

The White Wolf

As I walked through the silent woods my soft, fur-coated paws made thin imprints in the fresh, white snow. With every step I took the delicate powder made a crunching noise piercing the silent night. My tongue maneuvered it's way onto my muzzle and licked the dry blood away.

I came to a stop in the clearing. The trees rustled and an owl let out a hoot. I lifted my head towards the luminous moon. A strange and unfamiliar sound escaped my mouth and floated into the air.

Owen

As I laid down on the blue bedspread, a wolf's howl crept into my room drowning out the soft and comforting music I had on and replacing it with a sound that chilled me to the bone.

I groaned and turned over to stare at the large snake that I owned. His slim body seemed to curl itself around the stick in the cage. I tapped the glass and his green head turned towards me. His pink tongue poked out of his mouth for a second and then disappeared.

The White Wolf

I looked at the trees, finding my way around them by memory. I soon came to my den and crept inside. The musky smell filled my body, reassuring me that I was in a safe place. I laid my head down and let the sounds outside lull me to sleep.

I woke with a start. Birds chirped to each other in their own secret language. I licked my lips hungrily. I stepped out of my den and began the hunt for food.

Owen

I was running through the woods. A white wolf was beside me- “Owen!” A shrill voice cut through my dreams making me jump. I opened my eyes slightly to see my Mom glaring at me. “You are going to be late for school. Again!” she said. I rolled my eyes and got out of bed groaning.

I grabbed my backpack and dashed for the door. I reached the sidewalk in a second only to see the school bus drive away. Kids laughed from their seats, throwing crumpled up balls of paper at me. I turned shivering in the cold air and in defeat went and asked my Mom for a ride.

The White Wolf

I froze as I heard a twig snap nearby. I hid behind the trees and quickly poked my head out to see what it was. A deer. My mouth watered at the thought of fresh deer. The young doe, unsuspecting of anything, crept towards my tree. At the last minute I jumped out roaring, my mouth wide open. In one quick second the deer was dead and lying on the forest floor.

The blood seeped out of it’s body turning the snow into a crimson red. I leaned down hungrily. Once my mouth touched the thick flesh of the doe I lost myself into a world of hunger.

Owen□□

As my Mom’s car came to a stop I stepped out quickly. I stood there watching my Mom drive away into the early morning. I jumped as the second bell rang. I trudged up the hill and into the school doors. My stomach rumbled hungrily from not having any breakfast.

When I walked into the classroom I flinched as laughter spread through the room. I walked over to my desk and plopped down. I jumped in my seat as a spitball hit me in the ear. I looked at the clock wishing time would move faster.

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After licking myself clean I went to search for water leaving the bloody mess of the doe behind. After a few steps a smell of fresh water filled the air and a creek came into view.

I bent my head and lapped up the clean water. I felt the coolness of it spread throughout my body. I stepped onto the shore and shook myself to dry my fur.

Owen

As soon as it was my free period I fled to the woods behind the town park. I ran through the trees, their branches scratching at my legs, arms and face. I came to a creek and sat down exhausted. I flopped down by the water ignoring the cold wind biting at my skin.

I started as I saw something white move behind a tree. I squinted to see clearly. I froze. It was a wolf. As it stepped towards me it's beautiful white body came in to view.

The White Wolf

I saw him running towards the creek. He sat down shivering. I took a step closer. Once he noticed me he froze. The closer I came the more scared he became.

Soon we were face to face. As I looked into his eyes he seemed to relax a little. I nuzzled against his warm chest putting my body weight on him.

Owen

Relaxing as he cuddled against me I put my hand on his head and stroked his soft fur. I laughed when he licked me with his tongue. It was amazing.

His breathing got heavier and I soon realized he was sleeping. I rested my head on his, breathing with him, knowing we'd always be friends.

The White Wolf

I was comforted with the thought that he'd always be there for me. My eyes closed and before I slept I felt him put his head against mine. Then sleep overcame me.