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WEREWOLVES

A Journal of Transformation

Alice Carr



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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.

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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 FERAL. I DON'T KNOW, THE BITES LOOK BETTER EVEN TODAY.

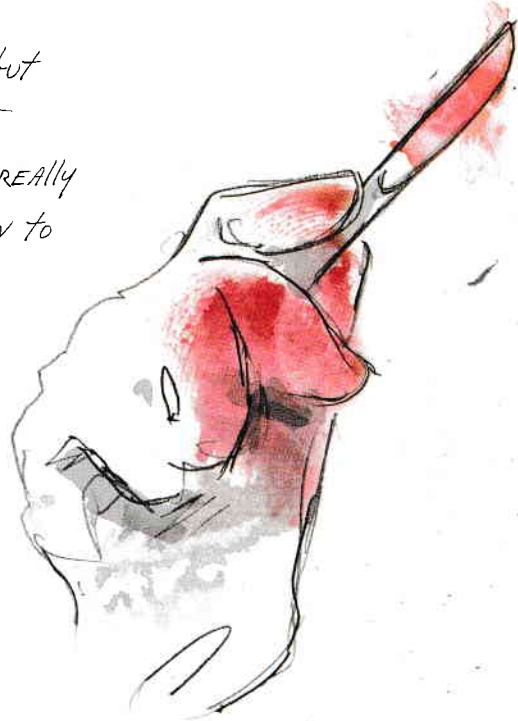
IT WAS REALLY HARD TO CONCENTRATE AT SCHOOL. EVERYTHING SEEMED SHARPER? I'M IN CLASS EVERY DAY AND IT'S THE SAME, YOU KNOW YOU'RE JUST IN CLASS, BUT TODAY IT WAS HARD TO IGNORE THAT EVERYONE'S SITTING AROUND ME, AND LIKE SOMEONE'S FIDGETING OR TAPPING THEIR PENCIL OR WHATEVER.

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.



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