

A SPRING TALE

By Kat Craig



KATCRAIG.COM

Kat Craig on Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/Kat-Craig/e/B00JIOEQ404>

Don't miss the image that inspired this story.

The image and the group that inspired these words can be found on the last page.

Thanks, Barton and the Dead Man Talking family!

Children, lock the doors and windows and gather here with me before the fire this cold April night. I will tell you the story of how things came to be.

The werewolf roams the forest by the light of the biggest moon. The werewolf has always been here. My parents and their parents knew of the werewolf. Every month for as long as time remembered, when the moon is brightest in the night sky, we lock up the livestock before sunset. We lock our homes and stay inside no matter what...no matter what, children.

We don't know who the werewolf is by day. We don't care to know which man transforms into a beast. If the agreement is honored, we will never seek to know.

The agreement of this village with the wolf is that as long as a human is never harmed by the werewolf, we will leave it be. We do our part by staying inside when the moon grows full. We can hear his howls even through our shuttered windows, but we dare not look outside. We do our part not to tempt the cursed soul that is doomed for eternity to shift into a wolf's body whenever the moon bids he must.

Five years ago, things became different, children. There was a bright fat moon in the sky between winter and spring. It was chilly by night but becoming warmer by day. The flowers were beginning to form new buds and the trees were sprouting green leaves.

The village had locked up as always for the night. We took to our beds as usual, fitfully sleeping as the usual howls ripped through the darkness.

At sunrise the next day, a message was sent to the elders to come to the church for an emergency meeting. In the church, we were shown what had been discovered early that morning along the edge of the woods. I remember what was revealed to us in silence, no one speaking a word as we struggled to understand.

We were shown a bright colored basket that had probably once been beautiful but now was torn and dirty. Handfuls of broken egg shells were passed around; there pieces of blue, pink, yellow, and orange. Each elder examined these remnants thoughtfully before handing them to their neighbor.

When the last two items were passed to me that morning in the church, I gasped. It was then that I understood what transpired and how our village would be forever changed. I held in my trembling hands a tattered tiny bow tie and a tuft of soft fur.

From that year forward, we adapted and that is how things came to be the way they are now, children. The village still honors its agreement with the werewolf, and the werewolf has abided, never harming any human.

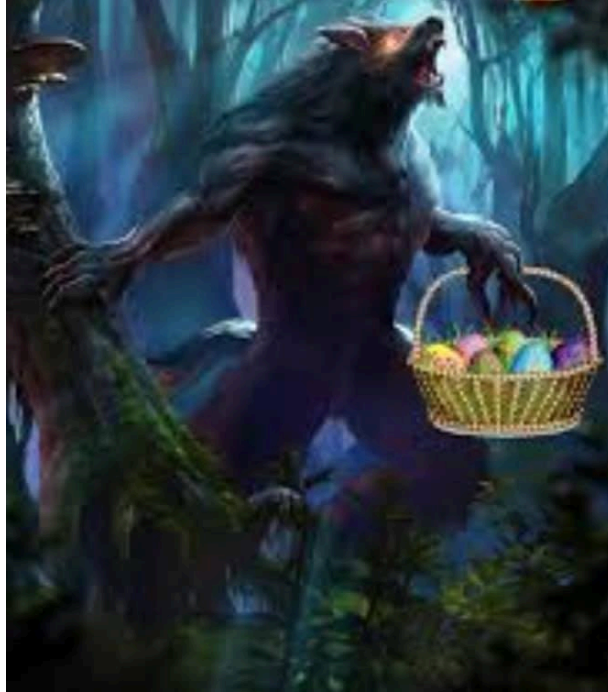
When the moon peaks high and shining before Easter, we place your baskets on the porch before sunset as we did this evening. We pile a platter high with offerings of raw meat and boiled eggs.

We lock up everything, and when we hear the clatter of claws on the porch, we never look outside. We may hear the food being devoured, but we don't look outside. We must do our part, children, to never tempt or taunt. Only when the sun rises on Easter morning do we unlock our homes to see what goodies were left in trade for our offerings.

Our werewolf unknowingly took on a second curse five years ago, little ones, another burden he must bear forever. The year the werewolf ate the Easter Bunny at the forest's edge, the werewolf took on the Easter Bunny's curse. Yes, he is still the wolf eleven months of the year, stalking the woods by moonlight. Once a year, though, he must become a hideous hybrid monster, both rabbit and wolf, both starving and generous. On this night each year, he comes into the village and visits every porch. The monster devours the food left out for him and leaves behind your Easter treats.

Sleep well, children, and no matter what you hear from your cozy beds tonight, don't look outside.

This fun seasonal story was inspired by a meme shared in [the Facebook group for Dead Man Talking's Cabin in the Woods](#), a social group for those that enjoy the Forest of Fear YouTube channel. Thank you to Barton for sharing the meme to the group, and thanks to whoever created the image and the meme:



If you liked this story, you might also like [Let's Be Creepy Together](#), some short true tales from North and South Carolina. Thank you!