

Save

By KTfox

Submitted: May 12, 2006

Updated: May 12, 2006

A lame story I wrote for school. x_x

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Deep in the forest there lived wolves and foxes. The two were allied forces, living in harmony. Among the foxes there were two who lived in a den with a wolf pack. One was a smart orange-furred vixen. The tip of her bushy tail and belly were white, her paws swathed with black. The other was a quiet dog fox that was a whitened shade of blue decorated with green markings. The alpha male of their pack was a tall, billowy, grey fellow named Bisten. He had striking silver eyes and a darker shade of grey pouring down his back. His mate, Snow, was a pure white wolf with dazzling sky blue eyes. Their hunter, Firehart, had flames licking up the black fur on his underbelly. Mated to a tan, green, and blue painted female named Seagrass, he had two pups. One was blue with a white underbelly and a black back and paws, the other, a rusty gold, had a yellow underbelly. Yes, an odd sounding bunch, but nice nonetheless.

We join the pack's pup sitter, Seagrass, as she fulfills her duty of watching over the young wolves and foxes. The two alphas and her mate were out hunting, so she was stuck with the pups to look after. Suddenly, Raven approached, flapping his wings wildly. Seagrass moved back, guarding the pups as he landed. "What do you want?" she asked coolly. Raven cocked his head. "Let's not jump to conclusions, Seagrass," he squawked. "But humans have made camp in part of the forest closest to civilization!" Seagrass gasped. "Oh no! What are we to do?" Raven seemed to ponder a thought. "Well, for a price, I can tell you what I think you should do." He replied slyly. The she-wolf growled. "What do you want now?" as Raven clawed at the ground. "Well, a piece of meat would suffice," he yawned as Seagrass trotted over to a spot of coarse dirt. "Tell me," she growled, digging up a haunch of deer meat. She tossed it to Raven, and he cawed, "Go to the shrine! The Mighty Forest Spirit will save us!" Seagrass looked at him. "Alright." He nodded and took off. Daisy the fox sauntered over to the wolf. "I'll go to the shrine for you, or Jake could come with me." She yipped. Seagrass nodded. "You two go." She motioned to the cave they lived in. Daisy nodded and went to wake her friend.

Moments later, they were both slinking through the brush, walking an invisible trail. Soon the foxes came to a clearing near a huge, steep cliff. There was an enormous fallen tree leaning on the rocks. The grooves in the log made it appear to have the character of a wolf. Daisy and Jake both lowered their bellies to the ground, silently bowing in tribute to the landmark. "Dearest Forest Spirit," Daisy began, "We have come to you in representation of Bisten and Snow, the leaders of the Yozora pack. Raven had brought dreaded news of humans in your forest." Jake finished, "We wonder what to do and come, humbly, to you." Seconds later, a rock fell off the top of the towering cliff. "We have to go up," Daisy gulped. Jake whined. "You go," he squeaked nervously. The vixen sighed. "What a baby." He growled playfully in return as Daisy clambered up onto the log. "Sorry Forest Spirit, sir," she whispered as she climbed higher. Finally, she reached the top of the log. She jumped swiftly onto cliff and beamed, "Wow, I can see everything from up here!" Jake giggled. Suddenly, the rock Daisy was perched on crumbled, causing her to fall! She screamed and shut her eyes. Surely she would die when she made contact with

the ground. "I wish I were a bird," she whispered through her tears, imagining a soaring eagle. She braced herself for the hit, but it never came. She opened her eyes to find that she had an eagle's body! "Jake!" she called, "Oh, my friend, come see!" Jake emerged from the bushes he was hiding in to see his friend flying about. "Is that you, Daisy?" he said quietly. Daisy landed and nodded. "It's wonderful! The Forest Spirit has given me the gift of shape-changing!" she sang joyously. Jake smiled at her. "Yes, wonderful indeed!" he replied happily, "But can you change back?" A worried look spread across her face and she clacked her beak, deep in thought. She shut her eyes, imagining a fox trotting through a patch of golden grass. She heard Jake gasp and opened her eyes. A fox again, she grinned and she smiled in return. Then the two trotted off back to the den.

They returned to see a deer carcass sprawled out on the ground and their pack mates chowing down on the fresh meat. "Oh Daisy, Jake, dears! What did the Forest Spirit say?" Snow said, knowing of their mission. "The Spirit gave me shape-changing abilities!" Daisy trilled. The wolves were astonished. "Really?" Bisten asked. The two foxes nodded. "Wait, how will this help the human problem?" Firehart questioned. Daisy thought for a moment. Then she said, "Oh! I could assume a human form and convince them to not tear down the forest!" she sang proudly. "Great idea!" Bisten replied, patting her on the head. She shut her eyes, imagining a human girl. As she opened them again, Daisy had become a tall, lanky girl. Her ruddy orange hair was tied back with a blue band. She had sparkling green eyes and her face was littered with freckles. She wore a spring green and yellow striped shirt with a pink daisy emblem on the breast pocket. Her baggy olive-colored pants cut off at her ankles, showing her small feet. A red baseball cap was covering up her rosy hair. She had seen humans at a distance and knew how they walked and talked. "H-hello," she stammered. "I have to go find the camp," she added slowly. The first few steps she stumbled, but Daisy was soon jogging toward a small neighborhood she knew was near the forest's edge. When she reached the cul-de-sac, there was a teenager sitting on the curb. Daisy walked over to him. "Well, hello!" he said smiling, "Who are you?" She smiled. "Daisy." She tried out the word, liking the way it felt to say her name. "Hey, do you live near here?" She almost said yes, but since she lived in the forest, another response slipped out. "No." He smiled. "You can come to my place," Daisy smiled as he said "I'm Milo, by the way."

Daisy was fed dinner by Milo's parents and slept in the guest bedroom. The next day, Milo took her to school. "We have a new student, class." Mr. Horner, the history teacher said. "Her name is Daisy Yozora and she is Milo's cousin. She will be with us for a while, so I hope you'll all be nice to her." Daisy smiled shyly and the class waved hello. During class her mind raced with thoughts of home, the forest, and her pack. Finally the bell rang and she was sent to science class. Daisy zoned out until she heard the word 'forest'. She instantly raised her hand, as the history teacher told her to. "Yes, Daisy?" The teacher asked. There's a forest near Milo's house that's about to be torn down. There are a lot of animals, like wolves, who live there and will lose their homes." She replied solemnly. The teacher frowned. "Oh no! She said. "How can I help them?" Daisy added. "Well, you could get people to sign a petition or you could just go ask them to leave the forest alone. You have freedom of speech and petition, you know." Daisy smiled. "Thanks, Ms Cornwell!" she said happily.

After school, she and Milo went down to the construction site was near the forest's edge. Daisy knocked on the door of the cabin and a large, sinewy man answered the door. "Yes?" he asked gruffly. Daisy nervously replied, "Sir, if you cut down this forest, you will destroy the homes of many animals!" He laughed. "I think the animals will live. We really need this new shopping center. Now, I've got to get back to work." He shut the door. "Not good." Milo said sadly. "I know!" Daisy said. "Let's do a petition! Wait, how *do* you do a petition?" Milo laughed. "You don't *do* a petition, you write one. It's a piece of paper that you get people to sign. If you have enough signatures then your voice may be heard better." She smiled. "Yeah! That's a great idea!"

After a few hours of wandering around town, the two had accumulated 598 signatures. They both signed it but Daisy just put a scribble, imitating most signers. Next they went to the work site. Daisy knocked on the door and the same tall man answered. "Hello again, Sir," Daisy said cheerfully. "What now?" he sighed. Milo handed him the paper. "Here's a petition with 600 signatures on it." He said smartly. "Can you please not tear down the forest?" The man's face lightened up. "Wow, that's a lot of people who would prefer a forest to a shopping mart. I guess I could show this to the boss." He shut the door and came back moments later. "My boss said that we could cancel the destruction of the forest. He found a cheaper lot somewhere else." He said, smiling. Milo and Daisy high-fived and went back to Milo's house for the night.

The next morning, a Saturday, the two went to the forest's edge. "Why'd we come here?" Milo asked sleepily. "I have to tell you something." Daisy replied. She closed her eyes and heard Milo gasp as she changed back into a fox. "You're a fox!" he said. She nodded, understanding him. She laid down in the boy's lap, resting her head on his knee. Milo smiled. "Will you come to visit often?" he asked. The vixen nodded. "Bye, Daisy." He said sadly as the fox returned to the forest. "I'll protect you and your home."