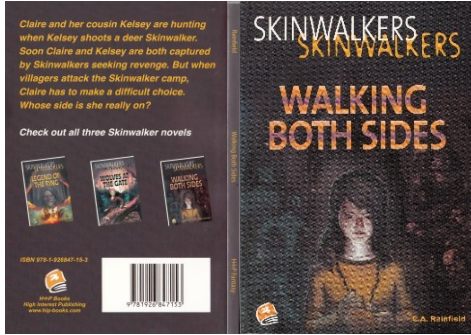


SKINWALKERS: WALKING BOTH SIDES by Cheryl Rainfield, mini book 1:6 scale.

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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><b>Walking Both Sides</b></p> <p>C.A. RAINFIELD</p> <p>Copyright © 2011 by High House Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. For more information on other copyright notices, please refer to the copyright notice on the inside cover or on the inside back cover.</p> <p>ISBN 978-1-925847-12-3</p> <p>High House Publishing www.highhouse.com</p>	<p>For Jean, who helped me find happiness for my own story.</p> <p>And for everyone who has been in the situation in a good way.</p>	<p><b>Prologue</b></p> <p>At the doors of the first fence, Claire of Skinwalkers and One-Skin live side by side. Sometimes the Skinwalkers walk in their animal skins. Sometimes they walk in their human skins. Sometimes they walk on the ice between One-Skin, the humans, and their friends. 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 "bite," unless the men led by King Redford, orders 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><b>CHAPTER ONE   Hunting or Murder?</b></p> <p>Claire's stomach tightened to tighten. She held her rifle and sawe ready to bring down some game. But she had been a hard winter. 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 morning mist between dogs. Maybe it was a deer. No, it was not a deer. She could just see the morning dogs through the leaves.</p> <p>"Claire, behind her low and away, 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. "This is the longest 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 intelligents and more. 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 wasn't quite human, either. "Stop! It's not a deer. It's a Skinwalker!"</p>
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<p><b>CHAPTER ONE</b></p> <p>"All the more reason to kill it," Kelsey said. He was not alone. "No?" Claire asked, looking at his arm. But it was not his arm.</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 gasped, 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 pulled back the bushes, she saw the deer lying limp on its side. 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 toward its neck. Its legs and torso lengthened. The pulled back to reveal pale white skin. There was a strong rumble in front of them, an rumble through the forest.</p> <p>Claire didn't think she'd Skinwalker. "It's wrong," she whispered. "It's wrong."</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 still watching from a few paces back, rumble and leaped away from them. It was deeper into the forest, to where she'd looking an alert.</p> <p>Claire looked back through 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. "That deer is a Skinwalker."</p> <p>Kelsey grunted, holding his bow up to the sky. "Good riddance! We've been off without another of those monster animals."</p> <p>"That's not necessary. We're not..."</p> <p>Kelsey turned his head away. "You see what the villagers did to my mother and sister," he said. "They were keeping us safe. 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 smiled, holding her bow up to the sky. "Good riddance! We've been off without another of those monster animals."</p> <p>"That's not necessary. We're not..."</p> <p>"No 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>"It was going to help me 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 want to help you," she said again. "You should have the body here. Let his people collect him."</p> <p>"Do you really think they would do the same for us?" Kelsey yelled.</p> <p>Claire walked away without saying.</p> <p>"Claire, don't go back here."</p> <p>She knew he was right. 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 tickle to — getting each foot down slowly, watching dead rags and branches.</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 running 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 feet with coal 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 echoed and thrummed. Kelsey must be showing off his kill to the men of the village. The men who had killed her mother... and his. Claire started back toward home, wishing she could avoid them all.</p> <p>As 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 cheered 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 fallen part in the killing. Claire chuckled and started walking again.</p> <p>Men and more people showed up 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 own in the world," the old man said. He looked to sad and weary. Claire wanted to weep.</p>
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