

# WereWolf Poem

By Weirdopunkwolf

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*hum nothing really to say*

## 1. 7ft wolfman

The night is dark theres no one around  
stranded in the woods, i hear a sound  
from right behind me stands,  
a 7ft wolfman,  
with sharp fangs and long nails,  
and a huge furry tail,  
it looks at me with an evil grin,  
its fur swaying in the wind,  
blood dripping from its chin,  
you could tell it did a major sin,  
as it does its last kill,  
before running over the hill,  
the sun rises,  
and there are many surprises,  
blood is every where enough said,  
the 7ft wolfman had chopped off my head,  
its claws still red,  
so it looks like i was the who was dead.  
and so the 7ft wolfman is still out there.  
waiting for its next major scare.