed was that he felt his energy and confidence grow even further, and he quickly launched into the rest of the song with absolute gusto.

***“You hear him howling around your kitchen door  
You better not let him in!  
Little old lady got mutilated late last night  
Werewolves of London again!”***

***Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!  
Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!”***

Reggie felt better than he'd ever felt before. He felt stronger, prouder, more forceful. *That drink definitely works! I ought to thank Geoff for it*, he mused. Little did he know how true the first part of that thought was as the moonlight, combined with the elixir, slowly began to bring about a bizarre transformation. Reggie's muscles grew thicker, his chest expanding and abs rippling, his biceps and thighs growing as thick as logs. He gained a couple of feet in height as well, his shirt and pants beginning to rip apart. But he kept singing. The music was too good, the crowd was enjoying it and shouting encouragement:

"Yeah! Keep going!"

"Good show, mate!"

"Ye'll fit right in here!"

"Come on, then! Let it out!"

With a smirk, Reggie obliged.

***"Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!  
Ah-oooo! Werewolves of London! Ah-oooo!"***

With every verse and lyric, the changes continued. His shoes and socks exploded off his feet to reveal that they were thickening and lengthening into canine hindpaws as fur grew all over them. His muscles continued to expand and his height grew again. He now possessed a body that was muscular beyond what humans could ever be physically capable of, and as a result the rest of his clothes quickly fell into tatters, leaving him stark naked. Thankfully, the fur quickly covered everything up, and something began to stretch out behind him.

It was at that point that Reggie happened to look down at himself, and finally realized what was going on. He was turning into a werewolf. Looking up to the audience, they seemed completely unsurprised; it finally hit him as to why they were so secretive. The whole town must have been made up of werewolves, and the mystery drink Geoff had given him had made him one too. Strangely enough, this didn't frighten him—instead, he felt a bit of excitement and a sense of belonging. He continued his song, slowly embracing the changes and enjoying the feeling of his tail growing out behind him.

***"Well I saw Lon Chaney walkin' with the Queen  
Doin' the Werewolves of London!  
Yeah, I saw Lon Chaney, Jr. walkin' with the Queen!  
Doin' the Werewolves of London!  
I saw a werewolf! Drinkin' a piña colada at Trader Vic's and his hair was perfect!  
YEAH!"***

***AWOOOO! Werewolves of London! AWOOOO!  
AWOOOO! Werewolves of London! AWOOOO!"***

The changes slowly finished as the song went into its grand finale, his snout pushing out to complete the transformation. With one last, long, musical howl, Reggie dramatically dropped the mic and bowed to the applause of the village he could now finally call himself a true resident of.