

Wolf Whisper

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about a girl who can talk and change into a wolf. WOW

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Prologue

The night was quiet and still as Whitemoon sat upon a boulder close to her tribe.

Even though she was only the age of seven, she was still smarter and more mature than the rest of the children. Whitemoon was very different from the rest of the Indians in her tribe, for they all had rough, dark skin and brown eyes. The young girl had white, smooth skin and light blue eyes. She was born with a light brown smudge around her right eye, and her mother calls it a birthmark. Whitemoon did have one similar look about her and it was that she had long black hair and an eagle feather placed atop her head. Every night when everyone was sleeping, she would sit atop a rock and listen to the voices she heard. The voices of the night that would scream and shout and whisper in her ear. Whitemoon was the only one who heard these voices, and her mother and the leader of the tribe told her she was imagining the voices of the elders who have passed, but Whitemoon didn't believe that.

The young girl listened to the quiet night. It was unusual, for there were no voices talking or arguing that she could hear. Suddenly, she heard a feminine voice crying desperately for her pups.

Please, the voice screamed, my cubs! They need me! I can't be hunted, no, no, no! the voice went on screaming but it was the only voice. Whitemoon looked up and saw the hunting group struggled to pull out a slender, gray wolf with their hand made rope. The voice was coming from the wolf as she whimpered and howled for help.

Whitemoon got up and ran to a tent and hid behind it. The strong men tied the wolf up inside the tent and left quietly. Redfox, a strong tall man, looked at Whitemoon with narrowed eyes. She swallowed hard and then quietly entered the tent as the men were nowhere in sight.

There was heavy panting and whining as she entered. The wolf looked at the little girl and snarled.

Please, help me! I have to get back to my cubs&they need me, her voice turned into a faint whisper as Whitemoon sat down close to the wolf.

She was quiet as the wolf struggled to brake free, but unsuccessfully failed. She stopped and went limp with a small whimper. Whitemoon looked at the wolf sympathetically and spoke up. W-what happened? she asked softly as her voice cracked.

The wolf looked up with her golden eyes. You can talk to me? Why won't the others? I tried to tell them

They can't talk to you, she interrupted as the wolf stopped, I'm the only one who can talk to you. So I ask again&what happened?

The wolf tried to sit up but it was too uncomfortable. She lay back down on the hard dirt ground. My cubs are finally a month old. My mate said I should try getting out and hunting for the first time in months. So I went out with him& she paused and sighed, I couldn't find him anywhere. I howled and

howled but there was no answer. Then I was caught. And now I m here talking to a human.

Whitemoon became quiet as the wolf s voice stopped. I m going to help you, she whispered.

What? the wolf said as her head went up. You are? Oh, bless you, child. Bless you.

Whitemoon got closer to the wolf and untied her slowly. When the wolf was free, she licked her paws and licked Whitemoon s face. The little girl laughed and quietly followed the wolf to the entrance of the forest.

I must leave you here, child, began the wolf once more, Thank you. May Fenris bless you for the rest of your days.

The wolf began off into the forest but Whitemoon stopped her. Wait, she began as she touched the slender wolf s tail, let me come with you.

Child you belong here with your kind. Not with Lera like us, began the wolf, you must stay with your family.

But look at me! she demanded, I look nothing like them. They have skin of the night; my skin is of the day, for it is smooth and white. There eyes are pure brown and round, mine are eyes of the sea and almond shaped. Please, wolf, let me come. I do not belong here, I m different from them.

The wolf looked back at her with her ears back. She sat down and smiled slightly. Child, everyone is different

But I can talk to you! the little girl interrupted once more, I want to be with others like you. You are the ones I can communicate with best. I feel like an outsider with them. Please, wolf, Whitemoon began to cry as tears ran down her pale cheeks.

The she-wolf got up and sighed. Alright, young one, she said as Whitemoon got up and hugged the bushy wolf, but you must hurry. What is your name, young one?

The girl walked with the wolf into the forest. I m Whitemoon. But I don t like that name.

The wolf laughed and wagged her gray tail. Well we can change that. I m Mia. The wolf and the girl smiled as they prowled slowly through the forest.

Chapter One
Another Larka

Nyte and Palla slowly pawed there way through the forest, looking behind trees and bushes. Nyte stuck his head into a deep den and laughed. Palla! he howled, I can t find her.

Palla laughed also and ran to her brother. Oh, come on, Nyte. Larka has to be somewhere. She laughed again but stopped and stuck her white muzzle up in the air. She smiled at Nyte and then turned as Larka jumped upon her friend. Palla licked the girl s face as Larka got up and looked around.

Good game, you guys, she said as she fixed her hand made dress.

Larka was now thirteen years old and she had been living with Mia and her two cubs. She was now part of the pack, for Mia's mate proudly took her in as one of his own. Her hair was cut up to her shoulders, and her feet were scratched from running and playing with Nyte and Palla.

Palla was the older of the two, and she was white with single black hairs scattered around her slender body. She had golden yellow eyes and a nose as black as coal. Palla was a very kind and gentle creature and she would always watch out for her younger brother.

Nyte was black with a white belly. The underside of his tail was also pure white, and his chin too was white. His eyes were also golden but he had a small sliver of green ember next to his pupil. He was very energetic, and he was always playful. Nyte always cared for his sister and Larka. He was indeed a good hunter, for his father was the alpha male and he would take him hunting every night for fun.

Larka, Nyte and Palla all talked happily as they walked back to the old castle the pack stayed in. Mia and Bran both growled to each other silently until the three friends caught her attention. The big Dragga nodded to Larka and then walked into the old castle.

Bran was Mia's mate and he was the alpha male. Bran was pure white with a grey tail and ears. He had light brown eyes and they were so mesmerizing that people barely noticed the scar around his neck. He was a big brute and was very protective about his family and pack that other wolves rarely tried to enter into his territory. Larka had never known where he got the scar from, only that Man hurt him somehow somehow.

Palla and Nyte looked at their mother as she walked up to Larka. Palla, Nyte, I need to speak with Larka for a second, the grey drappa began, come with me, Larka. The two young wolves nodded and took one last glance at Larka as they walked into the castle with their father. Mia smiled at Larka and gestured her to follow the she-wolf into the cold forest. The girl shivered as they walked deeper and deeper into the forest.

What did you want, Mia? Larka finally asked as Mia stopped next to a lake with a small waterfall.

Mia looked up at the girl and smiled. I thought now was the time to tell you a secret, the she-wolf began as she looked back at the lake. Larka eagerly looked at Mia as the wolf sat there quietly. I want you to look into the lake, young one.

Look in the lake? asked Larka as she got up and stepped closer to the body of water. Mia nodded as Larka got closer and closer to the water.

She went to the edge of the lake and looked at her reflection. She studied it, and saw that it really wasn't her. It was a gray wolf with a black smudge around her right eye and two thick black lines under its left eye. The wolf had light blue eyes and its ears were, too, black. Its slender body was gray with a white underside and small black speckles on her grey fur. On the wolf's left hind leg was a human's hand print. The reflection was Larka in wolf form.

I-is that me, Mia? she asked after studying herself. She lifted her hand and the wolf's front paw rose into the air. It really was her reflection.

Mia nodded and went to the girl. Yes, Larka. It is you. You are one of the few humans in the world that can transform into a wolf.

You mean there are others? Larka looked at Mia as her long black hair fell into the cold water.

Yes, but not many. Last time I heard there were only three left. Both males. You are the youngest, Larka, making you the most important one of all. Mia answered again as she sat down next to Larka.

It was quiet until Larka looked at herself again. Did you say I could transform into this wolf?

Once again, Mia nodded and then looked at the wolf in the water. Try it,

How? Larka asked quietly.

Just think. Think about being this wolf, Larka. With that, Mia was silent once more as Larka closed her eyes. She thought hard and suddenly the cold water surrounded her as she struggled to breathe. She swam up to the top and expected her dark hair to be in her face, but instead a dark muzzle was in front of her. Mia sat there proud of the sight as she smiled. Larka looked around and got out of the water. She was on all fours; she shook herself dry as she looked into the water. The reflection was now her in human form. Larka smiled and laughed.

Mia! she cried, Oh, Mia, I'm a wolf! she jumped up and barked as she ran in a circle. Look at me! she laughed and laughed as Mia got up and walked over to her. Larka stopped, noticing how slow the she-wolf had gotten. She had known that Mia was getting old, but she never actually noticed the small gray hairs on her muzzle.

Ready to go show the rest of the pack? Mia smiled as Larka began to walk with the old she-wolf.

Larka nodded. Yea, I can't wait to show Palla and Nyte. Oh my, I'm actually one of you now! she laughed again and the two wolves walked back to the old ancient castle.

Mia and Larka both prowled into the castle. All the wolves looked at Larka as she walked next to the Drappa, and Nyte and Palla both came up to them.

Mama, said Nyte quietly as he kept his yellow eyes on Larka, who's that? Where's Larka?

I am Larka, silly, began the young she-wolf as she pounced onto Nyte. Palla pounced onto her brother and friend and they all laughed.

You always looked like a wolf to me, Larka, began Palla as Larka licked Nyte's face, I knew it was you.

The three young wolves all laughed as Larka stepped up to Bran. The Dragga smiled and licked the young wolf's face. I am proud of you, Larka.

Larka grinned and stood up proudly as Mia came to her mate. I'm going to go teach her to hunt and all the details about being a wolf. Are you ready, Larka?

Larka nodded as Khaz, another brute of the group, came up and smiled. I'd be happy to help, Mia, if it's alright with you of course, Bran.

Khaz was a very strong wolf and one of the best hunters of the group. He was Nyte's best friend and they always went out to hunt together. The brute was a reddish brown color with light brown eyes like Bran. He had a brown nose and had a white stomach and chest. Khaz was a very cute wolf and he was very nice.

Bran nodded at the young brute and walked with Mia. Bran, I think I'll stay here if Khaz is going. I do feel quite tired.

But, Mia, your closest to Larka, began the alpha quietly as Larka spoke with the other young wolves, are you sure you want to stay?

Mia nodded and sat down. Like I said, I am quite tired. Go on, Bran. I'll wait with the others.

Bran licked Mia's muzzle and walked off with Khaz and Larka. Nyte and Palla followed them as Mia smiled at the sight of Larka fitting in with the other wolves. Larka took one quick glance at Mia as the old she-wolf smiled. Larka smiled back and went back to following the wolves.

Chapter Two

First Hunt

Larka quietly studied the field of deer. Khaz sat next to her and growled. Now, he began as his brown eyes darted around the deer, you want to go for the young ones or the old ones. The old Lera are usually slow and sick and the young ones probably don't know their survival skills. You don't want to go after the colt of the leader, though. That could be quite bad.

How do I know which one is the leader's colt? asked Larka as she spotted Bran crouched down on a hill next to Nyte. Palla was pacing atop a boulder, probably picking which one to hunt down.

It's usually the baby bigger than the others. Also it has darker fur than the rest& his soft voice turned even softer as his ears stood up. Oh, there you go. See that one with the small leg next to the patch of red flowers? I'll help you go after that one. Once you get a hold of the deer, do not let go. Understand?

Larka nodded as Khaz looked at Bran. We have to wait for the signal& he growled. Finally, the alpha male started to run toward the deer. Nyte did the same as Palla, too, ran toward the deer. Khaz smiled at Larka and they both prowled toward the old deer. All the deer scattered, but Khaz kept his eyes on the old deer.

Okay, Larka thought to herself as the cold air rushed through her fur, you can do this, Larka. Keep your eyes on the deer. Keep your eyes on the deer. Keep your eyes on the deer&

Larka started to fall behind but pushed herself forward. Khaz and Larka both got closer and closer to the old deer. Are you ready? Khaz howled to Larka as she nodded.

Khaz jumped, following Larka and suddenly her fangs grabbed the old deer's neck. She never tasted anything so splendid; the warm blood ran through her veins as she sunk her claws into the Lera. Khaz was behind her on the deer's rear. Larka shut her eyes as she bit harder into the deer. It began to slow down as it stumbled to the ground. Larka didn't let go until she was sure it was dead. Khaz laughed and nudged at Larka's side.

You can let go now, Larka. Great job for your first hunt. He laughed as the other wolves walked over to them. Nyte, Palla and Bran all helped bring over another old deer. Larka slowly let the Lera fall out of her mouth. She smiled as Nyte jumped atop of her and licked her face.

You did it, Larka! he howled, You really did it! Great job on your first day!

Larka laughed and got up. She smiled and talked to the other wolves until something in the air caught her blue eyes. It was a flock of crows flying over the dead animals. Do we have to ask their permission? growled Larka as she narrowed her eyes on the birds.

Haha, no, no, Larka, Bran began as he walked over to the Lera, They always wait for us to eat. Then they eat our leftovers. We wolves need no permission from rats with wings.

With that, he sunk his muzzle into the old deer he and his cubs caught. The two siblings followed their father as Khaz walked over to Larka. Ready to eat? You earned it.

Larka nodded and bit into the deer. It was good as a human, but even more delicious as a wolf. Suddenly, she heard voices. She hadn't heard voices since she was seven and in the Man tribe. She looked around and saw the crows crowding around the dead meat.

Please, some of the voices said, We're starving here. Feed us!

Larka suddenly became dizzy as she suddenly saw herself on the ground. She was flying in the air as a black raven looking down upon the wolves. Larka went back to her own body as she ran into the forest.

Larka! Khaz howled after her. Larka cried, though she didn't know why exactly, and hid in a small den and whimpered.

What just happened? she growled to herself, I saw through a bird's eye.