

It was a dreary and hot evening. A crackling wind thrashed through the trees. Paws trod the ground, cracking the leaves with bitterness. A furry wisp of soft fur bristled against the undergrowth. Suddenly, a prolonged wail stretched into the night, full of sorrow and grief. Melancholy swept into every hollow, every burrow, under every rock. The howl traveled extended miles, piercing the air with a deep anguish. Crickets stopped chirping. Trees stopped rustling. The wind seemed to hover, waiting for the agonized cry to end. The yowl trailed away as the howler stepped off the rock. Just then, sharp talons gripped the scrunched leaves beneath and a snarl rose from the pack of wolves. Eyes glinted dangerously as the pairs darted around, searching for any animal that blocked their paths. The growls were ferocious, strident and caused by pangs of losing their leader. The first wolf crept silently towards the forest. His claws unsheathed icily, immediately shredding the gravel below. A rumble started deep inside of his chest, and rose until it became a sharp bark as the others bounded after him in a single leap.