

Origin of Fire

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Fire is added to the Name of Blaze, And for good reason. Here is the second and last part to 'Origin'

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Chapter 1 - Birth of the Flame

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1 - Birth of the Flame

Have you ever felt as if you were the only one who knew you existed? Silence whispers around you and you find yourself standing alone on an inclined slope, the ground glittering with shadow blue snow, only reflected by the full moon rising to define sky from blackened peaks . It's a breathtaking world, but not if you are facing it's dangerous side alone. Even when you're a spirit, and you cannot even leave a single paw print in the snow, it still would be nice to be able to run with a pack, one you can hunt with and protect and share your memories with. Still, even if I could find one, getting accepted would be the minority of my problems.

Unlike the rest of my species, on a full moon, my physical form melts away and I walk amongst these woods with only my moon-lambent ghost. Each step I take echoes the rhythmic drums of the Miwok tribe in a valley from which I was born. How this possible or even knowing why I am able to do this is beyond my own comprehension. All I know is that by the time the sun rays even reach me the next morning, I am resolved to my physical body.

Around my third year from birth is when I have met the one who would lead me to a pack I would be able to comfortably call my own. Her name was Moonsong; or so her spirit, which was whispered through her eyes, had told me. And through my own blue and Gold-molten eyes, I whispered the name Blaze back to her. Our friendship grew within the next few moon and sun risings, and she introduced me to her pack which soon accepted me. So I begun to grow comfortably with the other members of my pack and now with my emotions attached, I proclaim to help protect and to try to do all what is expected.

Soon after, Fire had been added to my name; and a good reason comes behind it. At times, I feel my spirit on fire whenever danger comes around, or some creature tries to provoke me. I feel as if my own fore-paws are set on fire to give me speed and agility to lash out with a powerful bite. But with that same fire, I also enjoy comforting and protecting whoever is in such a need. Fire Blaze is who I am called.

Unfortunately, on the rise of a full moon, all others in the pack seem to bloom with more energy and become more alive than from any other time of night or day. But on that one moonrise, I only become a reflection of its glow. My brown and black streaked fur fades and is only seen by the mercy of it's light, and my fire dims. But it's the only time I could ever fully recall the homey sounds that use to echo in my valley with every step I take. So I feel the need to keep moving, and I would disappear into my memories, withdrawing deeper into myself where the thunder of a human tribe still exists.

Before the coming of the sun, I am more than ready to accept the days ahead. With my fire rejuvenated, I am able to return home to my pack, ready to accept any danger, games and trials that there is to come. I found a group to love and *ï•°?ï•ï•'ï•¥ï•£ï•´* and to leave prints in the earth that will claim this side of the wilderness. My name is Blaze, and I am a wolf.

Blaze glanced up at Hige, and saying not a word. The few remaining steps in front of her had moon pools laying in her path, but she took them. Her form shifted; nearly invisible in the dark, and shifted to a clear Ethreal form only visible by moon ambient's glow. She took another step, her body slightly disappearing in the dark, only green eyes clearly visible and stopped right before the last break of the shadows. Each step she took beat the drums of the Miwak clan which reminded her of home. Their chat echoing within her chest and their rhythm becoming her pulse. It was the way the moon pulsed. Then she stepped all the way out. She touched noses with Hige, only she never met a physical touch and she continued to walk right through her. "Hige" She softly whispered, turning back around and stopped in the direct light of the moon. Dark blues shifted her form and constantly changed her pattern, and millions of bright white specks which clearly gave her form a cold ethreal sky. And she folded her wings. They were pretty much useless since she could not fly with them. All the while, she was totally transparent. "Hige. this is who I become when I meet the the light of the full moon." She sat down and tucked her head into her chest and whined, losing tears from her eyes which gave a diamond sparkle to the ground when they fell, and dried that way. "I hate it. There is nothing I can do. I'm afraid for the rest of the pack to see me like this