

**REBIRTH CONCEPT IN ANNE RICE'S NOVEL
THE WOLF GIFT THROUGH ARCHETYPE
APPROACH**

A PAPER

Submitted to the School of Foreign Language – JIA as a partial fulfillment of requirements for the undergraduate degree in English Literature Programme



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**KONSEP KELAHIRAN KEMBALI DI DALAM NOVEL ANNE RICE
THE WOLF GIFT MELALUI PENDEKATAN ARKETIPE**

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ABSTRAK

Penelitian ini bertujuan untuk mengetahui konsep kelahiran kembali yang terdapat di dalam novel karya Anne Rice yang berjudul 'The Wolf Gift'. Untuk mengetahui konsep kelahiran kembali yang terdapat di dalam novel tersebut maka pendekatan arketipe digunakan sebagai landasan teori. Sumber data dalam penelitian ini adalah novel karya pengarang berkebangsaan Amerika Serikat, Anne Rice yang berjudul 'The Wolf Gift'. Penelitian ini diimplementasikan sejak 5 Maret 2016 sampai dengan 13 Juni 2016. Metode penelitian ini adalah dengan menggunakan metode kualitatif yang menitikberatkan kepada penemuan konsep kelahiran kembali melalui pendekatan arketipe di dalam novel. Setelah penemuan data di dalam novel, maka seluruh data dianalisa menggunakan teknik pengodean data dengan maksud untuk menangkap pesan atau inti dari suatu porsi data. Hasilnya memperlihatkan dua puluh data yang menunjukkan konsep kelahiran kembali di dalam novel dengan rincian; delapan konsep kebangkitan kembali, delapan konsep renovatio, tiga konsep metempsychosis, satu konsep partisipasi dalam proses transformasi, dan tidak ada konsep reinkarnasi yang ditemukan.

Kata kunci: Arketipe, konsep kelahiran kembali

**REBIRTH CONCEPT IN ANNE RICE’S NOVEL THE WOLF GIFT
THROUGH ARCHETYPE APPROACH**

AGUSTINA BETSY LUMENTA

ABSTRACT

This paper is aimed for knowing rebirth concept that lie in Anne Rice’s novel entitled *The Wolf Gift*. To determine rebirth concept in the novel the archetype approach is used as theoretical base. Data source in this paper is a novel written by an American author; Anne Rice entitled ‘*The Wolf Gift*’. The implementation of the research is conducted from March 5th 2016 to June 13th 2016. The method of the research is using qualitative method which emphasizes in finding rebirth concept through archetype approach in the novel. After finding the data in the novel, whole data are analyzed using coding technique in order to find out the messages or essences from a portion of the data. The result shows twenty data which show concept of rebirth in the novel with details; eight concepts of resurrection, eight concepts of renovatio, three concepts of metempsychosis, one concept of participation in the process of transformation, and no concept of reincarnation found.

Key Words: Archetype, Rebirth Concept

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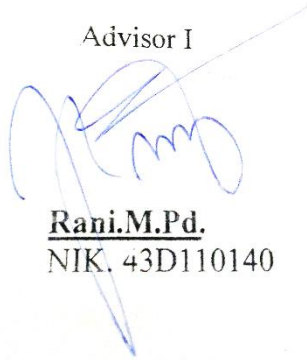


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MOTTO AND DEDICATION

MOTTO

Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime. (English Proverb)

DEDICATION:

This paper is dedicated to my parents and my sister.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First of all, writer would like to thank to Jesus Christ Almighty for all his blessing and loving. Without Him, it is impossible to accomplish this paper. The making of this paper is to fulfill one of the requirements for taking undergraduate program (S1) of English Department of School of Foreign Language JIA. In this paper, the writer explains about rebirth concept found in the novel entitled *the wolf gift* by Anne Rice through archetype approach. During the research, writer had been through hardships and difficulties both finding the references and arranging it into a scientific paper. Therefore, writer would like to take this opportunity to express thankfulness for all the following people who have advised and supported to finish the paper, especially to:

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9. Last but not least, writer also gives deep gratefulness to some others who cannot be mentioned for their concerns.

Finally, writer hopes this paper will be useful especially for writer and generally for everyone who reads it.

Bekasi, 30 July 2016

ABL

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. The Background of the Research

Works of literature and human being cannot be separated. Since first human writing had been found and marked their origin cultures with their civilization, writing form influenced human thought from generation through generation. From that, human started to write their own stories so the stories could be inherited to next descendants. In compliance with the statement above Semi (1990:1) explained that the existence of literature cannot be rejected and it has become one of social culture reality.

Literature has been enlarged and it has fulfilled human's sense to create various works. The story of legends, myth, until romance and comedies have revolved around us as part of life's enlightening, amusement, and reflecting our own disposition, as DiYanni (2000:10) stated that works of fiction are made to entertain and engage human's mind with the power of their new invention.

The influences that have been brought by literature can be seen in the development of the plot and characters. Each of the character has shown conducts of the behavior's development from each figure. Then, the behavior has strong relation to the background of the man himself.

In study of literature, as it had been said before, human being in this case are the creators and the readers in the work of literature. New genre in stories has been created and discovered through personal experiences and

fantasies. Freud as quoted by Warren and Wellek (1990: 92) once proposed that the artist once was drowned in the world of imagination, but then the artist will find way to come back into the real world; with his special gift. The artist molded the fantasies into a new kind of reality, and men concede them a justification as valuable reflection of actual life, thus by a certain path the artist becomes what he desired to be. Besides that Guerin et al. (2005: 6) said that human enjoys and give what it is called as pre-critical response to what they have just read.

Even though some stories are based on myth and legends, but they have strong relation to mankind. Apparently, human nature can be occurred in plot of mythical tales. Human reflect themselves through the narrative; there is a beast which has sense of humanity, it doesn't hurt any people vice versa people who are afraid of the beast that the apparent looks normal conduct like the real beast. But there is also a real monster which haunts the main protagonist to death.

Monsters and other creatures (including human) in some beliefs are capable to transform themselves into another subject in same or different form. In Buddha we have known this as reincarnation. In Christian belief, Jesus Christ resurrected from His death after being crucified. Vishnu in Indian mythology is a deity who reincarnated himself to help human being.

The main character of *The Wolf Gift* was a pretty-good looking boy with brown curly hair and blue eyes named Reuben Goulding. He will be easily loved for not only he is the main character but also he qualifies the main

conditions to become the heroic character: handsome, strong, gentle, kind, and had strong spirit to defend the one in needs even he had to kill and torture the villains. Reuben was created as the answer (in this story) to every problem happened. He saved people's life, he became hero to the civil of the town, his transformation was 'a gift' to all who need salvation.

Life experience after death is not an amusing part of human's life. There are suffering, pain, and sometimes lost in as part of the resurrection. In book of Jonah, there was an exile inside a whale, in religious view, the process of rebirth is a direct change of a faith after a slipping away from an exiling and misery as Hardjana (1981:68) mentioned it as the basic concept of rebirth in archetype. It is interesting to examine furthermore about the rebirth concept in the story of the *wolf gift*. Especially problems that main character had related to pain and suffering before the transformation began.

Novel *the wolf gift* tells stories about a man named Reuben Goulding who turns to be a werewolf. He struggled in his transformation which caused pain but it gave him a new strength that made him been able to become a 'hero' to those who needed. Anne Rice as the writer of the novel is a well known author for gothic novel such as she had shown in latest work such as *the wolf gift*. Her writing style is unique and she is able to describe the struggle happened when a human being transformed into another creature that is far beyond people's belief. The conflict in the story that she wrote in this novel is various in vocabularies and terms that are related to legends of some myth creature like werewolf in this story.

As it is said before, the main conflict of this story is the main character has to struggle between good and evil when he accidentally transformed into a werewolf. A werewolf is supposed to be an evil beast that becomes main obstacles to the protagonist. But in this story, the main character is reborn to a new creature that is a werewolf which then he will become hero to save people from evil intention.

Based on problems related to the main character's struggle that he had in the story, then writer's interest has been aroused to do research about the rebirth concept occurred in the novel *the wolf gift*. Hence, writer chooses *Rebirth Concepts in Anne Rice's Novel the Wolf Gift through Archetype Approach* as the title of this paper.

B. The Scope of the Problem

In this paper, the scope of the research will be focused on the novel entitled *The Wolf Gift* written by Anne Rice. This research focused on analyzing concept of rebirth in the *The Wolf Gift*. It is used archetype approach in order to understand the concepts appeared in the story.

C. The Questions of the Research

To guide and limit the problems in this research, these problems can be followed in these questions:

1. Which rebirth concepts do occur in the novel?

2. Through archetype approach, which of the rebirth concept does determine the story most?

D. The Objective of the Research

Based on the problems of the research mentioned above, the objectives of the research are described as the following:

1. To know the rebirth concepts occurred in the novel
2. To find out the most dominant rebirth concepts which exist through archetype approach

E. The Significance of the Research

1. The writer
 - a. The research will enlarge writer's literature knowledge.
 - b. The research will give knowledge about the relation between archetype and literature.
 - c. The research will give the writer new point of view about what is rebirth and its relation to human being
2. Reader
 - a. The research will enlighten readers more about literature.
 - b. The research will give more knowledge when the readers read a work of literature.
 - c. The research will give readers more understanding about characters in the story.

F. The Systematic of the Paper

The systematic of the paper means to present the paper in well-edited compositions. This paper is divided into five chapters as follow:

Chapter I explains the background of the research, the scope of the problem, the questions of the research, the objectives of the research, the significance of the research and the systematic of the research.

Chapter II mentions the definition of literature, novel, psychology, main streams in psychology, archetype approach, rebirth and five concepts of rebirth.

Chapter III consists of the setting of the research, subject of the research, method of the research, instrument of the research, technique of data analysis, and procedure of the research.

Chapter IV presents Data Description, Data Analysis, Data Interpretation, and Data Discussions. Chapter V concludes the research that writer had done and suggests what it needs for next improvement.

CHAPTER II

THEORETICAL DESCRIPTION

This paper would like to analyze the rebirth concepts through archetype approach in the novel *The Wolf Gift* by Anne Rice. That is why this paper needs some theories to support the research. In this chapter the theories are taken as a basic of the research. Those theories are about:

A. Literature

Definition about literature has been stated by some experts. Wellek and Warren (1990: 3) stated that literature is a creative activity, an art. Meanwhile word literature derived from Latin word *litteratura* which means letter (*littera*) as Klarer (2004: 1) mentioned that letter is the smallest element in alphabetical writing. Literature is referred to as the entirety of written expression, with the restriction that not every written document can be categorized as literature in the more exact sense of the word.

Literature is an art form whose medium is language, oral and written. It differs from ordinary spoken or written language mainly in three ways: concentrated and meaningful, giving a sense of pleasure, and demands intense concentration from the readers as Henderson, Day, and Waller (2006: 1) said that literature is not only about ideas but also experiences. It communicates what it feels like to undergo an experience, whether physical or emotional.

Another expert, Semi (1990: 1) mentioned that literature is one of art that has been existed in human civilization since thousands years ago. It can

be concluded that literature is a creativity activity referred to as the entirety of written expression that has been existed in human civilization since thousands years ago.

It can be concluded from the experts that literature is a creative activity, referred to entirety of written expression, an art form whose medium is language, oral, and written, and one of art that has been existed in human civilization since thousand years ago.

B. Novel

Eagleton (2005: 1) proposed that novel is a piece of prose fiction of a reasonable length. There are novels in verse, like Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* or Vikram Seth's *The Golden Gate*. The point about the novel, however, is not just that it eludes definition, but that it actively undermines them. It is less a genre than anti genre.

Klarer (2004: 11) mentioned the term "novel" subsumes a number of subgenres such as:

1. Picaresque novel, which relates the experiences of a vagrant rogue in his conflict with the norms of society.
2. *Bildungsroman* (novel of education), referred to by its German name describes the development of a protagonist from childhood to maturity.
3. Epistolary novel, which uses letters as a means of first person narration.
4. Historical novel, whose action take place within a realistic historical context.

5. Satirical novel, which highlights weaknesses of society through exaggeration of social conventions.
6. Utopian novel, which creates alternative worlds as a means of criticizing real sociopolitical conditions.
7. Gothic novel, famously includes works of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*
8. Detective novel, famously introduced Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

Klarer (2004: 14) also mentioned that novel experiments with various narrative perspectives, as its juxtaposition of the main elements of the novel can be shown below:

1. Plot

Klarer (2004: 15) defined plot as the logical interaction of the various thematic elements of a text which lead to a change of the original situation as presented at the outset of the narrative. DiYanni (2000: 24) mentioned that plot, the action element in fiction, is the arrangement of events that make up a story. It keeps the readers turning pages to find out what will happen next.

Kennedy (1991: 6) described plot as a dramatic situation: a person is involved in some conflict. Drama in fiction occurs in any clash of wills, desires, or powers – whether it be a conflict of a character against character, character against society, character against some natural force, or character against some supernatural entity.

2. Character

Klarer (2004: 17) said that characters in a text can be rendered either as types or as individuals. A typified character in literature is dominated by one specific trait and is referred to as a flat character. The term round character usually denotes a persona with more complex and differentiated features.

Kennedy (1991: 47) stated that a character is presumably an imagined person or entity who inhabits a story. Like in George Stewart's novel *Storm*, the protagonist is the wind, in Richard Adams's *Watership Down* the main characters are rabbits. But usually it is recognized in the main characters of a story, the human personalities that are familiar to the readers

DiYanni (2000: 35) mentioned that fictional characters are the imaginary people that writers create, sometimes identifying with them sometimes judging them. If a reader reads a story to find out what happens, an equally compelling reason is to follow the fortunes of the characters. Then DiYanni said that plot and characters are inseparable.

3. Point of View

Klarer (2004: 20) proposed that the term point of view, or narrative perspective, characterizes the way in which a text presents persons, events, and settings. Furthermore, it is said that the subtleties of narrative perspectives developed parallel to the emergence of the novel and can be reduced to three basic positions: the action of a text is either mediated

through an exterior, unspecified narrator (omniscient point of view), through a person involved in the action (first-person narration), or presented without additional commentary (figural narrative situation).

4. Setting

The term setting according to Klarer (2004: 25) denotes the location, historical period, and social surroundings in which the action of a text develops. In the gothic novel and certain other forms of prose fiction, setting is one of the crucial elements of the genre. In the opening section of “The Fall of the House of Usher” (1840), Edgar Allan Poe (1809–49) gives a detailed description of the building in which the uncanny short story will evolve.

C. Psychology

Hardjana (1981: 59) explained that psychology in literature appeared when Sigmund Freud introduced his thesis *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Three Contributions to a Theory of Sex* a decade before World War occurred. Sobur (2003: 19) explained that etymologically, psychology derived from Greek, *psyche* means soul and *logos* means study. Literally, psychology means study of soul or science which study about the phenomena of human soul. Moreover, Miller as quoted by Sobur (2003: 32) proposed the term of psychology as the science that attempts to describe, predict, and control mental and behavioral events. In addition Sobur (2003: 33) cited Chaplin’s explanation about psychology as the science of human and animal behavior,

the study of organism in all its variety and complexity as it respond to the flux and flow of the physical and social events which make up the environment. Furthermore, it is also said that psychology touches many aspects of life organism, both human and animal. Psychology in this case related to examine about how and why the organisms do something.

Sobur (2003: 103-121) basically divided psychology into five main streams, they are:

1. Structuralism

This stream examines a symptom of a psychological of an individual. Then, the content and structure of an inner itself must be examined.

2. Functional

Functionalism is a tendency in a psychology that said mind, mentality, five receptors and emotion is an adaptation of a biological organism.

3. Psychoanalytic

Psychology was developed when Freud introduced his theory which focused on human consciousness. Indeed, unconsciousness as the most important aspect of psyche, as Freud believed that human behavior and personality much influenced by unconsciousness. In the relation with someone inner soul, the one which is seen from outside, is only a small part, it is consciousness. The biggest part from someone inner soul cannot be seen from outside is unconsciousness. Between consciousness and

unconsciousness, there is a border between them that is called preconsciousness.

4. *Gestalt* Psychology

This stream prioritizes whole psychological elements. Human consciousness must be studied as a whole or totality.

5. Behaviorism

According to this stream, all human behavior – excluded instinct – is the result of studying. Studying here can be interpreted as behavior change because of environmental influence.

D. Archetype Approach

Hardjana (1981: 67) said that archetype in literature appeared as a result of Carl Gustav Jung's theory "*On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetic Art*" in *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* issued in 1928. Jung (1986: 4) first met Sigmund Freud in 1907 after the publication of Freud's work *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Jung (1986: 5) afterwards explained his new theory after he was having a disagreement to Freud analytical theory. As one of the Freudian for years, Carl G. Jung then built his own psychological school and distinguished his own theory to Freud's one by giving its name Analytical Psychology to differ it from Freud's psychoanalytical.

Jung as quoted by Klarer (2004: 84) theorized that archetype works along similar lines by searching texts for collective motifs of the human psyche, which are held to be common to different historical periods and

languages. The archetypes represent primordial images of the human unconsciousness which have retained their structures in various cultures and epochs. The archetypes constantly surface in myth and literature as a limited number of basic patterns of physics images which lend themselves to a structural model of explanation.

Jung (1986: 7) explained archetypes are form that had been brought since a human was born from psyche, pattern of psyche manner that always exists potentially as a probe, and if it comes to real, it will appear as a specific image. Another expert, Myss (2013: xiii) defined archetype as a psychic lens which is seen to view human's inner and the world around. Archetype has been the engine of the human unconscious without being realized.

Furthermore, Guerin et al. (2005: 184) mentioned that similar motifs or themes may be found among many different mythologies, certain images that recur in the myths of peoples widely separated in time and place tend to have a common meaning or tend to elicit comparable psychological responses and to serve similar cultural functions. Such motifs and images are called archetypes.

Archetypes which is known as the contents of the collective unconscious are divided into four concepts according to Jung (2004: 2), they are:

1. Mother archetype

Jung (2004: 14) explained that the mother archetype appears under an almost infinite variety of aspects. First in importance are the personal

mother and grandmother, stepmother and mother-in-law then any woman with whom a relationship exists.

2. Rebirth

Rebirth is an affirmation that must be counted among the primordial affirmations of mankind. These primordial affirmations are based on what Jung (2004: 58) called as archetypes.

3. Spirit

Based on Jung (2004: 102) the word “spirit” possesses such a wide range of application that it requires considerable effort to make clear to oneself all the things it can mean. Spirit is the principle that stands in opposition to matter.

4. Trickster

Jung (2004: 159-160) said that a curious combination of typical trickster motifs can be found in the alchemical figure of Mercurius; for instance, his fondness for sly jokes and malicious pranks, his powers as a shape-shifter, his dual nature, half animal, half divine, his exposure to all kinds of tortures, and—last but not least—his approximation to the figure of a savior.

E. Rebirth

The concept of rebirth is not always used in the same sense. Since this concept has various aspects, it may be useful to review its different meanings. The five different forms which is going to be enumerated could probably be

added to if one were to go into greater detail, but the definitions cover at least the cardinal meanings. Based on Jung's (2004: 53) theory, concept of Rebirth are divided into five forms, they are:

1. Metempsychosis.

The first of the five aspects of rebirth is metempsychosis or transmigration of souls. According to this view, one's life is prolonged in time by passing through different bodily existences or from another point of view is a life-sequence interrupted by different reincarnations.

Even in Buddhism, where this doctrine is of particular importance—the Buddha himself experienced a very long sequence of such rebirths—it is by no means certain whether continuity of personality is guaranteed or not there may be only a continuity of *karma*. The Buddha's disciples put this question to him during his lifetime, but he never made any definite statement as to whether there is or is not a continuity of personality.

2. Reincarnation.

This concept of rebirth necessarily implies the continuity of personality. Here the human personality is regarded as continuous and accessible to memory, so that, when one is incarnated or born, one is able, at least potentially, to remember that one has lived through previous existences and that these existences were one's own, i.e., that they had the same ego-form as the present life. As a rule, reincarnation means rebirth in a human body.

3. Resurrection.

This means a re-establishment of human existence after death. A new element enters here: that of the change, transmutation, or transformation of one's being. The change may be either essential, in the sense that the resurrected being is a different one; or nonessential, in the sense that only the general conditions of existence have changed, as when one finds oneself in a different place or in a body which is differently constituted. It may be a carnal body, as in the Christian assumption that this body will be resurrected.

On a higher level, the process is no longer understood in a gross material sense; it is assumed that the resurrection of the dead is the raising up of the *corpus glorificationis*, the "subtle body," in the state of incorruptibility.

4. Renovatio.

The fourth form concerns rebirth in the strict sense; that is to say, rebirth within the span of individual life. The English word *rebirth* is the exact equivalent of the German *Wiedergeburt*, but the French language seems to lack a term having the peculiar meaning of "rebirth." This word has a special flavour; its whole atmosphere suggests the idea of *renovatio*, renewal, or even of improvement brought about by magical means.

Rebirth may be a renewal without any change of being, inasmuch as the personality which is renewed is not changed in its essential nature, but only its functions, or parts of the personality, are subjected to healing,

strengthening, or improvement. Thus even bodily ills may be healed through rebirth ceremonies.

Another aspect of this fourth form is essential transformation, i.e., total rebirth of the individual. Here the renewal implies a change of his essential nature, and may be called a transmutation. As examples we may mention the transformation of a mortal into an immortal being, of a corporeal into a spiritual being, and of a human into a divine being.

Well known prototypes of this change are the transfiguration and ascension of Christ, and the assumption of the Mother of God into heaven after her death, together with her body. Similar conceptions are to be found in Part II of Goethe's *Faust*; for instance, the transformation of Faust into the boy and then into Doctor Marianus.

5. Participation in the process of transformation.

The fifth and last form is indirect rebirth. Here the transformation is brought about not directly, by passing through death and rebirth oneself, but indirectly, by participating in a process of transformation which is conceived of as taking place outside the individual. In other words, one has to witness, or take part in, some rite of transformation.

This rite may be a ceremony such as the Mass, where there is a transformation of substances. Through his presence at the rite the individual participates in divine grace. Similar transformations of the Deity are to be found in the pagan mysteries; there too the initiate sharing the experience is vouchsafed the gift of grace, as we know from the

Eleusinian mysteries. A case in point is the confession of the initiate in the Eleusinian mysteries, who praises the grace conferred through the certainty of immortality.

CHAPTER III

METHODOLOGY OF RESEARCH

A. Setting of the Research

The research has been done in several places such as in STBA-JIA library and writer's home at PdK housing complex, Tambun-Bekasi. The research started from March to June 2016. To collect the data of the study, references are used to fulfill the data. They are collected from several books from library and e-books from internet.

B. The Subject of the Research

The data from this research are taken from the novel of *The Wolf Gift* written by Anne Rice. "*The Wolf Gift*" is a novel written by an American novelist *Anne Rice* and published by Random House in February 2012. It consists of 502 pages length. The novel tells the tale of Reuben Golding, a journalist who works for a fictional San Fransisco Observer who is attacked by and turned into werewolf. He spends the duration of the story fleeing the authorities, the media, and DNA analysts. Until he finds out the power that he gains from the werewolf gives him opportunity to save many people and he becomes a superhero in his own tale.

C. Method of the Research

This research needs some steps to make analysis. One of them is to collect the data. Collecting data is important for the research. This research uses qualitative method. It is used to obtain the intricate details about feeling, thought, process, and emotion that are difficult to extract or learn through conventional research.

M. Atar Semi (1990: 9) mentioned that the main concern of qualitative method is the understanding interaction of the concept which is learnt from human experience. Sugiyono (2014: 9) also stated that qualitative research is mentioned as a method which underlines meaning than generalization. Flick, Kardoff, and Steinke (2004: 3) described qualitative research as a claim to describe life worlds ‘from the inside out’ from the point of view of the people who participate.

D. Instrument of the Research

The research will analyze the archetype concepts found in the novel. The instrument used will involve thing that is suitable to measure the research, which is the writer herself.

E. Technique of the Data Analysis

The technique of data analysis in this research uses Flick, (2009: 431) ideas in the following:

1. Using sensitizing concept

Concepts like trust, identity, and the like can be such starting points for identifying relevant problems and first conceptualizations in a field. Once a specific problem is identified, for which a lack of empirical analysis and theoretical explanation can be noted, the next step will be to find contexts in which can be begun to study it.

2. Advancing in the field

The beginning of research is now based on selection through initial sampling or convenience sampling, which allow researcher to get into the field and in touch with the first cases and insight. It is more about finding cases which allow further development of the rudimentary theory and its categories developed so far.

3. Collect or produce relevant data

Grounded theory methodology has a strong focus on two steps: sampling and analyzing data. In this case the data for analysis are about rebirth concept in *The Wolf Gift* novel.

4. Memoing: produce evidence through writing

Memoing is not a standardized procedure but depends on the personal style of the researcher. Memo writing helps to make the analysis more explicit and transparent for the researcher.

5. Analyze the data through coding

The central process in grounded theory is coding the data. Coding means to develop categories, properties, and relations among

them. Coding aims at identifying structures in the material – like core categories, basic social processes, and story lines.

6. Identify structure, reduce complexity and develop a theoretical model

The aims of coding in this process are always twofold: to develop and unfold an understanding of the issue or field under study first, which demands an open access to what should be coded and how; the second aim is to identify an underlying structure, an organizing principle, a basic social process, or core category. This asks for reduction and structuration.

7. Do evaluation

F. Procedure of the Research

In order to ensure the study procedurally, it needs some procedures to be done as follows:

1. Preparation

- a. Formulate and limit the problem
- b. Explain the purpose of the research, the method of the research, and technique to collect data
- c. Having discussions with the counselor

2. Implementation

- a. Read "*The Wolf Gift*" novel
- b. Search the references
- c. Collect the data

- d. Classify the data
 - e. Process and analyze the data
3. Finishing
- a. Compose the data analyzed
 - b. Formulate the problem
 - c. Conclude the system
 - d. Discuss with the counselor
 - f. Revise the result
 - g. Conclude the result

CHAPTER IV

RESEARCH FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

A. The Data Description

This study analyzes and discusses the data collection of the study in the novel *The Wolf Gift* which focuses on the rebirth concept. After understanding the theory review in chapter II and determining the method and technique which is appropriate in chapter III, the next step is to collect the data descriptions which are related to the concepts of rebirth. Based on the novel as an object in this study, it could be found of concepts of rebirth as follows:

Table 4.1 Data Description of Rebirth

Data Number	Text Description	Rebirth Concept	Data Location
1	He stopped suddenly. Voices. He could hear them all around him, gentle whispers, too low to interpret, but there, like rippling in water, like breeze moving through trees. Somewhere far off, someone was screaming for help. He stood there, with his hands over his ears. He could still hear it. A boy screaming. Go to him! Not in this hospital, but someplace else. Where else?	Renovatio	Chapter 4, page 62.
2	He went into the bathroom and began to scrub. Something didn't	Resurrection	Chapter 4, page 69

	<p>feel right about his hand. He stretched out his fingers. Well now, this can't be. He examined his other hand as well. Bigger. His hands were bigger. No doubt about it.</p>		
3	<p>But then he heard voices, voices from far off. For one second, he couldn't move. A woman somewhere was fighting with a man. The woman was angry but frightened. And the man threatened the woman and the woman began to scream.</p>	Renovatio	Chapter 4, page 67
4	<p>In the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, he saw himself, a great hairy figure with a long mane covering his shoulders. Man wolf.</p> <p>"So this was the manner of beast that saved me in Marchent's house, was it?" he laughed again that low, irresistible rolling laughter. Of course. "And you bit me, you devil. And I didn't die from the bite and now it's happened to me." He wanted to laugh out loud. He wanted to roar with laughter.</p>	Resurrection	Chapter 5, page 87

5	<p>Back in his room, he again confronted himself in the mirror. “Anything new to tell me?” he asked. “What a deep voice you have.” The transformation had begun. He gripped the soft fur between his legs even as it was shrinking, vanishing, and then he felt his fingers emerging again to touch the wound in his shoulder. There was no wound. No wound at all.</p>	Resurrection	Chapter 7, page 125
6	<p>The man had harmed others. The man lived and breathed to hurt and harm. He knew this, knew this from what he saw, and oddly enough from that powerful reek. The man was a killer. Dogs know the scent of fear, don’t they? Well, he knew the scent of helplessness, and the scent of rage.</p>	Renovatio	Chapter 5, page 92
7	<p>“You’re safe now,” Reuben said. Was this his voice? This low and rough and confidential voice? “The man who tried to hurt you is dead.” He reached out towards her. He saw his paw like a hand reaching for her. Tenderly he stroked her arm. What did it feel</p>	Resurrection	Chapter 5, page 86

	like to her?		
8	“It had a face, I tell you. It spoke to me. It moved like a man. A man wolf.”	Resurrection	Chapter 6, page 106
9	It was happening, all right, the wolf-hair was covering his body, the mane descending to his shoulder, and the waves of ecstatic pleasure were coursing over him, obliterating all caution. The wolf-hair grew from his face as though invisible fingers coaxed it, and the keening pleasure made him gasp.	Resurrection	Chapter 7, page 118
10	The body; Reuben caught the scent of it; they had it in the car with them. Another child. His vision sharpened; he saw them up ahead in the blackness, saw the silhouette of one laughing young man against the back window; caught the frantic curses of the driver who struggled to see through the rain.	Renovatio	Chapter 10, page 165
11	“Other people smell just like people. They smell innocent; they smell healthy; they smell good. That must be why the beast in Mendocino let me go, perhaps knowing what he’d done to me,	Renovatio	Chapter 13, page 189

	what he'd passed on to me."		
12	<p>"I hear voices," he said. "I hear voices and I go to them. It's as if I can't help but go to them. Someone will suffer and die if I don't."</p> <p>Slowly he described it to her, pretty much the way he'd described it to Jim – the scents, the mystery of the scents. He talked about the various attacks, how the victims had been crying out in the darkness, how it had been so clear to him who was evil and who was good. He told her about the man who shot his wife.</p>	Renovatio	Chapter 16, page 213
13	<p>"I have no choice," said the creature, his voice a deep resonant baritone. "I told you. It should never have happened. I would have killed you with the others, the guilty ones, if I had known. But surely you know how utterly distasteful it is to shed innocent blood. When I saw my error, I released you. There's always the chance, you see, that the Chrism won't be passed, that the victim will simply recover; or that the victim will shortly die. That's</p>	Metempsychosis	Chapter 21, page 246

	what so often happens. The victim simply dies.”		
14	It was futile to hope that Stuart had not been seduced by the scent of evil, as Reuben had been seduced by it, or that his newfound strength hadn’t carried him into realms where he might be discovered, even caught.	Renovatio	Chapter 33, page 397
15	How completely natural the Boy Wolf felt to him, these immense hairy shoulders, the soft silken wolf-coat of his arms, the voluminous mane that was glinting now in the pellucid light of the veiled moon.	Resurrection	Chapter 33, page 400
16	“Now the Chrism cannot be extracted from us by force,” he explained, glancing from Laura to Reuben and back again to Laura. “It cannot be withdrawn with a hypodermic or a sponge biopsy from the tissue in our mouth. The crucial cells become inert and then disintegrate within seconds. I discovered this long ago in my own stumbling fashion in the early centuries of science, and only confirmed it in the secret laboratory in this house. The	Metempsychosis	Chapter 36, page 436

	<p>ancients knew this from trial and error. We were not the first Morphenkinder ever imprisoned by those who wanted the Chrism.”</p>		
17	<p>Boar, wildcat, bear – he caught the scents, and the hunger rose in him, the imperative to kill, to feast. The wind carried the scent of fields, of flower, of earth baked by sun and soaked with rain. On and on they ran, until there came on the wind the scent he’d never truly relished before: the bulk elk.</p>	Renovatio	Chapter 37, page 445
18	<p>He turned to Reuben, eyes glinting in the darkness, sobbing over and over, “He’s dead, they killed him, he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead.”</p> <p>Reuben stood there silently looking down at the limp half-naked body. They couldn’t have been more than sixteen, either of these boys. The grieving boy climbed to his feet. His face and clothes were covered in blood; he reached out for Reuben, actually reached out for him. Then he fell forward in a dead faint.</p> <p>Only now as he lay there at Reuben’s feet did Reuben see the</p>	Resurrection	Chapter 29,page 347- 348

	<p>tiny wounds oozing blood on the back of the boy's outstretched left hand. Puncture wound!</p>		
19	<p>"Now when the Chrism is given to young men or women you age, there's no danger," he said, "and when it's given with the deep bite, injecting the Chrism directly into the bloodstream at many points, well, it acts as it did with you, in about seven to fourteen days. The moon has nothing to do with it. Such legends have a different origin and nothing to do with us. But it's undeniable that in the first few years the change comes only after nightfall, and it is extremely difficult to induce in the light of day. But you can, after a while, if you are very determined, induce it anytime that you like. Your goal should be complete mastery of it. Because if you do not have that, you will never be in charge of it. It will be in charge of you."</p>	Metempsychosis	Chapter 38, page 452
20	<p>"But now, when they came to understand the full extent of my denial to their gods, and the full heretical dimension of my insistence that I could acquire the</p>	Participation in the process of transformation	Chapter 39, page 470

	<p>power, they pronounced me a law breaker of the worst sort, and set a time for me to die.</p> <p>“Such killing rituals always took place at dusk. Understand, they could easily transform into wolf people in daytime if an enemy approached; but for execution they always waited until dusk.</p> <p>“And so as darkness fell, they lighted their torches and formed a great circle, forcing me into the middle of it, and they began to dance to bring about the change.”</p>		
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B. The Data Analysis

From the data description, the writer tries to analyze them based on the concepts of rebirth which include:

Datum 1

He stopped suddenly. Voices. He could hear them all around him, gentle whispers, too low to interpret, but there, like rippling in water, like breeze moving through trees. Somewhere far off, someone was screaming for help. He stood there, with his hands over his ears. He could still hear it. A boy screaming. Go to him! Not in this hospital, but someplace else. Where else? (chapter 4, page 62)

The symbol occurred in this passage is the ability that is owned by the main character. He was able to hear things from distances. Reuben's position is still in the hospital, but he somehow knew from what he heard that someone far outside from the hospital was screaming for help. His hearing ability improved from normal to being able to hear voice that is located far away from his actual place. This ability he got after he was bitten appeared as it is said in the passage "*gentle whispers, too low to interpret, but there, like rippling in water...someone far off, someone was screaming for help.*" This ability manifests Reuben's new power as a werewolf. His hearing is growing wider. Part of his body, his ears are improving. Then this passage shows the form of *renovatio*, the form of rebirth which shows an improvement of a person.

Datum 2

He went into the bathroom and began to scrub. Something didn't feel right about his hand. He stretched out his fingers. Well now, this can't be. He examined his other hand as well. Bigger. His hands were bigger. No doubt about it. (chapter 4, page 69)

From this passage, it can be seen that the changing has happened to Reuben physically. He felt his hands were swollen and getting bigger. He stretched out his fingers and examined his other hands then he realized that part of his body has changed. His hands have transformed into another form he has never known before. Another physical change that occurred in Reuben's body showed the form of *Resurrection*.

Datum 3

But then he heard voices, voices from far off. For one second, he couldn't move. A woman somewhere was fighting with a man. The woman was angry but frightened. And the man threatened the woman and the woman began to scream. (chapter 4, page 67)

Reuben's ability to hear voices from distances can be seen in this passage. Even from kilometers far away, he still could hear a quarrelling happened between a woman and a man. The man threatened the woman and the woman began to scream. Another change happens to Reuben as he is able to hear voices from distances. This passage showed a form of renovatio.

Datum 4

In the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, he saw himself, a great hairy figure with a long mane covering his shoulders. Man wolf.

"So this was the manner of beast that saved me in Marchent's house, was it?" he laughed again that low, irresistible rolling laughter. Of course.

"And you bit me, you devil. And I didn't die from the bite and now it's happened to me." He wanted to laugh out loud. He wanted to roar with laughter. (chapter 5, page 87)

The changing occurred to the main character in this passage. He realized his transformation as a man wolf. He has full consciousness when a manner of a beast was a real reflection of him in the mirror. His laughter was louder than before and he started to roar like a real beast. Reuben saw

his own reflection as a full form of a werewolf and he totally realizes that he has changed into man wolf as he started roaring. The form occurred in this passage is close to resurrection since the character owns a new form of a body, which is a body of a man wolf.

Datum 5

Back in his room, he again confronted himself in the mirror. "Anything new to tell me?" he asked. "What a deep voice you have." The transformation had begun. He gripped the soft fur between his legs even as it was shrinking, vanishing, and then he felt his fingers emerging again to touch the wound in his shoulder. There was no wound. No wound at all.
(chapter 7, page 125)

The ability that the man wolf had when he transformed is shown in this passage. He is now bulletproof. A wound on his shoulder that is caused by a bullet vanished without any trace left. The physical change happened to him. Now that he is bulletproof then he gained a new power after he turns into a werewolf. After being transformed into a man wolf, he is able to gain his original form as a human, include vanishing a wound on his shoulder. Fur between his legs yet shrank and vanished. His transformation shows form of resurrection.

Datum 6

The man had harmed others. The man lived and breathed to hurt and harm. He knew this, knew this from what he saw, and oddly enough from that powerful reek. The man was a killer. Dogs know the scent of fear,

don't they? Well, he knew the scent of helplessness, and the scent of rage.
(chapter 5, page 92)

Another ability that the man wolf has shown in this passage is Reuben has a strong sense to smell any scent that only a beast like him can do it. Scent that he smells not only original scents that a canine would smell; they are scent of helplessness, scent of rage, and scent of fear. Reuben's new ability is the part of the transformation he gained. Thus, Reuben's sense of smell has been improved that it shows a form of renovatio.

Datum 7

"You're safe now," Reuben said. Was this his voice? This low and rough and confidential voice? "The man who tried to hurt you is dead." He reached out towards her. He saw his paw like a hand reaching for her. Tenderly he stroked her arm. What did it feel like to her?(chapter 5, page 86)

It can be seen from this passage that a full transformation of the main character into man wolf has just taken place. *"He saw his paw like a hand reaching for her."* His hands have already changed into paws, parts of an animal body. His transformation shows form of resurrection.

Datum 8

"It had a face, I tell you. It spoke to me. It moved like a man. A man wolf."
(chapter 6, page 106)

A woman who was helped by the man wolf spoke out in front of the journalists. She made a testimony that she saw the werewolf who saved her life. The werewolf spoke to her and it moved like a human being. It is obvious that the woman had just met a man who had been transformed into a man wolf. The apparition of the werewolf in front of the woman shows the form of resurrection.

Datum 9

It was happening, all right, the wolf-hair was covering his body, the mane descending to his shoulder, and the waves of ecstatic pleasure were coursing over him, obliterating all caution. The wolf-hair grew from his face as though invisible fingers coaxed it, and the keening pleasure made him gasp. (chapter 7, page 118)

A strong transformation is occurred in this part. The change happened to the main character was his body was covered by wolf-hair or animal's fur. Inside himself, a great pleasure fulfilled him as it has been said in the passage "*the waves of ecstatic pleasure were coursing over him obliterating all caution.*" The main character had a great pleasure of his transformation to become werewolf. Hence it gave him new power to have a different experience that his human side never has before. The new experience he has shows form of resurrection.

Datum 10

The body; Reuben caught the scent of it; they had it in the car with them. Another child. His vision sharpened; he saw them up ahead in the

blackness, saw the silhouette of one laughing young man against the back window; caught the frantic curses of the driver who struggled to see through the rain. (chapter 10, page 165)

Reuben's ability has been improving in this passage. His sense of smelling is getting stronger. He is able to smell various people not only from their aroma but also from their intention. Not only his sense of smelling that has been improving, but his vision is also changing. Reuben is able to see in dark "*His vision sharpened; he saw them up ahead in the blackness, saw the silhouette of one laughing young man against the back window*". His ability to smell scents and strong vision shows form of renovatio.

Datum 11

"Other people smell just like people. They smell innocent; they smell healthy; they smell good. That must be why the beast in Mendocino let me go, perhaps knowing what he'd done to me, what he'd passed on to me." (chapter. 13, page 189)

It can be seen that the character that turned into werewolf differs people just from their scent. "*Other people smell just like people. They smell innocent; they smell healthy; they smell good.*" The scent that is smelled by the werewolf who attacked the main character in Mendocino released him, knowing what he had done to him. The werewolf which was described as a beast realized that the man he passed the power on to didn't

have any evil intention, so he let him go. Ability to scent people's intention also shows a strong form of renovatio.

Datum 12

"I hear voices," he said. "I hear voices and I go to them. It's as if I can't help but go to them. Someone will suffer and die if I don't."

Slowly he described it to her, pretty much the way he'd described it to Jim – the scents, the mystery of the scents. He talked about the various attacks, how the victims had been crying out in the darkness, how it had been so clear to him who was evil and who was good. He told her about the man who shot his wife. (chapter 16, page 213)

Voices that Reuben heard from distances, scents that he smelled which can differ good and evil, and the victims that he saved have been explained by Reuben to Laura, his girlfriend. His explanation was as the same as he did to his brother Jim *"pretty much the way he'd described it to Jim"*. Then, Reuben's explanation to Laura about his new power as a werewolf indicates a form of renovatio.

Datum 13

"I have no choice," said the creature, his voice a deep resonant baritone.

"I told you. It should never have happened. I would have killed you with the others, the guilty ones, if I had known. But surely you know how utterly distasteful it is to shed innocent blood. When I saw my error, I released you. There's always the chance, you see, that the Chrism won't be passed, that the victim will simply recover; or that the victim will shortly die.

That's what so often happens. The victim simply dies." (chapter 21, page 246)

The werewolf who accidentally attacked Reuben and made him a werewolf too explained about the chrism that had been passed. Chrism, term that is used in this story is the power of the werewolf which can be passed from one werewolf to an ordinary man and it can turn that man into a werewolf just like him. When this werewolf realized his mistake that he had passed the chrism, he eventually initiated to kill Reuben "*I would have killed you with the others, the guilty ones, if I had known*" but considering the Chrism might not been passed, he released Reuben "*There's always the chance, you see, that the Chrism won't be passed*". There is a change that the victim will recover or just die. It indicated that the chrism might not be passed easily. Passing a power from one entity to other shows a strong form of metempsychosis, a transmigration of soul from one body to another which in this story the soul of the werewolf is the chrism and it has been passed to different body from one person to another different one.

Datum 14

It was futile to hope that Stuart had not been seduced by the scent of evil, as Reuben had been seduced by it, or that his newfound strength hadn't carried him into realms where he might be discovered, even caught.

(chapter 33, page 397)

Stuart, the young boy who was saved by Reuben but accidentally got bitten by him and has started his transformation into werewolf eventually

might have been seduced by scent of evil. The scent of evil will probably urge him to do the same thing as Reuben had done before. Reuben was afraid that Stuart might get discovered or even worse he gets caught. Not only Reuben who got the strong sense to scent, but Stuart as the new born werewolf also got the ability to smell various scent. This passage shows strong form of renovatio.

Datum 15

How completely natural the Boy Wolf felt to him, these immense hairy shoulders, the soft silken wolf-coat of his arms, the voluminous mane that was glinting now in the pellucid light of the veiled moon. (chapter 33, page 400)

The 'boy wolf' was a nick name given to the new born werewolf in this passage. Transformation that Reuben had was definitely new to Stuart. Reuben saved Stuart when the boy was first transformed into werewolf in order to avoid chance to be discovered by other people. He picked Stuart and guided him to safer place. Reuben could feel the immense hairy shoulder, the soft silken wolf-coat of his arms, and the voluminous mane that was glinting in the moon light. Reuben then concerned more that Stuart has transformed thoroughly as a new born werewolf. The transformation that Stuart has indicates a form of resurrection.

Datum 16

"Now the Chrism cannot be extracted from us by force," he explained, glancing from Laura to Reuben and back again to Laura. "It cannot be

withdrawn with a hypodermic or a sponge biopsy from the tissue in our mouth. The crucial cells become inert and then disintegrate within seconds. I discovered this long ago in my own stumbling fashion in the early centuries of science, and only confirmed it in the secret laboratory in this house. The ancients knew this from trial and error. We were not the first Morphenkinder ever imprisoned by those who wanted the Chrism.”
(chapter 36, page 436)

The chrism that lies inside the werewolves is an essential part for a man wolf. The chrism has become a thing that a group of ambitious scientists wanted to find out then they are about to extract the power for their own sakes. But one thing that the scientists didn't know, the chrism cannot be extracted by force or by human's knowledge, it is cannot be examined through human's knowledge since it's just had been passed when a man kind got bitten. The chrism cannot forcedly be extracted; if it happens then the crucial cells become inert and then disintegrate within seconds. If it occurs then the man wolf will probably be disintegrated since the crucial cells become inert. Condition of the chrism that is told in this passage shows a form of Metempsychosis.

Datum 17

Boar, wildcat, bear – he caught the scents, and the hunger rose in him, the imperative to kill, to feast. The wind carried the scent of fields, of flower, of earth baked by sun and soaked with rain. On and on they ran, until

there came on the wind the scent he'd never truly relished before: the bulk elk. (chapter 37, page 445)

The pack went hunting to feed themselves. On their way they met wild animals like boar, wildcat, and bear. They now own senses of animal; caught the scent and the hunting instinct aroused as they smelled the scent of the prey. The changing that they have indicates the form of renovatio.

Datum 18

He turned to Reuben, eyes glinting in the darkness, sobbing over and over, "He's dead, they killed him, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead."

Reuben stood there silently looking down at the limp half-naked body. They couldn't have been more than sixteen, either of these boys. The grieving boy climbed to his feet. His face and clothes were covered in blood; he reached out for Reuben, actually reached out for him. Then he fell forward in a dead faint.

Only now as he lay there at Reuben's feet did Reuben see the tiny wounds oozing blood on the back of the boy's outstretched left hand. Puncture wound! (chapter 29, page 347-348)

The beginning of Stuart transformation to become werewolf is shown in this part. He was accidently bitten by Reuben by the time he attempted to save him and his friend. Small wounds that were seen indicated the transformation is about to begin. Reuben was truly afraid of it, he was scared that actually the chrism has been passed to this young man and accidently he will turn into a same beast like him. This passage

indicates form of resurrection for the wounds will bear a new born werewolf.

Datum 19

“Now when the Chrism is given to young men or women you age, there’s no danger,” he said, “and when it’s given with the deep bite, injecting the Chrism directly into the bloodstream at many points, well, it acts as it did with you, in about seven to fourteen days. The moon has nothing to do with it. Such legends have a different origin and nothing to do with us. But it’s undeniable that in the first few years the change comes only after nightfall, and it is extremely difficult to induce in the light of day. But you can, after a while, if you are very determined, induce it anytime that you like. Your goal should be complete mastery of it. Because if you do not have that, you will never be in charge of it. It will be in charge of you.” (chapter 38, p.452)

The chrism which determines the power of the werewolves is being explained in this passage. How it could be passed, how it will affect the persons who were given, and how it controls the persons affected. If the person in this case is the main character, Reuben cannot control it, then it will control Reuben *“Because if you do not have that, you will never be in charge of it. It will be in charge of you”*. This passage indicates the form of metempsychosis, which is how Reuben must control the chrism that now lies inside his body.

Datum 20

“But now, when they came to understand the full extent of my denial to their gods, and the full heretical dimension of my insistence that I could acquire the power, they pronounced me a law breaker of the worst sort, and set a time for me to die.

“Such killing rituals always took place at dusk. Understand, they could easily transform into wolf people in daytime if an enemy approached; but for execution they always waited until dusk.

“And so as darkness fell, they lighted their torches and formed a great circle, forcing me into the middle of it, and they began to dance to bring about the change.”(chapter 39, page 470)

Margon, the leader of the pack is the eldest werewolf among them. The origin of the chrisem and the man wolf is being told in this passage. At first, when Margon lived in the middle of an ancient tribe, he realized that the tribe gained a power that can change them into a powerful beast that can rip enemy to death. Margon wanted this power and did anything to gain it for himself. He then realized that to gain the power was not as easy as it was seen. He then induced the tribe to share the power but then he failed. Afterward, he found a way to accept the power. It was by showing his denial to the tribe's god. Then, he was pronounced as a law breaker and sentenced to death. The tribe was ready to kill him through a ritual. But instead of killing him, the ritual successfully made him acquired the

power that he wanted. Then this passage strongly shows the form of participation in the process of transformation.

C. The Data Interpretation

From the data analyses, it can be concluded that the novel *the wolf gift* contains four concepts of rebirth which are; resurrection, renovatio, metempsychosis, and participation in the process of transformation, only reincarnation that is not found in the novel. Data Interpretation of this research can be seen in the table below.

Table 4.2 Data Interpretation of Rebirth Concept

No	Rebirth Concept	Total	Percentage
1	Metempsychosis	3	15%
2	Reincarnation	0	0%
3	Resurrection	8	40%
4	Renovatio	8	40%
5	Participation in the process of transformation	1	5%
	Σ	20	100%

From twenty data that have been collected, writer found metempsychosis gains 15% of the concept, resurrection gains 40% of the concept, renovatio gains 40% of the concept, participation in the process

of transformation gains 5% of the concept, and there is not any concept of reincarnation found in the story. Writer comes to conclude that renovatio and resurrection are the most dominant rebirth concept in the story.

Both of concepts are strong since the story revolves around the struggling of the werewolf transformation and its usage to fight against evil deeds.

D. The Discussion

Based on data analyses, it can be explained that there are 20 data about rebirth concept in the story through archetype approach. Writer found rebirth concepts in the story which are: three concepts of metempsychosis, eight concepts of resurrection, eight concepts of renovatio, one concept of participation in the process of transformation, and no concept of reincarnation. From the data analyses above it clearly shows that Reuben Goulding as the main character gained a supernatural power that transforms him to become a man wolf. Reuben's transformation and his new ability give him a chance to help people from the evil intention. But not only Reuben who gained this new power, a young boy named Stuart also got this power to become a man wolf just like Reuben.

From the data above, it is seen that to gain this werewolf power, the main character as Reuben and Stuart must went through difficulties

and struggle inside themselves before they finally accept their destiny to become part of 'new born' man wolves.

The words following: *hairy figure, long mane, man wolf, beast, roar, transformation, scent, chrism, killing rituals* show that the novel owns a strong form of resurrection and renovatio, which they have one thing in common; both of them show a drastic changing from a human being to a creature called man wolf.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

This chapter presents the conclusion and suggestion that concerns the results of the research discussed in the previous chapters.

A. CONCLUSION

Based on the results and the discussion, the summary concerns the rebirth concept found in *the wolf gift* novel as follows. The rebirth concept mainly consists of five different forms; they are metempsychosis, resurrection, reincarnation, renovatio, and participation in the process of transformation. Metempsychosis is the concept where a transmigration of soul in order to prolong one's life by passing through different bodily existence, resurrection is a re-establishment of a human existence after death, reincarnation implies the continuity of a personality, renovatio concerns of a renewal or improvement of a body without any change of being, and participation in the process of transformation is a rebirth concept which is brought not directly but through some rite of transformation.

Related to the research finding, writer found rebirth concepts in the story as follows: there are three concepts of metempsychosis, eight concepts of resurrection, eight concepts of renovatio, one concept of participation in the process of transformation, and there is not any reincarnation concept found in the story. Based on the result of the previous chapter, writer comes to a

conclusion that the most dominant concepts in the story are resurrection and renovatio.

B. SUGGESTION

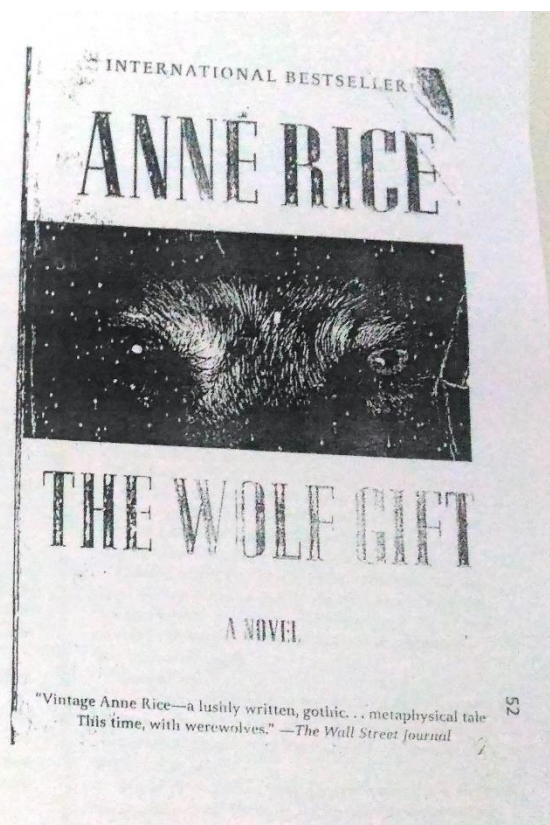
Related to the significance of the research, there are two goals of the research. Theoretically, the result of this research is expected to give contribution in understanding the theory of archetype as the element of literature studies. Practically, the result of this study is expected to give direction for other researchers or future researchers who will conduct the same research. This research serves an example how a critical approach is used to analyze a work of literature, in this research the object is a novel.

1. For Readers. A work of literature must be concerned more through some critical approach which readers may not realize yet so far. Readers should know the approach that is used in some works of fiction so they could make a clear understanding about what happened in the story by reading many references and applying it in a research.
2. For Researchers. Since archetype approach appears commonly in works of some gothic or mythologies fiction, then some works of fiction which show myth creature such as the main character or the main concern of the story are the most recommended to become a subject of the research. The theory of the archetype approach belongs to Carl Gustav Jung and it is highly expected for the next researchers to conduct more research especially in the field of literature.

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APPENDICES



Hours later, he woke to find himself standing by the window. He'd accidentally ripped the IV out of his arm. His dad was dozing in the chair. Celeste was someplace far away talking rapidly on her phone.

"How did I get here?"

He was restless. He wanted to walk, to walk fast, not just down the hall, dragging that IV pole on wheels with him every step, but out of here and along a street, or into a woods, and along a steep path. He felt such an urge to walk it was painful to be confined here. It was agony suddenly. He saw the woods surrounding Marchent's house, *my house*, and he thought, We'll never walk there together, she'll never get to show me so many things. Those ancient redwoods, those trees that are some of the oldest living things in this world. Oldest living things.

That woods was his now. He had become the guardian of those particular trees. An indefinable energy galvanized him. He began to walk, moving swiftly down the corridor, and past the nurses' station and then down the steps. Of course he was wearing this flimsy hospital gown, tied in the back, thank God, but he certainly couldn't go out for a stroll in the night. But it felt good to be pounding the stairs, making a circuit of another floor and another.

Datum 1

He stopped suddenly. Voices. He could hear them all around him, gentle whispers, too low to interpret, but there, like rippling in water, like breeze moving through trees. Somewhere far off, someone was screaming for help. He stood there, with his hands over his ears. He could still hear it. A boy screaming. Go to him! Not in this hospital, but someplace else. Where else?

He was walking through the front lobby on his way out the door when the orderlies stopped him. His feet were bare. "Whoa, I don't know how I got here," he said. He was embarrassed, but they were kind enough as they took him back upstairs.

"Don't call my mother," he said ominously. Celeste and Phil were waiting for him.

"You went AWOL, son?"

"Dad, I'm so restless. I don't know what I was thinking."

The next morning, he lay half asleep listening. His mother was talking about the tests they'd run. "It makes no sense, a sudden surge of human growth hormone in a twenty-three-year-old man? And all this calcium in his blood, these enzymes. No, I know it's not rabies, of course it's not rabies, but I wonder if the lab didn't simply make a mistake. I want them to run everything all over again."

He opened his eyes. The room was empty. Silence. He got up, showered, shaved, looked at the wound on his abdomen. You could hardly see the scar.

More tests. There was no evidence now that he'd ever had a concussion.

"Mom, I want to go home!"

"Not quite yet, Baby Boy." There was a very elaborate test that could find any infection in any part of the body. Took forty-five minutes. He'd have to lie perfectly still.

"May I call you Baby Boy, too?" whispered the nurse.

An hour later Grace came in with the laboratory technicians.

"Can you believe they have lost every single specimen they took?" She was "fit to be tied," as she liked to say. "Now this time they'd better get it right. And we are not giving anyone another DNA sample. If they screwed that up, it's their problem. Once was enough."

"Screwed it up?"

"That's what they're telling me. We're having a laboratory crisis in Northern California!" She folded her arms and watched through cold narrow eyes as the techs drew his blood into vial after vial.

Toward the end of the week, Grace was almost manic over his speedy recovery. He was spending most of the day walking

"You still looking for trouble?" the man snarled. "Faggot!" He placed his open hand on Reuben's chest and tried to shove him backwards, but Reuben didn't budge. His right fist shot up and struck the man right under his nostrils, sending him off the sidewalk and into the gutter.

People around them were gasping, whispering, pointing. The man was astonished. Reuben watched him, watched his shock, watched the way he reared for his bloody nose, watched the way that he backed up, almost into the traffic, and then sauntered off.

Reuben looked down at his hand. No blood, thank God. But he had an uncontrollable desire to wash his hand nevertheless. He stepped out in the street and hailed a cab and went home.

Now all this must mean something. He had been overpowered by two thug druggies who'd nearly killed him. And now he was able very easily to defend himself against a big lumbering guy who two weeks ago might have scared him out of his wits. Not that he was a coward, no. He just knew what all men know: you don't tangle with some belligerent weather-beaten guy who outweighs you by seventy-five pounds and has arms that are half a foot longer than your arms. You get out of the way of violent men like that. Fast.

Well, not now.

And it must mean something, but he had trouble caring what it meant. He was still wrapped up in the details.

Grace was in hysterics when he got home. Where had he been?

"Out, Ma, what do you think?" he asked. He went to the computer. "Look, I've got to get to work."

"What is this," she stammered, gesturing wildly, "delayed adolescent rebellion? I mean is that what's happening now? you're going through some sort of adolescent recharge of your whole system?"

His father spoke up from his book.

"Son, are you sure you want to offer two hundred thousand dollars for the personal possessions of this Nideck family? Did you really tell Simon Oliver to do that?"

"It's a steal, Dad," he said. "I'm trying to do what Marchent would want."

He started writing. *Oh, forgot to wash my hand.*

He went into the bathroom and began to scrub. Something didn't feel right about his hand. He stretched out his fingers. Well now, this can't be. He examined his other hand as well. Bigger. His hands were bigger. No doubt about it. He didn't wear a ring. If he had, he'd have known before now.

He went to his dresser, and pulled out a pair of his leather driving gloves. He couldn't get them on.

He stood there taking stock. His feet were aching. They'd been aching all day. It hadn't mattered much. He'd been enjoying himself and it had been a minor annoyance, but now he realized what it meant. His feet were bigger, not a whole lot bigger, just slightly bigger. He took off his shoes and that felt good.

He walked into his mother's room. She was standing against the window, with her arms folded, merely looking at him. That's much the way I've been looking at people, he thought. She's staring, studying, taking stock. Only she isn't looking at everybody that way, just at me.

"Human growth hormone," he said. "They found that in my blood."

She nodded slowly.

"You're still technically an adolescent. You're still growing. You probably will be until you're maybe thirty. So your body puts out human growth hormone still when you sleep."

"So I could have a growth spurt still."

"A small one, perhaps." She was concealing something. She was not herself at all.

Datum 2

"Absolutely," said Reuben. "Everything, furniture, books, papers, whatever."

He closed his eyes. He cried for a long time. The nurse looked in once, but obviously not wanting to intrude, left him alone. "Marchent," he whispered. "Beautiful Marchent."

He told the nurse he had an intolerable craving for some beef broth. Could you get in the car and find some, you know, just some really good fresh beef broth?

"Well, I'll make it," she said. "Just let me go to the store and get what I need."

"Superb!" he said.

He was dressed before her car left the curb.

Slipping out the front door before Phil was the wiser, he was off walking, pounding down Russian Hill towards the bay, loving the feel of the wind, loving the spring in his legs.

In fact, his legs felt stronger than they ever had, it seemed to him. He might have expected a little stiffness after so many days and nights in bed. But he was really sprinting along.

It was dark when he found himself in North Beach. He was moving along past the restaurants and bars, eyeing people, feeling strangely separate from them, that is, able to look at them as if they couldn't see him. Of course they did see him, but he didn't feel as if he was being seen, and that was something entirely new in his brain.

All his life, he'd been conscious of how people saw him. He'd been far too visible for his own comfort. And now it didn't matter. It was as if he was invisible. He felt so free.

He went into a dimly lighted bar, took one of the stools near the end, and ordered a Diet Coke. Didn't matter to him what the bartender thought, for the first time in his life.

He drank it down and the caffeine sizzled in his brain. He fell to watching the passersby through the glass doors.

A man came in, large boned, with a thick knotted forehead, and sat down a couple of stools away. He wore a dark

worn leather jacket and he had two thick silver rings on his right hand.

There was something decidedly ugly about this guy, about the way he hunched forward over the bar, and the way he told the bartender he wanted a beer. The guy seemed to reek of some malevolent power.

Suddenly he whipped around. "You like what you see?" he demanded of Reuben.

Reuben regarded him calmly. He felt not the slightest urgency to respond. He continued to look at him.

Suddenly, in a fury, the man got up and moved out of the bar.

Reuben calmly watched. He knew intellectually that the man had become angry, and that the situation was one which men in general sought to avoid: making a big guy angry in a bar. But none of this much mattered. He was considering all the little details of what he'd seen. The man was guilty of something, very guilty. The man was uncomfortable just being alive.

Reuben left the bar.

All the lights had come on. Daylight was absolutely gone. The traffic had thickened, and there were more people on the streets. An atmosphere of gaiety surrounded him. There were cheerful faces everywhere that he turned.

But then he heard voices, voices from far off.

For one second, he couldn't move. A woman somewhere was fighting with a man. The woman was angry but frightened. And the man threatened the woman and the woman began to scream.

Reuben was paralyzed. His muscles were tense, hard. He stood there caught by the sounds he was hearing, but utterly unable to place them. Slowly he realized that someone had approached him. It was the surly uncomfortable man from the bar.

} Datum }

The woman stood stark still, her arms crossed over her breasts, staring at him. Feeble, choking sounds came out of her. How utterly miserable and pitiable she was. How unspeakable that anyone would do such evil to her. She was shaking so violently that she could scarce stand, one naked shoulder visible above the torn red silk of her dress. She began to sob.

"You're safe now," Reuben said. Was this his voice? This low and rough and confidential voice? "The man who tried to hurt you is dead." He reached out towards her. He saw his paw like a hand reaching for her. Tenderly he stroked her arm. What did it feel like to her?

He looked down at the dead man who lay on his side, his eyes gleaming like glass in the shadows. So incongruous, those eyes, those bits of hard-polished beauty embedded in such reeking flesh. The scent of the man and the scent of what the man was filled the space around him.

The woman backed away from Reuben. She turned and ran, her loud shrill screams filling the alleyway. She went down on one knee, rose again, and continued, running right towards the traffic of the busy street.

Reuben easily sprang up out of the alley, gripping the bricks as surely as a cat might grip the bark of a tree as he went straight up to the rooftop. In less than a second, he had left the entire block behind, bounding towards home.

There was only one thought in his mind. Survive. Get away. Get back to your room. Get away from her screams and from the dead man.

Without a conscious thought, he found his house, and came down from the roof to the open deck outside his bedroom.

He stood there in the open door staring at the little tableau of bed, television, desk, fireplace. He licked the blood on his fangs, on his lower teeth. It had a salty taste, a taste that was ugly yet tantalizing.

How quaint and small the bedroom seemed, how painfully artificial, as if it was fabricated from something as fragile as eggshells.

He moved inside, into the dense unwelcome warm air, and closed the windows behind him. It seemed absurd to slide the tiny brass lock shut; what a curious little thing it was. Why, anyone could break one of the small white framed panes in the glass door and easily open it. One could easily break all of the panes, and fling the window, frame and all, out into the darkness.

In this close place, he heard his own easy breathing.

The light from the television was flashing white and blue over the ceiling.

In the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, he saw himself, a great hairy figure with a long mane covering his shoulders. *Man wolf.*

"So this was the manner of beast that saved me in Marchant's house, was it?" He laughed again that low, irresistible rolling laughter. Of course. "And you bit me, you devil. And I didn't die from the bite and now it's happened to me." He wanted to laugh out loud. He wanted to roar with laughter.

But the dark little house was too close around him for that, too close for throwing open the doors and howling at the drifting stars, though he so wanted to do it.

He drew closer to the mirror.

A daylight scene on the television screen laid bare every detail. His eyes were the same, large and deeply blue, but his eyes. He could see himself in them, yet all the rest of his face was thick with dark brown hair, revealing a small black-tipped nose that only faintly resembled that of a wolf, and a long lipless mouth with glaring white teeth and fangs. *The better to eat you wish, my dear.*

His frame was bigger, taller, taller by perhaps four inches than it had been, and his hands or paws were enormous,

The house was empty except for the old woman—and one other silent person who slept.

It took him only a few moments to move down to the second floor and find that helpless invalid, an old man, bound as the woman had been bound, bruised and frail, and deep asleep.

Reuben explored, finding the light switch, and flooded the scene with light.

What more could he do to bring help to this creature and the other, to make certain no colossal blunder was made?

In the hallway, he saw the dim outline of himself in a high gold-framed mirror. He smashed it, the giant shards clattering to the floor.

He picked up the old-fashioned glass-shaded lamp from the hall table and heaved it over the railing so that it was smashed on the floor of the lower front hall.

The sirens were coming, winding together, just like those untangling sounds he heard in Mendocino. Ribbons in the night.

He could go now.

He made his escape.

For a long time, he remained in the high dark cypress woods of Buena Vista Park. The hilltop trees were slender, but he had easily found one strong enough to support him, and he watched through a mesh of branches the ambulances and the police cars collected below on the hillside outside the mansion. He saw the old woman and the old man taken away. He saw the corpse of the vengeful tormentor collected from the pavement. He saw the sleepy disheveled spectators finally wander away.

A great exhaustion came over him. The pain in his shoulder was gone. In fact, he'd forgotten about it entirely. These paws of his could not feel like hands, he realized. They could not read the texture of the sticky fluid matted in his hair.

He was becoming ever more tired, positively weak.

Yet it was a simple matter to make the secretive and rapid journey home.

Back in his room, he again confronted himself in the mirror.

"Anything new to tell me?" he asked. "What a deep voice you have."

The transformation had begun.

He gripped the soft fur between his legs even as it was shrinking, vanishing, and then he felt his fingers emerging again to touch the wound in his shoulder.

There was no wound.

No wound at all.

He was so tired now he could scarcely remain standing, but he had to make sure of this. He moved towards the mirror. No wound. But was there a bullet locked inside him, a bullet that could infect him and kill him? How could he know?

He almost laughed out loud thinking of what Grace would say if he said, *Mom, I think I got shot last night. Can you run an X-ray to see if there's a bullet lodged in my shoulder? Don't worry, I don't feel a thing.*

But no, that wasn't going to happen.

He fell into his bed, loving the soft clean smell of the pillow, and as the pewter light of morning filled the room, he went fast asleep.

ing down on the side of the bed, his head in his hands, he gave in to it, laughing under his breath until he was too exhausted to laugh anymore.

An hour later, he was still lying there, with his head on the pillow. He was remembering things—the scent of the alleyway, garbage, urine; the scent of the woman, a tender perfume suffused with an acid smell, almost citruslike—the smell of fear. He didn't know. The whole world had been alive with scenes and sounds, but he'd been focused only on the reek of the man, the pumping smell of his fury.

The phone rang. He ignored it. It rang again. It didn't matter.

"You killed somebody," he said. "Are you going to think about that? Stop thinking about scents, and sensations, and leaping over rooftops, and jumping some twelve feet in the air. Stop it. You killed somebody."

He couldn't be sorry. No, not at all. The man was going to kill the woman. He had already done irreparable damage to her, terrifying her, strangling her, forcing his fury upon her. The man had harmed others. The man lived and breathed to hurt and harm. He knew this, knew this from what he saw, and oddly enough from that powerful reek. The man was a killer.

Dogs know the scent of fear, don't they? Well, he knew the scent of helplessness, and the scent of rage.

No, he wasn't sorry. The woman was alive. He saw her running down that alley, falling, rising again, running not only towards the busy street, the lights, the traffic, but towards her life, her life yet to be lived, a life of things to learn, and things to know and things to do.

He saw Marchent, in his mind's eye, rushing out of the office with the gun in her hand. He saw the dark figures close in on her. She fell hard on the kitchen floor. She died. And there was no more life.

Life died around her. The great redwood forest outside her house died, and all the rooms of her house died. The shadows of the kitchen slunk; the boards beneath her shrank. Until there was nothing, and the nothing closed her in and shut her up. And that was the end of it for Marchent.

If there was a great blossoming on the other side, if her soul had expanded in the light of an infinite and embracing love, well, how are we to know it, until we go there too? He tried for a moment to imagine God, a God as immense as the universe with all its millions of stars and planets, its unchangeable distances, its inevitable sounds and its silence. Such a God could know all things, *all things*, the minds and attitudes and fears and regrets of every single living thing, from the scampering rat to every person. This God could gather a soul, whole and complete and magnificent, from a dying woman on a kitchen floor. He could catch it up in His powerful hands, and carry it heavenward beyond this world to be forever united with Him.

But how could Reuben really know that? How could he know what lay on the other side of the silence in the hallway when he'd been struggling there to breathe and live, and those two dead bodies had been tangled with his body?

He saw the forest die again, and the rooms shrink and vanish; every visible thing collapsed—and all life winked out for Marchent.

He saw the rapist's victim again, running, running towards her life. He saw the entire city take shape around her with myriad scents and sounds and exploding lights; he saw it expand in all directions from her running figure. He saw it rumbling and boiling towards the dark waters of the bay, the distant invisible ocean, the faraway mountains, the rolling clouds. The woman was screaming and reaching for life.

No, he didn't regret it. Not one bit. Ah, the hubris, the greed of that man as he'd clutched at her throat, as he'd sought

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that we can't properly analyze here. Tests on this are going to take months."

"No, no hair, no fur, nothing like that. They'd collected some fibers, or thought they had, but then they came up with nothing."

"His heart was pounding when he put down the phone. So he'd become something other than human, without a doubt. If all got back to the hormones, didn't it? But that was as far as he could understand."

What he did understand was that he had to be locked in his room before it got dark.

And it was fall now, almost winter, and this was one of those damp gray days with no real sky at all, just a wet roof over San Francisco.

By five o'clock, he was finished with his story.

He'd checked in covertly with Celeste, who verified the *Chronicle* account of the woman's bruises and torn clothes. He'd checked in with San Francisco General but no one would say anything and Grace was in surgery.

He'd also checked out all the main versions of the mysterious animal attack online. The story was galloping around the globe, all right, and almost all accounts mentioned the "mysterious" attack on him in Mendocino. Only now as he tracked the news of Marchent's murder did he realize this had traveled the globe as well. "Mystery Beast Strikes Again?" "Bigfoot Intervenes to Save Lives."

He'd also checked out the YouTube of reporters in North Beach describing the "back-alley beast."

Then he hit the computer keyboard with the woman's words.

"It had a face, I tell you. It spoke to me. It moved like a man. A man wolf." She'd used that very term, his term, "man wolf." I heard its voice. Dear God, I wish I

hadn't run from it. It saved my life, and I ran from it as if it was a monster."

He made the story personal, yes, but only in tone. Following her own vivid descriptions, a review of the forensic evidence and the inevitable questions, he wrote in conclusion:

Was it some sort of "Man Wolf" that saved the victim from her assailant? Was it a beast of intelligence that so recently spared the life of this reporter in the darkened hallway of a Mendocino house?

We have no answers now to these questions. But there can be no doubt as to the intentions of the North Beach rapist—already connected to a string of unsolved rapes—or the drug-crazed killers who took the life of Marchent Nideck on the Mendocino coast.

If science cannot yet explain the forensic evidence found at both sites, or the emotional testimony of the survivors, there is no reason to believe that it won't in time be able to explain all. For now, we must, as so often happens, live with unanswered questions. If a Man Wolf—the *Man Wolf*—is stalking the alleyways of San Francisco, to whom exactly is this beast a threat?

Last, he added the title:

San Francisco's *Man Wolf*: Moral Certainty in the Middle of a Mystery

Before he filed the story, he Googled the words "man wolf." Just as he suspected, the name had been used—for a minor character in the Spider-Man comics, and for another minor character in the manga-anime series *Dragon Ball*. But he also noted a book called *The Man-Wolf and Other Tales* by Emile

He looked at his watch.

It was just past ten o'clock. What if he took off now in the Porsche for Nideck Point? Why, the drive would be nothing but just several hours in pouring rain. Very likely he could get to the house. He'd break a little windowpane if he had to. Why would there be a problem? The house would be legally his within a few weeks. He'd already signed all the documents the title company required of him. He'd already taken over the utility bills, hadn't he? Well, hell, why not go there?

And the beast man out there, in the forest. Would he know that Reuben was there? Would he pick up the scent of the one he'd bitten and left alive?

He was burning to go up there.

Something startled him. It wasn't a sound exactly, no, but something... a vibration—as if a car with a pounding sound system was passing in the street.

He saw a dark woods, but it wasn't the woods of Mendocino. No, another woods, a misty tangled woods that he knew. Alarm.

He got up and opened the doors to the deck.

The air was gusty and bitter cold. The rain struck his face and his hands. It was divinely bracing.

The city shimmered beneath its veil of rain, thicker upon thicket of lighted towers crowding in on him so beautifully. He heard a voice whispering as if in his ear: "Burn him, burn them." This was an ugly, acid voice.

His heart was thudding, and his body tensed. All over his skin came the ecstatic rippling sensation. A fount inside him let loose with a gushing power that straightened his back.

It was happening, all right, the wolf-hair was covering his body, the mane descending to his shoulders, and the waves of ecstatic pleasure were coursing over him, obliterating all caution. The wolf-hair grew from his face as though invisible fingers coaxed it, and the keening pleasure made him gasp.

His hands were already claws as before, he tore off his clothes, and kicked off his shoes. He ran his claws over his thick hairy arms and chest.

All the sounds of the night were sharpened, the chorus rising around him, mingled with bells, shrieking streets of music, and desperate prayers. He felt the urge to escape the confines of the room, to spring off into the darkness, utterly indifferent to where he might land.

Wait, photograph it. Get to the mirror and witness it, he thought. But there was no time for that. He heard the voices again: "We'll burn you alive, old man!"

He leapt up to the rooftop. The rain scarcely touched him. It was no more than a mist.

Towards the voice he bounded, clearing one alley and street after another, scaling the taller apartment houses and flying free over the lower buildings, springing over the broader avenues effortlessly, and heading towards the ocean, buoyed by the wind.

The voice grew louder, mingled with yet another voice, and then came the cries of the victim. "I won't tell you. I won't tell you. I'll die but I won't tell you."

He knew where he was now, traveling at his greatest conceivable speed over the buildings of the Haight. Ahead he saw the great dark rectangle of Golden Gate Park. Those woods, yes, that dense fairy forest with its secret hollows. Of course!

He plunged into it now, moving along the wet grassy ground and then up into the fragrant trees.

Suddenly he saw the ragged old man running away from his pursuers, through a tunnel in the bracken, surrounded by a spy-van camouflage in which other witnesses cowered under shining tarps and broken boards as the man came pouring down.

One of the attackers caught the man by the shoulder and dragged him out into a grassy clearing. The rain soaked their clothes. The other attacker had stopped, and was setting after

in truth their hackers weren't finding out anything there that was helpful on their own.

But the body of the little girl, rain or no rain, surf or no surf, had yielded soil samples from shoes and clothing that connected her to Marin. Of course, that wasn't conclusive; but the absence of any other soil samples was a good sign.

And it was all Reuben needed to confirm what he already suspected.

Cop cars were crawling the forest and mountain roads. There were random checkpoints and house-to-house searches.

So law enforcement was his only enemy now as he began his search.

He was getting back in the car when something caught him off guard. It was the scent—the scent of evil that had been so unmistakable in the nights before.

He turned his head, uncertain, not willing to be drawn off on any errand other than the kidnap, and then the voices came clear to him from the melee of the reporters—two youthful, mocking voices, offering innocent questions, relishing answers that gave them information they already possessed. Sinister, particular, undeniable. "For our school paper, we just thought we'd come out here. . . ." "And did they really just beat her to death, poor little girl!"

He felt the tingling all over the surface of his skin, as sweet and pervasive as the revulsion.

"Well, we're off now, we have to get back to San Francisco. . . ." But that wasn't where they were going!

He went to the edge of the little thicket in which he'd been hiding. He saw the two young men—Princeton haircuts, blue blazers—waving good-bye cheerily to their reporter comrades.

They were hurrying across the parking lot towards a waiting Land Rover with its lights on. Driver inside anxious, scared out of his wits, *Will you come on!*

It was all a matter of sharp ugly musical sounds to him, the snickering, boasting. The syllables were almost unimportant. How they were wallowing in the excitement, the intrigue, as they piled into the car. The driver was a sniveling coward without a particle of empathy for the victims. He could smell that too.

He sped around the periphery of the parking lot, easily picking up their trail as they headed towards the coast.

He had no need to see their taillights; he could hear every word of their ugly banter. *No one knows this!*

The driver was near hysterical. He didn't like this, he wished to God he'd never got into it. He was stammering that he wasn't going back there, no matter what they said. That was just nuts, driving up there, and mingling with the reporters. The other two ignored him, congratulating each other on a triumph.

The scent was in the wind and the scent was strong.

On through the night Reuben followed them. The conversation had turned to technicalities. Should they dump the body now tonight on the Muir Woods Road or wait a few hours, maybe closer to dawn?

The body, Reuben caught the scent of it; they had it in the car with them. Another child. His vision sharpened; he saw them up ahead in the blackness, saw the silhouette of one laughing young man against the back window, caught the frantic curses of the driver who struggled to see through the rain. Dontum
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"I'm telling you Muir Woods Road is too damn close," said the driver. "You're pushing it, just pushing it."

"Hell, the closer the better. Don't you see the perfection of it? We should dump it across the street from the house." Laughter.

Reuben brought the car up closer, caught the scent so thick he could scarce breathe. And the smell of decomposition. It made him gag. 82

"How do I find the victims? I hear them, I hear them and I smell them—their innocence and fear. And I smell the evil of those attacking them. I smell it like a dog or a wolf smells his prey.

"You know the rest, you've read it in the papers, heard it on the news. I have nothing more to tell you."

Silence.

Reuben waited.

It was stiflingly hot for him in this little box. But he waited.

Finally Jim spoke. His voice was thick and low, almost unrecognizable.

"If you are my little brother, then you must know something, something only he would know, something that you can tell me to assure me that's who you are."

"For Chrissaks, Jimmy, it's me," Reuben said. "Mom doesn't know anything about this; neither does Phil. Neither does Celeste. No one knows, Jim, except for one woman and that woman doesn't know who I really am. She's only known me as the Man Wolf. If she's called the police or the FBI, or the NIH, or the CIA, there's been no word made public on it. I'm telling you, Jim, because I need you, I need you to hear these things. I'm alone in this, Jim. I'm completely alone. And yes, I'm your brother. Aren't I *still* your brother, Jim? Please answer me."

Dimly, Reuben saw Jim put his hands up over his nose and Jim made a short sound, like a cough.

"Okay," He sighed, sitting back. "Reuben. Just give me a minute. You know the old story. You can't shock a priest in Confession. Well, I think that applies to people who haven't been changed into some sort of . . ."

"Animal," said Reuben. "I'm a werewolf, Jim. But I'd rather call myself a man wolf. I do actually retain my full consciousness in this state, as ought to be plain enough to you. But it's

not that simple. There are hormones flooding me in this state and they work on my emotions. I am Reuben, yes, but I'm Reuben under a new series of influences. And no one really knows to what extent hormones and emotions influence free will and conscience and inhibition and moral habit."

"Yes, that's so true, and nobody would word that quite like you just did except my little brother, Reuben."

"Phil Golding didn't bring up any sons who couldn't obsess over cosmic questions."

Jim laughed. "And where is Phil now when I need him?"

"Don't go there," said Reuben. "What we say here is sealed."

"Amen, that's without question."

Reuben waited.

Then he said:

"It's easy to kill, easy to kill people reeking of guilt. No, that's not it. They don't reek of guilt. They reek of intent to do evil."

"And other people, innocent people?"

"Other people smell just like people. They smell innocent; they smell healthy; they smell good. That must be why the bear in Mendocino let me go. He caught me in the midst of his attack on two killers. And he let me go, perhaps knowing what he'd done to me, what he'd passed on to me."

"But you don't know who or what he is."

"No. Not yet. But I'm going to find out, that is, if there is any way that I can. And there's more to it all than meets the eye, I mean, more connecting what happened to that house and the family. But it's too soon to try to make sense of it yet."

"Tonight. Have you killed tonight?"

"No, I have not. But it's early, Jim."

"The whole city's looking for you. They've got more traffic-light cameras put up. They have people watching the rooftops. Reuben, they have satellite capabilities now to

Datum 11

on his shoulder. Gradually her fingers found the nipple amid the hair of his chest. She pinched it.

"Wicked girl!" he whispered. He winced. He gave that low hungry growl again and heard her muted laughter.

"Truly," he said. "I'm afraid for you; I'm afraid for you alone in this house."

"I grew up in this house," she said simply, without drama. "Nothing has ever hurt me in this house." She paused, then said: "You've come to me here in this house."

He didn't answer. He was stroking her hair.

"You're the one I fear for," she said. "I've been sick with fear for you since you left. Even now, I'm afraid that they've followed you here, or someone's seen you. . . ."

"They haven't followed me," he said. "I would hear them if they were out there. I would pick up their scent."

They were quiet for a while. He was watching the fire.

"I know who you are," he said. "I read your story."

She didn't answer.

"Everyone today has a story; the world's an archive. I read about the things that have happened to you."

"Then you have the advantage, as they say," she replied.

"Because I do not have the slightest idea who you really are."

Or why you came here."

"I don't know myself at the moment," he said.

"Then you weren't always what you are now?" she asked.

"No." He laughed under his breath. "Most certainly not."

His tongue pressed against his fangs, ran against the silky black liplike tissue around his mouth. He shifted comfortably in the chair, and her weight was like nothing to him.

"You can't stay here, I mean in the city, I mean here. They'll find you. The world's too small now, too controlled. If they catch the slightest hint that you're in the forest, they'll swarm over it. It only looks like a wilderness. It's not."

"I know that," he said. "I know that very well."

"But you take risks, terrible risks."

"I hear voices," he said. "I hear voices and I go to them. It's as if I can't help but go to them. Someone will suffer and die if I don't."

Slowly, he described it to her, pretty much the way he'd described it to Jim—the scents, the mystery of the scents. He talked about the various attacks, how the victims had been crying out in the darkness, how it had been so clear to him who was evil and who was good. He told her about the man who shot his wife.

"Yes, he would have killed the children," she said. "I heard the story on the way home tonight in the car."

"I didn't get there in time to save the woman," he said.

"I am not infallible. I am something that can make terrible mistakes."

"But you're careful, so very careful," she insisted. "You were careful with that boy up north."

"The boy up north?"

"The reporter," she said, "the handsome one, in the house in Mendocino—up north."

He hesitated. Current of pain. Pain in the heart.

He didn't answer.

"They surprised that woman, didn't they?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"If they hadn't, you would have—." She stopped.

"Yes," he said. "They surprised her. And they surprised me."

He went quiet.

After a long time, she asked softly, tentatively. "What brought you down this far?"

He didn't understand.

"Was it the voices, that there are so many more here?"

Datum 12

Hold steady, that was Reuben's only thought. Hold steady. He was in a rage, but not a shuddering, trembling rage that causes one's legs to turn to water or one's hands to flail. No, not at all.

Something is causing this being to hesitate; something is not as this being would have it. Take another step forward.

He did and the dark wolfen creature stepped back. "And so, what now? You think you're going to dispose of me?" asked Reuben. "You think you can destroy me because of your mistake?"

"I have no choice," said the creature, his voice a deep resonant baritone. "I told you. It should never have happened. I would have killed you with the others, the guilty ones, if I had known. But surely you know how utterly distasteful it is to shed innocent blood. When I saw my error, I released you. There's always the chance, you see, that the Christ won't be passed, that the victim will simply recover; or that the victim will shortly die. That's what so often happens. The victim simply dies." *Datum 13*

"The Christ? That's what you call it?" asked Reuben. "Yes, the Christ—that's what we've called it for ages. The gift, the power—there are a hundred ancient words for it—what does it matter?"

"We?" asked Reuben. "You said 'we.' How many are there of creatures like us?"

"Oh, I know you're burning with curiosity for what I might tell you," said the creature with subtle contempt. His voice went on with a maddening restraint. "I remember that curiosity more clearly than I remember anything else. But why should I tell you anything—when I can't let you live? Am I indulging myself now, or you? It's easier for me to be kind as I kill you, believe me. It's not my intent to make either of you suffer. Not at all."

It was grotesque, the cultured, polished voice coming from

such a bestial face. And so this is how I look to them, Reuben thought—just this hideous and monstrous.

"You'll let the woman go now," said Reuben. "She can take my car. She can get clear of this place—"

"No, I will not let the woman go, now or ever," said the beast. He went on with perfect equanimity. "You sealed the woman's fate, not I, when you gave her the secret of who and what you are."

"I don't know the secret of who and what I am," Reuben said. He was buying time. He was calculating. How do I best attack him? Where is he most vulnerable? Is he vulnerable at all? He took a step closer to the beast, and to his surprise the beast reflexively stepped back.

"None of it matters now, does it?" asked the beast. "That's the horror."

"It matters to me," said Reuben.

What a macabre spectacle this must make for Laura, two such monsters sparring with words. Reuben took another step and the beast again gave ground.

"You're young, hungry for life," said the beast, words coming just a little more rapidly, "hungry for power too."

"We're all of us hungry for life," said Reuben. He kept his voice low. "That is what life demands of us. If we aren't hungry for life, we don't deserve to live."

"Oh, but you're especially hungry, aren't you?" said the beast spitefully. "Believe me, it gives me no pleasure to execute one so strong." His small dark eyes flashed malevolently in the light of the fire.

"And if you don't execute me, what happens then?"

"I'm held accountable for you, for your prodigious achievements," he said contemptuously, "which have all the world clamoring to take you captive, cage you, narcotize you, laboratize you, and put you under the glass."

Again, Reuben advanced, but the creature stood firm, rais-

A scream shocked him. It was Laura, screaming for him in the darkness.

He raced towards the sound of her voice.

She stood in the clearing behind the house, in the glare of the yellow floodlights. She was calling and calling, and then she bent her knees and let out another scream.

He bounded out of the forest towards her.

"Reuben, it's Dr. Cutler," she cried. "She can't reach your mother. Stuart's broken out of the hospital, broken out of the second-story window, and disappeared!"

So it had happened. It had happened to Stuart in half the time. And the change was on Stuart and Stuart was alone.

"My clothes, the big clothes," he said. "And clothes for the boy. Put them in the Jeep and drive south. I'll find you around the hospital or wherever I can."

He took off for the forest, determined to follow it all the way to Santa Rosa, heedless of whether he had to cross busy roads or freeways, or grasslands—soon certain that he was traveling infinitely faster towards Stuart than he might in any other way—praying to the gods of the forest, or the God of his heart, to please help him reach the boy before anyone else might.

By the highways of the world, the distance was about ninety miles.

But there was no accounting for the way that he traveled, taking to the canopy of the forest when he could or racing by foot when he had to, traversing any fence, road, or obstacle in his path.

Only one thought governed him, and that was to find Stuart, and the abandon he knew in the name of that cause was sublime. His senses had never been so acute, his muscles as powerful, or his direction so certain.

The forest never failed him, though at times he smashed branches in his path, leapt huge distances, and crashed nois-

ily through the underbrush or risked exposure as he bounded over open fields.

The voices of the populated south rose to meet him, the mingled scents of humankind deepening the spell of the woodland, and at last he knew he was now traveling through the parklands of forested yards of the city, the wolf-mind and the human-mind scanning for Stuart, for the sounds of Stuart: or the scent of Stuart, or for whatever voices had called Stuart to wherever he'd gone.

Datum 14
It was futile to hope that Stuart had not been seduced by the scent of evil, as Reuben had been seduced by it, or that his newfound strength hadn't carried him into realms where he might be discovered, even caught.

The night was alive with sirens, with crackling radio voices, with the pulse of the sweet city of Santa Rosa awakened to the shocking news of violence.

Bewildered, maddened, Reuben circled the hospital, then moved east. He caught the scent of terror, the scent of pleading, and desperation, a voice rising over the inevitable tide of petty prayers and garden-variety complaint.

Further to the east he bounded, when his instincts as well as his all-too-human brain told him: head for the boy's home because where else can he go? Head for Plum Ranch Road.

Naked and alone in this peopled woods, he'll hover there, frightened, seeking to make a lair of a basement or an attic known to him in that redwood mansion where he wasn't welcome, the place that used to be his home. But as Reuben came within sight of the police cars and their swiveling lights, of the big rumbling fire trucks and the ambulances, he caught the cacophony of those gathered on the knoll, and the stench of death.

The woman sobbing was Stuart's mother. The dead man on the stretcher Herman Buckler, and the men fanning out to search the surrounding trees were roared by the thrill of

human angst. Do animals know how to cry—that is, really cry? What animal breaks into sobs or into laughter?

They moved swiftly down a hillside and into a dark gully, coming together in the bracken, till Reuben held the Boy Wolf close to him again.

"This is safe." He breathed the words into the boy's ear. "We wait."

Datum 15
How completely natural the Boy Wolf felt to him, these immense hairy shoulders, the soft silken wolf-coat of his arms, the voluminous mane that was glinting now in the pelucid light of the veiled moon. Indeed the light of the moon seemed to slip into the clouds and spread out in them, and then slide into a billion tiny splinters of rain.

Reuben opened his mouth, and let the rain hit his parched tongue. Again, he scanned for the scent of water, collected water, and found it in a small natural pool formed some yards away in the hollowed-out roots of a rotting tree. He scrambled on his paws and knees towards it and drank greedily, lapping the delicious sweet water as fast as he could. Then he sat back and let Stuart do the same.

There were only the smallest safest sounds around them in the dark.

The sky was slowly lightening.

"What happens now?" asked Stuart desperately.

"In an hour or less, you'll change back."

"Out here? In this place?"

"We have help coming. Depend on me. Let me listen now, let me see if I can pick up the scent or the sound of the person who's coming. This may take time."

For the first time in all his life, Reuben really didn't want to see the sun rise.

He lay back against the old rotted tree and listened, urging the boy again to be silent with the firm grip of his paw.

He knew where she was!

Not close, no, but he had caught her scent and her voice. Oh, Laura, you are so clever. She was singing that song he'd been singing the night they met:

"'Tis the gift to be simple . . . 'Tis the gift to be free . . ."

"Follow me," he said to Stuart and he headed back towards the search parties, yes, and the probing lights, yes, but towards Laura, gaining speed as she gained speed, gradually closing in until he saw the pale streak of road she was traveling.

They raced along the border of the road together, finally pulling up beside her, and then Reuben dropped down on the hood of the Jeep, his paws clutching at the driver's window and the windshield, and she brought the car to a sharp halt.

Stuart stood paralyzed. Reuben had to force him into the backseat.

"Hunker down," he said. To Laura he said, "Drive for home."

The Jeep rattled as it took off. Laura told the boy there were blankets back there, and he should cover up as best he could.

Reuben commanded himself to change. He lay back exhausted in the passenger seat, letting the waves of transformation pass through him. And never had it been so hard to give up the wolf-coat, to give up the power, to give up the smell of the dangerous woodland.

The sky was suddenly marbled with smoke and silver, the rain drenching the dark green fields on either side of them, and he felt that he might fall into a deep sleep. But there was no time for that. He pulled on his polo shirt and his flannel pants, his loafers, and rubbed his face with the palms of his hands. His skin didn't want to let it all go. His skin was singing. He felt he was still running through the woods. It was like when you get off a bicycle after an all-day ride, and you walk and you feel like you're pedaling and still going up and down, up and down.

well as studied. Klopov was impatient and condescending and finally brutal—the kind of monster who pulls apart a butterfly the better to know how its wings work. He paused at though he did not like to remember the details now. She was hell-bent on provoking the change in us, and when occasionally we did change, in the beginning, we learned quickly enough that we could not escape, that the bars were too strong and the numbers too overwhelming, and we then refused to manifest at all. He stopped.

Felix waited, then picked up the thread. *Datum 16*
 "Now the Chrim cannot be extracted from us by force," he explained, glancing from Laura to Reuben and back again to Laura. "It cannot be withdrawn with a hypodermic or a sponge biopsy from the tissue in our mouths. The crucial cells become inert and then disintegrate within seconds. I discovered this long ago in my own stumbling fashion in the early centuries of science, and only confirmed it in the secret laboratory in this house. The ancients knew this from trial and error. We were not the first Morphenkinder ever imprisoned by those who wanted the Chrim."

Reuben shuddered inwardly. Weeks ago, though it seemed like years, when he'd first gone to Confession to Jim, all of these possibilities—imprisonment, coercion—had come full blown into his mind.

"But to return to the moment," said Felix, "one cannot inject the serum into another. That simply will not work." He became a little more passionate as he continued.

"A critical combination of elements must be present to deliver an effective dose of the Chrim, which is why the bite of Morphenkinder more often than not produces no effect on victims at all. Now we understood full well what those elements were, and that we cannot be forced to give the Chrim, even if the change is induced, and the hand or arm of a victim is thrust

"But that in itself is rather difficult to accomplish," Thibault interjected with a little laugh. "Shall we say that with any such attempt, casualties are high. If one is manipulated into changing, it is quite easy to rip the arm off any proffered laboratory specimen, or decapitate a man before he can get out of range. End of experiment right there."

"I understand," said Reuben, "of course. I can imagine it. In fact, I've thought it over. Oh, I mean, I can't imagine what you suffered, what you endured. But I can well imagine how this might play out."

"Imagine years of being isolated," said Felix, "subjected to freezing holding cells and days and nights of pitch darkness, of being starved and bullied and threatened, of being systematically tormented by insinuations that your companions are dead. Oh, some night I'll tell you the whole story if you want to hear it. But let's cut to the point. We refused to manifest, or to cooperate in any way. Drugs couldn't make us manifest. Neither could physical torture. We had long ago schooled ourselves to sink deep into an altered state of consciousness to defeat such efforts. Klopov became royally sick of it, and sick of Philippe's long discourses on the mystery of the Morphenkinder and the great philosophical truths that we undoubtedly knew."

He glanced at Thibault and waited for him to take up the tale.

Thibault nodded, with a faint resigned gesture of his right hand. "Klopov had Reynolds Wagner, our beloved companion and fellow prisoner, bound to an operating table and she and her team started to dissect him alive."

"My God!" Reuben whispered.

"We were forced to witness, via video cameras from our cells, what took place," said Thibault. "We could recount the story to you blow by blow. It is enough to say Reynolds couldn't endure the agony. He changed because he could not prevent it, becoming a ravaging wolf, blind with rage. He managed to kill

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THEY WENT DOWN through the cellar. All one had to do was swing back the heavy door to which the furnace was affixed above a concrete base that was in fact a hollow plastered box, and they were walking through a nest of cluttered dimly lighted rooms, beneath dusty electric bulbs and past heaps of trunks and old garments, and hulking pieces of furniture, and past other doors.

Down the stairs they went, and at last entered the broad earthen tunnel beamed and supported like a coal mine, a faint silvery light sparkling on the rich veins of clay in the damp walls.

Round one turn and another they walked until far ahead of them, there broke the metallic light of the wet sky.

The tunnel went straight to the roaring sea.

Felix, fully clothed, began to run. He ran faster and faster and then leapt forward with his arms out, his clothes breaking from him, his shoes flying away as in midair his arms turned to great wolfen forelegs and his hands to great furred claws. On and on he galloped, gliding through the narrow opening out of sight.

Reuben gasped in astonishment. Then, trusting himself utterly to the example, he too began to run. Faster and faster he ran, the spasms rolling inside him, seemingly lifting him as he too leapt forward, his clothes ripping and releasing him,

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his limbs elongating, the wolf-coat erupting from the top of his head to his toes.

When he hit the ground again, he was Morphenkind, pounding towards the roar of the surf, the roar of the wind, the welcoming light of the night sky.

He cleared the opening effortlessly, rushing through the icy frothing waves.

Above on the perilous and jagged rocks, the man wolf who was Felix waited for him and then they scaled the impossible cliff together, digging into earth and vine and root, and romping into the dank fragrant refuge of the trees.

Where Felix led, he followed, running as he had run south to Santa Rosa to find Stuart, with that rippling power, as they went north beyond the woods of Nideck Point, farther and farther into cathedral groves of redwoods that dwarfed them in the journey, like the lost monoliths of another world.

Boar, wildcat, bear—he caught the scents, and the hunger rose in him, the imperative to kill, to feast. The wind carried the scent of fields, of flower, of earth baked by sun and soaked with rain. On and on they ran, until there came on the wind the scent he'd never truly relished before: the bull elk.

The bull elk knew it was being pursued. Its heart thundered inside it. It ran with majestic speed and grace, dashing ever faster ahead of them until they both caught it, descending on its broad back, closing their jaws on either side of its mighty arched neck.

Down went the immense animal, its thin graceful legs twitching, its mighty heart pumping, its great gentle dark eye staring unquestioningly at the broken fragments of starry sky above.

Woe to you, all living things that appeal to such a heaven for help.

Reuben pulled loose the long dripping strips of meat as if he'd never known restraint in all his life. He crunched the

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He was out of his clothes and sprinting through the darkness within seconds, plunging headlong through the prickling transformation as he moved up and into the trees.

Again and again, the cries ignited his blood. These were two young boys, terrified boys, being beaten, in fear of being cruelly mutilated, in fear of dying, and the scathing hatred of the executioners poured out in a rill of filthy curses, sexual denunciations, grinding taunts.

They weren't in the park but in the dim long overgrown backyard just off it, behind a darkened ramshackle old house, a gang of four who'd brought the boys here for a slow ritualistic bludgeoning and bloodletting, and as Reuben closed in, he realized one of the two victims was on the edge of his last breath. Sharp scent of blood, of rage, of terror.

He couldn't save the dying boy. He knew it. But he could save the defiant one who was still fighting for his life.

With a gnashing roar he descended on the two who were driving their fists into the belly of this victim who was still resisting them, cursing them, with his whole soul. *Bullies, killers, I spit at you!*

In a boiling tangle of limbs and shrieks, Reuben's jaws clamped down on the reeking head of one attacker as his right claw went for the other, snaring him by his hair. The first man, head yanked back, writhed and convulsed, as Reuben's teeth pierced his skull, the man grabbing for the bleeding victim under him, seemingly trying to draw him up as a human shield. With his right paw dragging the other attacker underfoot, Reuben crushed his head into the packed dirt of the yard. Then he clenched with delicious force on the torso of the first attacker, feasting on the scraggling flesh. The struggling victim slipped from the dying attacker's grip.

As always, there was no time to savor this repast. He ripped out the man's throat and was done with it, as the other two members of the gang came on.

With raised knives, they flung themselves at Reuben, trying to rip the hairy "costume" from him, one boy stabbing Reuben twice, three times, with his long knife, as the other sought to cut the "mask" from Reuben's head.

The blood poured out of Reuben. It poured out of his chest, and down into his eyes from the slashes to his head. He was maddened. He clawed the face off one of the men, slashing the carotid artery, and caught the other as he turned and made for the chain-link fence. In a second, the man was dead and Reuben stood still, feasting on the soft meat of his thigh before dropping him and staggering backwards, drunk with the struggle, drunk with the blood. The scent of evil was lifting, evaporating, giving way to the scents of humans swarming in the nearby dark, and the scent of death just behind him.

Lights had gone on in the surrounding houses. There was a jangling of voices—screams in the night. Lights went on in the house above the yard.

Reuben's wounds were a hot palpitating mass of pain, but he could feel them healing, feel the intense tingling above his right eye as the gash healed. In the dimness, he saw the bleeding victim crawling across the filthy trash-strewn yard towards the other—the poor boy who was already dead. The victim knelt beside his friend, shaking him, trying to revive him, and then let out the most anguished howl.

He turned to Reuben, eyes glinting in the darkness, sobbing over and over, "He's dead, they killed him, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead."

Reuben stood there silently looking down at the limp half-naked body. They couldn't have been more than sixteen, either of these boys. The grieving boy climbed to his feet. His face and clothes were covered in blood; he reached out for Reuben, actually reached out for him. Then he fell forward in a dead faint.

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Only now as he lay there at Reuben's feet did Reuben see the tiny wounds oozing blood on the back of the boy's outstretched left hand. Puncture wounds! Puncture wounds in the hand, the wrist, and the lower arm. Bite marks. Reuben was petrified.

The surrounding yards were alive with whispering, gasping spectators. The back door of the house had opened.

Sirens were approaching—again, those unfurling ribbons of sound, sharp as steel.

Reuben stepped backwards.

Flashing lights strobed the heavy damp clouds and broke around the borders of the house, luridly illuminating its hulking sagging shape against the sky, and the filth and ruin of the yard.

Reuben turned and leapt over the fence, and moved swiftly, silently, through the darkness, dropping to all fours as he cleared a mile of the woods and then another mile, spotting ahead of him the Porsche as he'd left it, under the trees. His arms flashing out before him felt like forelegs, and his speed astonished him.

Yet he had to call for the transformation.

Leave me now, you know what I need, give me back my former shape.

He crouched down beside the car, gasping for breath, working with the spasms, as the thick wolf-coat dropped away. His chest wounds burned, pulsed, and the hair stayed thick there, full of blood. Same over his right eye, a hank of thick wolf-hair. His claws were retracting, vanishing. With long gnarled fingers he reached for the wounds and tugged at the thick hair there which remained. His bare legs felt weak, his bare feet unsure, his hands clutching for the door of the car as he lost his balance and fell down on one knee.

Laura was beside him, steadying him, helping him into the passenger seat. The patches of hair on his chest and forehead

tion, but the blood had already coagulated into a thick flaking varnish. The skin positively burned over the wounds. Ripples of dizzying pleasure encircled his head as if two hands were massaging him.

As Laura drove for the freeway, he pulled his shirt on again, and his pants. And with his left hand over the throbbing chest wounds, he felt the wolf-hair shrinking, finally falling loose. Only the soft underfur remained. Both wolf-hair and fur were gone from his forehead.

There came the rolling darkness to drown him, take him away. He fought it, his head thumping against the window, a low moan coming from his lips.

Sirens; they were like banshees wailing, shrill, hideous. But the Porsche was moving north again, gaining the freeway, joining the thumping shuddering flow of winking, gleaming red taillights ahead, gliding from one lane to another, and finally moving at top speed.

He lay back staring at Laura. In the flashing lights, she appeared utterly calm, eyes fastened on the road.

"Reuben?" she said, not daring to take her eyes off the traffic. "Reuben, talk to me. Reuben, please."

"I'm all right, Laura," he said. He sighed. One shiver after another passed through him. His teeth were chattering. The fur was gone now from the chest wounds, and the wounds were gone too. The skin sang. The pleasure washed through him, exhausting him. The scent of death was still clinging to him, the death of the boy crumpled in the yard, scent of innocent death.

"I've done something terrible, unspeakable!" he whispered. He tried to say more but all he could hear from his own lips was another moan.

"What are you saying?" she asked. The traffic ripped and rattled ahead and behind them. They were already leaving the

"But Marrok said that it could," said Reuben, "and it almost invariably did."

"Forget Marrok," said Margon. "Forget what others might have told Marrok to try to curb his desire to fill the world with Morphenkind like himself. We will say our own Requiem when we dance in the woods soon, together, enough on Marrok for now. Now Marrok knows or does not know because no one knows. And we can't know which it is."

He stopped long enough for a bite of the duck, and another chunk of the buttered roll.

"Now when the Christ is given to young men or women your age, there's no danger," he said, "and when it's given with the deep bite, injecting the Christ directly into the bloodstream at many points, well, it acts as it did with you, in about seven to fourteen days. The moon has nothing to do with it. Such legends have a different origin and nothing to do with us. But it's undeniable that in the first few years the change comes only after nightfall, and it is extremely difficult to induce in the light of day. But you can, after a while, if you are very determined, induce it anytime that you like. Your goal should be complete mastery of it. Because if you do not have that, you will never be in charge of it. It will be in charge of you." []

Reuben nodded, musing that he had found that out in the most painful and fearful and personal way. "But I thought it was the voices that made me change," he said. "I thought that the voices triggered it and had to trigger it—"

"We'll come to the voices," said Margon.

"But why do we hear the voices?" asked Stuart. "Why do we hear the voices of people in pain and who are suffering and who need us? My God, I was going crazy in the hospital. It was like hearing souls in hell begging for mercy—"

"We'll come to that," said Margon. He looked at Reuben.

"Of course you worked out how to control it as best you could," said Margon. "and you did well. You did extremely

well. You're a new generation and you have a strength we never saw in the past. You come to the Christ with a health and vigor that was only occasional for centuries, in fact, exceptional. And when this is combined with intellect, the Morphenkind is nothing short of superb."

"Oh, don't flatter them both too much," Thibault mumbled in his familiar baritone. "They're exuberant enough."

"I want to be perfect!" shouted Stuart, jabbing his thumb at his chest.

"Well, if you would be perfect as I see perfect," said Margon, "then evaluate all the gifts you possess, not merely the Morphengift. Think about the threads of your human life and what they mean to you." He turned to Reuben. "Now you are a poet, Reuben, a writer, a potential chronicler of your time. This is a treasure, is it not?" Without waiting for a response, he continued, "Last night, before I took this young one into the woods, I talked at length with your father. He is the parent who has given you your greatest talents, not your brilliant mother whom you so devoutly adore. It's the man in the shadows behind you who has endowed you with the love of language that shapes the very way you perceive the world."

"I don't doubt it," said Reuben. "I failed my mother. I couldn't be a doctor. Neither could my brother, Jim."

"Ah, your brother, Jim," said Margon. "Now that is an enigma—a priest who longs with all his heart to believe in God, but does not."

"Not so rare at all," said Reuben, "if you ask me."

"But to knowingly give one's life to a God who might never answer?" asked Margon.

"What God has ever answered anyone?" asked Reuben. He fixed on Margon and waited.

"Need I point out that thousands have claimed to hear his voice?"

"Ah but do they really hear it?"

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my denial of their gods, and the full heretical dimension of my insistence that I could acquire the power, they pronounced me a lawbreaker of the worst sort, and set a time for me to die.

Such killing rituals always took place at dusk. Understand, they could easily transform into wolf people in the daytime if an enemy approached; but for executions they always waited until dusk.

And so as darkness fell, they lighted their torches and formed a great circle, forcing me into the middle of it, and they began to dance to bring about the change.

It wasn't easy for them. They were not all a party to it. Some stood back. I had saved the lives of many of them, healed their sick children. I could see it there and then, the great disinclination in these crude beings to harm an innocent. Indeed, I am not sure what scent they caught from me at that time, and I'll never know.

But I know what scent I caught from them—a hideous, acrid scent, a scent of malice threatening my very life, when they came down on me like wolves.

Now if they'd torn me apart as they did the other enemies and lawbreakers, that would have been the end of the story. And my journey through time would have ended like that of any mortal man. But they did not. Something restrained them, some lingering respect or fascination, or distrust of themselves.

And it is conceivable that from the playful bites I'd extracted, and from the fluids I'd imbibed, I had some great glandular immunity working in me, some powerful fount of healing that allowed me to survive their attack.

Whatever the case, I suffered bites all over and I crawled on my belly towards the jungle to die. This was the worst torture I'd ever endured. I was angry—enraged that my life was ending in this fashion. And they were dancing back and forth all around me, on either side of me, and behind me. They were shifting back into their regular shape, and cursing me, then

struggling into the wolfen form again, because I was not dead. But they could not bring themselves, obviously, to finish me off.

And then I changed.

Before their eyes, I changed.

Maddened by the sounds and scents of their hatred for me, it was I who changed and attacked them.

His eyes grew wide peering into something that only he could see. They all sat silent waiting. There came over Reuben a strong sense of Margon's demeanor, the way that he maintained an unspoken supremacy though not a single inveterate gesture of his was imposing and his voice was, even at its most heated, rolling steadily beneath the governance of a deeply private and disciplined man.

"They were no match for me at all," he said with a shrug. "They had been like yapping puppies with milk teeth. I was a seething wolfen monster with a human being's resolve and wounded pride. They didn't have emotions like that. Nothing was so necessary to them, ever in all their lives, as killing them was then to me."

Reuben smiled. This so beautifully touched on the lethal edge of the human species that he marveled.

"Something far more deadly than either of us had ever beheld had now been born," said Margon. "The man wolf, the werewolf, the wolf man—what we are."

Again, he paused. He seemed to be struggling with something he wanted to express but could not.

"There's so much about it I do not understand," he confessed. "But I know this and it's what all people know now, that every particle of life explodes from mutation, from the accidental combining of elements on every level, that accident is the indispensable nuclear power of the universe, that nothing advances without it, without a reckless and random blundering, whether it is seeds ripped from a dying flower by the wind,

BIOGRAPHY



The writer was born in Jakarta on August 25th 1984, her mother is HERNI HALIM and father is CHRISTIAN ENDYAN LUMENTA. She is the eldest daughter of two children in her family and was educated at Lambang Sari Elementary School in 1996. She continued studying to Tambun 02 Junior High School in 1996. The writer took Science Department when she was in 01 Tambun Selatan Senior High School in 1999-2002, and she was joined Information Management department of LPK Yushu Indonesia in 2002-2003.

After completing her study from LPK Yushu, writer has worked in various educational institutions such as KUMON Mathematics course as corrector, Zaien English Course as English teacher, Zaien Bilingual School as homeroom teacher for Kindergarten I and II, Anglo National Christian School as homeroom teacher for Kindergarten I and assistant teacher for playgroup class, part timer teacher in several education institutions such as: Mantika English Course, ILP Pasar Baru Jakarta outlet, and recently writer works as homeroom teacher for Primary level at Permata Hati Bunda Primary School in Cikarang. The writer decided to continue her study of English in School of Foreign Languages – JIA major in English Department in 2012.