

The fireworks was always going to be the problem

Yes, Patrick did know he would be in a lot of trouble, but new year's eve was new year's eve and YOU COULD NOT start a new year without firecrackers and skyrockets.

But, when the world as you know it had ended, and the world was ruled by werewolves or their daytime thralls celebrating the coming of a new year was perhaps a bit odd, not to mention very dangerous.

So Patrick worked all day to build a cage which would be able to endure the brute force of a couple of enraged werewolves. He would need it if he were to survive his new year's celebrations.

Patrick had to work secretly and quietly, but quietly was nearly impossible. After his first day of work Patrick had to lie low for a day. That was all he had. Perhaps he really needed to lie low longer, but he didn't have more time.

At four o'clock on the 31st of December he finally finished. He had already drawn a crowd. Nearly the whole neighbourhood was watching his house silently. They were all going to become werewolves once the night would fall. Patrick installed the cage on the first-floor balcony. He secured it with heavy chains.

Patrick stopped and looked at the people in the street. He leaned on the railing and shouted at the group:

"Where has your whole full moon thing gone?! You fuckers are always nasty, aren't you? Well, don't matter. Not tonight!"

Patrick went on to ensure he could do what he wanted. An hour later everything was ready. He locked himself in the cage and waited. The crowd slowly all turned into werewolves. They growled and howled and eyed him with their bloodshot yellow eyes. The pupils burned red with evil anger.

Patrick throat dried out. He had difficulty swallowing. The sight of so many monsters, all ready to tear him apart was very unnerving. They started to climb the house their nails scratching and tearing at the wood of the wall. Panic roared inside Patrick, but he could not give in. Panic would kill him. He needed to remain exactly where he was.

The first werewolf jumped on the balcony. It growled at Patrick. Saliva dripped from its opened maw. Its finger long teeth were clearly visible. Slowly it moved closer. It seemed to look for a way in. The door was on the other side, but it was surely not that smart. It would attack from this side. And it did. It jumped the cage and yelped in agony. The bars were silver coated. The werewolf jumped away from the cage. Its flesh was blistered and smoking. Another werewolf had reached the balcony. It climbed further and then jumped on top of the cage. The bars bent under the weight of the monster. The monster yelped just like its companion and tried to jump off again. Its smoldering flesh stuck to the bars and kept it from leaving. Patrick looked up and realised that he would have to endure a slow shower of smoldering flesh. The werewolf above him cried and roared in agony as the silver on the bars burned through its flesh. Slowly but surely the body of the werewolf was cut into pieces. Patrick put his hands on his ears and tried to keep out the sound of dying. And then the monster fell quiet. The corpse still continued to smolder away, but the werewolf was dead. Ten minutes later what remained of the body fell through the bars and a top of Patrick.

Patrick vomited. He had not anticipated this. He did not think he would end up standing in werewolf glee while it dripped from him.

The other werewolves now kept away from the cage. They were very much driven by the hunger, but not mindless. They knew now that the cage was deadly. So they walked around the cage eyeing it angrily, but never touching it. They bided their time.

Now Patrick could focus on the coming of the new year. He readied his fuse. He lay his firecrackers and skyrockets in nice rows. First big bangs, then fireball shooters and ground flowers and lastly the skyrockets.

And then finally new year came.

“Now you’re in for a treat,” Patrick yelled at the werewolves. And then he started. He lit his first firecracker and threw it at the nearest werewolf. It yelped and jumped from the balcony. “Happy New Year!”

Patrick then threw a firecracker to the next. “Happy New Year!” It too yelped and jumped from the balcony.

And another one. “Happy New Year!” And another one. “Happy New Year!”

Then he had room to launch the sky rockets. They went all the way up into the sky. A loud bang and beautiful lights and stars, it was all Patrick wanted and now what he got. With each rocket he got more excited. He was yelling and cheering.

And then a set of teeth snapped just next to his arm. Patrick heard the skin of the werewolf hiss from touching the bars. Patrick stepped back and quickly lit a fireball shooter, a roman candle. He shot the werewolf full in its mouth. The beast screamed and fled. The other werewolves closed in quickly. Patrick turned and shot a bright green fireball into an onrushing, wide open maw. The owner yelped and retreated. Another immediately took its place and snapped at Patrick. Involuntary he stepped back and aimed a shot at the new assailant. He hit it full, but felt a jaw close on his jacket. He tore himself free. The force of his escape made him fall. He scrambled to his feet as fast as he could. Another set of teeth snapped.

Patrick grabbed two candles from the ground and lit them both. He started shooting at everything that moved. Patrick started to moan, to growl and then to roar. He lit one candle with the other and now yelling he shot every werewolf. And they all fled.

After an hour he was out of fireworks. There was no werewolf in sight. He panted and let himself fall on his knees.

“This was not what I expected. This was the wildest new year ever!”

He wiped his forehead. In the dim light of the crescent moon he looked at his hand: blood.

“Oh, shit!”