

Wolven

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It was a little bio I had done for a website

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Riverwind/19069/Wolven>

Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

It was the song. No, it wasn't `the song' but rather, `the songs' for it was not just one song, but one sound residing in many, many songs sung only by the wild beings; masters of the earth. There were too many songs to name. More songs than stars in the sky.

There was the song of leadership, sung only from the throats of the boldest alphas. There was the song of courtship, sung by the proud young males wishing to sire their own generation. There was the song of mourning, sung by those who have suffered a loss. And at the opposite end of the spectrum, there was the song of contentment, usually sung not in one voice, but in many. It was the song of the very heart and soul of the pack.

Rusty knew all of these songs. Knew every note, every melody, and every voice that sang them. But of all these songs, he knew the song of contentment best. In fact, late at night, when the bold face of the blue moon shined its gaze upon the black earth, Rusty would join in that song. He knew not that his note was out of tune that his notes jarred like a bad violin player. He knew not that he was no more than a domesticated kennel dog. All he knew was that whenever he joined the song, the song would cease the echoes slowly dimming through the mountains, until finally, Rusty himself would quiet. Feeling ever more the depth of his loneliness and curiosity, wanting even more to escape the twined aluminum barriers of his earth and the two-legged, pampering men that held him captive. It was the song of the wild, a song that seemed to beckon to him alone, and ignore the other residents of the kennel.

And then, finally, The Night came. It had been a treacherous winter. The spring of that year had brought a terrible drought, killing off many weaklings and newborn alike of every wild race. The misfortune had caused a chain of events that had made the scorching, dry summer even worse. And then along came winter, and it was all the worse. As Mother Nature would see to it, the lands had begun to balance it out, resulting in catastrophic blizzards and a season the hungry, parched land was certainly not ready for. The varg had become desperate, and were driven to limits they could only hope that shan't come about. They left the great mountain ranges, drawing towards the isolated kennels.

They slunk across the land like specters, their massive bodies devoid of body fat, their bones visible through their hanging skin. Rusty looked right into the red, hungry eyes of his wild brethren. Eyes he would look into many a time before his life had run its course. In his eyes, they were the grandest of all creatures, prowling across the land like kings. Even in such poor condition, they appeared more lethal than a gun in the hands of a human, their silver fur almost glowed in the moon light, flowing valiantly with their movements.

Snarling with a starved bitterness, they ripped open the barrier, slaughtering the beings inside. But Rusty didn't move. He didn't start to whine like the other dogs when the varg came into sight, didn't plea for mercy when their private little hovel was invaded. He stood, awed by the beauty and grace of the wild creatures, and in turn, went unnoticed. Not even the deaths of those he knew for his entire life were able to shake him from his trance. His calling had come. He had to obey. Eventually, the wild wolveren had ate their fill, and simply left. But this time, they had left not only full, but with one new member; Rusty.

But Rusty was no wild creature. He ran at the tail of the pack, even the omegas were able to out run him. But although domestic, he was a willful canine and even when he had no more than scent to guide him back to their trail, then so be it. He would never forget the events that conspired that night, after he found his way back to the dens of the pack; the first dens he had ever seen, and it seemed the wolveren knew it as well as he did. It was on that night, he learned what the meaning of Alpha was. That it was not some hot-shot kennel bully, strutting against the fence with his tail curved in the air. How he hobbled back to the pack, weary, and foot soar. He had found a nice, roomy, unoccupied den, over looking the rest of the varg's territory. But what a dunce he was.

It was that night he had learned his first lesson and that was of the Alpha. For any wild creature would know whose den it was he attempted to rest in, and would know the consequences for turning a blind eye to that fact. Rusty was chased far, far into the wilderness, the angered Alpha causing him many a wound. Until finally, the domesticated weakling collapsed with wariness. But even then, the Alpha remained, breathing his hot air down his back. "You sad, pitiful, domesticated omega," he snarled, whispering into his ear, "you will learn your position, and if you don't like it, you will work to change it." It was the new law of Rusty's life. He lived in hardship, struggling for food even amongst the weakest of omegas. But no matter what hardship or lesson he faced, he never turned his bitten, soar hide back to the mercy of the humans. He had chosen his path the moment he followed the wild creatures out of the kennel. But as hard as he worked, there was bound to be the day he was exiled. There was bound to be a day when the end to the famine was over, and quality was picked over quantity.

And when that day came, Rusty had decided he had failed. But as domesticated as he was, he didn't realize you have only fully failed when you have died. He had decided he had failed, and already he was half way there. In fact, on that night, he had attempted to end it all. With his own teeth and claws, he inflicted himself pain. But there was a part of him that wanted to live on. It wasn't any part of the born and bred kennel dog that was Rusty. It was the wild deep within him. The wild he had spent his entire life trying to discover, and there it was. The wild was discovered, and Rusty was no more. Another had replaced him, one of the wild. Rusty had become what was deep inside him; Thax, known as such forever on.

He had spent many seasons a loner, schooling himself on the ways of the wild even harder than before. But just as the day came when he was exiled from the pack, there came a day where he longed to sing the song of contemptment once again. And so, there he stood, looking down upon the famed Tri-Lands, determined he was going to gain entrance, and be more than just another dejected weakling; the varg of these lands were going to know the name Thax, and that was all there was to it.

He approached the river, in haling the scent of the many varg beyond it deeply. He observed the area, pleased to see there seemed to be no one near. He readied himself to cross the border, but then hesitated. No, he wasn't that bold. Instead, he howled, the sound echoing through the trees. His howl was not that of a wolf, and to that he was aware. He was not going to attempt to hide his past, they were going to know what was within him, not what was on the skin.