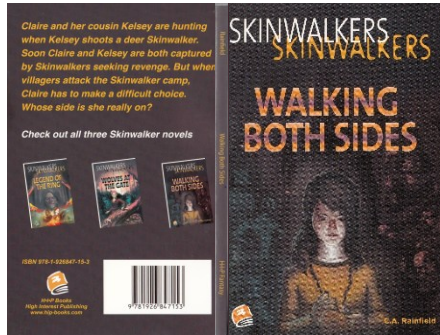


SKINWALKERS: WALKING BOTH SIDES by Cheryl Rainfield, mini book 1:6 scale.

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Print. Cut cover and paste onto thin cardstock. Cut pages in one long horizontal strip, pages still connected. Accordion fold along lines of pages. Glue white backs of pages together. Glue along spine, insert into cover. Clamp with binder clamp until dry.



<p>The SKINWALKER Novels</p> <p>Walking Both Sides</p> <p>C.A. RAINFIELD</p> <p>Copyright © 2011 by High House Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. This work is a trademark of the author. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the author.</p> <p>ISBN 978-1-52687-15-3</p> <p>High House Publishing www.highhouse.com</p>	<p>For Ken, who helped me find happiness in my own way.</p> <p>And for everyone who has been in that situation in a good way.</p>	<p>Prologue</p> <p>At the doors of the first fence, Claire of Skins and One-Skins lived side by side. Sometimes the Skinwalkers walked to their animal skins. Sometimes they walked in their human skins. Sometimes they walked on the ice between One-Skins, the humans, and their friends.</p> <p>But one day long ago, their enemies, the One-Skins, became more powerful. Some thought that Skinwalkers were evil. Some said some of Skinwalkers might "Thru, under the nose rule of King Redford, soldiers began to hunt and kill Skinwalkers. Now the few remaining clans must live in hiding.</p> <p>But all that is about to change. A teenage boy, a One-Skin, kills a Skinwalker while hunting. This murder sets off a feud between Skinwalkers and One-Skins that can bring disaster to both sides.</p> <p>The only person who can bring peace is a girl. A girl who most stand between both sides and fight for justice.</p>	<p>CHAPTER ONE Hunting or Murder?</p> <p>Claire's stomach tightened to tighten. She held her flow and arrow ready to fire. There still weren't many animals about.</p> <p>It was spring. The forest should be full of rabbits and squirrels, but the forest felt empty. Claire had never seen a like this before. Her grandfather said he'd never heard anyone, but Claire didn't remember one. Never had there been a hunter.</p> <p>Claire looked at her cousin, Kelsey, beside her. Kelsey</p>	<p>looked downer than usual, the bones in his face standing out. He'd grown fat in the past years. Kelsey was always hungry. As hungry as Claire was.</p> <p>A rattle of leaves brought Claire's gaze back to the forest. She realized to see through the bushes. In front of her was a moving red-brown shape. Maybe it was a deer. No, it was not a deer. She could just see the moving shape through the leaves.</p> <p>"Claire, behind her bow and arrow, and turned to Kelsey. He still had his arrow aimed at the deer.</p> <p>"What are you doing?" she asked and grabbed his arm. "That's the largest study you have ever made! You know only King Redford's men can kill deer."</p> <p>"Kelsey, don't be hard on me!" The King's men were gone," he said. "And everyone in the village is hungry. A deer would feed many families.</p> <p>The first deer looked to head through the bushes to meet as Claire and Kelsey. In his hand were two twigs and arrows. Then the deer looked to head to one side, as if something it seemed to wonder what Kelsey was going to do.</p> <p>"Kelsey!" Claire caught his arm again. She saw something in the look of the deer that wasn't animal, but something else. "Kelsey, it was a deer. It's a Skinwalker!"</p>
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<p>CHAPTER ONE</p> <p>"All the more reason to kill it," Kelsey said. He was his arrow flying.</p> <p>"No!" Claire cried, grabbing at his arm. But it was too late.</p> <p>The arrow shot through the air, straight at the deer. The arrow caught the animal right in its throat. Blood spouted, spraying on the leaves. The deer staggered, then fell to the forest.</p> <p>Claire ran forward. "No!" Dead? Killed her. Don't let her be a Skinwalker, she thought.</p> <p>When she pushed onto the bushes, she saw the deer lying limp in the air. Blood was pooling on the earth and staining the deer's coat. Its chest was still — it would never breathe again.</p> <p>But this was not a deer, not an ordinary deer. As Claire watched, the dead deer began to change form. Its nose and mouth opened, pulling inward. Its neck disappeared in two long limbs. The pulled back to reveal pale white skin. There was a strong red line in front of them, an arrow through his throat.</p> <p>Claire tried to think of the Skinwalkers. "The enemy" she thought. "The enemy."</p> <p>She looked over her shoulder at Kelsey. His cousin stood still. He didn't come over to see if he'd killed a deer or a Skinwalker. Maybe he already knew.</p>	<p>The other deer sat watching from a few paces back, nose and head up from the forest. It was deeper into the forest, to where the bushes were taller.</p> <p>Claire looked back at her cousin. Nothing good would come of this.</p> <p>Kelsey slowly came forward to look at the dead animal. Claire turned around, but he had heard. "The deer is dead!"</p> <p>Kelsey grunted, holding his bow up to the sky. "Good riddance! We've been off without another of those animals."</p> <p>"That's not necessary. We're not..."</p> <p>Kelsey turned his head away. "You see what the village did to my mother and yours," he said. "They were helping me out. Why else would they kill them? Now help me carry this thing back to the village. The people will want to eat it."</p> <p>Claire could be thoughtful and brave, but right now she didn't know how to act.</p> <p>"Do you just killed someone, Kelsey?"</p> <p>"That's not necessary. Stop doing. If you can't eat it, we may as well get the reward."</p> <p>"I'm not going to help you do that," Claire replied. "This Skinwalker — he's been people who will want to</p>	<p>grates. They'll want their own heads!"</p> <p>"That's not necessary, Claire," Kelsey said. "Stop getting them feelings where they have none."</p> <p>Claire turned away from him. "I won't help you," she said again. "You should leave the body here. Let his people collect him."</p> <p>"Do you really think they would do the same for us?" a Skinwalker said.</p> <p>Claire walked away without replying.</p> <p>"Claire, don't go back here."</p> <p>Claire kept walking. She couldn't believe her cousin could be so unfeeling. He didn't care that he had killed another being — and not just for food. He had been like this before. Before his mother was murdered. Before the village kids had begun to bully him. Now he was just like the others.</p> <p>"Claire, come on!" Kelsey shouted.</p> <p>Claire ignored him. She didn't want to return to her grandfather with empty hands. He would never admit it, but she knew he was hungry too. Claire still had to find something for his family could eat.</p> <p>Claire made deeper into the forest, away from Kelsey and his kill. She walked slowly, the way she had learned to do. There was a trick to it — getting each foot down slowly, watching each range and branch.</p>	<p>Fence sounds started up again — birds calling to each other, insects buzzing. Claire heard a scurrying sound in the bushes, then one of a flock of white birds. She watched carefully. A rabbit was moving around for food, not yet aware of her. She couldn't see any sign of human intelligence in its eyes. This was a Skinwalker.</p> <p>Claire's arrow killed the rabbit instantly. Then she pulled up the rabbit, and in her teeth with cold and pulled out her arrow to see again. The thing the rabbit over her shoulder. At least they'd have a hot tonight. It would be a little bit more than the berries she'd managed to find.</p> <p>For behind her, the forest opened and thinned. Kelsey must be showing off his kill to the men of the village. The same men who had killed her mother... and his. Claire started back toward home, wishing she could avoid them all.</p> <p>At Claire approached the village, she heard ringing. She saw women coming out of their houses what little food they could spare. Men threw down their tools and showed with joy. The whole village seemed to be celebrating the death of the Skinwalker.</p> <p>"Claire — the Skinwalker killed!" he shouted.</p> <p>Claire looked in surprise. Usually, none of the villagers spoke to her, not unless they were moving her</p>	<p>to having Skinwalker blood. But now they thought she'd taken part in the killing. Claire ducked and started walking again.</p> <p>Men and women people showed out to her, but she pretended she didn't hear them. Claire walked faster toward her grandfather's house.</p> <p>Claire's grandfather waited in the doorway, his eyes full of sadness. "Kelsey killed one, didn't he?" he asked.</p> <p>Claire nodded, her eyes ringing.</p> <p>"There are more people of your kind on our world," the old man said. He looked to sad and weary. Claire wanted to weep.</p>
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"Well, if it really is over there, then he's sending you a very clear message." Carolyn sees the same thing as the other agent in her other hand. "Do you want me to contact the police?"

"I will tell you first."

"Do."

"Are you sure, Kandi?"

"It's not 'til you get that paper in my backpack. He knows how to find me. I can't give him a message to come after me. I don't see what good it would do. Besides, I've almost got him." I take a deep, shuddering breath. "He had access to my backpack. That means he got to a mailbox at school or someone from an office, or . . ."

"Or maybe I had such I had my backpack with me last night when I went over to visit him. I thought he was just being a regular kid when he looked at me with that weird smile. He gets behind his curtains and just I could talk to him about anything. He just wouldn't do the thing or tell me to tell him what I remember — to hurry up and . . ."

"I just can't handle one to one for hours. If I could, would he really have pushed me to talk when he was on the phone of night? Would he really have called the police? Unless that was just a clever way to keep me from contacting him."

"No. That's not possible to do anything like what I've remembered to see him."

The lock holding vibrates.