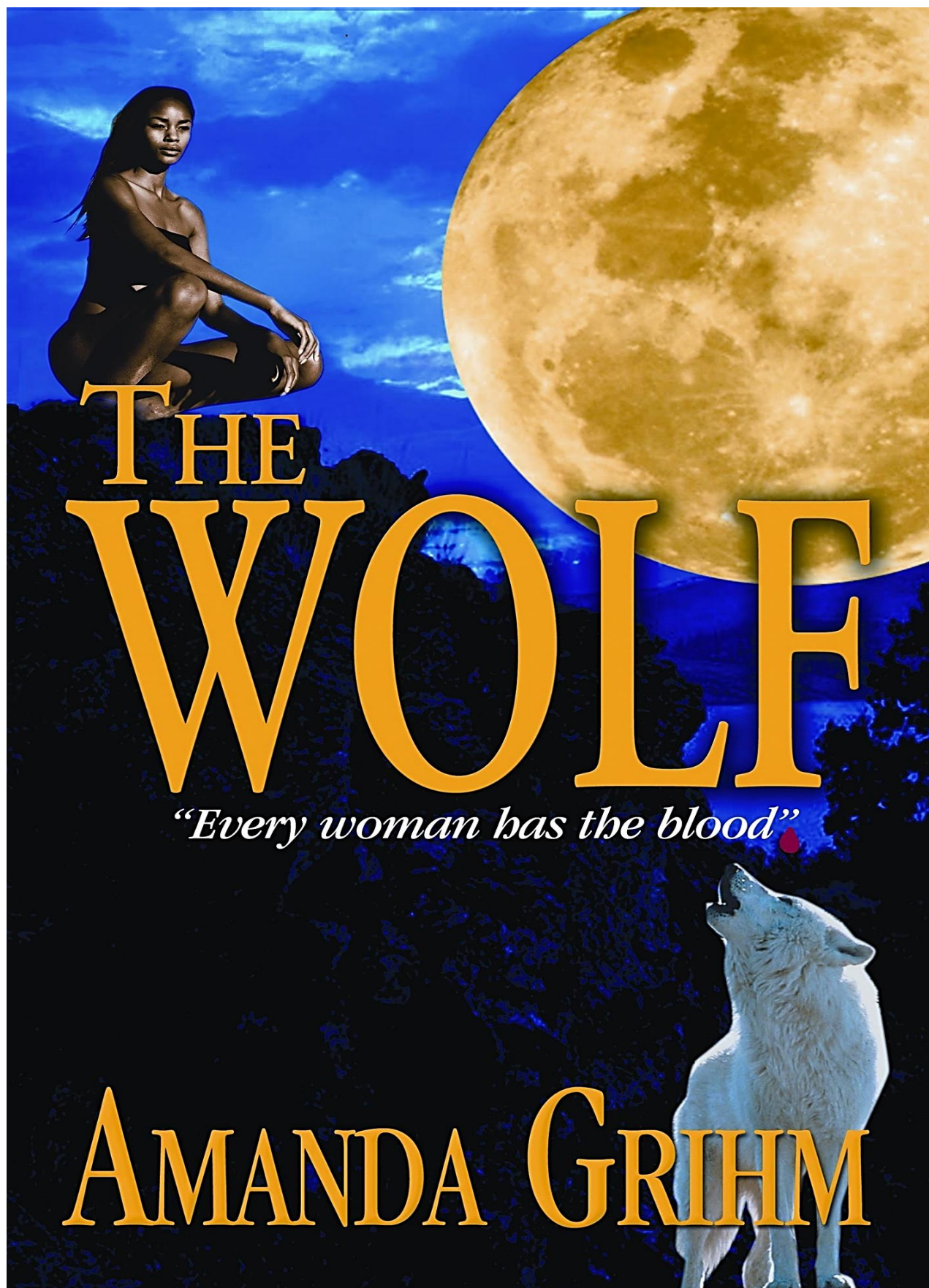




The Wolf

Every woman has the blood!

CHAPTER FIVE

Sample chapter

I walked back into the rehearsal hall oblivious to everything that was going on. I sat there unable to concentrate. Was I crazy? Did I imagine the

wolf? Could something like this really happen to a person like me? After all, I'm the most rational person I know...I'm not prone to nonsense or fantasy! Where was the wolf when I needed him tonight? Why didn't he tear Jerry, Blascey and even Robert apart? Why did those two guys run when they got close to me ... could I have imagined this whole thing?

I had a million questions running through my mind. The only thing I knew for sure was that this was not something I would be able to talk about with anybody but Aleena. Whomever else I would tell something like this to would probably have me committed to Fairhill Mental Hospital. When I snapped out of my fog and my mind was able to focus on the activities taking place, only three models were waiting to be auditioned. The models had done a superb job of getting people in and out and I had spent much more time in that Men's Room with Jerry than I thought. I was excited at the thought of getting the rehearsal over. I would be able to go home and work on summoning the wolf.

I had it all planned. I'd summons the wolf and wait for Jerry to walk through the door. I would scare the living heck out of him by slashing his face with my long, sharp claws. Then I'd back him into the wall and would not allow him to

move. I would snarl my snout to make sure he saw how long and sharp my teeth were and then I would back away from him. While he stood there afraid to move, I would transform into myself again and tear up his clothes and everything else he felt was valuable. Then I'd throw all of his stuff out the window. I would watch him stand there helpless to do anything about it and I would dare him to speak. That would be perfect. Jerry would get a taste of his own medicine. He would feel helpless, have no say-so or input, and he would stand and take whatever I dished out. I wondered if I would be able to speak as the wolf. I wanted to say things that would hurt his feelings and fill him with self-doubt. I could not wait; I wanted to get home early so I could figure out how to summons the wolf.

I was so consumed with the wolf that I missed the audition of two of the three remaining people. I looked up to see one of the most breathtakingly beautiful women on the face of this earth standing in the center of the floor. Her name was Anaghia and she was a Native America Indian. That night several multi-nationals had auditioned and were accepted into the group. That was also the night I decided to change the name of the group from Panache Models to the Panache Multi-National Models. The men were as beautiful as the women but most of them had a strong, dominating presence unlike the feeling you get from a beautiful woman. There was Amjad from Pakistan, Mohammed from Israel, Myako from Japan, Anita from Bangladesh, Kenja from Sudan, Nelly from Russia, Lisa from Italy, and Anaghia from South Dakota. The most exotic person to audition was from South Dakota. What kind of nonsense was that? That made me think about all of the people who lived in America and how the Native American Indian was the one who seemed to be the most rare and exotic. I entertained the plight of the Indian people in

America and that filled my heart with a deep sorrow that I had never felt before. For some strange reason, I was consumed with which advertising had brought such a diverse group to us. We had posters, flyers, and ads in a variety of magazines and local papers. I resolved to look at the applications to see just where they had heard about Panache. My mind kept jumping from the wolf to the diversity of America and how the Native American was like the foreigner. I thought so deeply about those things that I missed Anaghia's audition.

Anaghia knew I had not paid attention to her audition so she stood in the center of the room and refused to move until I did look at her. Sophie was at the Callback table motioning for Anaghia to come over and get signed up for a callback. Anaghia refused to move. I looked up to see her standing in the center of the room and Sophie motioning to her.

"Sophie is calling you."

She dismissed my statement and asked, "Did you see the movements of the wolf?"

I could not believe my ears. I knew I must have misunderstood her. I shook my head and rubbed my eyes as though I needed to wake up.

"I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

She stood self-assured and very confident. Her words resounded in my ears as she repeated her question, "Did you see the movements of the wolf?"

I became fearful and wanted to run screaming out of the room. I actually gave grave consideration as to whether or not I should run. The idea of answering Anaghia's question with such a reaction was unappealing so I sat there, dazed and, again, trapped like a caged animal - unable to escape. I realized I was not afraid of her...I was afraid I had gone completely crazy and I was now hearing things! I stood slowly and walked over to her so I could watch

her mouth as she spoke. I needed to hear exactly what she had to say without any misinterpretations. I was afraid and curious and I could not afford to have any misunderstanding about what I was hearing.

“The external are representative of the internal forces. Fearless, deliberate, focused, forceful, free and fluid... those are the movements of the wolf and that is the way I modeled for you tonight. I moved with the power and the presence of the wolf. The wolf protects my people.”

My feet were stuck to the floor or I believe I would have run. I know I wanted to scream and run without stopping but, again, I would have to explain my reaction to the models and I was not ready to share that experience with anyone yet. I moved two steps back from her and then I froze in my tracks, again.

“You, too, move with the power of the wolf, like my people. You know it and so do I.”

I stood there, shaking inside, nervous and anxious, wondering if the snout was showing but if this time I was the one who could not see it. I wondered what she knew or could see in me. I certainly didn't see a snout on her but at that point I was looking down at my feet so I wouldn't have to look at her.

For reasons I didn't know, my head lifted up and my eyes looked directly into her eyes. I didn't want this to happen and I could not stop it from happening. In the next instance I was hearing a small, soft voice in my head.

“Look at me. Look into my eyes when I speak to you. You must learn to confront your fears.”

I could not stop looking into her eyes. I was screaming in my mind, “Let me get the heck out of here. Let me go, let me go. I want to go.”

“Shut up and listen to me. You are under my control; you will do as I say.”

Instantly I became irritated at the thought of having someone else controlling my life. I thought... Well, hell, don't this just beat all.

The small soft voice replied, "Yes, it really does but not in the manner that you think. Relax, it will be good for you."

I kept telling myself to shut up over and over in my head and suddenly my voice was silenced, all together. I could not even think a private thought.

"You were getting on my nerves with your chattering. I need your silence and your attention. I am going to release you to move but you must act naturally."

She was in control of my thoughts and movements and I didn't have a thing to say about it.

Anaghia released her hold on me and I was able to speak after a few minutes. Still, her comment about the movement of the wolf lingered heavily in my mind. I didn't know if that was a cultural thing with her - imitating the movements of the wolf - or if she was trying to pique my interest so I would talk about my recent experiences. Either she had some strange powers or else I was hallucinating like nobody's business that day. I sighed with relief when I remembered taking martial arts years ago and some of the strange routines we practiced. We imitated many animals and insects as a part of the cultural beliefs of the Japanese, Korean, and Taiwanese people. I thought immediately that copying the movements of the wolf had to be a cultural thing for Native American Indians.

I glanced over at the Callback table and before I knew it Sophie was standing next to me. She gave Josephine one of those get over here quick looks and within seconds Josephine was on the other side of me. James took Anaghia's hand to lead her to the Callback table but she refused to move.

James snatched his hand away as if he had just touched fire. Anaghia had a staunch, firm look on her face and she didn't take her eyes off of me. Stephen stood guard at the door like a British sentry guarding the palace.

As though she was giving me one last chance to come clean, Anaghia asked again..."Did you see the movements and the power of the wolf in my technique? You, too, have the movements and the power of the wolf in you. That's why I am here, because you have become aware of the power of the wolf and it is time that you know why you have that power! You have been made free, your actions and movements are now deliberate and directed. Your movements are in concert with the spirit of canis. You are aware of the wolf, I am sure of it!"

I felt like jumping up out of my chair, running and screaming out the rehearsal hall. Instead, I sat quietly. I searched her face for a snout, long, sharp teeth or yellow orbs. I looked at her intensely but did see anything slightly resembling a wolf.

"I must apologize to you; I always leave the selection process to the models so I was deep in thought when you modeled. If you don't mind, would you repeat your performance?"

She looked into my eyes without answering. She turned and looked at Sophie, Josephine and James as if to say, MOVE! Sophie looked at me first then she defiantly looked into Anaghia's eyes. She held her gaze for about a minute and then she turned her head slowly in alignment with her right shoulder, she threw her shoulders back, stretched her neck up as straight as an arrow, slowly turned her head straight ahead and locked her eyes on the Callback table. She took the most calculated, fluid steps back to the Callback table I had ever seen. When she reached her chair, she did a double pivot from left to right and

right to left and sat down flawlessly with perfect posture. I covered my mouth and giggled to myself. I could not stop smiling because that was some of the best modeling I had ever seen her do and she was already an outstanding model. Anaghia smiled with her eyes, mouth and body movement as she clapped for Sophie. Then she bowed to her as though giving homage to a queen. Sophie's expression was staunch, unchanged and uninterested but there was a twinkle in her eyes that shouted, I AM PANACHE...no one comes to Panache Models but through me! Before I knew it everyone in the room was clapping. Sophie never smiled or acknowledged the applause. Her eyes scanned the paperwork on the table and without looking up she motioned for Anaghia to begin her performance.

Anaghia stretched her hand out toward Sophie and lifted her arm as though she had the power to lift Sophie's head and make her look at her. Sophie's head did, in fact, lift in unison with Anaghia's arm and her large, brown eyes were fixed on Anaghia. With everyone's eyes on her, Anaghia began her routine.

She lowered her head and locked her gaze on me. I wanted to look away but I could not. It was as though she had taken control over me and was directing the movement of my eyes. I watched as her right shoulder lowered and her left raised up and moved forward. At the same time her body shifted to the right and forward. Her movements at first glance were graceful and fluid. In the next instance I realized they were slight but directed. She lifted to her tiptoes, moved her left leg back about half a foot so her right foot was in position to step out. Instead of leading with her right foot to move forward she pivoted into a half turn to acknowledge Sophie. Her body was long, rigid and straight but it appeared to be flexible and soft. Her posture was magnificent.

Her movements were mesmerizing. She was full of grace and excitement. Her head moved from side to side in acknowledgment of everyone in the room. Then she moved forward as though she had been lifted and was walking on air. She appeared confident, in control, directed. She moved like a mild summer breeze that gently blew past me. Her hair was long and dark and shined like black gold. It was thick and heavy and moved gently from side to side as she moved. Her skin was like brushed gold and had hints of bruised peaches bursting through as though the sun's light was delicately dancing on her, making her glow like an angel.

As I watched her walk I began to see the precision in her movement. Her right hand and left leg and left hand and right leg were moving in perfect harmony reaching forward and back, forward and back, forward and back in directed, precise movements. Her shoulders moved deliberately but very slightly...in concert with her legs. I felt like I was in a trance and could not move my eyes away from her. I felt her movements in my body as I watched and experienced her saunter forward in perfect unison to a four/four beat. I experienced her thoughts as she planned her upcoming movements. There was no movement that wasn't planned and no movement that appeared to be planned. It was like watching, as well as being, a master model skilled at making the art of showmanship and movement effortless. Still on her tiptoes, she covered the entire room, acknowledged each person and showed every piece of clothing that Sophie described. And, as though she had never left that spot, she again was in front of me flawlessly flaunting and twirling on the tips of her toes.

As she lowered herself to the ground she slowly moved her head back so her face was looking up at the ceiling. She placed her left leg about a half a

foot behind her right and pivoted into a half turn to acknowledge Sophie. Then she placed her right foot about half a foot in front of her left, raised her arms slowly into the air and did a mannequin turn as she again acknowledged each person in the room. As she completed her performance she slowly lowered her arms and herself to the floor. She was as graceful as a prima ballerina, as precise as a physician, and as colorful and creative as an artist. That rehearsal hall was her canvass, on it; she painted a different picture for each person to see. She enjoined our experiences with hers and moved us with her every step. Her hand movements were a major part of her performance. She placed her hands together; her fingers were straight, pointing down and her elbows aligned perfectly. She artfully turned her hands so they pointed up instead of down. She brought her hands, still clasped together, up to eye level and slowly pulled them apart, gently brushing past her eyes and ears until her arms were lowered to her sides. I was transfixed. She had enslaved me with her eyes and movements. She held me by her will and took over my thoughts. I could not break loose from her grip. I felt like I was in the twilight zone watching a movie where I was sitting in a chair but only capable of entertaining the thoughts she placed in my head. In fact, that is exactly what was going on. Her thoughts overpowered my own and there was nothing I could do. At that point, I really didn't have a thought of my own. Again, she raised her arms above her head; her hands were still together and very, very slowly she lowered her head. Her eyes still fixed on me - she was looking at and through me, her arms moved slowly apart and down until they rested at her side. She moved her right leg far behind her left and took a bow.

Although I stood perfectly still, I had seen the things she had been seeing and experienced her emotions as she moved throughout the room. I was inside

of her, looking out – just as I had been with the wolf. I was one with her spirit. In a flash I stopped seeing the grace and showmanship I was accustomed to searching for in a model and I was experiencing the emotions of an animal establishing dominance, taking control, staking out a territory, bringing others into submission and granting permission to be gazed upon by those present. Every movement was used to establish position and leadership and she, definitely, had taken control and had demonstrated she was the dominant force in the room.

When she finally released my thoughts and eyes, I tried to keep my eyes on her because I didn't want anyone else to see I had come under her control. I had a plastic smile that stayed on my face the entire time she modeled. It was a smile I had put on so often it had become a natural part of my routine. I wanted to run out of the room and I wanted to scream, what did you just do to me? I am sure she was aware of my intense desire to run because when I attempted to move I could not...my body was stiff and immovable. My arms and legs felt like each one was a two-ton weight, yet not by my own will, my legs moved me to the center of the room until I was standing face to face with Anaghia. I was being drawn in by her and could not resist. She could read my mind and speak to me without words. I was not afraid of her but I resented the thought of trading one controlling person for another.

"No, it will not be the same. I am here to help free you." The voice was so loud and clear this time I assumed everyone in the room heard it. I was about to speak but again, she spoke to me telepathically. "Do not speak. You are the only one who can hear me."

I nodded in agreement, which was the only thing I could do. I had no control over my actions, movements, thoughts or speech. In the next second I

heard myself congratulating her on her excellent style of modeling. Still, I doubted the reality of what had just happened. This experience was difficult for me to rationalize. It was not unusual for me to experience what others experienced but this was the first time I was able to translate the experience into animal instincts and motive.

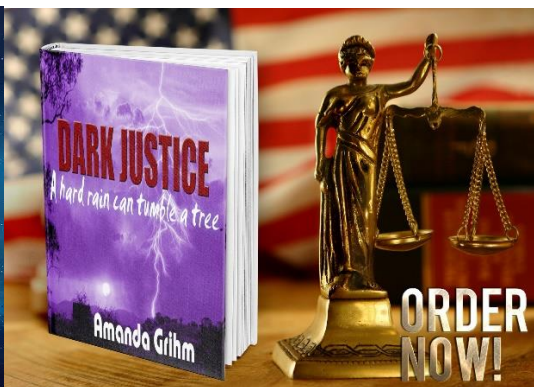
From early childhood I experienced the same emotions that others experienced. I always assumed I had these experiences because I am such an empathetic person. I felt other people's pain so real and so deeply I have been left with marks on my body. And, I have experienced such euphoric pleasure I was unable to move or speak at the description of another person's experience or touch.

Books by Amanda Grihm

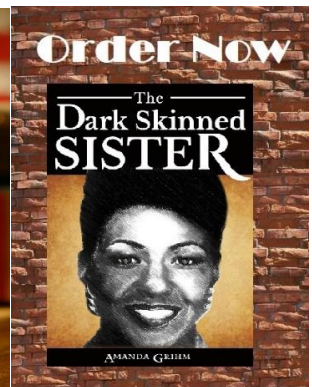
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