

A Werewolf In My Pocket

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I was sitting at the breakfast table enjoying a big bowl of cornflakes. I began to feel something wiggle around in my right shirt pocket. Then I felt a sharp pinch.

“OW! What is that?!” I asked.

“Oh, sorry. I just wanted to get your attention.”

I jumped up out of my chair and scanned the entire dining room. Where did that voice come from? Was it me?

“Uh, who’s there?”

“It’s me! I’m in your shirt pocket!”

I carefully took a peek inside my pocket and saw what looked like a miniature werewolf. He was no bigger than a quarter!

“How’d you get in there?” I demanded

“I’ve always been in here. You’ve just never noticed me until now.” It blinked its yellow eyes at me.

“Uh, okay. What do you want?”

“Oh, I was just wondering if I could have some of your cereal.”

“I guess. You want milk too?”

“No. All I need is one small piece.”

“Okay.” I picked up one cornflake and stuffed it into my pocket.

“Mmmm. Yum! Thanks! I appreciate it.”

The werewolf inhaled the cornflake. He made some weird noises while he ate.

“So, are there others like you?” I asked.

“You mean other miniature werewolves?”

It was now licking itself.

“Yes. Are there any other miniature werewolves?”

“Oh, my yes! We are in just about every available pocket.”

“And why am I seeing you now?”

“I don’t know. Only you know the answer to that question.” It proceeded to lick its tail.

“Uh, okay. So, what exactly do miniature werewolves do?”

“We can do lots of things but mostly we help keep away the lint goblins.”

“Lint Goblins?! There are actual Lint Goblins?!”

I decided to finish up my cornflakes.

“Yes. Of course. If the lint goblins had it their way they would just consume every piece of clothing in the world!”

“Really?!” I don’t know why I found it hard to believe in lint goblins. After all, I was talking to a pocket-sized werewolf.

“Okay. So, suppose I were to meet one of these lint goblins. Would it harm me?”

“No. Of course not! Lint goblins are deathly afraid of miniature werewolves and even MORE afraid of humans!”

“Oh, I didn’t know that.” I glanced at my wristwatch. I wondered how long I would have to talk to the werewolf.

“Well, I’d really like to continue chatting with you but I kind of have to be somewhere important.”

I hoped it didn’t take offense.

“Oh, okay. I understand. I will always be right here in your pocket if you ever feel the need to talk.” It began to curl up for a nap.

As I made my way towards the door I quickly realized I was forgetting my jacket. I pulled it off the coat rack and put it on. I zipped it up to my neck and felt a weird scratch.

“OW!”

I noticed a tiny green dot move about the zipper.

“Oh, sorry! I’m a jacket pixie. Can I have some cereal too?”

