

The Wolfman

The bulbs on his mirror are so bright they are almost audible. He powders and primps, pastes and glues. Proper accents are key for the needed effect. The lighting in here is unforgiving, but it will be easier when he's performing.

First one ear, then the other. He can already hear better. The claws hurt more coming off than going on. As his teeth set he notices a drooped eyebrow. It will have to do.

He can hear people outside. Murmurs or screams, it all sounds the same.

On the surface he is in chaos, writhing and contorting as the transformation takes place. On the inside he is calm. This room joins the conscious and subconscious. Neither knows it exists.

A smell, not entirely unpleasant, wafts in. He has soiled himself again.

All part of the act.

There is a knock on the door and it opens. Mayhem.

"Showtime," she whispers before gently closing it back.

He looks in the mirror one last time and grins. His skin is stretched and peeling but will look fine covered in blood and away from these lights.

A small part of him is afraid and he has to remind himself he is the reason everyone came. Lon Chaney would be proud.

He rises, walks to the door, and takes a deep breath. He looks up in the direction of the moon if he were outside and howls. He fixes his eyebrow before leaving.

He is The Wolfman.