

# The Lycanthrope Fun-Time Activity Book

*by* Kirsty Logan

he'd thought if he could peel back his tissue of skin  
then he would understand the words that the wind  
hissed into his pointing ears; he would know  
the purpose of his thickening nails, the pointed ends  
of his eyelashes — and the way that he could use  
these malformations to find himself another boy

who was more like himself; an elongating boy  
with butter-yellow flecks in his eyes, and skin  
patched like a tabby. for many months he used  
to climb to the roof clothed in scraps of wind  
and tilt his body to the empty sky, but by the end  
of the moon and his keening breath, he knows

that answers are always in the body. he knows,  
still, that he must find this other mirror-boy  
because his own body is no solution: the final end  
of this quest is to peel back the unfamiliar skin  
of this other boy, the one who heard the wind  
and its missives, its curses. this boy can be used

like a fortune-teller's glass ball; can be used  
instead of thrown knucklebones. he only knows  
this much, but it is enough. in his ears the wind  
hisses *yessssss*. it lifts him, flesh and bones. the boy  
does not like the city flowing beneath him; his skin  
shivers towards shadows, but he knows that the end

will justify these means. he thinks only of the end

to stop the lights from blurring to a vortex. he can use  
the imagined scent, the dream-soft feel of new skin  
to calm his breath. lifetimes later, a boy. he knows  
beyond knowing anything else that this is the boy,  
the one, the answer. his feet touch ground; the wind

hisses away. he never trusted the strength of the wind,  
but he misses it now. never mind: here is his answer, his end.  
he slinks, courts, kisses, pounces. when opened, the boy  
reveals an infinity of colours, shapes, scents. he can use  
these to divine entire worlds. he is giddy with knowing.  
he peels back the final scrap of the other boy's skin.

*yesssss* says the wind, and he sees it's no use:  
here is his end and there's nothing to know.  
a brand new boy leaps from the skin.

