

WEREWOLVES



the wide
respiration
jaw motion
is constant

large skull
enormous powerful
skull formation

UNDEAD
SPECIMEN
Approximate
age 32 years

Spread wings with
state of being

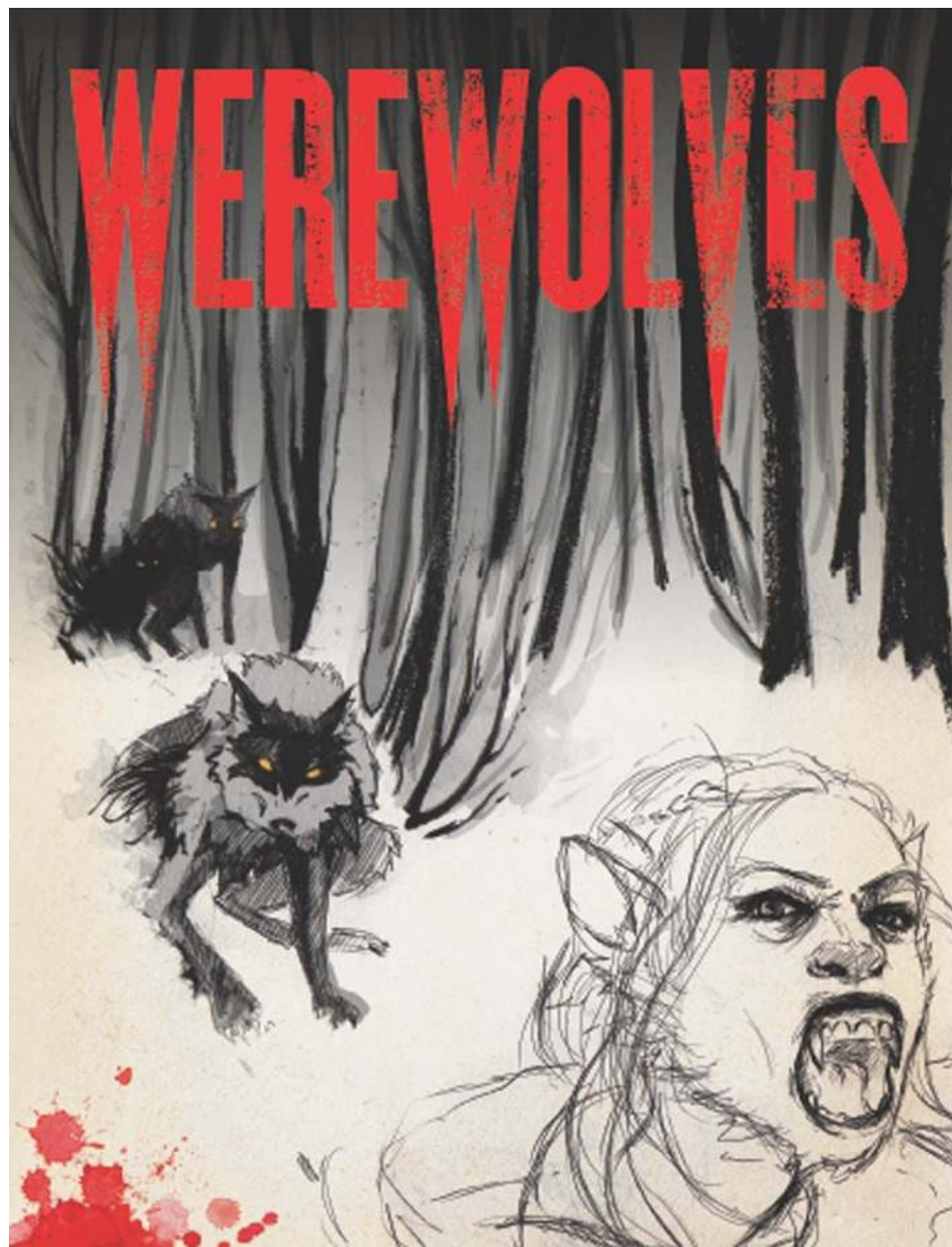
ZOMBIES

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WEREWOLVES



Werewolves

A Journal of Transformation

Alice Carr



CHRONICLE BOOKS

SAN FRANCISCO

Saturday, April 12th

Mark and I were attacked by a pack of wild dogs when we were walking through the woods after leaving Katie's party. They were huge — like wolves? There were maybe six of them and they surrounded us. We both got bitten. They knocked us down but I managed to get up and hit one of them hard on the side of the head with a branch. We kept swinging branches and they finally just ran off into the woods, all at once as a group.

It was late but the moon was out, and we've cut through there a million times before. I don't understand where they came from — I didn't think there were any wolves around here.



Their eyes were shiny, like camera red-eye, but without the flash.

I don't know if we should be worried about the bites. They didn't seem RABID, but how can you tell? They weren't foaming at the mouth and they didn't seem sick at all. And the bites aren't very deep — they've already stopped bleeding. WebMD says the first signs of rabies basically show up in a couple months, but then if you have symptoms, you die.

God, my heartbeat is going like crazy. I can't calm down. The party was whatever. My brother is such a social misfit. He's always acting weird, like you can tell he wants to talk to people, but he's always

kind of off. I don't know what to do. I bring him to these things and he doesn't really even try. Sometimes I wonder why I do it at all. ~~Going to take a hot shower and try to settle down, and clean up~~ these bites.

Checked on Mark and he's sound asleep.



Sunday, April 13th

I slept for 13 hours last night. It's already 4pm. I remember mom knocking and coming in to check on me a few hours ago. My muscles hurt. I think that's more from fighting the wolves rather than my potential rabies. The bites don't look all that bad actually.

Had a veggie burger and kind of zoned out in front of the TV. Mark's up but he's still in his room. It's weird, are we going to talk about the attack last night or not? I have some homework I should be doing for tomorrow but really don't feel like it. Kind of spaced out. Usually when I'm spaced out I feel like drawing. I keep thinking about the woods. I grew up around here and the woods never spooked me, but when I mute the TV I can hear sounds — wind blowing and things walking around outside

Monday, April 14th

Study Hall

When I got to school I noticed this weird smell in the hallway. It smelled like blood or pennies, metallic and sweet, like I could taste it on my tongue. I couldn't really tell where it was coming from it was sort of from everywhere. I walked past these sketchy guys I never talk to, like the kind of guys who might as well live the rest of their lame lives out smoking in the parking lot and listening to bad metal. One of them was kind of beat up looking and as I passed by him and his buddies HE SMELLED ME.

He actually sniffed me, and then they laughed and kept walking.

So creepy.





Home

Mark hasn't come home yet. I saw him this morning when I got up. He's supposed to be looking for a job. Maybe that's why he's been out. Talked to Samantha at lunch and she thinks I should go get tested for rabies. She says if they weren't wolves they were dogs, and a pack of dogs is probably ferocious. I don't know, the bites look better even today.

It was really hard to concentrate at school. Everything seemed sharper? I'm in class every day and it's the same, you know you're just in class, but today it was hard to ignore that everyone's sitting around me, and like someone's fidgeting or tapping their pencil or whatever.

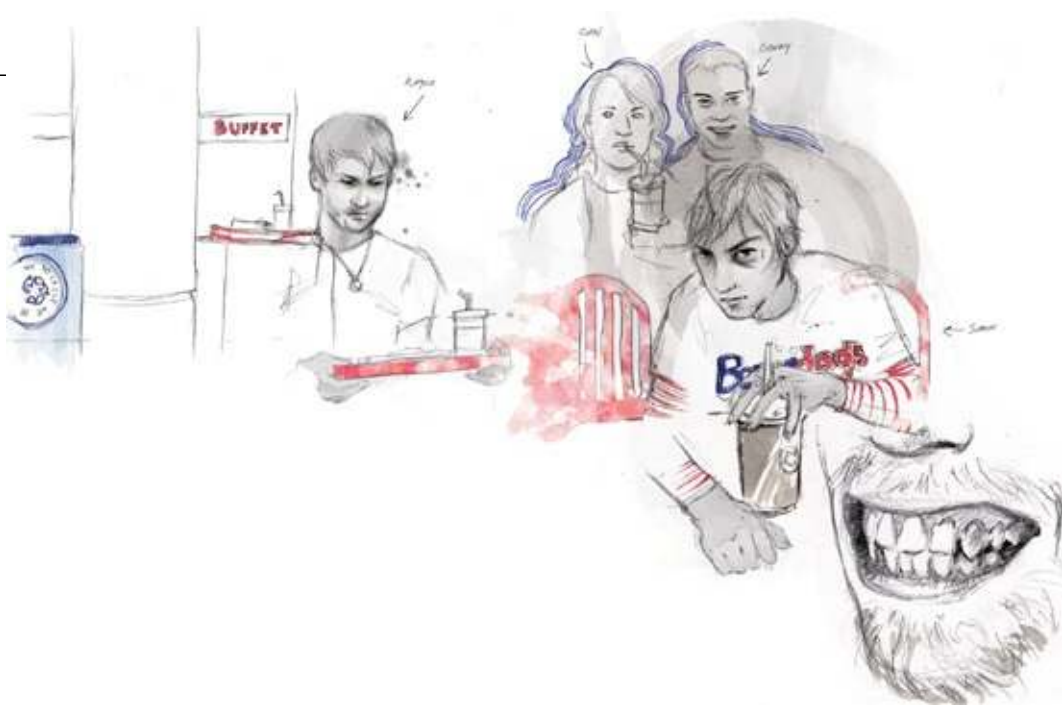
Mark's finally back. Hi, Mark! Mumble mumble. Where were you? Mumble, "Out." Any luck finding a job today? Of course he didn't, right? What kind of job do you look for sulking around wearing a hoodie and never brushing your hair?

Tuesday, April 15th

I called and made an appointment to see the doctor and they said sure come in right away, but on the way there after school I just DIDN'T want to go. DID NOT. Could not. It was this really strong feeling, like something bad would happen to me if I went to the doctor.

Totally irrational and kind of scary.





I kept driving past the clinic and just kept going and like usual when you just go out driving, you end up at the mall. My brother was there standing around with those dirtbags from school.

Just like hanging out. So Mark has friends now, and it's these guys?

They all kind of stank, a weird musky smell, like mud or stinkweed. That guy with the bruise looked like it was almost gone. I wondered if he put a pork chop on it, like in a cartoon. Too weird for Mark to be hanging out, it felt like I caught him at something and I felt embarrassed, almost turned around but he called me over.

“Hey sis.”

“Um, hey Bro. What's up?”

“Sis?” What is this, his new cool talk?

My brother gives introductions. He says they're going to go camping and do I want to come. Since when does Mark go camping?

“Since this weekend when we go. Come on, I promise it'll be fun.”

Oookaaaaay. Yeah, fun. There is no way I am going camping with a bunch of creepy dudes.

My brother smiled. It was all teeth.

Checked my bites before going to bed and they're almost totally healed. I think I might call Samantha a little later. Not sure though. I'm tired and just want to go to sleep, but ~~_____~~ I'm totally exhausted but also RESTLESS, kind of amped.



Called Samantha. She's working on a paper. She's disappointed I didn't go to the doctor but knows better than to nag me or I'll totally just do the opposite anyway. I told her about the camping invite and laughed and then she's like, you're not going are you?





Wednesday, April 16th

Woke up in the middle of the night with my heart racing and my whole body tense, wide awake and starving. I went down to the kitchen and opened the fridge and found this tray of raw steaks thawing on the top shelf and ~~was~~ I tore open the plastic and just started gnawing at them. Oh my god was it GOOD. First meat I've had in like three years. I'm standing there and there's meat juice on my face, on the floor, and I didn't care.

I felt more satisfied after eating than I probably ever have.

I licked the tray and licked the little pool of juice off the floor.

I'm just glad no one came in and caught me doing it.

How am I going to explain to my mom where the steaks went?



Thursday, April 17th

Last night I dreamt I was running in the woods, and there were all these rabbits everywhere. Hundreds of them, all running away from me. And I ran after them. Chasing them, tearing them apart. Dream ended with me sitting in a field wearing a necklace of rabbit bones around my neck.

I woke up shaking and hungry and went downstairs and ate a package of lunchmeat while standing in front of the fridge. Replaced the steaks today, going to have to replace the lunchmeat tomorrow. I'm wondering if I should buy some more anyway in case I end up having another of these "midnight snacks."



At school today everybody seemed different.

I don't know, like kind of — rabbit. I wanted to chase them. Felt kind of lightheaded all day.

Got a text from my brother saying can I meet him in an hour, he says he has someone he wants me to meet. So that's weird, but it sounds serious in that way my brother can get and always means it, whenever he gets serious about something. Everything feels weird anyway, so OK, let's just keep going with it.



Mark and his new BFFs pulled up in a station wagon that might as well be held together by duct tape. Not confidence inspiring. Mark says “Hey” and after that no one says anything and we just listen to Ozzy the whole way on the drive out to the woods near the lake. Mark was there and all, but I kept thinking I was glad I brought my mace with me.

I’m not a Teen Girl Goes Missing.





The cabin was near the lake but really well tucked away in the woods off a dirt road. Seemed like the nearest other cabin was probably a long way off. The place was dirty, smelled like mildew and mushrooms and like the firewood stacked on the porch. Cobwebby and spooky I guess if you're never around these sorts of places, but around here that's kind of the norm — everything's dark and dank and left alone. It felt like I'd been there before, even though I hadn't.

I'm supposed to meet someone inside?

Yeah, Mark says, Tomas wants to talk to you.

He was sitting by the fireplace, which was empty, wearing dirty old jeans and a beat-up cowboy hat. Very calm. "Hello, Alice."

Hi.

"I'm sure you have a lot of questions. But first, let me explain some things to you. Sit, please." And then the guys all went out to the porch. I didn't like that. It felt like I'd been delivered or something, but they didn't seem to be going anywhere, just outside smoking. I kept an eye on the car but no one was heading toward it. Mark would never put me in danger. Whoever this guy was, Mark trusted him.

I remember his words really clearly. Especially if I close my eyes.

"You've probably noticed some changes over the last few days, just as your brother has. You and your brother were welcomed into our pack, our family, when we found you in the woods. The bites we gave you both, which by now will have healed, were your initiation. They're your first step into a new life, but also a very old way of life, ruled by animal nature and the cycles of the moon. The young men who I can see you wonder about are also recently welcomed, but with several cycles behind them already.

I have seen many cycles. The longer you live with the animal nature, the better you will be able to understand and control the impulses. You, and your brother, and these other boys to different extents are all learning who and what you are now.

You are humans, but you are now also wolves."





The boys were fighting on the porch. Wrestling ? And I couldn't tell at first if they were playing around. I looked at Tomas and he seemed unconcerned, and that made me feel calm.

"I can help you and your brother learn more about your nature, just as I am teaching these boys. The pack offers community, but it also offers protection. There are those who misunderstand us. Most do. We can manage this by secluding ourselves when the light of the moon shines most brightly. There are also those who hunt us. For this reason we band together, keeping each other safe from harm. Those who seek to destroy us consider who we are — human and animal at once — an abomination. As though nature could offend itself. Let us protect you, and let me show you how to control your wolf-self and discover your true power. There is much to learn. Your brother has already joined us."

I didn't get it yet. "Do I look like I want to join some sort of new age wolf cult ? I love Mark, but he's not 'join' anything or anyone that would have him. Is he giving you money? Is that what you want?"

Tomas stood up from his chair and looked at me. Then he closed his eyes and bent suddenly, like his insides constricted, and then his bones started to — move. It couldn't have happened, but it did happen. I watched it happen.

His face pushed outward. His hands pulled in for a second, like when you burn yourself on an iron, and then they moved outward, larger. His knees bent slightly backward and his back made a popping sound. There was new hair on his face and hands. He opened his eyes, yellow, and froze what was happening in place, looking at me for a moment and breathing hard before his body pulled back into itself. He sat back down in the chair. All the boys on the porch were looking in through the windows

now. I felt sick.



I've been up all night writing and drawing since they dropped me off at home and it's calming me down. It's almost morning.

Mark went back with them to the cabin. At least that's what they said they were going to do. Since I got home I keep hearing twigs snapping, branches from the trees outside (?) scraping the house in the wind. There's also a strong, musky smell, what I'm starting to understand as a wolf smell.

Are they outside? Waiting for me? Watching me?

I don't know. I need to sleep.



Friday, April 18th

Two hours sleep. School's a total blur. I don't know what to think about last night, and being super tired isn't helping me think straight. It feels like a dream but I know that it wasn't. How could it not be though?

I just went out for a walk and it felt good to be outside but I think this van started following me. Black van, with the windows tinted. At first I thought it might be Tomas and my brother's friends, but it didn't feel like them somehow. I could tell I was being followed without even seeing the van at first. It was just like the saying, all the hair stood up on the back of my neck and then I turned around and there it was. I was mad. I took a couple steps toward it before I stopped myself. What, am I going to run up and ~~attack~~ attack it? I thought maybe I shouldn't go home cause they'll know where I live but I figured that whoever they are they must already know that, so I just went home.





Mom's wondering about Mark. He's been away more than usual even. I told her that he was hanging around with this new crew and that seemed to satisfy her somewhat, but I left a lot out. Tomas. The van. She's making pasta and usually makes two sauces, veggie for me and meat for her and Mark, when he's around. I tell her that she should just make the meat and I'll eat it and she's happy, like "Honey that's wonderful! I was so worried you weren't getting enough protein when you were going through that phase." I confess to the lunchmeat snack — I can't tell her I ate raw steaks — and she says, well, if you were craving it like that then your body must have really needed it and you should listen to that.

I just looked up what phase the moon is going to be tonight. Tonight is Waxing Gibbous. Means I have a few days and then it'll be the full moon. What will happen then? Will I turn into a wolf? Can I turn into one now? I need to know more. Will do some research online and go to the library tomorrow.

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