

Spirit of the Wolf Stone

By Fairygirl27

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Set in a Native American setting, a Navajo girl named Catori, which means spirit, and a Cherokee boy named Nashoba, which means Wolf. Something is up with the wolves around them, and Nashoba...

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By Amanda Giannetti

An Indian girl was running through the woods barefoot, enjoying the feel as the wind whipped through her ebony black hair. Her body was surging with excitement as the adrenaline coursed through her veins. Twigs and leaves were getting tangled in her hair whenever she passed trees with low branches, they would snag and pull her hair as she ran by. She was wearing her favorite deer skin shirt with warm leggings and a shawl with fringes at the edge which was very easy to run in because it was so light. She soon began to breathe at a faster pace as her body started to feel tired. The muscles in her legs were beginning to ache, causing her to slow down to a steady jog and then to a slow walk. She was breathing at a fast rate, slowly coming down to a steady rhythm. Sweat was running down her forehead. Stopping for a second, she closed her eyes and listened to the rustling of the trees as the wind played with the branches, she could hear the whisper coming from the gentle breeze. The coolness of the air felt good against her damp skin. She tried to listen to the birds, but they were quiet today, as were the other woodland creatures. She opened her eyes, and looked around realizing that the whole area was quiet.

Feeling uneasy with just standing in the middle of the woods she began walking again, trying to think of reasons for why the forest would be so quiet at the same time trying to keep a look out for wolves. She shuddered at the thought that there might be wolves around; also remembering that she forgot her blade back at the hut. She was unarmed and vulnerable for an attack. Though there were worse things than running into wolves, like a bear, but wolf attacks have been increasing in the last two months. She started to get a prickly feeling as goose bumps ran down her spine, making her walk a bit faster. She stopped again and closed her eyes, hoping that the rustling leaves would calm her down, but the trees sounded different, more like a swish than a rustle of leaves; her eyes shot open, realizing that it wasn't trees that was causing the swishing noise, they were the sound that bushes made. She froze where she stood, feeling a cold rush of fear kick in a little as a wave of panic had, slowly, began to move through her blood.

A branch snapped from behind, making her take off in a full run. Blindly she sped through the woods, stepping on stones, the sharp edges scraping the bottom of her feet and the dry twigs that ran across her flesh, leaving behind scratches on her arms and face.

Her pursuer was still following behind, she listened and it sounded different the way it was running, like it was stumbling. She didn't dare look back though. Her quick thought was enough to distract her. She felt her foot get caught by a tree root, forward she fell, landing face first in the soft earth.

The girl rolled onto her back and quickly got to her feet, but her foot ached. The fall had sprained her ankle and it hurt too much to run away. She winced as she put her foot down; her fear was causing it to hurt more. Turning around to get away, she stumbled and fell to her knees. She heard more branches snapping and knew that her follower was close. She started to feel moisture in her eyes as the fear gripped her, thinking that she was going to be killed.

It stopped behind her, she could hear its breathing, but it sounded hoarse and raspy. Her nose stung as a fowl stench of rancid blood lingered heavily in the air. Finally, she summoned her courage stood up and turned around. She stopped immediately; her eyes were wide with shock.

Before her stood a boy, whom was not much older than she, that was very badly injured. He had cuts and scratches all over his body. The deer skinned shirt he had been wearing was shredded from what

looks like claws. All over his arms there were teeth marks that left flesh wounds and deep wounds. On his leg there was a big gash from the swipe of claws, crusted over with dried blood. Some of the wounds did have fresh blood trickle, his run to keep up with her had caused some to open. His feet were brutally scratched from running on twigs and sharp stones.

The boy was frail and looked very tired. The black underneath his eyes indicated that he hadn't had much sleep, if any, in a very long time. She looked at his face, he had black hair, and an untidy braid went down to the center of his back with strands of loose hair that had fallen in his face. His hair partly covered his eyes, but she could clearly see that his eyes were an unusual golden yellow color. He had a strong but cloudy look in his eyes. She could see that he was fighting back the pain.

She noticed his breathing as well, the run had exhausted him, breathing in sharply and exhaling in a raspy, wheezing breath. He suddenly started to cough, holding his right hand close to his chest and the other close to his mouth as he violently coughed into his hand. It looked as though he was having a spasm attack with how badly the coughing shook him.

He finally looked up to the girl his eyes pleading, "Please." His voice was barely audible, startling the girl as she wasn't expecting him to speak. He cleared his throat, "Help me, please." He croaked, coughing again into his hand. He suddenly had a dazed look about him, as he blindly took a step forward and began to fall. He landed on his back and rolled onto his side, his eyes closed tight.

For a moment she did nothing, thinking that he died, but as she watched closely she could see that he was breathing, but it was very shallow. If she didn't get help, he would soon die. She looked around, not quite sure what to do. She tried to stand up, but as soon as she put weight on her sprained ankle she gasped and immediately sat down. She looked at the boy again, dirt and mud was all over his body, and several wounds were bleeding out.

She could feel the painful twinge in her ankle, causing her to grind her teeth. She let out a quiet, heavy sigh. As the pain in her foot subsided a little she was able to collect her thoughts. Her father is most likely worried about her, she's been late coming home before, but she's always back about his time. She shook her head, trying to not worry too much about her father right now.

Looking up, she finally decided that the only way they're getting out of here is if a patrol comes around. In the morning she always sees a few men go out, scouting the area for any wandering wolves and will either drive them off or kill them. The wolves are becoming far more active and vicious than normal, and attacking people without reason. Many of the folks in the village are spreading rumors saying that it's the spirits trying to punish them; others are saying that there is a disturbance in the air and it's affecting the wolves.

The Indian girl shook her head again, not wanting the thought of wolves in her head either. She shifts her body around, wincing as her ankle twinges again, so that her knees are bent as she takes her arms and wraps them around her legs. Every now and then she would glance at the boy. She huffed with boredom at the same time trying to ignore the awful stench. After what seemed like hours she started to hear voices from a nearby patrol.

"Maybe they left?"

"No that'd be wishful thinking"

"But we haven't seen a wolf for seven nights and three."

"That's what's making me nervous, I'm thinking that the wolves are getting smarter, see-." The man paused for a second and smelled the air, wrinkling his nose at an awful stench. "Do you smell that?"

"Smell wha-," The other man cut off as the smell passed his nose, he coughed and gagged slightly,