

Wolf Story (not official)

By : V Roser

Roan and Namora are two young wolves, that are soon-to-be-warriors. when one of the other young warriors goes missing, and there is evidence of capture by humans, anxiety settles over the pack, and is heightened when a grotesque wolf-like monster attacks the pack, claiming another life. Roan and Namora are given the ability to shift into humans. They journey to a human town in Canada, to find answers. Luckily for them, They make it to the right place. what they discover: a secret government organization named W.O.O.L.F., a half-crazed genius scientist, and a maniacly twisted plot to use animals for more than governmental purposes. Soon enough, they are trapped in the underground W.O.O.L.F "hospital", and now must find a way out, before W.O.O.L.F destroys more than JUST their pack.



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PART 1: The Warriors

Chapter 1

The forest was alive and radiating with spring. thick green grass, blossomed flowers, and strong tall trees, overwhelmed the atmosphere. The leaves acted as a green and yellow filter for the sun, dark shadows formed where the sunlight could not pierce through. Noticing this, Roan crouched lower under the shade of some bushes. His snout closer to the ground, and with his dark fur, he was practically invisible.

Earlier, the young wolf had spotted a brown rabbit hopping through. He had followed it to the beds of flowers that were spread haphazardly across a clearing. IT had stopped at one patch and began its feast of pedals. Roan's light blue eyes narrowed at the rabbit nibbling on a daisy; It sat there, on the bright green grass chomping away. The vibrant forest allowed an air of tranquility, as if today was like any other, wolf-free day.

well, the forest deceives you today, little rabbit, Roan thought.

The young wolf's heart began to pound with excitement. This would be his first catch as a young warrior, without the adults to accompany or supervise. plus, this was the second to last test of the Coming of Age ceremonies: to hunt alone. He couldn't let this creature get away. His muscles tensed as the rabbit turned its back towards him. Okayâ maybe a countdown. uuuuumâ on three. yeahâ on three. But then a thought flashed through his mind. What if I don't even catch this thing? his muscles loosened up for a moment. What if I lose it and it gets away. Awe!! I'd never become a warrior. His eyes widened in anxiety. I'd be an embarrassment!!

The rabbit turned again to another flower, which ruffled the grass, shifting Roan back to his senses. He cleared his head. *No. I will get this thing.*

Okâ on threeâ !

Oneâ !the rabbit was still.

Twoâ ! it continued to nibble carefree. Roan smiled.

THREE!!! He leaped through the brush, his dark fur gleaming in the sudden sunlight. He pounced on the rabbit. Before it had even recognized what had happened, Roan had the rabbit pinned under his paws. Shock overcame the fluffy creature; it was too stunned to move, it barely even breathed. Its dark eyes were open in fear.

Surprised excitement came over Roan. "ALL RIGHT!! I CAUGHT IT I CAUGHT IT!!!" The rabbit suddenly began squirming and yelping wildly at his victory scream. Roan stared wide-eyed and flabbergasted at the creature. "Now what do I do?!"

Out of the corner of his eye, he detected a flash of a dark figure from the bushes across. He turned his head. bounding towards him, with anger in her light olive, almost white eyes, came another, younger wolf. His eyes shot open.

"That was mine that was mine!!!" Namora screamed. Her dark brown and golden flecked fur was a blur. She neared, every bound closer and closer, but she did not slow down.

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"Namoraaaaaâ !" Roan called out nervously.

She barked aggressively, slammed into Roan with the full force of fury in her impact. The two wolves tumbled backwards into the bushes. The rabbit skidded across the grass.

Roan flailed, pushed, kicked, and finally got Namora off of him. She pounced on him as he got up, which pushed him back down again. Her teeth grabbed at his ear, she pulled, and he yelped. He slapped his paws on her back and pressed his whole weight on her. She fell on her side.

Namora flailed hopelessly, in an effort to get free. She was smaller than he, which made the effort more difficult. "UGH!! Get off of me!! Get OFF!" she yowl.

"NO!!!" he snarled back. "That was MY rabbit!!" Then he gasped. The rabbit! He looked up, seeing the rabbit. It shook itself, and hopped madly away.

"WHAT!?! NOOOO!!!" Roan leaped off of Namora, chasing after the rabbit. The rabbit glanced back, jolting, squealing at the crazed look in the wolf's eyes. It jumped into the bushes. Roan vaulted over them. He paused and looked this way and that, then he spotted it. HE broke into a full sprint, his paws pounding and crunching on the leaf laden forest floor. The rabbit took a sharp turn left behind a tree, disappearing, and roan followed. The unseen rabbit screeched in pain. AS roan flew through the turn, He caught a glimpse of blonde and black fur, another wolf, but his face collided with the wolf's chest before he could dodge out of the way. Roan fell backwards, the wind being knocked out of *his* chest as his back hit the ground.

As his vision became focused again, he saw yellow-eyed Ty, smirking at him. In his mouth, by the neck, was the rabbit Roan had been hunting. His heart sank. Ty dropped the rabbit, then leaned over Roan, bringing his snout close to his. inches away from his. Roan's brows furrowed, his facial muscles tensed in anger. Ty chuckled and said, "It's not that you're too slow Roan. It's just that I'm faster." He picked up the rabbit, and muffled by its fur, he said. "And better! "

"Yeah right!" Roan retorted. He got up and stared him in the face. "You stole my catch, instead of getting your own, like we were supposed to." At that moment, Namora skidded past the tree and saw the rabbit in Ty's mouth, and Roan standing angrily. Ty saw her, and he snorted. He threw the dead rabbit to the ground.

"You don't even look like a pure wolf; " he said to Roan. "You're like some kind of mutt, with your brown fur and blue eyes."

He looked at Namora, though he spoke to Roan. "The Elder won't notice anyways whether I caught it or not. " He smirked at the appalled expression that came over Namora's face. Then his eyes slid back to roan. "Hope you don't have to start the ceremonies all over again, *mutt*." He said in mock sympathy. He walked away, over confident, his ears perked, his snout held high, strutting with the grace and esteem of being the Alpha's son.

Roan's countenance fell, and his tense stance dissolved; he bowed his head in unhappiness.

Namora trotted up to her friend. He turned his head and she looked into his sad blue eyes

She started laughing nervously. "I thought I saw it first?"

Roan shook his head in unhappiness, exhaling through his nostrils. He turned away from her.

"Roaaaaaan," she whined. She bowed her head in remorse. "I'm sorry, ok? I'm trying to become a warrior too, ya know."

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She placed her head on his back. He spun abruptly to face her, his visage radiating with fury. She became startled and took a step back. But Roan let his rage wash over and dissolve. "Yeah I know." His smile was teasing. "But you're not actually turning one in a few days."

"Heeeeeeyâ 'don't brag," she laughed.

Roan's smile fell. "But seriously Namora. That rabbit was gonna be my first catch, alone, without the adults to supervise. If I don't bring something in, I'm gonna have to start the ceremonies all over again."

Namora flicked her paw towards him. "Quit complaining. It's not like you're the only one who's going through the Coming of Age Ceremonies, Roan."

Roan guffawed. "Yeah but I don't want to start ALLLLL OVER AGAIN!!!" He yowled. "And besides! You're allowed to become a warrior *now* just 'cause your Grandfather is the Elder!!!"

Namora laughed, a puppyish laugh. "Then let's go find us a catch!" Namora started to dart off, but was stopped by a howl that pierced through the trees.

"Awe MOONS!! That's the Alpha!"

"Yeah, and it's too late to find another catch," Roan mumbled in disappointment. Then he spoke louder, "We gotta head back to the den now, Namora."

Roan turned in their Den's direction.

She scoffed. "I'm telling my Grandpa about this."

The day was dimming; a blue and orange twilight took over the sky. The light in the cave that served as their den was also dimming. The young wolves knew that the last test would soon take place. There was an air of excitement, but also of apprehension and uneasiness. The Adults formed two lines, with space in between them, forming a passage way for the incoming young warriors. They entered the cave.

Namora had to go on ahead, because of her Grandfather, being the elder. Along with Ty, who's father was the Alpha. through the two lines or their pack members who were watching as all the young warriors made their way to The Alpha's Perch, a large rock that was flat on the top and the highest point in the considerably low-ceilinged cave. Gasps, whispers, and murmurs were exchanged as the wolves recognized that neither Roan nor Namora had a catch.

Namora was obviously frustrated, probably at what Ty had done. Her face was tense and her body looked like she was trying to maintain her anger. Stiff, as she moved forward. Ty was full of pride and confidenceâ and cockiness. Namora glared at him occasionally as they walked side by side to their places.

The two jumped up on the flat rock and joined the Alpha, the Alpha female, and the Elder. As the other young wolves made their way to the Perch, and the rest of the pack was chattering and murmuring, Namora took the opportunity to tell her grandfather about what had happened with Ty and Roan.

Armeda the Elder smiled warmly, his gray face kind and loving towards his Granddaughter, though he lay on his belly.

She sat next to him. Then she whispered into his ear, "Grandfather?"

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His ears perked and he sat up straight from his lying down position, turning his head towards her. "yes my dear," he whispered back.

Namora looked down at her paws, and the dark rocky earth in between them. She looked over at Ty, who had sensed her sudden attention on him. He smiled a cocky smile, and Namora rolled her eyes. She found the courage then to tell her Grandfather, and Her light olive eyes locked onto his golden ones.

"Grandfatherâ!" she lowered he head and her voice even more, and so did her grandfather. "Ty's catch Is not his ownâ! He stole it from Roan." He cocked his head, being even more interested now.

"Hm. And you Namora? Did he steal yours as well, my dear?" a playful smile played across his snout. She smiled back. "No sir, I was actually accidently hunting the same rabbit Roan had been."

"Ah. Well then, we'll see about this Ty business when we cross that valley." He slid down to his belly again.

Namora nodded in relief. "thank you Grandfather. "

Roan was Obviously nervous, glancing this way and that. He noticed every small motion, sensed every breath. He was slightly trembling; the coldness of the dark cave floor didn't help either. He wondered if anyone could tell. I hope not, he thought.

They were fast approaching the Alpha's Perch now. Roan looked past the line of young wolves ahead of him. Banter, the Alpha, sat up straight, watching the young wolves, with stoic light gray eyes. The fur on his face, and neck was darker than the rest of his dark grey-brown pelt, infused with white, his underside white as well. Tera, the Alpha female, sat next to Banter, with kind yellow eyes and dark brown fur that faded into lighter tan fur on her underside and legs. Ty with is prideful smirk, sat in between them. And Armeda, The elder, lay on his stomach, his head held up in attentiveness, his graying fur had specks of browns and silvers, and his wise, bright, golden brown eyes had a certain spark to them, With Namora sitting up at his side.

Roan heard a hiss behind him. He turned his head. It was Bruun, yellow eyes and gray pelt, his face and neck had strips of brown. He trotted closer to Roan, and whispered "Hey, relaxâ! you're kind of shaking."

Roan groaned within himself.

As the young wolves came to the end of the lines, each took his or her place. Roan was near the middle of the line of young wolves; a total of eight wolves, three females, not including Namora, and three males, not including Ty. They formed a semi-circle in front of the perch. the adults settled behind them.

Suddenly, majestically, The Alpha stood, and the whole cave fell silent. Whispers and murmurs ceased. Not even a single breath could be heard.

Then, he spoke. "Young warriorsâ!" his voice boomed and reverberated throughout the den. "Your time as Juveniles will soon come to an end. IF you have passed all the tests-" the elder coughed the word most. "uhâ! with the exception of oneâ!" he nodded. "You will move on to the next stage of your lives. You will be called adults. And not only adultsâ! but warriors." He waited a moment for this realization to sink in. His icy blue eyes looked around at the poorly contained excitement and smiled appreciatively. "Now, the evaluation. Show us your catch. Show us if you are capable of hunting on your own. Show us if you have passed this test."

And so Namora watched the young wolves drop their catch and shove them forward with their noses. Some had succeeded at catching a few birds, some had rabbits, Bruun and Ty had birds AND rabbits, (all of them were pretty scrawny in Her opinion, except for Bruun's). Even Ty, with his plump, and (she realized) very

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delicious looking, but stolen, rabbit, and two other fine birds to go along with the rabbit. Probably stolen too, she thought bitterly. However, she and Roan had nothing to offer, nothing to show. She was now beginning to feel nervous.

She could only imagine what Roan was thinkingâ ;

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Awe great moons!! I'm freaking out!! Thought Roan. The Alpha motioned with his head for Namora and Ty to join the others. They leaped off the Perch and joined the line of nervous wolves. The Elder made his way down the incline that was on the side of the rock. The Alpha stayed on the Perch. One by one, the Elder evaluated their game, saving the Top Four warriors for last.

Then the elder came to Roan. Roan gulped. Armeda looked down at the empty space between him and the younger wolf. "well, Roan, I can't evaluate something that is not here." He winked at him.

The Elder moved to Namora. "And you as well Namora. I see Neither of you have caught anything." He shook his head in disapproval. but it didn't seem genuine. *How could disapproval be genuine?!* Roan asked himself.

When he moved to Bruun, He actually seemed pleased. He had caught a rather nice, plump rabbit, a squirrel, and a smaller bird. It seemed that he had also caught them just as the creatures had finished their meals. "well done, Bruun. Wonderful."

Armeda came to Ty. "Alright Ty," the Alpha spoke for all to hear. "Let us see what you have caught." The Alpha was proud of his son, but not with the Ty kind of pride, which was good.

The Elder bent his head and sniffed the game that Ty had "caught". "Smells fresh," The Elder said. Then his golden eyes slowly raised to meet Ty's, with an odd smile on his lips. he spoke low so that only Ty could hear him. "But not fresh enough."

Ty's confident demeanor slipped a little. "Pardon me?" but made it's way back.

"Alphaâ" though he spoke to Banter, He stared at Ty. "This young warrior's catch is not his own." he announced plainly. Ty's sharp eyes opened as wide as a scared puppy's. The whole den seemed to gasp. Even Banter. But not Roan, who stared at Namora completely appalled and flabbergasted. Namora giggled at her friend's dumbfounded-ness. "It seems that he stole a catch and has claimed it as his own."

"WHAT!!?" the Alpha Barked. TY's ears flattened.He flew towards Ty. "Is this true, son?"

Ty stammered before he answered, "No! No. The Elderâ He's oldâ he doesn't know what he's talking about! Father this is MINE! ALL mine!" he stamped his paw on the ground.

the Alpha swirled away from him, pacing down the line of wolves, looking into the eyes of each, then stomped back to Ty. His ice-y eyes glared at Ty. "Whose is it?" he growled. Ty flinched.

Namora shoved Roan with her shoulder, her light olive eyes urging him to speak. Roan gave her a petrified look. he shook his head in fearful disagreement. "Ro..." she whispered softly, assuredly...convincingly.

"SPEAK TYBERIUS!!" Banter barked. Ty winced at his full name.

Roan gulped, took a step forward, mustered enough audacity, and said, "It was *my* rabbit." the Alpha whipped his head sharply towards him, his raging eyes like crystal flames. Roan added in a small voice, "...sir."

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"And *my* bird." Ada, a female wolf with a light grey and white pelt and blue eyes, stepped up confidently.

Banter gaped at Ty, appalled at all this. "*None* of these are yours!" he yowled in disbelief. "You will NOT become a warrior. Never! Not after this! Bruun will take your rank! And EVEN IF you pass the next test-"

"Father!!" Ty Yowled.

"I WILL NOT RECONSIDER!!" His booming voice echoed throughout the den. he stomped away, shadows enveloped him as he disappeared behind the Perch.

"Well..." The Elder broke the awkward silence that had settled. "Moving on."

Chapter 3

Chapter 3



Nighttime settled upon the forest. The stars were out tonight, and clearly visible against the rich darkness of the sky. Ty didn't notice any of this though. He was too busy scowling at Namora, who had taken away his rank as Top Warrior. She was now second and Bruun was first. Worst of all, Roan, that sorry excuse for a warrior, ... he was third. but the most embarrassing, his father; Ty felt numbed by anger at his father for forbidding him from ever becoming a warrior.

Namora caught his menacing leer, and flashed her eyes away, to Roan, who sat at her side. He wasn't looking at her, but she considered him. He sat straight and confidently. like Ty used to sit, not looking at anything but the Elder, who was pacing now, waiting for the chatter to quiet down. She admired her friend for being brave enough to stand out and speak against the Alpha's son, the former Top Warrior.

Armeda, the Elder, sat. The wolves quieted down as they recognized he was about to begin. He cleared his throat. "Young warriors!" he proclaimed. "Your next, and final test, is to prove your ability to hunt as a pack..." His back straightened, snout raised high, The moonlight brightening one golden eye, as he narrowed the other. His voice came out grave and intimidating, "...At night."

Laughter erupted from the young pack; Armeda was even laughing himself.

"But seriously, Now." his posture returned to normal. "Hunting at night is much more challenging. Most of the woodland creatures sleep at night. which is what we *should* be doing. However, there may come a time when we **MUST** seize the advantage we wolves have during the darkest times." Her grandfather's voice droned on as he continued to speech the wolves, But Namora wasn't listening. Those words. The darkest times.

They reminded Namora about her parents. How they were both warriors. And one night, their pack was invaded by humans. They had those metal logs, those guns, and the loud noises that came out of them, and the lights. The lights brightened the night, then returned the darkness, one loud bang at a time. The howls, the screeches. Her parents and the other warriors tried to fend them off. But the humans were more powerful than even the mightiest warrior, which was her father. One human had pointed his black metal log at Namora, her being just four months old, his eyes leering at her, like ty's were, but with something more sickening, and her mother jumped in front of her, her teeth bared, her father slammed his jaws tightly shut around the man's arm; in an instant, her mother was dead, and her father injured past recovery. Namora ripped herself away from the memories, looked to the trees, the forest below the pack of young wolves. The dark trees like grey and black silhouettes. And suddenly, she was overcome with fear.

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"...And You *cannot* bring back anything small. Say... a rabbit or a bird..."

Some baffled comments arose from the warriors. Namora stared frightened at him, but Armeda had his back to her. Roan noticed her fear, her eyes paler in the moon light. His soft blue eyes grabbed her gaze, and he smiled at her. "don't worry. I'll be right next to you the whole time." Roan had been hurt too, but he had never had parents, not like she did. he was an orphan and the pack had found him when one day, when the warriors had gone hunting. It was a dark time, with hardly any food. They had found Roan, whimpering and shivering under a bush. They brought him in, and though she thought him as an odd looking wolf, with mostly all brown fur, Namora and Roan instantly became friends. He used to be the scared one, though he was older. Now it was her, who was afraid.

"No, young ones, you must bring back something bigger."

Her light olive eyes looked down to the ground, and she leaned against Roan. Ty saw this, and thought it as pathetic, weak...

"Like, a boar...or a deer...Oow...or better yet, if you can all bring back *two* deer!!" He mused excitedly.

"Sir We can't bring back TWO deer!! We're not ready!" Gruu, the other Male, a light-eyed wolf with a dark grey pelt cried out. a few of the others nodded and agreed.

"Hmm...." Armeda said thoughtfully. A smile formed on his lips. "Well then...If you can bring back one deer, you will all pass THIS test....except for Ty of course." The wolves chuckled and giggled. Ty growled in response. "but if you bring back TWO deer, then perhaps i will reconsider *all* of your failures," he looked around at each wolf. "And have *all of you* pass as warriors...even you, ya rascal," he snarled to Ty.

The hope of redemption seemed to brighten Ty's mood. He sat up straighter, his cocky smirk returned. Then, a thought...a marvelous thought. He narrowed his sharp yellow eyes at Namora, a sly smile forming on his gray visage. *This time, I'm showing her who IS the top warrior.* He would show her who was stronger. He would make her regret.

The eight young warriors moved quietly and swiftly through the trees. Their eyes had adjusted to the darkness. the Top Three Warriors led the way, Bruun, Namora, and Roan. Ty was right behind Namora.

Darkness had settled in the cave, Most of the rest of the pack was sound asleep, and behind the Perch, Banter and Tera lay side by side, alone. Banter heaved a great sigh.

"What's on your mind?" Tera shifted and focused her soft yellow eyes on him. Banter noticed that even in the darkness, they were still beautiful, they still shone in the dim moonlight.

"Tera, Did I..." remorse stained his tone. He lay his head on his paws and sighed again.

"Did you... do something wrong?" she finished his question and smiled sweetly.

He looked to her. "Yes." Then he looked to the moon outside. It's pale light shone brightly enough for the den to have some light. "Why should I feel regret, when I am the alpha? Did I make the right decision?"

He did not look at her when she spoke, " You are the Alpha. You are wise and knowledgeable. However..." His gaze leaped to her. "...You acted out in anger."

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"But what Ty did, HE should feel regret. HE was dishonorable, Tera."

"then why *do* you feel it? There is no doubt, that Tyberius is now either regretful, revengeful, or angry at *you* or at Namora."

"Why Namora? Was she the one who had told the Elder?" He looked desperately to her. Knowing his son, Tyberius *was revengeful*, and poor Namora would experience the brunt of his fury.

"You need to make things right with him, and hope that he hasn't done anything *he* won't regret to one of our youngsters when they get back."

She was wise, but Banter didn't think he could wait till then. what could he do?! "A Search Pack. To find them and call off the test for another night. Ty *will* do something awful. I can't let it happen." there was fatherly determination in his voice.

The men in white coats trudged behind the men with the tranquilizers in the darkness. Their boots scrapped along the rocky soil that they traversed. There were three of them, in white lab coats, black plastic gloves, and protective gear on their heads and underneath their clothing. Inwardly they complained of how hard their work was, but they did not dare to express themselves aloud, for fear of the head Doctor overhearing, by some hidden microphone or camera.

They were attempting to track down at least one wolf, for their latest government project...which was still truly unknown to them. The three lanky men could of just stayed with the Armored car that had brought them here to this dark...dreary...kind of creepy forest at night. Yet they were given specific instructions, and details of what the Doctor wanted. Doctor's orders. Nobody wants to be the fool that defies the Doctor.

So they continued without a word, which were the instructions of the black-suited, heavily equipped, well shaven men with the guns and tranqs. Instructionis, instructions, one thought.

Finally, after quite a few minutes of silence, one scientist couldn't help it: he HAD to speak his mind. "Lanny...Where are we gonna find a bunch of wolves at night anyways?" he hissed to the one on his right.

"I donno. canine are *not* my forte." the one named Lanny whispered back.

The other man leaned forward to address both of them. "I really just hope we don't get killed by a bunch of savage, rabid wolves."

One of the armored "SWAT" men turned quickly and hissed at them, "HEY QUIET!" No talking!"

Then they shut up for quite a few *more* minutes..

A beeping noise went off from one of their watches. "Sir," he said to the leader. "I think the scanner is detecting warmblooded creatures, about a few kilos from where we are. It looks like they're heading right for us."

The rest of the men halted and waited. The Captain moved through the men, to the tracker guy. "Do ya think, or do ya know, private?!" his rough voice boomed in his face. Behind his helmet's tinted visor, the tracker guy blinked from the spit that hit it. "Yes sir. Wolves. About eight of them, all heading this way."

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"We're about to come to a river." The scientist who wished to not be killed piped up, a long finger pointing in the general direction of the river. "If that helps." he turned to anxiety as the captain turned his glared at him.

"Perhaps they are wandering out for a drink," the first scientist who spoke suggested.

The Captain hrmph behind his smirk. "Ooooooorr...their out hunting...smart ones." he retorted sardonically.

He raised his shotgun and reloaded it with the other hand. *CA-CLICK* "let's go catch us a wolf."

Chapter 4

"Okay." Bruun whispered. The warriors stopped and Bruun, Namora and Roan turned to address them. Bruun took a step up, "So...I think we should split up. Half of us go to the River, the other half will search for a den or whatever deers live in."

"I don't think that's a good idea Bruun," Namora spoke. "We have to stick together as a pack. There's safety and strength in numbers."

Ty shrunk back, into the wolves and shadows and blurted, "Says the *scaredy* wolf whose afraid of the dark."

Namora glared in the direction of the voice. "No, that's not-"

"She's right. We have to stick togeth-" Bruun whipped his burly grey head to Namora. "Wait...what?" Namora looked at him innocently, but she couldn't hide her fear that had resurfaced with Ty's remark.

Ty smiled and stepped forward. "She doesn't want us to split up, because she's *afraid*. *Not* because she's right."

Roan brought his face right in front of Ty's, his blue eyes raging. "hey, back off, Ty!" he growled.

"She's right." Bruun butted in. "safety and strength, just in case something bad happens, like the Elder had said."

Gruu, the other male wolf, spoke up impatiently, "We're wasting time here." Ada and the other two females stepped up, ready to break up a fight.

Ty, seeing all the tension, suppressed a smile and backed down. "Fine."

"We'll stay together, and see if there are any deers at the River," Bruun decided. The wolves calmed down and headed for the river.

The Search Pack moved quickly.

"Alright, we need to find the youngsters NOW. Armeda, where do you think they would of headed off to?"

"Well..." the Elder considered a moment who were the leaders, and how they might lead, his golden eyes lost in deep thought. Bruun, the Top Warrior now, who was cunning and smart, his granddaughter, who can be too playful at times, but understands when it is time for wisdom, and Roan, who had courage, though he was a hesitant one. His gaze refocused on Banter. "Since Banter is Top Warrior, he would probably lead them to a strategic location...I told them their task was to hunt down a deer so they-"

"A DEER? Are you MAD old dog?" Banter exclaimed.

"No, I was going to teach them a valuable lesson when it came to hunting at night...but that's not priority at this moment, sir. Bruun would lead them to a grassy area, a place far from wolves, or perhaps a life source such as a river or-"

"The River!! That's where they're headed! Thank you, uh...wise Elder."

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The Elder was baffled by the Alpha's sudden spur of insight. "Well then...at the River we shall search."

The young warriors, crouched low behind the trees that made way for the rushing water. "Do you see anything," One whispered.

"No, but you better shut up before you scare all the deer away," Ty snapped.

"Heeeeeey!" was her reply.

"SHHHHHHHH!! Quiet!" Bruun hissed.

"Be on the look out for anything moving." Namora commanded.

"No duh smarty," Ty scoffed. Roan peeked at Namora, who was now beginning to boil with anger. Sometimes she could be such a puppy, but when she was angry, she got ANGRY.

"Listen Tyberius!" she whirled around to face him.

"Guuuuuuuys...You're gonna scare the deer awa-"

Ty growled at Ada, who failed at being the voice of reason. Ty tensed, taking a defensive stance, ready to lunge at Namora. "DON'T call me that!"

Namora raised her voice, "Well that's your name, you jerk!! so deal with it! Or would you rather be called a mutt! like you called Roan!"

Ty was taken aback. "I'm no mutt!!!"

"Namora, please don't drag me into this," Roan whispered anxiously.

"Yeah well you sure do ACT LIKE ONE!!!"

Ty stuttered, stammered, and flinched in anger, then he blurted faster than his mind could register, "AT LEAST I'm NOT AN ORPHAN LIKE YOU!"

....If wolves could shed tears, Namora would have had her light olive eyes stinging with them, yet wolves cannot. Ty brought his head down in a malicious leer, his bright, narrowed eyes shining in the moonlight, a smirk on his face. *Almost there.*

"I still have *my* parents. Fate was not *kind* to yours," he said darkly.

Namora was stumped, frozen in the recollection of her parents' deaths, and at the conflicting feelings of hatred and terror. His remark hit Roan as well, for he never HAD parents. but not as hard as Namora. He moved in front of her, his brown body shielding her from Ty. "You really ARE a jerk!" Roan barked.

"I don't want you, I want her, so move MUTT!"

Rage burned In Roan's chest and belly, like a strong fire. He began to tremble with anger. He snarled, took a step forward, and lunged.

Wolf Story (not official)

"Sir, I'm picking up another reading. Another group of them. About ten, heading in the direction of the others. And the former group, it looks like they are having a little fight."

"Well then..." the captain looked back. "You ready boys?"

"Uh...Captan dude...I don't think we're ready," the third scientist remarked.

"SHUT UP AND GET MOVING!" The captain cocked his riffle. "Things are about to get a *little* messy."

Wolf Story (not official)

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