Political Werewolves

Marvin was fine until one evening, while canvassing with his candidate, the full moon rose. His candidate transformed into a beast, growing a beard and sharp fingernails, bit Marvin and then ran off. The next morning the candidate apologized and explained that the extreme politics of the last few years had turned him into a Political Werewolf.

The next night, during the full moon, a hairier Marvin raced through the neighbourhood on all fours, destroying opposition lawn signs. It felt good. He became more extreme in his politics. His wife turned after he bit her, so they could campaign together. Their circle of friends grew tighter as their politics grew more extreme. Marvin did not mind losing those friends–he was on a mission to save his country.

As years growled by, as politics grew more vicious, during full moons Marvin grew hairier, grew claws and fangs. When the moon was not full, he stalked the internet, posting fake news, phoney accusations, trying to destroy reputations. No party canvassed during the full moon and an Election Day was never held during one.

Marvin enjoyed stalking. He stalked opposition party members. They all wanted higher deficits, more spending on defense, less government. The opposition righteously accused Marvin's party of exactly the same. No one noticed or, if they did, said nothing. Marvin's first kill was the director of the opposition's local campaign. He leapt on the man and tore him to shreds with his fangs and claws. It was fulfilling. It was his natural evolution. After, he went home.

He had to throw out his torn and bloody clothes, of course.

That night he and his wife created a new activist. They believed the world always needs more.

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