

# Stone - Tale Of An Outcast Wolf

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*Aww! A cutie story about a wolf who was orphaned young and went to stay with a snow-dog village. He feels lonely and different and just wants to be equal, but soon finds that being equal isnt always whats important :) I can kinda relate to this. x*

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# 1 - Murdered Childhood

## **STONE**

### ***Tale of an Outcast Wolf***

*My name is Stone. I am a white wolf from northern Alaska.*

*But I've never really felt that I was equal to anyone else.*

*You see , my story starts way back with my childhood...*

*“I was born into a pack unlike any other wolf had. My pack was strong, swift and sly, mere shadows against the moonlit night. We would cautiously glide behind our prey before the older wolves attacked it with their sharp teeth. Even when I was a mere pup, I so wished I could be like them, although I knew it would never be so. I felt like a loner when I stood among my pack. They were so strong, so well built, that they looked as if nothing could possibly stop them. I was small and playful, my white coat standing out like a sore thumb among the large black Wolves.*

*My father was the pack leader; the alpha male, and I idolised him more than any other. He, too, was well built with a sleek black coat. I was so proud of him that I would trot alongside him whatever chance I got, just to remind everyone that he was my father.”*

“One night, while I was asleep, my mother walked over to me and lay down beside me. She put her head on her paws and silently went to sleep. I woke up suddenly, feeling her fur against mine. She was already fast asleep, so I stood up and trotted over to where the rest of the pack would lay. Suddenly, I heard one of the elder wolves starting to growl fiercely, I pricked up my ears and heard the pattering sound of almost-silent footsteps; we were not alone. The fog was thick around the winter air. I frantically shot my glance around but couldn't see any of the others through the grey mist. Panicking, I scampered around for my father but couldn't find him anywhere. I raced back to where my mother lay and bit her ear so she'd wake up. She turned over and opened her eyes. On seeing how startled I looked, she knew immediately that something was wrong. As if she were reading my mind, she got up and began to walk to the place my father normally kept watch. Once she had seen that he was not there, she threw back her head and howled out to my father. I waited, anxious to hear that everyone was okay and that they were only pulling a trick on us. We stood there for over thirty seconds, waiting for my father to reply. But

he did not.

My mother began to panic, frantically running to and fro the same way I had done before. I let out a soft bark and ran off into the distance, to where I had heard the elder's growling. I was so eager to be the pack hero like my father. I had reached the exact spot I had heard the noises from, and looked around hurriedly, searching for the wolf I had heard, whose name was Runner. Once I had gathered that he was not there, I pricked up my ears once again to see if I could hear him again.

I waited a few seconds...

I jumped suddenly, for the noise I had heard was not of poor Runner's; it was of an enemy pack, closing in on us from the south.

I stood there, staring into the darkness with thoughts of pure horror. None of which, thankfully, could show on my face. My thin legs started to quiver slightly.

No more than three seconds later, my theory proved to be correct. Just to the limit of how far I could see, dark forms shaped in the fog. I stood my ground right up until I could see their evil eyes shining in the dark. I quickly turned on my heel and bolted back to my pack's territory, looking for my mother. But she was nowhere to be seen. Remembering what my mother had done earlier, I threw back my head and let out a weak howl that sounded rather like a moan. I was so young and so careless back then. My intention was for my mother to hear and come running to me, but unfortunately, the wrong ears had heard it.

The enemy pack had learned our position, because of me.

The fog was beginning to clear up. Just as I were about to give up hope, a young adult wolf from my pack leapt out of the bushes behind me, running at the enemy wolves. I barked with excitement, wishing I could be as brave as him. Then four more wolves ran out from behind me, also joining in the fight. I foolishly decided that I, too, should join in. I ran playfully towards the fight scene, but stopped myself just in time. The scene was disastrous. Wolves biting and clawing each other apart, lives being lost just like that \*click\*. I felt a paw next to mine. Looking at the ground, I saw a long black leg outstretched in front of me, as if stopping me from going any further. I looked up and saw my father standing over me; head faced the way of the fight. I barked with happiness, grateful he was okay. I had expected him to feel the same, but he seemed angry with me. He bounded forward and began to pick off the enemies one by one. Although wishing deeply that I could join in, I heeded my father's advice and ran over the hill to hide in a hollow log. It was late at night by this time, so I found myself drifting off to sleep...

I awoke to silence. I trotted out of the log and stretched my legs. It was a very bright morning considering it seemed so dark the last night. The atmosphere acted as if nothing had happened the previous night; the birds were tweeting, the sun was shining and there was no sign of the savage war I had half-witnessed.

I looked around. There was no one in sight. I had remembered the fight being over the hill so I ran back up.

My jaw dropped. The sight that was set before me was terrible. The five wolves from our pack and two more enemy wolves lay on the floor, motionless, dripping with scarlet blood.

They were dead...

I squeaked with worry and ran down to see them. Although I was grateful my father was not among the ones lost, I still feared for him.

I ran back to the valley to find my mother to tell her. But when I reached the valley where my pack was sleeping, I found to my deep sorrow that the exact same scene was there. I howled out for my mother but she did not reply. I ran to the spot I had left her last night but she was not there.

I started to unwillingly face the facts; she was dead...the whole pack was dead.

I stayed in the valley grieving all day. I lay down and suddenly felt really, really lonely. More so than I had ever felt before. There was no one left. The lives of the wolves I had idoled and loved had been taken by that savage pack. I began to whimper continuously and my stomach began to get sore.

Then, I felt my eyes closing..."

## 2 - Fighting To Belong

Stone slowly opened his eyes. All he could think of was that he wasn't here before...

He slowly got to his feet, staggering slightly and slowly padded towards the entrance of the cave. He shivered and stumbled backwards with shock. The rush of cold air against his nose was almost unbearable pain. Now he remembered...the clan...

He was on his own now, he knew it. Not mother, nor father, nor any wolf had survived the massacre - just himself.

But he only survived by being a coward. He wondered whether he'd rather not be a Hero but decided to direct his thoughts to more serious matters.

Sniffing the air and looking around, he noticed a smell quite unlike any other. He had smelt it before...but only faintly. It was kind of like a half wolf, half dog smell.

"Husky..." he muttered to himself

Little white paws padding once again to the front of the cave, he looked around desperately for the owner of the smell. Then he found it.

A small, bouncing, grey and white sledge dog puppy began to approach him. He had never made much social interaction with members of another species but Stone was willing to make conversation if it meant him getting out of this place.

"You're a wolf, aren't you?" the dog squeaked

Stone nodded, "What am I doing here?" he asked

"My owner brought you here on the back of our sled. He said you'd die if you were left alone out there. He found some dead wolves and figured you'd be next so we saved you,"

Stone blinked.

"Those wolves were my family..."

The puppy cocked his head.

"I'm sorry...are you all right?"

Stone shrugged. "How do I get out of here?"

“And that's how I ended up here, Kipper found me and brought me here; with you guys.” Stone finished.

“Wow, you had quite a background there, young Stone,” said Grunt, an older, fat Husky dog.

“Yep, I still remember it like it was yesterday,” Stone said, a slight uneasiness in his voice.

“I think you were very brave,” said Rain, a beautiful red Husky.

“Well, maybe just not brave enough; the humans will never let me be a sled-dog. It's not in my blood. They think I will hurt them.”

“I don't believe that,” protested Rain.

A voice spoke up from the shadows: “But, all the same; you said it yourself; you will never be a sled-“dog”. The day you're a “dog” then I'll be a cat,”

“Stop it, Rex, it's not his fault they won't let him run,” Rain said, sticking up for Stone.

“Oh, but you're wrong; it is his fault. Don't you see?”

A large, black and white Husky with strong back legs stepped out slowly from the shadows, smiling.

Stone bared his teeth slightly.

“Don't you all see that the reason they won't let him race is because he's a savage. He's a wolf; not a snow-dog,”

Stone felt slightly hurt that Rex was comparing him with the bloodthirsty pack that had slaughtered his family. He accepted that he wasn't a dog, but he would never accept to being anything like **them**.

“I just want to help,” he said simply

He stood up and walked out of the shed, into the open village of Kirksmeade, where he had lived practically his whole life. He recalled to himself the horror of the massacre his family had endured. Flinching, Stone wished he had not been so foolish as to run away from his mother, he missed her so.

He trotted unhappily to his second favourite spot in the whole world; to the top of a large hill that overlooked the village to the North and, to the South, the forestry that was his home 2 years ago.

He lay down and looked out to the vastness of the Alaskan land. The horizon seemed is if it were the end of the world, the Polar Ice Caps finishing it off. It really was a beautiful sight and he so wished he could be free to run as far and fast as he could. Down the valley, around the world and back again. That's what he wanted; to run. To run with the sled dogs was such a privilege that he knew it was impossible. He put his head on his paws and felt a familiar brush against his fur. He quickly lifted his head up, thinking it was his mother again but found it was only Rain coming to lie beside him.

She looked at what Stone was looking at.

“You miss your family, don't you?”

“What? No. It's been too long, I hardly knew them,”

“But you felt equal with them, didn't you?”

She was right. The thing Stone really missed the most was to feel at home. To feel welcomed and to feel equal.

All he ever got here was comments about him being different. In the wild, everyone was the same.

Nevertheless, he did like Rain's company a lot.

He was about to reply when-

“Rain, its time for the next race; the semi-finals. We don't want to be late,”

The two turned their heads to see Rex standing behind them, looking bemused.

“Err, see you around?” Rain said softly to Stone

“Yea...see ya...” he replied slowly

Rain got up and went with Rex for the Dog Race. Stone sat, thinking to himself.

Kipper padded over to him.

“Do you want to go watch? It's only a small race; around the village. We could cheer Rain on,” He offered, hopefully.

“No, Kipper. I'm not watching it; I'm running it,”

Stone stood up and walked over to where Rain and Rex were heading.

“Running it? Are you crazy? They'll kill you! You're a wolf!”

“The Humans don't scare me,” Stone replied, determined.

Kipper stopped walking after Stone.

“Oh boy...” he muttered.

### 3 - Sprinting

The dogs were lining up for the small race. There were no sledges or mushers involved, just all the dogs by themselves competing to see who's the fastest. The race was completely pointless apart from gambling and seeing whose dog was the best. Everyone knew Rex was going to win and sometimes people would leave the village \$100 richer through well-placed bets. In fact, Rex was so over-confident that he couldn't bear to have anyone pass him. This sometimes led to some casualties.

Stone walked up to the line of dogs, squeezing in between two young pups. The younger one gasped and nudged away from him, obviously recognising him as a wolf. Stone didn't care; so long as the humans didn't notice too much he'd be all right.

The man with the whistle called for all dogs to line up on the start line. Some more dogs squeezed into the line. There was loud muffled barking throughout the square. Rex was wearing a new golden collar and posing for the people taking photographs. Stone was smiling to himself. He would win, he thought, and then he would be a sled dog.

“All ready!”

The dogs crouched, ready to leap out and sprint round the track.

“...Set!”

Stone's legs were quivering with impatience.

The loud whistle let out an ear-piercing pitch and all the dogs ran forward. Right from the starting line, Rex was in the lead. Stone had started at the back but was bounding forward faster than anyone else. He had just passed Rain when the crowd let out a cheer for him. He continued to sprint until he was neck and neck with Rex, about 5 meters in front of the rest of the dogs. As it was only a short race, the finishing line had begun to appear already. Stone began to slowly overtake Rex. This annoyed the Husky and he snapped at Stone's legs. Stone jumped but continued to sprint ahead of Rex. They crossed the finish line. Stone had won. Half the crowd cheered but the other half of them were booing, as they'd bet a lot on Rex. They had not expected him to lose. Neither had Rex. The rest of the dogs crossed the finish line and began to crowd around Stone, muttering things like “What are you doing?” and “You shouldn't be here!”

Stone wagged his tail nervously to keep up his act.

Rex was not happy at all, he ran to get his owner, who was the whistle-blower, so he could beg and get sympathy. But his owner gave him nothing of the sort. He simply walked right past Rex, towards Stone, talking excitedly to another man.

“And let's have a look at our new champion!” he shouted



The people who were once taking photos of Rex began to take photos of Stone. Rex growled deeply and ran in at Stone, knocking him over. Stone got up and growled ferociously.

Stone and Rex were facing each other and the crowd began to see the difference between them more.

The crowd gasped loudly. Then there was silence.

Everyone was staring at Stone as if they couldn't believe their eyes. The "dog" they had thought he was turned out to be a wild animal. Stone began to shuffle backwards; he wasn't going to like what they were going to do to him.

"It's a wolf!" someone finally shouted.

An old man from the back took out his gun and fired at Stone, missing only by a few inches.

"Get out of here, you savage!" he yelled

Rain ran to Stone and stood in front of him. Rex made a move as if he were going to walk over but thought better of it. Rain barked at the crowd. Stone, from behind Rain, looked around at all the faces staring at him. They were angry, but somewhat unsure why a wolf would want to run a race like that. A small girl about the age of ten walked out from the crowd, over to Stone.

"Emma, no!" someone shouted from the crowd.

The small girl put her hand on Stone's nose and smiled.

Suddenly, a howl was heard from the south. Stone turned and, to his disgust, saw one of the black wolves from the enemy pack, standing howling at the top of his hill. He growled deeply and bared his teeth.

The small girl yelped slightly and ran back to her father. The black wolf saw her run and bounded over, knocking her over as it trampled over her. She was screaming by now and so was her mother. The wolf took notice of this and grabbed her necklace that a wolf's tooth was attached to. She screamed more.

"My necklace! My Gram's necklace! My wolf's tooth! Oh, Harris, that's all I had left of you ..." she sat down and began to cry.

Rain looked at Stone.

"Go get him, Stone. Go get it back for her,"

Kipper walked over to him, also.

"A dog cannot make the journey. But maybe a wolf can,"

Stone looked at Rain, then at Kipper. Without thinking, he howled his little moaning howl to the heavens

and ran after the wolf, intent on bringing Emma her necklace back.

“Run Doggie, Run!” She screamed at him, tears in her eyes.

## 4 - Realisation

Stone put all of his strength into running after the wolf. The snow was deep but his large paws stopped him from sinking into the snow. Although he was quite a distance away, he did not stop running. His eyes fixed on the black shape in front of him, he thought about what Kipper had said. He remembered first coming here and pretending he was a dog like everyone else, following humans around, chasing his tail and lugging around great animal bones. He smiled to himself, still running. He was a terrible dog; everyone just laughed at him.

*Maybe, he thought, if he'd only accept that he was different...*

He remembered rolling in the mud and curling his tail behind him when he ran.

*...If he'd be himself...*

He remembered one time when he tried to dig for bones and ended up making a fool of himself.

*...If he'd just believe...*

The snow was beating down fiercely now, Stone had to shade his eyes slightly. The black shape was edging away more and more from him.

*...That he was not "different"...*

He found himself having to bow his head down to cover his face from the blizzard. He could no longer see the wolf clearly.

*...He was unique...*

He began to run slightly faster.

*...Not a dog...*

Faster still.

*...But a wolf.*

Stone, still running, bared his teeth and howled loudly, his howl finally sounding like his fathers. Not like his childhood's.

He lifted his head from the ground and bounded forward faster than he'd ever ran before, his legs

tireless. Glancing to his right, a shape formed in his imagination. It was his mother, running beside him. She smiled a wolf's smile (which is mostly just from the eyes) and howled. Stone felt a sharp pain in his throat.

“Mother...”

She howled again and then left his mind, forever.

If wolves could cry, Stone would have been fighting back tears.

He bared his teeth and ran at the speed of light after the black wolf.

He caught up with it very quickly and caught a hold of the wolf's leg in his teeth, pulling it to the ground. The black wolf dropped the girl's necklace and scratched at Stone's face, a scarlet line of blood now ran down his muzzle. Stone bit the wolf's leg as much as he could until it kicked his face with the other leg. Stone yelped and jumped back. The wolf growled and ran away, over the hill, limping on its leg. Stone stood and recovered, panting deeply. He looked around for the necklace and picked it up in his teeth. Blood still trickling down his face, he began to trot home.

The little girl was crying. She hugged Rain with self-pity. When Stone first re-entered the village, no one really noticed. Rain was first and ran up to him, barking happily. The girl looked up and laughed, half way between happiness and sadness. She ran up to Stone and took the necklace from him, replacing it around her neck. Stone sat down in front of her, taking to mind that everyone thought he'd turn on her. But, to his surprise, the girl lent on her knees and put her arms around him, in a tight hug. Stone didn't expect this, so just sat there.

A woman ran up to them and patted his head. Stone recognised the woman to be Rain's owner. Then he realised; he'd just saved Rain's girl's prized possession from that wolf!

He threw back his head and let out a howl of victory and everyone clapped and cheered.

The woman spoke:

“Well done, Stone, we were watching you...”

Another man also walked over to him. Stone immediately recognised him as the lead musher in the town.

“You'll make a great Sled Dog, Stone,” he announced happily.

The crowd cheered more.

Rex walked off, sulking angrily.

The man pulled out a collar. The gold tag read “Sled Dog”.

“May I?”

Stone stood up and backed away.

Emma spoke up:

“Come on, Dad, he's not a dog...”

She looked again at Stone.

“...He's a wolf.”

Emma knelt down and pulled the necklace from her neck.

“Here,” she said

She placed the wolf's tooth around Stone's neck.

Stone's eyes glittered with pride.

Rain padded across the snow to him, a look of sheer admiration on her face. Kipper also ran up to him, barking and wagging his tail clumsily.

For the first time in his life, Stone finally felt like he really belonged here. Not as a dog, as he'd first expected, but as himself. As a wolf.

*Hello, My name is Stone. I am a white wolf from northern Alaska.*

*I've never really felt that I was equal. But I know one thing;*

*Being equal isn't always who you really are.*