

Wolf Pack

Wolf Pack

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Kevin Lore's life is changing rapidly, only for him to realize that it is not changing in a normal way.



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Wolf Pack : Chapter 1

Chapter One: North Bound

It was deep winter in Canada and Kevin Lore was nostalgic for his Texas origins. His father, Mark Lore, was moved due to his work in Hemisphere Incorporated. It was a huge company that, on the outside, dealt with foreign trade, but had numerous under-the-table secrets; pollution, deforestation, global warming, etcetera. At least, Kevin swore they did. Either way, Mr. Lore was to take over as head of a new branch in Canada with a big bonus and annual salary increase. His wife, Andrea Lore, protested against moving the family, but her willpower crumbled at the sight of that brand new diamond necklace. Kevin argued as well that his 17 years of life in Texas can't just be ended, but his father didn't want to hear it.

The last few days of their residing in Texas consisted of Mr. Lore's drinking goodbye with his buddies, Mrs. Lore rubbing the money in her 'friend's' faces and Kevin saying goodbye to his schoolyard chums.

"I'm gonna write letters. Do they have post offices that far north?" Jared, Kevin's most trusted sidekick, joked.

"Shut up. Of course they do!" Sheila, the sidekick's "ball and chain" (as described by Kevin), scolded him.

"Call me often, okay? Face time, video conferences, chats, anything!" Carol hugged Kevin strongly, unwilling to let her "little Hershey Kiss" go (an unfortunate nickname for Kevin based on past events).

"Crushing...me..." Kevin gasped.

After many more promises to call over the next three days, all that was left to do was wave out the back window as Kevin's friends slowly disappeared in the distance.

"Don't worry son," Mr. Lore said, "You'll make new friends in Canada."

Kevin didn't dignify the cliché with a response. For the entire two days of half driving and half pitstops, Kevin rode in silence. His thoughts drifted through variety; What is my new town like? What kind of people live there? How many burger joints can America have? What if my friends forget about me? Many thoughts scared him. Too nervous to stay on conscious thought, Kevin slipped away into sleep. He had pleasant memories of his adventures in Texas; the time Jared got bit by a rattlesnake, his and Carol's first date and first kiss, all jumbled into one continuous trip until the car lurched to a stop.

"Huh...where...?" Kevin mumbled.

"Wake up, sweetie," Mrs. Lore shook her son, "We're going to have some dinner and take a rest."

Kevin blinked away the sleep from his eyes and was greeted with red neon. It curled around in a cursive style spelling out "LARRY'S MOTEL AND FOOD." Kevin had eaten so many energy bars during the trip, he felt like this was heaven on Earth.

He opened his door eagerly and immediately recoiled in shock.

"How cold is it out there?!" He yelled at his parents. The inside of the car was cooled by air conditioning and even that wasn't as cold as the outside.

"Well," Mr. Lore rolled down his window and stuck his hand out, "Oh, come on Kev. It's not that bad."

Kevin braced himself for the cold and shot out of the car like a frightened cat. He didn't stop running until he was inside the motel.

"Geez, kid. You look like you've seen a ghost!" An older man was situated behind the check-in.

Breathing heavily, Kevin answered, "It...is...so...cold...out..."

The man laughed loudly, "You think that's cold? Right now, that is a warm night by our standards!"

Kevin was about to call him insane, but his father walked through the door. He was carrying three duffel bags and a sour expression.

"Thanks for helping us with the bags, son."

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Mrs. Lore followed closely behind, only holding her purse, "Kevin, you should've helped your father."

"You folks here to stay the night?" The counter man asked.

"Yes, only one night." Mr. Lore answered.

"Let me show you to your room."

Chapter 2

Chapter Two: White Flashes and Dreams

The room for Kevin and his family was pitiful. There was only one bed just big enough for Kevin's parents, so he was on floor duty (which was gross enough to Kevin by just looking at it). He didn't dare go into the bathroom and eventually had to use a poor potted plant when no one was looking. At least the food was okay. He munched on a few fries and inhaled his first burger. He took the second back to the room, sat on the worst bed he'd ever been on and tried to find a channel that he could get into. Finding none, he shut it off and sighed, hanging his head low. He never wanted to leave Texas, even when he suffered a minor heat stroke last summer. Now his father is dragging him all the way to Canada and leaving everything behind.

Disgusted by the floor, Kevin walked over to a window for a change of view. If he didn't focus, he could see a slightly transparent reflection of himself. His black hair was combed in a way that it had started to overlap his eyebrows. Mrs. Lore had protested his hair style, but Kevin had always ignored her (except for the one time she snuck into his room with scissors while he was sleeping. After that, he stayed alert).

Sudden movement tore his eyes away from the reflection and onto the woods outside. Nothing was there, but Kevin swore a streak of white had just flashed between the trees. He braced himself and forced the window open. The icy air rushed in and turned the room from comfortably warm to meat locker on pluto. Kevin looked frantically around for any sign of what went by, but he saw nothing except trees. He was about to close the window when he heard something. Softer than a whisper, he focused hard on what it was.

"KevinâXavierâLoreâ,KevinâXavierâLoreâ!"

"What?" Kevin whispered back.

"Kevin Xavier Lore! What are you doing with the window open?!" Mrs. Lore stormed into the room.

He was pushed away and left wondering what had just happened.

"What on Earth were you thinking?!" Mrs. Lore yelled at him.

Kevin decided to be truthful, "I thought I saw something outside."

"And you couldn't just look through the window?!"

There was no winning this, Kevin never won a fight with his mother. He ended it quickly with a few apologies and hastily set up his sleeping bag to try and forget about it.

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Kevin's dreams were weirder than the window. He stood in the middle of a thick ground fog. There was a silence, one of those eery ones that is always labeled as "too quiet." Kevin felt nervous, something wasn't right. Where was he? He couldn't see his feet and his only extended ten feet until total darkness. He tried to walk, but found it hard when he couldn't see the floor.

"Kevin...Xavier...Lore..." A voice emitted out of nowhere. The same whisper from the woods, except louder. Kevin took a step forward and the whisper grew softer. He turned and took another cautious step.

"Come..." It said, louder.

Kevin slowly proceeded, walking carefully and feeling the unseen ground with his foot before each step. His vision did not improve. No matter how much he walked, it was still fog and darkness.

"Who's there?" He called out.

"Quickly...", the voice called back, "Come...here..."

Kevin couldn't take it, he ran forward. The voice grew from a whisper to normal, to a shout, until it became a deafening roar in his ears.

"WHO ARE YOU?!?!" Kevin shouted into the darkness.

The roaring disappeared. The silence returned and Kevin fell to his knees in exhaustion. Breathing heavily, he tried to get up, only to fall back down.

"Get up." The voice commanded.

"Shut up..." Kevin muttered.

He sucked in a breath and lifted himself off the ground. He looked around only to still find the same engulfing black. No, not quite. Part of the air shimmered, changing color until they formed shapes. The image became

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sharp and clear, though made no sense to Kevin.

It was a large snow-covered field, surrounded by thick forests. Snowy mountains rose high into the clear sky to the northeast. He'd never seen this place before.

"Come here, Kevin Lore." The voice said calmly.

"Why?"

No answer. Kevin sighed with dismay. This was the weirdest dream he ever had and that included the one with The Smurfs and the Fruit Loop toucan. While trying to figure out what to do, the fog had started to thicken around Kevin. Coiling around him, suffocating him. He tried to scream, but the fog slithered its way into his throat and cut off his lungs.

Before Kevin passed out, the whisper returned, "Come to us, Kevin Lore..."

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Three: Melted Candy and New Beginnings

The morning after Kevin's dream passed by with a blur. His parents packing quickly (and ignoring his dream story) and them rushing to the car. He was left with even more time to think about his old life in Texas and that dream. Where was that field? Kevin had never been anywhere like that. Texas wasn't known for snowy fields or mountains. Thoughts bounced around in his head more often than the car on the road, constantly shifting to old memories, new fears and unforgettable friends. Kevin even chuckled to himself as he recalled the "Hershey Kiss Incident"â€

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It was a quiet afternoon and the kids had been out of school for about an hour. Kevin, Jared and Sheila were out by a park in town. Jared, always the sugar freak, had brought a bag of Hershey Kisses. They laughed and ate, having a good time until a new girl walked up.

"Sorry to ask, but you mind if I join you guys? It's so boring here and some how you have fun." She said.

Jared and Sheila nodded, but Kevin was mesmerized by this girl. He forced himself to look away and focus on a nearby tree. The girl introduced herself as Carol. The group continued talking until they all went silent and stared at Kevin. He panicked, having not payed attention to the conversation.

"What is it?" He asked.

"Uh, look at your hand." Jared said, containing a smile.

Kevin finally realized that he should've payed attention to something else. The Hershey kiss had liquidized in his hand and run all down his arm. Jared and Sheila were laughing it up and Carol tried to hold back hers. While Kevin tried to clean it up, Carol managed to talk through her laughter.

"Why did you just hold onto it?" She asked through her giggles.

"I was focusing on something else."

"Dude," Jared cut in, wiping away a few tears, "You stopped paying attention to us immediately when Carol here came overâ€

The entire group paused and processed why Kevin had gone silent. A smile appeared on Sheila's face and she formed a small heart with her hands. Kevin's faced reddened, but then he saw how red Carol's face was getting. A small shock flew between the two of them and the laughter continued. Kevin opened up and Carol became a part of the group from there on.

Kevin smiled to himself. His old memories brought him comfort on this long road ahead. He never adapted well to change, he nearly went into shock when Carol changed her hair color. It took him almost a year to finally ask Carol out on a dateâ€

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The day had gone like any other. The group of four had just exited school, complaining about teachers and work like most. Carol looked more beautiful to Kevin today than any other. Her bright blue eyes shined brighter, her long raven hair was put into a ponytail and swayed as she walked. Kevin was intoxicated by an exotic smell that wafted from her. She wore her normal ripped jeans and bright green tank-top, but Kevin still thought something was different. Jared and Sheila scooted off somewhere else and Kevin was left alone with Carol.

"Carol?"

"What's up, Kevin?" Carol smiled at him, turning his knees to jelly.

"I-I just wanted to ask you something." He started wringing his hands nervously.

"And that would beâ?"

"Willâ will youâ go" Kevin began shaking. He was too nervous to do this.

"Dear Lordâ!" Carol gasped, "Are you asking me out on a date?"

Kevin couldn't respond, his mind wasn't functioning right. He was sweating, shaking, about to collapse and then Carol finished what he started.

"Thank God! I've waited forever!" She wrapped him in a bear hug. Kevin's eyes bulged out from surprise (and the crushing hug).

"It's about time! I was starting to think you'd never ask!" Carol released her grip and smiled at Kevin.

"Sorry," Kevin said, "I just wanted the right moment."

"What about the ice rink? That was perfect." Carol crossed her arms.

"Uhhâ!"

"Or the food court, or the dance, or yesterday's third period, or-"

"Alright!" Kevin threw his arms up, "I just wimped out every time!"

Carol laughed and they both started to walk. After a few minutes, Kevin noticed something.

"Hey, you never answered me."

"You never finished your question." Carol answered.

"Will you go out with me?"

Carol turned and hugged him again, "Of course."



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