

Wolf City

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A wolf pack has to fight for their beloved home

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Chapter 1 - The falling of Wolf City

2

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Wolf City

Wolf city is an old city that was infested by wolves and other canines of all types. About a hundred years ago most of the humans fled except for one. The man-god wanted to learn the ways of the wolf and wanted to become like one. His name was armada.

In the city there were many different unusual breeds of canines such as the wolf/poodle named Jello. Jello was some times picked on by original breeds such as wolves, greyhounds, and beagles. They thought he looked funny because of his puffy fur. They would call him a half breed and laugh. I was Jello's friend and I often would pick a fight between them when they would pick on Jello. Jello is nice and that is why I don't understand why they are mean to him. Jello, doglover, panic wolf, and I all share a territory in wolf city. When other wolves intrude on our territory, we have to warn them to back away or we will attack. Life is easier without the man-gods hunting us. The man-god that lives here does not hunt us. He eats the leftovers from the caribou we eat. He does not have the skills to hunt his own caribou.

One night the man-gods attacked us. We had to flee. The man-god went with my pack. Many wolves lost their lives that night. We had not been attacked by the humans for a long time, so we were not expecting it. We were caught off guard. We had to flee. We were very sad. For our home was taken from us. We were searching for a home, but we could not find any. All the other dogs and wolves that fled were already in the caves when we found them. Dog lover was still a puppy. She was whimpering. Of course I was still a puppy but my personality was different. Doglover was a normal puppy, but I was different than most puppies. I had never played before.

I was still nervous about the man-god. I was wondering if he had told the other man-gods to strike. So I kept my distance. I could not sleep. I stayed up all night watching the man-god. I was making sure he was harmless and that I could trust him. Before I knew it, it was morning. I was tired. We were hungry. I found a lemmings nest and brought home the lemming babies and gave them to everyone else. The man-god realized that I did not get any food. So he gave me some meat that he had saved from the night before. It was good. It was cooked which made it taste better than raw meat.

Later that night I stayed up. I waited till the pack had fallen asleep. Then I got up and quietly left to go hunt for food. I was not far away from the pack when I saw a herd of caribou grazing. It was the time of the rut, or the mating season. So it was easy to find herds of caribou. It would still be hard to catch one myself but it was the least I could do for the pack. After all I could not find them a home. I spotted an old caribou and got ready to strike. I ran like the wind and pounced on my opponent before it knew what hit him. I bit into its neck. It threw me off of it. I landed on my paws like most wolves should. I pounced on it again. This time I bit into its back. It stumbled and fell. It was dead. I called my pack by howling. A few minutes later they came up over the frost heave. Jello was the first to see the dead caribou. He thought his eyes were deceiving him. He closed his eyes then opened them. He still saw the caribou. Jello looked at me and cocked his head to say is this for us. I spanked the ground with my paw to tell him it was for them. He smiled and put his nose under my chin to tell me thank you .

That day I realized that if u cannot do something for someone, you can always do something else for them.

To Be Continued.....