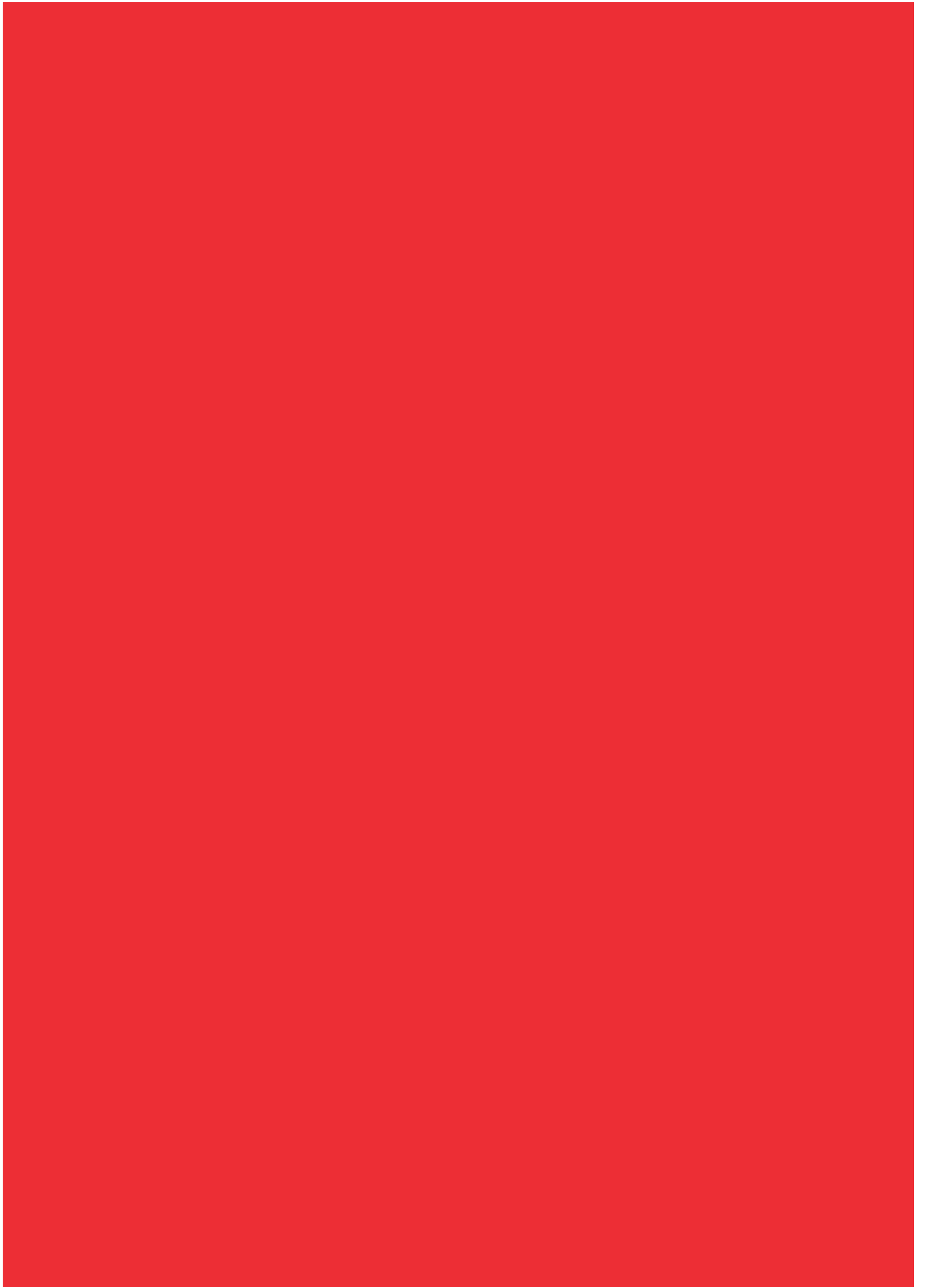


LUCY E. ALLAN



HOMETOWN  
BESTIARY





WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I USED  
TO FANTASISE THAT I WAS A WOLF THAT  
PRETENDED IT WAS HUMAN, BUT THEN  
FORGOT IT WAS EVER A WOLF.

I HAD SUCH VIVID DREAMS  
ABOUT MY HALF-REMEMBERED  
WOLF-SELF,

I ALMOST BEGAN  
TO THINK IT MIGHT  
BE TRUE





THE PLAN IS TO STAY HERE FOR A  
LITTLE WHILE. JUST A YEAR OR TWO.  
GET A JOB. SAVE SOME MONEY.





I KNOW THE VALUE NOW  
OF 'JUST A YEAR OR TWO'  
THAT IS THE TIME IT TOOK  
TO BECOME WHO I AM.

I AM SO AFRAID  
THAT IN 'JUST A YEAR OR TWO'  
I WILL HAVE TURNED BACK  
TO WHO I WAS  
BEFORE.





I MOVED BACK TO  
MY HOME TOWN  
ABOUT A YEAR  
AGO



BEFORE THAT, I'D  
LIVED AND STUDIED  
IN DUBLIN



BUT I COULDN'T  
AFFORD TO STAY THERE



I LIKED WHO I WAS  
IN DUBLIN



I LIKED THE FRIENDS  
I MADE THERE



BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING,

I LIKED HOW DUBLIN

MADE ME  
FEEL





LIKE I WAS SEEING EVERYTHING,  
EXPERIENCING EVERYTHING,

AND NOBODY  
WAS WATCHING  
ME.

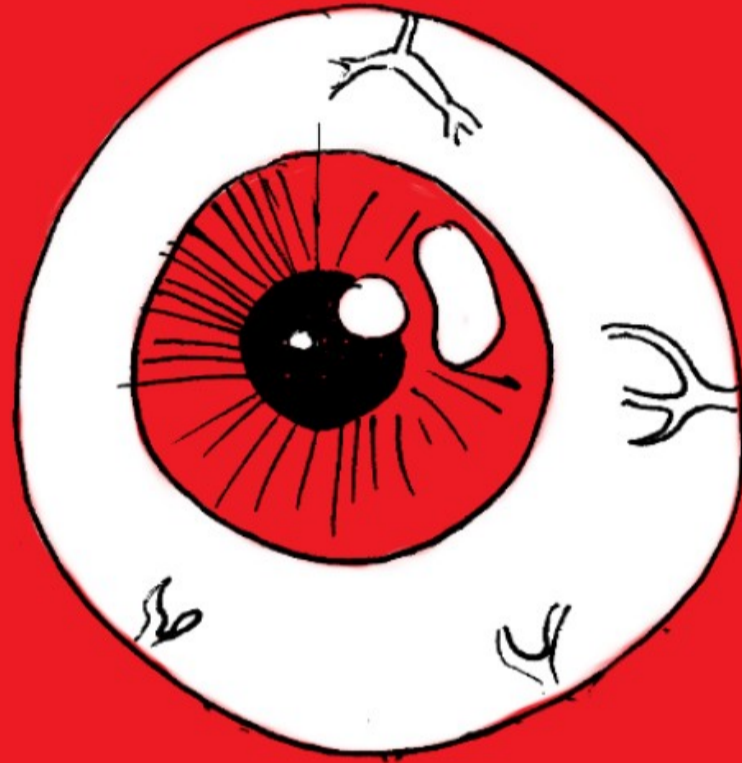




I FELT LIKE AN  
ANIMAL  
MOVING IN THE  
NIGHT,



THE KIND YOU ONLY EVER  
SEE OUT OF THE CORNER  
OF YOUR EYE  
AS IT DARTS AWAY.

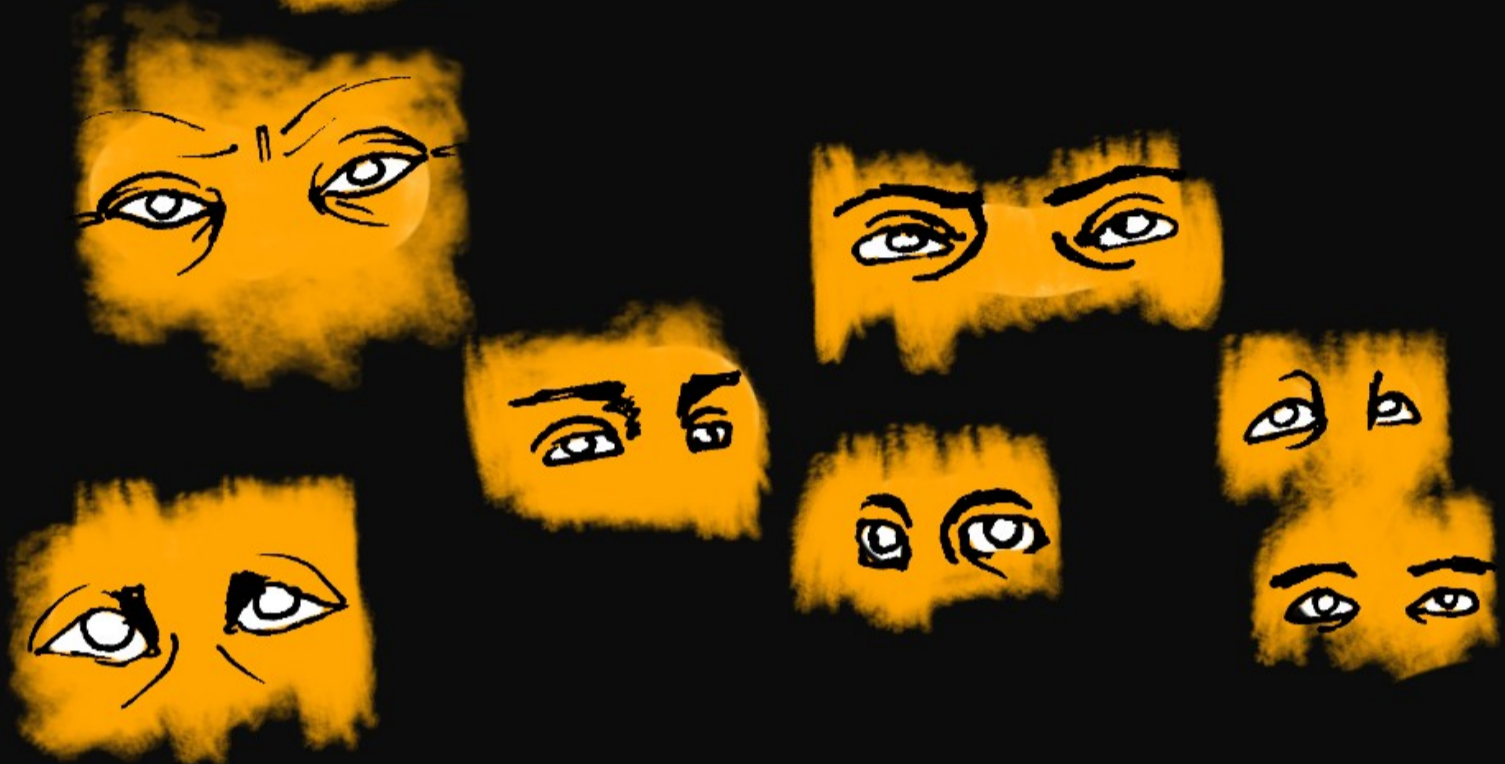


PERCEIVING EVERYTHING

PERCEIVED BY NO ONE



HERE, I FEEL EYES ON  
ME ALL THE TIME

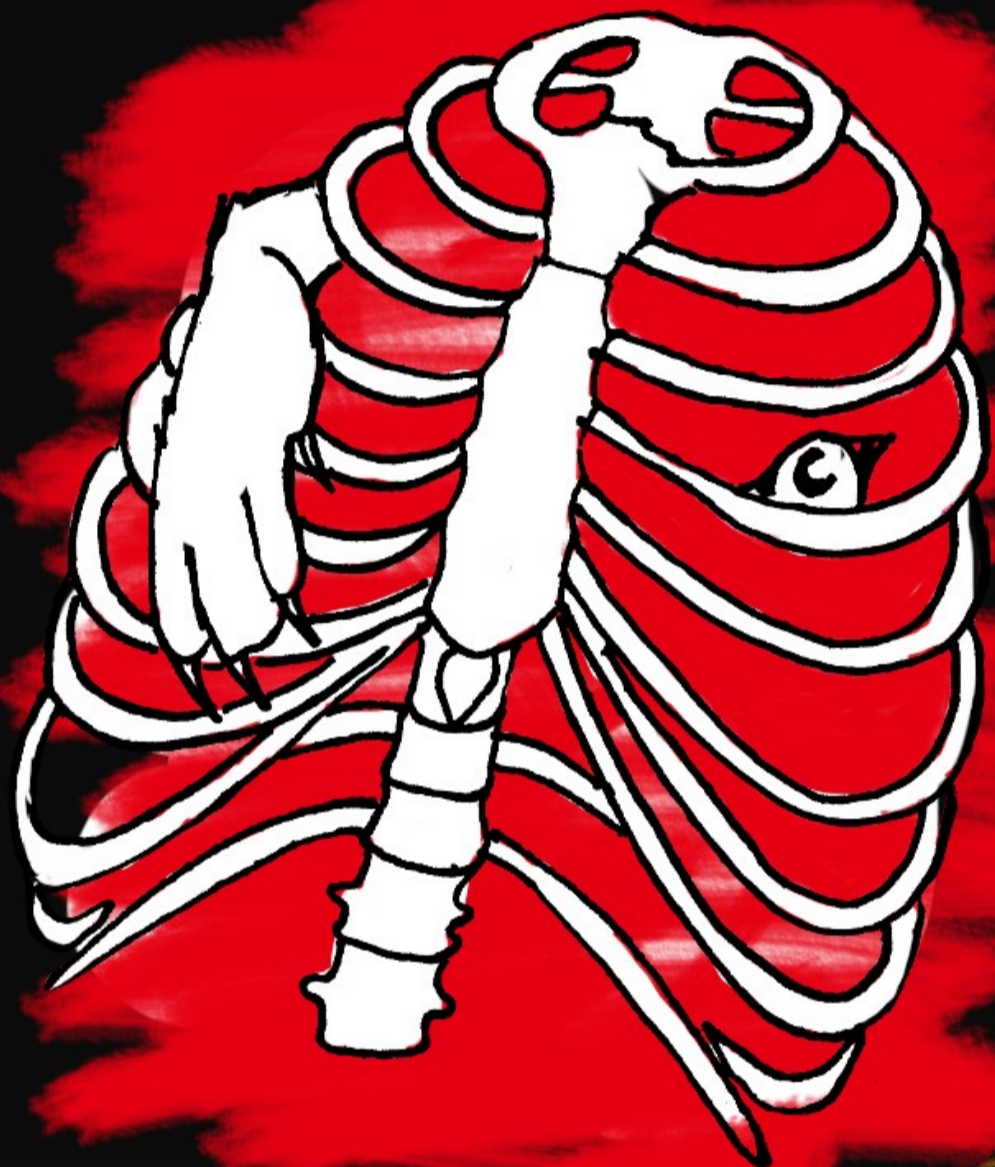


ALL THE TIME, I'M  
CONCIOUS OF THE SHAPE  
OF MYSELF -  
OF THE PHYSICAL,  
VISIBLE PART OF  
ME





MY SKIN DOESN'T FEEL  
LIKE MINE ANYMORE.



I FEEL ITCHY  
ON THE INSIDE,

LIKE SOMETHING'S TRYING  
TO CLAW ITS WAY  
OUT.



LIKE MY GHOST IS RATTLING

FROM THE INSIDE





OR SOMETHING  
ELSE.

SOMETHING I CAN'T

PUT MY

FINGER ON, BUT

FEELS FAMILIAR.





I LIVE ALONE.

I SPEND MOST OF MY NIGHTS  
GETTING BLACKOUT DRUNK  
BY MYSELF,

TRYING TO

TAP IN TO

THAT

STRANGE

SOMETHING



THAT'S INSIDE ME.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, I TAKE  
IT OUT FOR WALKS



THAT GHOST-PART.

THAT CREATURE - PART.



THERE IS A  
WILDNESS TO THIS  
CITY.

SOMETHING HERE  
IS FRACTURED  
AND UNEVEN.



LIKE THERE  
ARE HAIRLINE  
CRACKS IN  
ITS REALITY.



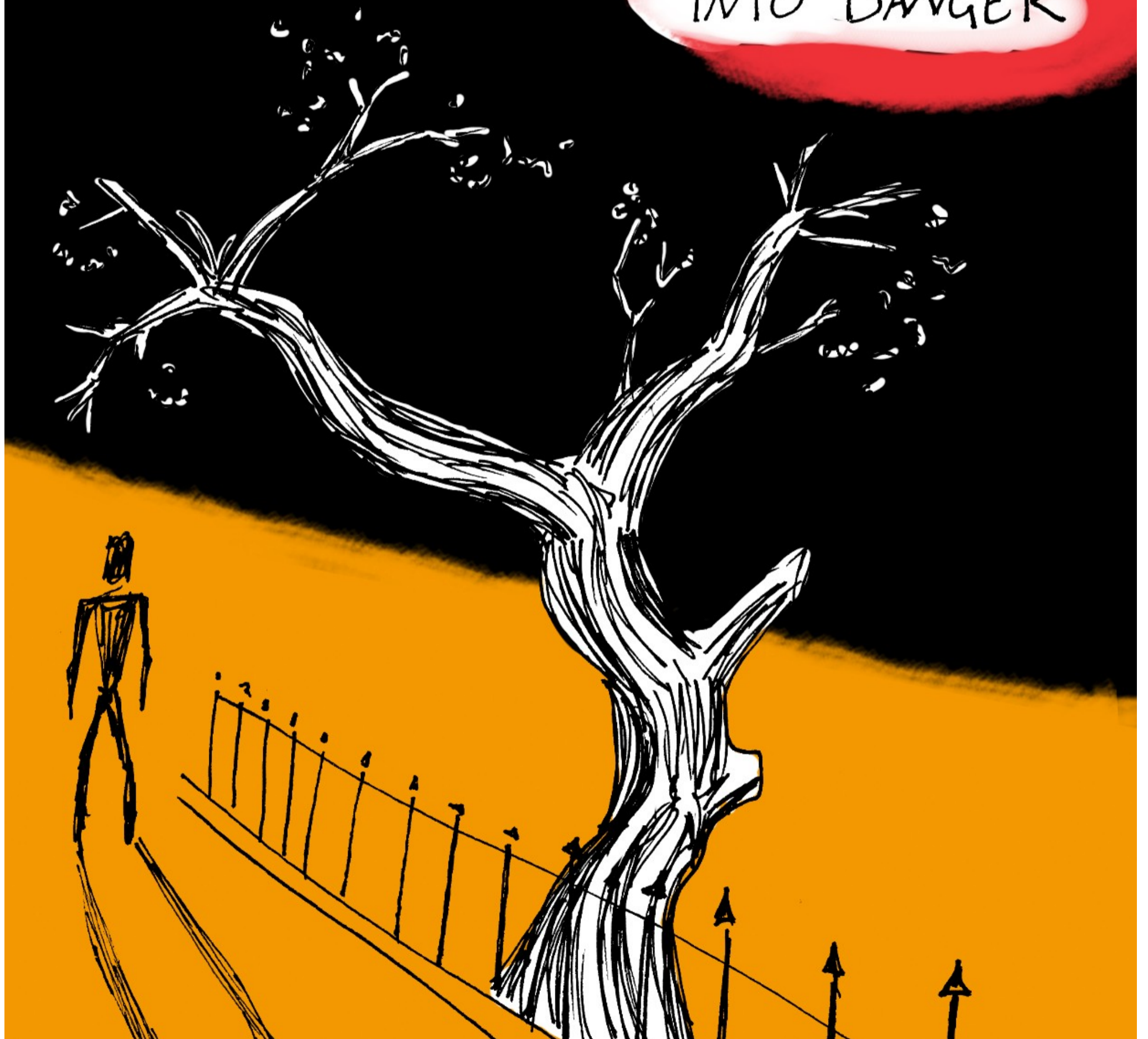
I FEEL AFRAID, SOMETIMES -

OF THE CITY AT NIGHT,


OF MY CREATURE-THING,

DELIBERATELY LEADING ME

INTO DANGER





A hand-drawn illustration. On the left, a red werewolf head is shown in profile, facing left, with its mouth slightly open showing teeth. To the right is a white silhouette of a human figure from the chest down, with one arm extended downwards. The background is black, with a large, textured yellow and orange brushstroke behind the human silhouette. The text is written in a white, hand-drawn font across the center of the image.

BECAUSE IT'S  
EASIER TO THINK OF  
IT AS SOMETHING  
SEPARATE FROM  
ME.





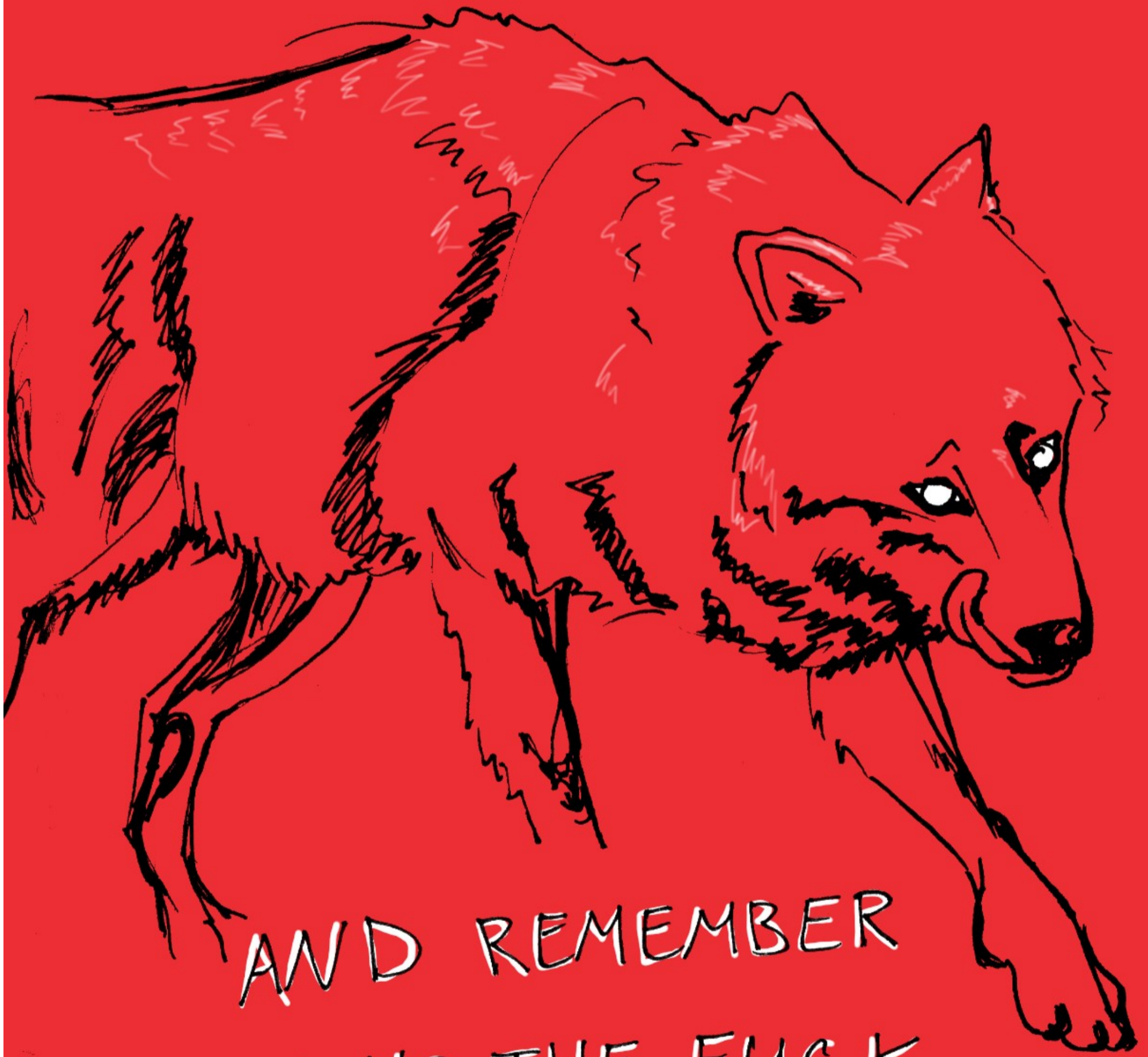
SOMETIMES  
YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
YOUR EYES OFF  
YOURSELF FOR A  
SECOND



LET YOURSELF SLIP  
IN BETWEEN THE  
CRACKS







AND REMEMBER  
WHO THE FUCK  
YOU ARE.







**Lucy E Allan is a Frankenstein's monster apologist with a creative writing Master's. Her published work can be found in Thomond Comics, Riot Grrl Press and Gothic Funk Press. She can be found on twitter at @BitchHomunculus**