Running With the Wolves

By : thewolfwhowentbad

Micheal Burrman has been kicked out of school for the tenth time. His mother said that if he got kicked out again then she'd ship him off to military school. So, Micheal did what anyone else would do - run. He meets a pack of wolves, who surprisingly take him in. Soon enough, Micheal doesn't want to go home. But his mom is looking for him, and Micheal's loyalty to the pack may be his doom.

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Chapter 1

*"Burrman!"*A loud, angry voice interrupted Micheal from his sleep. He looked up, eyes fuzzy with sleep. He stared into the burning green eyes of Mr. Plofer. The man's face was an angry shade of red, and his fat belly jiggled as he paced back and forth. "Are you sleeping in my class again?" Mr. Plofer demanded.

Micheal yawned. "Is that a trick question?" The class laughed.

Mr. Plofer clenched his fists. "Burrman, this is the last time you will interrupt my class," the man spat. "Get out of my class."

"'Kay." Micheal grabbed his binder and stood up, stretching his tired muscles and yawning again.

"Now!" Mr. Plofer roared.

Micheal glared at the old man before strolling out of the class. Brittany Spinders was looking at him, a smile on her face. Her long brown hair framed her face, and her blue eyes were shining with humor. Micheal winked at her before exiting the classroom.*Brittney Spinders smiled at me. Brittany Spinders smiled at me!*Brittany was the most popula girl in school, and it was super rare for her to smile at anyone than her boyfriend, Rick Greene and her friends.

Micheal walked down the hallway, his red high-tops squeaking over the freshly mopped hallway. He had his binder under his left arm and his hand shoved in his dark blue hoodie. He wondered what kind of punishment Mrs. Addles would give him. A one day suspension? Two months of detention? A whole week of suspension?

Micheal shuddered with excitement. Being suspended for a whole week made him think of all the possibilties - staying up all night playing video games, or spending his parent's credit cards on new pairs of sneakers? He wondered if his mother would actually let him get away with sleeping in class.

After all, she had warned him that if he got suspended one more time she would send him to military school. But Micheal knew she was just kidding.

She would normally let him do whatever he wanted after Micheal's father died. He was shot six times and thrown in a lake. The murderer had been locked up for life - turns out dad had been having an affair with his best friend's wife. Micheal was still shocked that Mr. Beaker would kill his childhood friend. Mrs. Beaker had been so upset that she had left town without even packing up her house. Some people came in and took all her stuff and sold it.

Micheal took his time as he walkde to Mrs. Addles' office. He took about fifteen minutes, either drinking from the water fountain or staring at the corny posters that the teachers had hung up around the school. The sign on her door was freshly polished. It smelled of pine and cinnamon. Micheal walked in without knocking. "Wassup, Mrs. Sherry," Micheal said, grinning at the principal.

Mrs. Addles glared up at Micheal from her computer screen. "Call me Mrs. Addles," the woman said, her tone gruff and cold.

Mrs. Addles looked like a retired wrestler. She had dark blue eyes and curly brown hair. She had wrinkles all over the parts of her skin that were showing, and a tattoo on her arms of a dragon curled around a hoop.

Whenever she was angry, the veins in her neck would pulse making her look like Hulk. Most kids were scared of her. Micheal was one of the kids that weren't.

"I just got an e-mail from Mr. Plofer," Mrs. Addles said, placing her hands on her chin.

"Really?" Micheal asked, relaxing in the fluffy red chair.

"Yes," she replied. "And I am very disappointed in you."

She turned the comptuer monitor to face me.

To Sherry Addles

Micheal Burrman was caught sleeping in class today. He is a repeat offender. He repeatedly sleeps or interrupts my class. I wish for him to be expelled from Highville High School for the remainder of the year. That young man should be taught a lesson. I would also like for him to repeat 9th grade and also attend summer school.

Your fellow teacher,

Terrence Plofer

Micheal's face had gone pale as his eyes slid over each word.*Expelled?*he thought.*Summer school? Hell no!*

"Micheal, I understand-" Mrs. Addles began. She must've been watching him, waiting for his reaction.

"No!" Micheal snapped. "You don't understand anything."

"Micheal, I've already contacted your mother," Mrs. Addles said. "She is okay with everything in the e-mail."

"No!" he yelled. "I won't go!"

"Watch your tone," the woman warned, the veins in her neck beginning to pulse.

"Don't tell me what to do!" Micheal shouted, slamming his fist on the desk so hard he felt his fingers crack. "I'm not about to fucking repeat this goddamn grade!"

"Do not curse at me!" Mrs. Addles screamed. "You're going to repeat 9th grade, and youare going to summer school."

Micheal crossed his arms. "I'm not going. You may as well give up."

"Your mother has agreed to it," the woman said, her blue eyes narrowing.

"I don't give a fuck what she agreed to," he replied. "She can kiss your ass for all I care."

"You do not speak to adults that way," the woman spat, reaching forward to smack Micheal.

Micheal easily dodged away, nearly stubmling over the chair. Mrs. Addles looked as if she had swallowed a giant ice cub, as her face was starting to turn purple and blue. "Get the hell away from me!" Micheal shouted. He grabbed at the door knob. He was in such a panic that he nearly forgot how to open it. Mrs. Addles was

walking towards him, slowly and calmly, as if she had all the time in the world.

He finally managed to open the door. He stumbled into the hallway, nearly blinded by the sudden throbbing pain in his hand. As Micheal raced down the hall, he dared to look at his hand. Only his pointer, middle, and ring finger were messed up - swollen and purple. "Damn," he muttered. His head swung back and forth as he searched frantically for the exit. The glowing sign pointed to the right, so he followed it.

He could hear Mrs. Addles' shoes clicking over the floor as she followed him. Micheal knew it would be a matter of time before she caught up with him, but he wasn't about to take any fucking chances. He could see the door now. The giant blue double doors seemed to be surrounded by some kind of holy aura. He ran towards them, but at the same time the clicking grew louder.

He turned his head to see Mrs. Addles. Her face was now tomato red, her dark blue eyes glowing with malice. Something was in her hand. It was shiny and... "Holy shit!" he yelled. "You have a gun!"

"Watch your tone," Mrs. Addles said, a sadistic look on her face. He heard the magazine click and she pulled the gun up. She pulled the trigger. Micheal nearly melted with relief as he realized the gun was jammed. Mrs. Addles started smacking the gun while frantically glaring up at her target with frustration. Micheal forced the door open with his shoulder, and at the same time a gunshot echoed in his ears.

Exploding pain suddenly flared in his shoulder.*I'm shot!*he thought with a flare of panic. However, determination filled him. He stumbled down the red and white steps and into the parking lot. Highville HS was at the very edge of the city. To the left, the city. To the right, the forest. Micheal didn't want anyone to get hurt, because he knew if he went to the city someone could get in the way when Mrs. Addles shot at him. The forest would be the only safe place, besides all the dangerous squirrels and other animals living there...

Micheal took his chances and advanced to the forest. He didn't dare to look over his shoulder. Seeing Mrs. Addles' evil face again would just be too much. Micheal raced to the forest as fast as his legs would take him.

When he entered the woods, he was surprised at how magestic it looked. The trees were large and wide. Sunlight speckled the floor, along with leaves, sticks, and branches. He spotted a squirrel or two dancing through the tree branches, and he could've sworn he saw a buck peering at him from behind a tree. Micheal ran into the darker part of the forest.

It was much darker here. The trees were clumped closer together, and blocked the sunlight out altogether. Fallen trees were a constant obstacle. Micheal was panting and huffing. Mud caked his sneakers and pant legs, and tree branches whapped his face, and his face was bloody. Micheal finally came to a halt in a small clearing. He lay down, curling up in a fetal position.

His shoulder ached and throbbed with pain. He could still feel blood dripping from the wound, but didn't dare to touch it. A growling made him look up. He nearly wet his pants in fear. Before him was a giant wolf. It's fur was grey and white, it's deep amber eyes placed on him. The growling, hopefully, came from it's throat and not its belly. The wolf advanced, its massive paws making the branches snap.

Micheal couldn't help it. A lump formed in his throat and tears streamed down his face. Snot dripped from his nose and he began to sob, his body trembling. "I-I just want to go home," Micheal whimpered to nobody.

The wolf's ears pricked. It leaned closer, nose twitching. Micheal wanted to scream as he felt its whiskers brush his forehead. He whimpered softly. The wolf whimpered back.

Micheal stared at it in surprise. He whimpered again. The wolf copied him. Micheal let out a soft whine, and the wolf whined back at him.

*What is this, some kind of communication?*Micheal wondered. The wolf tilted its head and yipped. Micheal yipped at it. The wolf wagged its tail and reared up on its hind legs. The paws landed close to his face, and Micheal shrunk back.*If my classmates could see me now,*Micheal thought with a laugh.

The wolf suddenly tilted back its head and howled. It lowered its head and tilted its head again.*Please don't expect me to howl back.*He was surprised when more wolves appeared. They barked at him and then barked to the wolf who had found Micheal. A few of them circled Micheal, sniffing at his torn blue hoodie and at his wounded shoulder. The wolf yipped.

Micheal yipped at the wolf. The wolf wagged his tail and barked at the other wolves. The other wolves barked at Micheal. Micheal cleared his throat and let out the best bark he could. The wolves wagged their tails harder and licked Micheal and rubbed their bodies against his. They smelled of pepperoni and wet dogs. It was a bittersweet smell. The wolves then tugged at his sweater. A few barked and pointed their muzzles into the trees.

*They want me to get up?*Micheal struggled to his feet and followed the wolves. They led him down a steep hill. They had no trouble getting down, but for Micheal he had to get on his butt and scoot down the hill. When he reached the bottom, the wolves were already disappearing into the bushes. He hurried after them, still keeping his hand pressed on the gunshot.

The wolves led him into a larger clearing. At the end was a sheer rocky cliff, and beyond that was a meadow that glowed in the setting sun. There were two or three wolves in the clearing. They all turned their head and stared at Micheal as he entered the wolves' home. The grey and white wolf barked at the three wolves. He then yipped at Micheal, and Micheal yipped back. The wolves shook their pelts and sprawled in the clearing.

Four smaller wolves stumbled out of a hole in the ground. It was a rather small narrow den, and a brown wolf padded after the pups. She turned her head and looked at him, head tilted. The grey and white wolf once again showed the others that Micheal spoke wolf, and the brown wolf lay down and watched the pups stumble around the clearing. The wolves who had led Micheal here either went back into the forest or gnawed on some bones in the middle of the rocky clearing.

Micheal followed the grey and white wolf to some flattened grass near the cliff. Instead of laying on it, he jumped off the cliff. Micheal gasped in horror, but the wolves weren't shocked. Micheal peered over the edge of the cliff to see the wolf's tail disappearing into a hole in the cliff. Near the hole was a large ledge that led up the cliff and back into the clearing. Like some kind of cliff house.

Micheal lowered himself onto the cliff and entered the den. The wolf was sniffing at something in the corner, and turned his head and looked at Micheal as he entered. The wolf barked at Micheal and pointed his muzzle at the ground. There was a boulder that came up to Micheal's ankles. The wolf clambered over the rock and disappeared into the shadows of the den. Micheal crawled after the wolf.

A shaft of light appeared at the back. The wolf was gone. The hole was as large as a attic door, and Micheal poked his head out. He was surprised that his whole body fit through. Two escape routes. The grey and white wolf began to bark at Micheal.

*"Stay. Here."*The barks seemed to say. Micheal let out two barks:*"I. Will."*The wolf wagged its tail before racing into the forest. Micheal climbed back into the hole. He pulled off his blue sweater and his shirt. The bullet wasn't very deep, but stung with great power.

Micheal carefully pulled it out, even though he screamed in pain. A few wolf heads popped into the hole. One wolf climbed in and began to lick his wound. Micheal groaned, but the pain numbed down to just a dull throb. The wolf yipped. Micheal yipped back.

The wolf had silver-white fur with mixtures of black and grey. Micheal decided to call the wolf Swirl.

*"Your. Name. Is. Swirl."*Micheal yipped.

"I. Thought. My. Name. Was. Sky?" saidthe wolf.

"O-kay." Micheal replied, slightly embarrased.

Sky wagged her tail before leaving. Micheal ripped his shirt's sleeve off and tied it onto his shoulder. He then put on the one-sleeved shirt and then his dark blue sweater, both were which stained with blood. He lay on the rock and closed his eyes, sighing.

He felt a body curl up against his. He opened an eye to see Sky. Her tail was curled around her, and her small body gently rising and falling which each breath. Micheal carefully and slowly wrapped his arm around the wolf. He felt her body tense, then relax.

This is much better then military school.

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