

Pawprints

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My first piece: a view point of running with the pack in the winter months, taking down our kill, and returning home to the young. Please comment :)

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It was cold. The night would soon be gone as the sun started to peer over the horizon, casting finger like shadows from the frozen limbs of the trees nearby. The rising warmth and the falling snow on my fur made chills run down my spine as we ran across the hillsides. The panting of open maws and sound of crunching snow beneath our feet excited me, the thrill of running with the pack through the woods was one of those little things that not only stayed in my mind but would rest in my heart. We continued our chase, following the glow of the moon as if we could somehow make her stay just a bit longer, to keep playing with our Lady Luna, but just as the dusk becomes the dawn, we knew she would return and we would sing the stories of the day to the creatures of the night. I stood among the alpha, trusted as like a second in command, making a camp where we would soon begin our morning hunt; it was my job to lure the kill to the other mates that would drop down from a perched position and take it down, while the ones hiding in the brush would bound out and help the rest.

The sweet melody that arose from Kita, the alpha's muzzle, bristled my fur with a thrill, he had shouted the signal and all of us were in position. I crawled along the ground, silently, the fur on my underbelly catching mud and dead leaves from the soaked ground and snow. The silvery sheen of my coat glistened with the snow, hiding me from the spotted prey, an elk grazing on the bark. My tongue ran along my chops as I watched, letting my topaz eyes pierce the veil of snow as the large creature perked and started to look for me, it sensed my watching eyes. I moved to pounce, running out as it reared to dart away; nipping at it's heels and letting a short howl to ready the rest of the pack as it blindly ran into our trap. Mecha, one of the pack mates, dropped from his position, startling the beast and forcing it to dart to the left, where Kita ran forward and spooked it yet again, the elk lost it's footing as teeth ripped and bit into it's flesh. Kita took a mighty clamp down and snapped the beasts neck, watching it wriggle in blood to the ground. Hot breath and pants escaped me, watching the red pool into the white snow, a spilled ink well on the parchmented ground. Kita got first share, we worked as a team, but remembered our place among the alphas; once they'd had their fill, we hungrily trounced and tore into the carcass, the cooling flesh lavishing our maws, dribbling the blood and saliva in a hungry mess as we wrestled for the most tender of morcils. When the meal had been picked clean and strung apart, we made our way back through the woods and to the dens where the she-wolves would feed their pups. The sun had finally begun to set, and we were headed home.

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