



My Sister The Werewolf

Kathy Stacey

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Free Sample

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CHAPTER ONE

Free Sample

It was a cloudy chilly October day. A sudden shadow swooped across the ground not far from where Marcus and Sandra were standing.

Perplexed by the shadow, frowning, Marcus looked back out towards the trees once more. The trees closest to them, were white birch, the creamy white paper bark was peeling away and there were still plenty of yellow leaves attached to the branch's. One strong wind though and you would be showered with them.

Sandra waited impatiently for her brother. She was shivering and she was cold. The temperature seemed to feel as if it were dropping quickly. Sandra knew it was the added chill of the wind that made it seem colder than it really was. As she shivered she felt a blade of ice touch her back. She realized if she didn't get Marcus moving soon she would end up getting sick.

"You must be going out of your mind," Sandra sneered. "Why did I let you talk me into taking you to the park in the first place I'd never know. I always have trouble trying to get you home every time we go."

"Be quiet" Marcus whispered. "How do you expect anything to show itself with you making all that noise?"

Sandra grabbed hold of Marcus's sleeve and gave it a yank. "I mean it, lets go home now you little creep!" Sandra insisted.

Marcus gave Sandra the stink eye, an unmissable dirty look that if it were all possible small pointy daggers would spring from his eyes. What made him make that face was unclear even to him. He had more important matters at hand and that was to catch a glimpse at a werewolf. Not to start a fight with his annoying sister.

Sandra, full of outrage from being given the stink eye grabbed hold of Marcus and began to forcefully guide him towards home. Marcus could feel her finger nails just beyond his skin and the feel of the hoarse crunching sound of the dried leaves under his feet.

Sandra stopped and released her grip on her brother. "What are you talking about?" She asked.

"The undead, the cursed, the monsters," he replied. Marcus tried to sound like the monster hunters that he would see on t.v.

"So now you are waiting to see some zombies, you are so lame, we are not even near a graveyard."

"I never said anything about zombies, he said, and anyway zombies could show up anywhere they want. They do walk." Marcus lifted up his arms, stuck out his tongue and began dragging his leg behind him as he walked. "Ahhhhhh!" he moaned as he walked towards her.

"Marcus!" Sandra yelled. There is something seriously wrong with you, you know. Just tell me what you were really waiting for."

"A werewolf" he said.

Sandra shook her head. “Werewolf, she repeated, I don’t get it.”

“You know a there is a real live werewolf here in our city. I heard that he only comes after the bad guys to tear them to shreds with his claws. It’s some kind of revenge thing. Proving werewolves exist, duh.”

“Duh, she mocked back, that doesn’t prove anything, that’s what we educated people call hearsay, now adding proof that werewolves do not exist especially if they come from a demented mind like yours.”

“They are real, Marcus said, and I can prove it.” He dug into his back pocket of his jeans and pulled out a wad of news paper clippings flipping through the articles of several murders where people have been found torn to shreds.

“This doesn’t prove anything Sicko,” Sandra sneered. Besides it just proves that you have mental problems. Who keeps newspaper clippings of murders? She asked. It’s just wrong.”

“It’s evidence,” he said. Gently he folded back he newspaper clippings, slipping it back in his pocket.

“Tell you what, lets go home and I will introduce you to this wonderful invention. It’s called a book and sane people read it,” Sandra said.

Sandra was always big on reading books, but then so did their mom. Something he was sure Sandra started because she wanted to be like her. Anyways, these books looked way too advanced for her. She probably didn’t understand one word she was reading.

“If they don’t teach it in school, it doesn’t exist,” Sandra went on.

“That’s not true, Marcus told her, Fisher believes it too.”

“Well, that really changes everything,” Sandra said almost exhaustedly. “Doesn’t Fisher had a PHD. in crazy like you?”

“We are not crazy” he protested.

“May be you should find more fiends.” She said.

“Not everybody can be popular like you. Girls just have it easier,” replied Marcus.

“Thats not true. You know a lot more people would like you if you laid off the whole monster thing,” Sandra said. She began to walk towards home, her pace quickened, when in the corner of her eye she saw Marcus following slowly behind her. “Come on and move more quickly, I do not want to be yelled at for being late.”

Marcus kept walking at the same pace. He kept turning his head towards the trees by the park, hoping that his werewolf would appear.

“It’s not going to show itself so walk faster,” she commanded.

Sandra turned left onto her street. This time she didn’t bother to check and see if Marcus was behind her.

“Look, Sandra! Isn’t that your boyfriend Dillon?” Marcus pointed behind him hoping Sandra would stop walking or may be walk back to where he was.

“Where?” she asked. “I don’t see him.”

“He just turned towards the park, I’m sure of it,” Said Marcus.

“Nice try Squirt.” Sandra said. She turned and began to walk home again. “Wait a minute, Dillon is not my boyfriend.”

“But you like him,” said Marcus.

Sandra looked discouragingly at him. “How can he be my boyfriend when we haven’t even talked?” she asked.

“Well, you stare enough at each other,” he responded. “I nearly get sick every time I see you make googley eyes at each other.”

Sandra smiled and said, “Well if that makes him my boyfriend I’d hate to see what it means with you and Fisher hanging out so much together.”

“Gross Sandra, Marcus snapped. Marcus shook his head feeling defeated. Then he saw something in the shadow of the trees. Its glowing eyes gleamed, watching or may be even stalking them. Watching it high up in the tree he could make out its large furry arms and its claws piercing the wood. Then he saw it begin to creep down the tree.

“Sandra run now!” he called out loud. “There is something in the trees!”

Sandra stopped and looked up. Marcus could tell that she wasn’t even looking at the right tree, but he didn’t correct her. For all he knew they could be in danger.” “Move it!” he shouted.

“Great, so now you want me to go. You are so insane,” she said rolling her eyes.

To his horror she still wasn’t moving. Glancing up he could see the creature sliding downward. He could slightly hear the pieces of bark break away as he slid downward. Then with a faint thump the creature stood in front of them. At that exact moment Marcus realized that it was now dark out.

CHAPTER TWO

Free Sample

The creature raised its head and howled loudly towards the sky. It lowered it and looked at them. With a full teeth smile the werewolf grinned.

Quickly Marcus ran passed and grabbed hold of Sandra's hand and with one quick yank of her arm he got her to run by her side.

"Snap out of it Sandra and run!" Marcus pleaded.

It was too fast.

Marcus saw at the corner of his eye as the wolf-man swiftly gained up on them. He watched helplessly as one of its long hairy arms reached out for Sandra.

Sandra screamed out in horror as its claws tore through her favorite jacket.

Suddenly a set of headlights appeared on the street. Waving her arms above her head she ran frantically towards the car.

Not sure what was going on the driver stopped his vehicle and got out. "What's going on, are you two all right?" He asked.

Marcus realized the creature was gone. Quickly he intervened. "We are both fine," said Marcus, more to himself than to the stranger who was looking at the questionably. "There was this large dog loose," he said trying to catch his breath.

"What?" Sandra asked surprised.

Marcus gave her that look that said, please play along.

"Yes, a big, big, big dog," Sandra said.

"You saw a big dog," the man repeated dryly. The man peered around. Besides the crispness of the cold air nothing seemed out of the ordinary. "Well, your big dog seems to be gone now so why don't you two go home. The driver of the car preferred not to waist any more of his time with them. As far as he was concerned they were just 2 kids goofing around.

Sandra and Marcus walked back to the sidewalk and watch as the man slid back inside of his vehicle and slowly drove away.

"Why did you tell him that it was a dog?" Sandra asked.

"Do you really think he would have believed you if you said that you saw a werewolf?" Marcus asked.

Sandra fell to her knees. A wave of exhaustion took her over and her legs felt weak.

"Oh man, Marcus panted, that was scary!"

"I cant believe you were right," she said. Sandra began to fix her hair. As she started to stand up Marcus shouted. "Stop, you're back is bleeding!"

"Really?" Sandra asked. "I hate blood. I think I am going to be sick." With that she began to reach behind and touch her back. Her fingers were touching the blood that was soaking into her jacket.

“Here let me see,” said Marcus. He opened up shreds of material that was once her favorite jacket to have a look. “Its just a scratch,” he said relieved.

“Just a scratch!” she exclaimed. “Look at the blood!” Sandra showed Marcus the blood that was smeared on her fingers.

“Seriously it’s nothing,” he said.

Sandra looked back to where the werewolf had once been. “That thing had to be someone in a costume.”

“Marcus look at her weird. “Sandra it was a werewolf. Can a person in a costume move like that?” he asked. “Did you see him jump down from that tree, it was unbelievable!” he exclaimed.

“There is no such thing as monsters,” Sandra whimpered, trying to convince herself otherwise. Then she turned towards Marcus. “You did this!” She snapped.

“What do you mean?” Asked Marcus

“If it wasn’t for you waiting for it to be dark we wouldn’t have run into that thing!” she yelled. Sandra began to stare at the ground and began chewing at her bottom lip. “May be this is some kind of joke, right? Where is you friend Fisher!” She shouted.

“Believe me it wasn’t Fisher, he’s not that creative. Look we have to go,” Marcus pleaded. He watched as Sandra walked quickly ahead. The night suddenly seemed quieter and more mysterious. The thought of them nearly being torn to shreds caused shivers to run up Marcus’s spine.

Marcus loved Werewolves. He thought that he knew everything about them and had always wanted to see one. Only he had always pictured his first confrontation with a werewolf differently. He never expected that he would ever be chased by one, let alone want to see his sister get hurt by one.

Marcus got nauseous thinking about it and wondered if his sister would try telling someone at their school about their run in with one of the greatest creatures alive. But then again he was talking about his sister. Unlike him, everyone saw Sandra as the smart girl at school who everybody wanted to hang out with. There was no way she would risk being made a fool of.

The following day, Marcus was abruptly awoken from a deep sleep. Someone was violently shaking him, saying his name over and over. His eyes tried to focus on the person hovering above him.

“What’s going on?” he groaned.

“Get your butt out of bed, said Sandra, and hurry!”

Marcus stretched out on his bed, found a warm spot on the sheets and closed his eyes. Then suddenly he remembered what had happened to them the day before and sprung out of bed chasing after his sister.

“Are you all right?” Asked Marcus.

Sandra turned around and crossed her arms. “What are you mumbling about?” She

asked annoyingly.

“Your scratches on you back,” Marcus whispered.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she sighed.

Confused Marcus stared at her. “What happened last night was real,” he said. Marcus couldn’t understand why she would be denying it. “How could you forget being chased down by a werewolf and live to talk about it?” He asked.

Sandra just stared at him as if she were annoyed. She was taping her foot on the floor.

“Come on Sandra, stop playing with me,” Marcus pleaded.

Sandra pushed Marcus against the wall and whispered in his ear. “I don’t want to talk about anymore, I mean it.”

“So you do remember,” said Marcus.

“Of course I remember,” Sandra let go of him.

Still confused Marcus put his hand on her shoulder but Sandra waved it away, “Its all right,” he told her.

“I said that I don’t want to talk about it!” Sandra shouted. “Now get ready mom made us breakfast,” she snapped and walked away.

Still confused about Sandra, Marcus walked back to his room and sat on his bed. It was true it wasn’t a dream. He really saw a real live werewolf, he thought. He began to get dressed.

Sandra shouted from the downstairs, “If you don’t hurry move your butt I am leaving without you!”

Marcus didn’t really mind taking the bus alone. He could do it if he really had to. He thought about how taking the bus together was just another thing that made his sister feel older and more responsible than she pretended she was. But then thinking of it, their school was located near the ravine, and there were many trees located around their school. The perfect place for their werewolf to move around in without being seen. That is if it didn’t change back to being human.

Marcus believed in many other unexplainable things. He believed that ghosts communicated with the living. Only that they had to shout out loudly to be heard. Or that vampires like to live in big cities because there are more people with different blood types to choose from. That would make sucking blood less mundane for them. Finally there were the zombies. What were they really? He thought. They had no real purpose. They were more like battery controlled toys that bounced off the walls.

This reminded him of the tale of Mr. Thompson’s Ghost. He used to be the Janitor at his school, that was before the accident. One day he was busy waxing the halls of the school and when he finished he slipped on the floor and cracked his head open and died. Now he is seen wandering the halls yelling at people to stay off the floor.

Their principle had a meeting at school trying to put the story of the ghostly Janitor to rest, but it never worked. In a way he thought that the principle liked when we all talked

about Mr. Thompson because it brought a little bit of History and mystery to the school.

Marcus looked around his room wishing he didn't have to go to school today. He was tired. He wished that he wouldn't have stayed up so late thinking about last night. He wished he could stay at home and savor every memory as if it were a sweet treat.

"Marcus what are you doing!" Sandra yelled.

Marcus head jerked towards the doorway. "You scare me!" he exclaimed. Marcus grabbed hold of his chest, he could feel his heart racing beneath his hand. Now he was officially fully awake.

Marcus jumped up onto his feet and began to work his way towards the kitchen. As he was passing Sandra's room he saw something glistening on the floor by her bed. Curiously he walked over to the strange object and picked it up and gazed at it.

It seemed to be some sort of medallion. It was black with silver words placed in no particular order. The rings around the medallion seemed to rotate when he played with it with his fingers. Strangely it was also cool to the touch. "How unusual," he muttered.

"Marcus!" Shouted Sandra. "What are you doing in my room?"

"I saw this thing and wanted to see what it was." He responded.

"Let me see," snapped Sandra. Sandra grabbed it out from Marcus's hand and sat on her bed. "Geez, this thing is hideous, this has to be one of your things. Mom must have accidentally brought it in here when she brought in my laundry." Sandra passed it back to Marcus.

"But-I never saw it before, May be its Fishers! Yeah Fisher might have left it here," said Marcus.

"Great Scooby, you solved that Mystery, now get out of my room and don't forget to take that hideously ugly doodad with you," said Sandra.

Sandra kicked her feet back. She felt a soft furry thing squirm behind the heel of her foot. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain behind her ankle — something had bitten her!

"Ouch! Somethings under my bed!" said Sandra. Sandra lifted her feet up high. She could hear something scurry below her.

She sat up on her knees and hopped on her bed, moving the mattress up and down. Everything was silent.

"See what it is," said Sandra.

Marcus bent down and peeked under the bed. It was the neighbors cat. "I think its Henry," Marcus said.

"I wonder what's wrong with him?" she asked. "Something must have scared him."

"Maybe it was your face," said Marcus laughing.

Sandra glared at him. She then stretched out on her stomach and slid over the bed so she could quickly catch a glimpse of the cat. She was surprised to see the cat clearly as if she were looking at it in complete daylight.

“Here sweetie, she said softly, come on.”

The cat hissed. Its ears were pulled back and it growled at her.

“Bad Kitty,” she said. Sandra moved down onto the floor. The cat bolted from the bed and ran passed them.

“I wonder what got into him?” asked Marcus.

Sandra shrugged and began to leave her room. “Who knows, it is just a stupid cat.”

Marcus slipped the medallion in the front pocket of his jeans and followed his sister downstairs. He wandered to the kitchen and grabbed a slice of toast went to swing his knapsack over his shoulder. Then he stopped.

He touched the front pocket that concealed the medallion.

He could feel the trinket moving inside of his pocket. He was certain it was moving on its own.

Quickly Marcus pulled the medallion from his pocket and let it lay on his hand and watched as the rings turned. He observed the trinket as the small rings spun round and round until it stopped. It was forming words!

Marcus stared until the final ring stopped.

Reading from row to row the tiny hairs in the back of his neck began to stand up. Marcus read what was before him.

Welcome To Werewolf Clan

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CHAPTER THREE

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Marcus sat on the bus thinking of the great werewolf stories he has heard and had seen in books and on the movie screen. The family movie, Teen Wolf, being the most like-able of werewolves. A basket ball playing werewolf that was more human than animal.

Then there were the darker films like Ginger Snaps, The American Werewolf in London and The Howling. These were more uncontrollable creatures hunting down people by moonlight. Fearing nothing in their paths. Nothing seemed to stop them except for a single shot by a silver bullet.

The more he thought about them the more uneasy he became. Then suddenly it hit him. Sandra was in big trouble. Remembering now that she had been scratched by a werewolf and along with the mysterious appearance of the black Medallion things didn't look so good in her favor. He was certain that the scratch's she had been inflicted with would turn her into a werewolf too.

Marcus glanced at his watch and quickly pulled out his cell phone from his coat pocket and called his friend Fisher who picked it up on the first ring.

"Hey buddy," said Fisher.

"Fisher, have you left the house yet?" asked Marcus.

"Nope, not yet, why?" replied Fisher.

"I need you to grab your book, Vampires, Werewolves and Witches for me," he said.

"Sure hold on," said Fisher.

Marcus could hear rattling of papers along with the sound of objects falling onto the floor.

"Got it," Fisher said. "So are you going to tell me why you had me destroy my room for this book?" he asked.

"I will tell you when you come to school. It is very important that you bring that book with you. My life could depend on it," said Marcus. The line went dead. Marcus thought that his friend hung up on him, then Fisher's voice came back on the line. Marcus could tell he had his mouth full of food.

"Sounds mysterious, anything good?" asked Fisher.

"You better believe it," said Marcus.

Sitting on the bus Marcus's mind began to wander. He thought of how his sister was a werewolf now, if she liked it or not. So what if when she changes? Or if the werewolf that scratched her, comes for her to be part of his pack. Maybe that is why he only went for her and not for him. Some people have all the luck, thought Marcus. He would have made a way better werewolf than she did. If he only could come up with a solid plan on how to break the curse before his sister changes. Marcus didn't have a chance against her when she does.

Marcus found an empty seat on the bus. He placed his knapsack on the seat beside him so no one would think to sit beside him. There were too many older kids that took the bus

with them to school. If one of them did manage to steal a seat beside him he usually got elbowed or pushed by the person while they fooled around with their friends.

Sandra never liked to sit with Marcus on the bus. Usually when people were around she liked to pretend that she didn't know him. That suited him just fine.

Marcus's eyes began to feel heavy.

I can't fall asleep on the bus, he told himself angrily. For a few minutes Marcus fought not to close his eyes. Soon he found himself asleep on the bus.

When he opened his eyes the whole bus was filled with werewolves, all laughing and chatting. Some were talking on cell phones, others just looked down at their laps. He sat up straight in his chair and looked ahead of the bus.

Marcus's heart began to race as he felt the hairy arm of one of the creatures as it reached onto the side of his neck. The huge clawed hands squeezing down on him. Marcus could feel himself lose his breath thinking in his mind how he hoped the thing wouldn't harm him.

Marcus turned towards the creature. The werewolves mouth was partially open. He could see its sharp teeth hidden behind its hairy face. Its long pointed ears stood straight on top of its head. The creature leaned towards him. Marcus swore he could feel its putrid breath brush across his face.

That is when he closed his eyes and screamed as loud as he could.

"Marcus! What is wrong with you?"

It was Sandra.

Marcus looked around the bus that now laid in complete silence. The Werewolves were all gone. He turned his head towards the door only to find the bus driver leaning over catching a glimpse at him as he stared wildly around everyone on the bus.

"Come on loser, this is our stop," Sandra laughed nervously, shaking her head.

Sandra quickly hopped off the bus feeling embarrassed leaving Marcus as he followed doing the walk of shame. He could feel every eye on him as he exited the bus.

Marcus let out a deep breath as the bus drove away.

"Nice going in there could you be anymore louder?" She asked.

"I must have had a nightmare or something," Marcus responded. "Is that what you call it, you were looking right at me," She said.

"I don't remember," he replied.

Sandra huffed and began to walk briskly ahead of him and ran inside of their school. As she did Marcus made a point to look and see if his sister was growing a tail.

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