

# Shattered Lives

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*It's kinda weird, it was for some school project but yea, probably the only story i'm ever going to enter :P*

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**Chapter 1 - Shattered lives**

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# 1 - Shattered lives

A shining lake, sparkling as the sun reflects on the ripples, created by the wind blowing gently across it, bringing small willow leaves to a soft landing, as they fly from the willow branches which dip their delicate tips into the tranquil water. By the lake, a flock of doves coo peacefully, in rhythm with the crickets that chirp quietly from their hiding places in the trees nearby. Unbeknownst to the innocent creatures that surrounded the lake, their peaceful setting will soon turn into a blood dripping fight.

A falcon circles above, mid afternoon sun glistening on his well groomed feathers. His piercing eyes gaze the scene below hungrily, watching every movement carefully. He was known as Falco, a young hunter from a small clan of experienced predators. He is highly honored; having spilled so much blood one could bathe in it. Dry blood clung to his long sharp talons, which were tucked in tightly to his well-muscled body. Grinning evilly to himself, he took a sharp detour in his flight and spiraled madly down to the flock of doves. Wind whistled past his ears, as he descended faster and faster to the ground, wings tucked in at an awkward angle, feathers flat against his body, a loud "Tseeer!" ripped from his throat and pierced the air like a gunshot. Doves suddenly flew everywhere, knowing that every time Falco yelled ones life would be taken. Falco was very close to the doves now, he was at such a speed he descended at least fifty metres per second, any movement of his wings could cause them to be ripped from his body, or if lucky, snap them in half. However practice had served him well, knowingly, he fanned out his tail feathers, spread his wings and kicked out his strong legs just as he descended on a worthy victim. All that was heard from the remaining creatures was a horrible scream and an eerie silence like that of a graveyard.

Falco roosted in his tree, awaiting the arrival of his beloved partner, whom known as Fawken. Falcos' eyes glistened in the evening sunset, peering at the horizon waiting for Fawken to return from the mountains. Hoping to get a better view, he spread his wings and caught a good thermal that lifted him high enough to see the whole forest, thinking to himself how beautiful it was and how it reminded him of Fawken, as he thought to himself, gazing once again at the horizon. A sad howl ripped through the air and surprised Falco, jerking him from his daydreaming. He glanced around, trying to find the source of the sound, his eyes rested on a lone figure which stood in a clear patch of grass below. Recognizing a member of the Predator clan, he flew down professionally and landed on a low tree branch. "Attention as requested" Falco said firmly, the wolf, also known as Ripfang, did not even look up from the ground, and stared seemingly interested in a clump of grass that stood surrounded by small pebbles, swaying from paw to paw as if unsure what to say. He stood there for a while, mumbling under his breath, Falco strained to listen but only got bits of it, words such as two legged, gone and never returning. Finally, after what seemed like ages, Ripfang looked warily up at Falco, that still stood upright on his branch, gazing intently, as if he never blinked. Ripfang breathed out, sucked in a deep breath and said "Falco, it is unfortunate for me to have to inform you of this terrible news, and I know very well you will not take it well, not to offend you." He paused, watching Falco apprehensively, who in turn glared back at him. Falco though not showing it, got a dark feeling in his heart, as if knowing what would come next, mouth to dry to say anything, he merely glared, eye's starting to burn. Ripfang continued. "I-I'm terribly sorry Falco" his voice cracking as he imagined how Falco would react. "But, Fawken, she.." He stopped as Falco jerked, he stared wide eyes and yelled, "She what??" Falco yelled, "She's been taken by the two legged!" Ripfang whimpered and took a step back, almost hoping Falco had not heard, whether he

had he did not know, as Falco seemed frozen, not moving, not a feather dancing with the breeze. Falco could not, would not talk, such shock, such sorrow he could not describe. He stood on his perch, rigid with fear, his heart hammering madly at his chest, did he dare believe? No, no he couldn't, but, it all added up, her, missing, never, no, yes, yes.. It dawned on him, this was happening, this was now, this is real, this wasn't a nightmare, wasn't a trick, this was happening. His eyes started to burn, burn with such ferocity that it felt as if a hot coal had been driven into his eye sockets by stones. He closed his eyes, thinking, wanting to talk, he opened his mouth, but as he tried to talk nothing but a small croak escaped his throat, he stopped. Anger about to burst, eyes closed. Dark shapes unfurled from the depths of the darkness, suddenly his eyes flew open, his eyes diluted as he faced the setting sun, and screamed like never before, with all his power he jumped in to the air, adrenaline pumping through his veins, he screamed out in his mind, "All I loved, all I cared for, my only reason to live, gone? How could this happen, why would anyone do this? Why her? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?!" Ripfang called out to him, but Falco ignored him. Instead he flew harder and higher, trying to get as high as he could into the sky. Finally he could not stop the burning and a tear formed at his eye, it fell from his cheek, carrying many emotions, and plummeted towards the ground, landing at Ripfangs' paws and shattering like shards of glass. Ripfang gazed sadly up at Falco, as he flapped madly towards the clouds, eager to leave the world, emotion, life, behind. Ripfang whispered wearily "I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry..."

Falco had flew above the clouds, which looked as if they were dyed a dark gray, though nothing compared to Falcos' heart which felt black and heavy as lead. He had been flying so long and hard, hence was tired, gasping for breath, eyes burning as salt burnt at their skin, sensing near death, he closed his eyes and took a deep rattling breath, heart still clawing at his chest to escape the darkness that was sealing it's death. Feeling to overwhelmed by everything, Falco took his last look at the horizon, and fell towards the earth. Clouds rose above him and stared down, crackling as electricity coursed through them, he started to catch speed, his eyes rolling into his head, mouth open screaming a silent scream as he fell, for a brief moment he saw Fawken reach down to him but alas she was gone, treetops surrounded him, and knowing he was about to hit he used the remaining air in his lungs to scream his last words, "LONG LIVE FALCO AND FAWKEN! Hearts tied together like the great vines!" And with that he struck the ground, a lifeless body whose only wish was to live happily with the one he loved. Wings spread out at either side of him at awkward angles, his head lay at one side. As he lay, a feather that had detached itself from him during the fall fell peacefully from the sky and delicately landed over his eye.

Ripfang sat by his friends body all through the night, and howled his hearts sorrow to the moon. Light flecks of rain fell from the heavens, landing on the still feathers of Falco and sliding of like silk. As rain started to pelt Ripfangs fur, he reluctantly picked Falco up carefully up in his mouth. Slowly, he walked to the lake that rippled with every drop to hit its' surface. Ripfang waded to edge of the shallows and plunged into the cold deep water. He swam to the center of the lake, still holding Falcos' limp body in his mouth. Treading the water, Ripfang placed Falco gently on the surface, and watched as he fell slowly to the depths. He said his final goodbye, fighting to be heard over the wind as it whistled through the trees and the thunder the rumbled above, "Rest in peace dear friend, I will claim your revenge!". With that he watched as the last feather disappeared, and swam back to shore, once on land he looked back to the lake, fighting back tears. Turning his back to where Falco lay, he walked off, not looking back, just a drooped tail and low head, focusing on the ground in front of him. Waking to hence he came, he sighted Falcos' feather lying matted to the ground. Picking it up with his paw, he stared at it, and swore once again, to avenge his friend. And, has he had done many times before, he swung his head back and howled his sorrow to the moon which hid behind the clouds that cried, cried all their tears for days, all to

shatter, like the lives on earth.