

A Shadow among a Pack

by

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1

Many tales are told by the hunter. But this one, however, is seen through the eyes of the wolf.

His name is Shadow, a rogue, if you will. With the darkest fur ever seen on a wolf, and eyes of ice. Although his fur is dark, his heart is darker.

Dusk has fallen over the woodlands of this small, cold-stricken island off the coast of Alaska. A few night hunters have settled in a small clearing in the thickest part of the woods. A bad choice. The men talked contently among themselves, feasting on their newly-hunted rabbit. Something was stalking among the shadows...a blood-thirsty killer.

Shadow stopped and peered through the branches. The men continued their calm conversation, with words of no meaning to him. "An easy meal", Shadow rasped to himself. Stepping closer, one man shot back to investigate a noise he had just heard. Shadow stopped dead. I must have stepped on branch, Shadow thought to himself as the man turned back to the others. Careful not to make another sound, he inched closer. At this point, Shadow was about three yards away from a clean kill.

Shadow exploded out of the bushes, making a direct target for the closest man. He had the man pinned to the ground, and started for his neck. But something hit Shadow on his left shoulder, throwing him off his to-be meal. He jumped to his paws to find one of the hunters pointing a gun at him.

* **Shadow stays and is shot** => 2

* **Shadow retreats to the woods** => 3

2

The gun shot roared across the forest. Shadow went down, breathing heavily. They have hurt me with their iron weapons, was all that could cross his mind. He made an effort to get up, and, he did so, on three legs. His right front leg was what the bullet caught. Looking up he noticed the men were closer than before. Shadow jumped back, to avoid any more trouble these men can cause. He steered back and limped to trees, ignoring the pain that surged through his leg. He heard

one of the hunters yell out to him, and quickened his pace.

"I'm gonna die, if I leave my wound exposed any longer." Shadow said, realizing that an infection could start soon.

Shadow walked further and further into the night, not daring to turn back and beg for help like a helpless pup. His father had taught him to face his troubles. And ever since he died, Shadow swore that he would do all that his father had told him. On and on he walked, until the morning sun peeked over the tree tops, he collapsed on the hard ground. A slight thought passed through his mind, saying 'I must find some kind of help, and soon!' But Shadow pushed it away, knowing how stubborn he could be at times. As he lie there, listening to the sweet sounds of the forest, he slipped into a deep, dark sleep.

Shadow's eyes shot open, awakening in mid-day. Only to see three wolves staring down at his weak body.

* **Face the three wolves** => 4

3

Shadow jerks back, away from the gun, and catapults into the darkness. Two of the hunters gave chase to catch him, and Shadow did nothing but run faster. Although he knew that his father had once told him to face his troubles, Shadow was no doubt running away from a problem at this moment.

He glanced back quickly to find nothing chasing him. With that fact, he stopped to catch up on his heavy breathing. Again Shadow looked back through th darkness, and spoke from the deepest pit of his heart, "revenge will come soon, Shadow is not defeated easily. Watch your tails..." And with that said, Shadow turned tail, and stalked back to the darkness of the woods.

GAME OVER T_T

4

Shadow stared back at the wolves, awaiting a blow by one of their twelve random paws. But no attack broke out, instaed the middle one spoke.

"You are injured, dark-fured one. May we be of assistance?" He seemed old, and was the largest of the trio. Shadow continued his stare. They were peace makers, offering help. They were of no threat to me, he thought. I could probably take on all three in my state right now.

"Why do you not speak, injured one? Would you mind if we brought you home to

investigate your wound? It doesn't look much well." Shadow thought about going back with them. But that could hurt his reputation. But, he may not survive being alone. His mind formed sides, and couldn't think. What was best?

* **Go along with wolves** => 5

* **Stay and tend to his own wound.** => 6

5

Shadow accepted, and limped off with the wolves, two of them by his sides. The farther they went, the more he regretted his choice. He was a rogue, a loner, to have nothing but himself and his own pride. But, he thought, I would have died in a matter of minutes had not these wolves come to my rescue. Only time will tell if I made the right choice.

The trio led him to a brighter, more calm section of the forest, where the birds sang and the sun shone bright. Other scents quickly filled my nose...the scents of other wolves. The wolf on Shadow's right side felt him tense up, and said, "No need to worry, we do not bring pain nor fear to visitors."

They padded into a small clearing filled with wolves. The adults spoke to one another, while the pups laughed and played. Many heads and ears turned to find the new-comer. Avoiding the curious stares, Shadow was led to a small, cozy den and signaled to lie down.

Shortly after his arrival, a she-wolf came into the den. The most beautiful she-wolf that Shadow had ever laid his ice blue eyes on.

* **Meet the she-wolf** => 7

6

"I will do nothing as to follow you back to your home."

Shadow would never be merciful, and give in to an offer like such. 'I will face my troubles, and be a real wolf, as my father was.'

"Are you certain, dark-fured one? You are in bad condi-"

"Yes I am sure! Now leave before I attack and make you three my breakfast, lunch, and dinner!" Shadow had shot back.

The three wolves stood stunned, but obeyed and disappeared into the ferns.

Alone, but that was all that Shadow wanted, right? The pain in his leg grew, and thought once to to call back to the wolves. But then, he got weak. Too weak. He knew that tonight, was his last night. His tensions grew, but they grew even more as dusk once more fell over the woods. The

cold surrounded Shadow, and thus creating a cold, sad death that night.

GAME OVER

7

The beautiful she-wolf that had padded into the den had fur of snow and eyes of amber. And when she saw Shadow, she spoke sweetly.

"Hello dark-fured one. My name is Iceberg. I have been told to examine your wound, may I do so?"

He nodded and grew tense when Iceberg came over to take a look at his wound. Then she broke the silence. "I suggest that you get some rest while I find something to put on your leg." He took her advice, even though he had slept before the three wolves found him. And when she left, Shadow could do nothing but fall asleep.

When he awoke, Shadow's leg felt unusual. When he looked at it, he noticed it was wrapped in large leaves. Licking and sniffing his wound, Shadow didn't even notice two wolves pad into the den. "He is fine, and will be a great pack member." It was Iceberg and some other wolf that Shadow had not met. Then the new wolf spoke. "Ah, Shadow, I hope you're feeling fine. I have come to welcome you to my pack.

"What? I am a rogue! With nothing but the fur on my back, my teeth, and claws. I need no pack!" Was all he could spat back.

"I thought you would be glad. But its your choice. To have the comfort of family, or the comfort of the dirt." Were the wolf's last words before stalking out.

* **Join the pack** => 8

* **Stay a rogue** => 9

8

Shadow made his decision. He was to be a pack member. This was not like him though. All the generations before him were loners, going as far back as his great, great grandfather. But he seemed to be a changed wolf, very much unlike his father.

Shadow spent the next few days getting to know the pack and trying to fit in. But they were not easily bought. Few trust him yet, leaving him the talk of the month. Adjusting to pack life is not so simple, and his legs still wish to run on his own through the wilderness. But what is stopping

Shadow? He is healed, and has the hunger for the hunters that first wounded him. Shadow was unsure of what was holding him back. Until he saw Iceberg again.

"How are you feeling today, Shadow?" Iceberg said as she padded up to him one day, her fur as white and snowy as the day he first saw her.

"I'm fine. It's not as easy as it seems to be a pack member. I just hope they will accept me."

She then layed down beside me, and rested her head on mine. She was my first love.

* **Continue with his love** => 10

9

Shadow ran back to the darkness of the woodlands, and looked back in the direction that he had come. I am no pack member. I live for myself and myself ALONE! The dirt's comfort may be just what I need. He was thinking to himself.

Shadow then realized how hungry he was. He had not eaten for a good day. With that in mind, he turned with his back to his savers, and walked back to brush to become nothing more than a cryptic shadow once more.

GAME OVER

10

Shadow had fallen in love now, with his pack mate, Iceberg. Shadow was a changed wolf, and the bright spirit of Iceberg was enough to lighten Shadow's dark heart.

They had two pups, River and Sun. One male, the other female. And Shadow is always proud to call them 'half pack wolves, and half rogue.'

GAME OVER