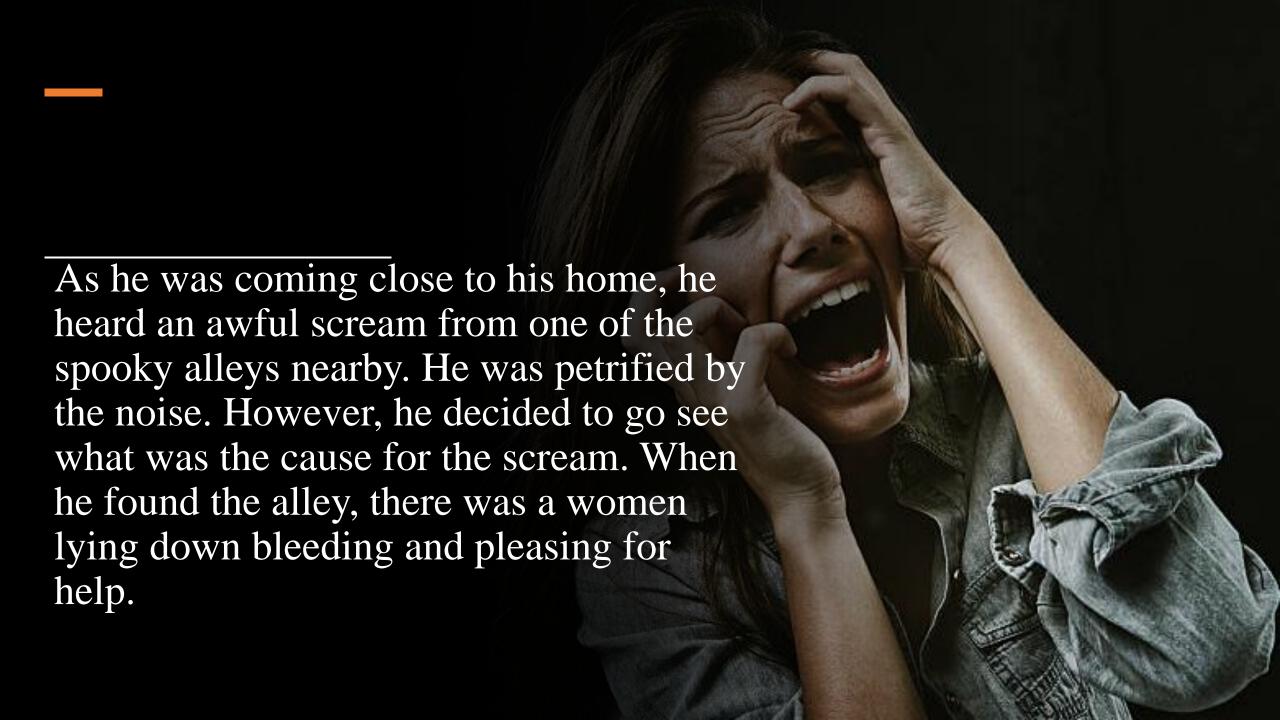
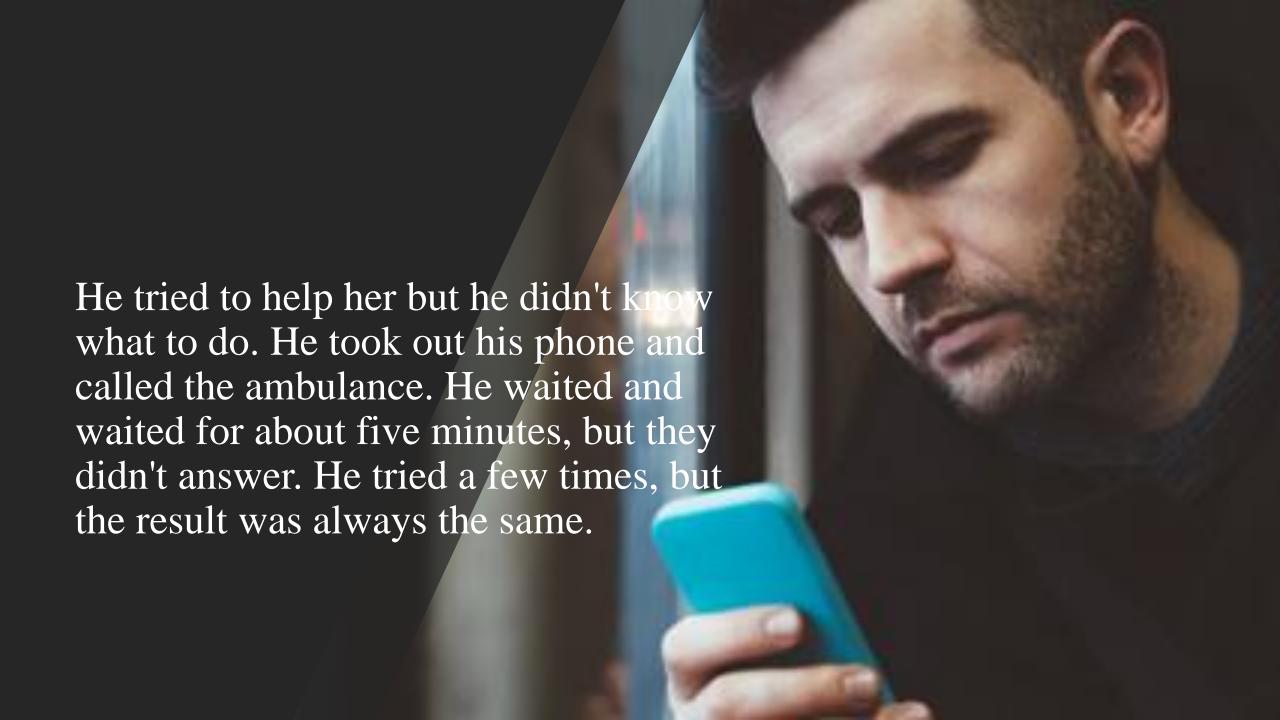
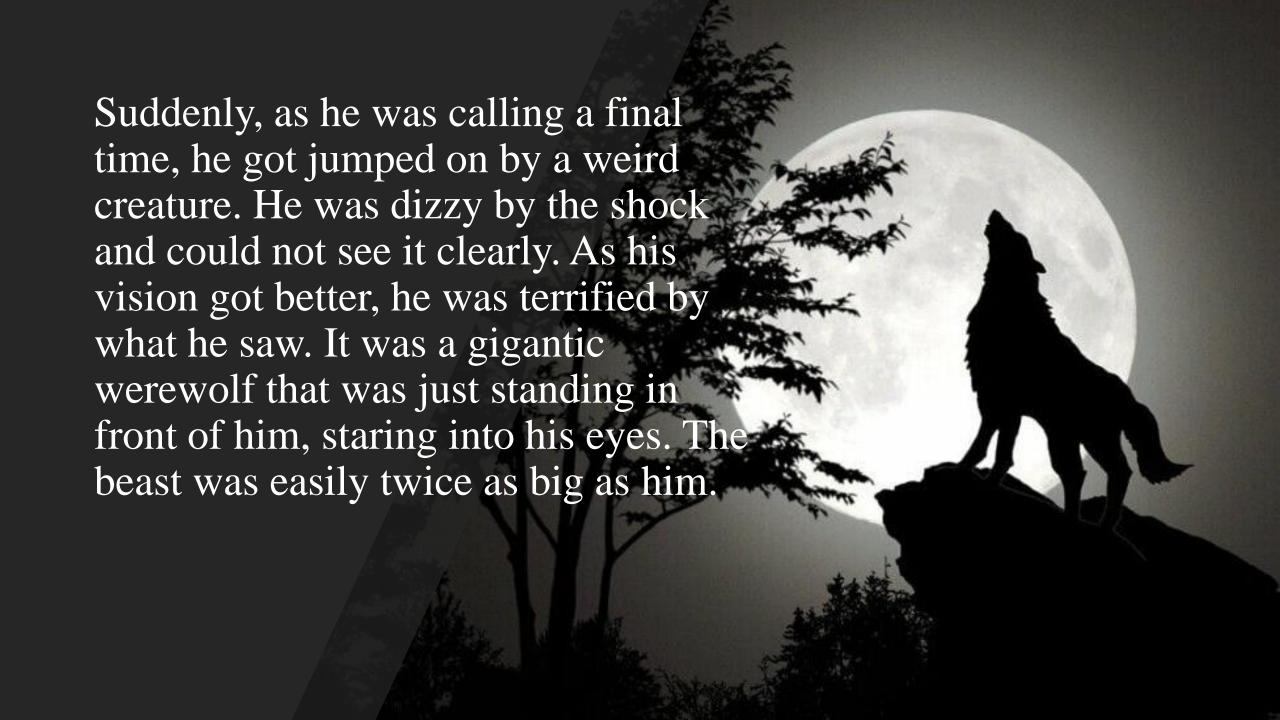


It was a cold dark night, in Los Angeles. A tall and brave worker named Jerome, was walking alone in the dark streets of the big city coming back to his small appartement after his day at work.







Jerome was horrified and didn't know what to do. He knew the sun was rising in about half an hour, If he could wait that long, someone would see him and would call for help. He tried looking menacing to stall the monster. He was able to wait just that long. Those minutes were the most terrifying of his life.

What he didn't know, was that werewolves burn in the sun. When the sun rose up, the werewolf flew away in thin dust. He was so tired and afraid that he fell to the ground and saw only the darkness. When he woke up, he was in the hospital with the women in another bed close to him. He was relieved and proud he saved her life and his (own). When he got out of the hospital, he returned to his regular life, however, no one believed him when he said he fought a werewolf. It didn't matter, he was happy.

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