

# The White Wolf's Story

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*You know that white wolf from the first movie? Well, in my opinion, it's not the same wolf as Aniu so I'm writing a fan fiction on it as it tells the story of its life and many hardships.*

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<b>Chapter 0 - Prouloge-Heritage of the Wolf</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 1 - Memories of Past Life...</b>	<b>3</b>

## 0 - Prouloge-Heritage of the Wolf

I walked through the snow all by myself. All I could say it was blinding out and I thought at the time that I should have never left my mate all alone inside the cave, but I had no idea who I was about to run into.

My eyes stung as I walked on looking for any sign of life when I smelt it. It was another wolf, I knew it. I began to follow the scent towards the place where he lay, weeping. I could tell he HAD wolf in him, but how much, I did not know. I could also tell he had forgotten his wolf side, his heritage.

He noticed me by smelling the air. He took his cream-colored paw off of his face to see my paw there in the snow. He followed it up to my body and then he met my eyes. I could tell he feared me, my size, and strength. I stared down at him, pitying his lack of knowledge in wolf heritage, and I knew I had to remind him.

I raised my head back and let out a howl. I could tell he was watching me. When I was through, I turned to the wolf-dog and waited for his reaction, hoping he would take the path that I knew so well, the path of the wolf.

But, he took the one I knew he would, the dog path, for he just turned his head and placed it on his paw showing he did not want any part of being a wolf.

I looked at him hoping he would change his mind but after a few seconds, I turned and walked off, leaving him there to either get up and go or die there like a dog.

I hadn't walked far when I heard a howl, a high-pitched one reminding me of a lost friend. I turned back to see if my conscious was right and it wasn't a dream. There he stood, his brown head raised howling to the sky.

I walked over to him and joined in, howling as loud as he was. That's when I knew who he was. I couldn't believe it. It had to be a dream, I just couldn't believe my senses.

I was howling with Aniu's son, Balto. But how? He lived in Nome, far away from here.

We soon finished and I watched him walk up the cliff towards a yellowish crate. I was pleased that he knew now that he wasn't a dog, but a wolf. A half breed wolf, Aniu's son.

I walked away into the snow for the hunt for food with a smile on my face.

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So, tell me what ya' think!

# 1 - Memories of Past Life...

The harsh, bitter winds blew in the face of the white wolf as he struggled through the snow and winds. The wind burned his eyes as he raised his nose to sniff the air for any sign of life around him... if he was even close TO life. Even the winds burned his nosed as he did this, blowing snowflakes into his eyes, making it impossible to see.

*When will this nightmare end?* he thought as he looked behind him. His tracks had been covered within minutes by the snow coming down faster than anything this wolf had ever seen.

He turned his head back and snorted in disgust as he began to take a step. Within that step, his whole body gave out as he collapsed in the snow, breathing heavily. He looked up at the sky as he breathed a sad sigh.

*Kya*, he thought laying his head back down in the snow, *forgive me...*

He tried to get up but failed miserably as his muscles retracted under all of his weight. He only stared out into the abyss of falling snow.

Memories of the white wolf and his mate, *Kya*, and red, black, and white pawed wolf flashed before him as he closed his heavy eye lids. He could remember the day they first met...

Nome, spring of 1928, a warm year just as the snow is melting.

The white wolf sat upon a cliff overlooking his territory. The sparrows sang a merry song as the smell of pine was throughout the air. Blue bells were coming into bloom upon the mountain. It was beautiful.

The white wolf looked over at his morning kill and stood up. He was now tired and ready to sleep lazily in the morning sun while listening to the birds sing to each other. This was how he spent his mornings, quiet and relaxed just laid out.

But something told him that things weren't just right upon his territory. He could feel it. The hairs on his back were standing on end today as he looked towards the newly leaf-covered forest. He growled in disgust that his nap would be ruined by instinct. He made his way towards the forest, walking slowly.

Everything seemed in order, there were no signs of an intruder upon his land, but he could never be to careful as he padded along, sniffing the fresh, crisp air and listening for any sign of another creature besides himself. Even a bear could mean trouble upon his territory for it was small since there was only him and no one else. He had no pack, not since *Alline* died in 1924, four years ago.

That's when he heard it. The sound of leaves rustling coming from his right. The wolf got down on all four, crouching, waiting and listening for it. He could smell it but he couldn't see it. Just then, a red, black, and white pawed wolf jumped in front of him and then over, making him loose balance and

fall to his side. He watched as it ran for the clearing. The great male wolf jumped up and ran after it.

It was easy for him to catch up to it for he had great, long legs and it had short, stubby ones. Once he was by its side, he quickly began to growl, but the red and black wolf only kept running. The white one nipped at its legs, but the red and black one only dodged his attack, leaping over his nip and moving farther up.

The white wolf stared in disbelief. How could this wolf out smart him on his own territory? It enraged him as he ran towards it with great speed. He leaped upon the back of the other wolf and knocked it to the ground the began gnawing on its neck.

The red and black one only became more persistent to get to the exit as it began kicking him with its back legs in the jaws and nipping at his ears and paws, but the white one was much stronger and persisted to stay on.

"Stop!" it cried in a female voice. The white wolf immediately backed off staring down at the female wolf.

"Please, just leave me alone!" she barked getting up and looking at the white wolf.

The white wolf only backed away and headed towards the clearing. The red and black wolf watched him as he walked away. She only sat there sulking over what had happened.

It wasn't long her heard her howl call out to him. "Hey, wait up!"

He didn't care. He pretended he didn't hear her and continued walking towards the clearing.

She finally caught up to him and was breathing heavily from running so hard. She smile as she looked up at him. "Where ya' going?"

He didn't answer. He only focused on what was in front of him.

"Umm, do you understand my language or.."

"You told me to leave you alone so I am," he grunted as he began to trot up toward the clearing.

The female wolf stopped and stared at him as he trotted towards his clearing over looking his territory.

She began to trot to keep up with him. "What I meant was for you to... please just..." She knew he wasn't listening. She gave up and sat down in the path. "Please... wolf... don't leave me alone in this wasteland. You're the only wolf I've seen for days," she pleaded whimpering as her ears shot back.

The white wolf stopped in his tracks as even his ears shot back and he stared at the ground. He knew what it was like to be so lonely and get so scared when you see other life that you haven't seen in forever. HE knew what it was like to be so lonely that every time you see a another wolf, you see the person you had lost inside of him or her. He looked over at the female wolf, and then snorted a sigh.

"Come," he said and motioned with his head for her to follow.

The female wolf smiled as eh got up and followed the white one. "My name is Kya... yours?"

"Anonymous... I don't have one," said the white wolf.

"Didn't your mother not give you a name?" she asked.

"She died at my birth," he said looking at the ground sadly.

"Oh, well... what do they call you then?"

"The white wolf, White..."

"I like White," she said hassling. White smiled down at Kya. HE would enjoy her company.

The cold winds blew White's hair as he lay there shivering as the snow piled on top of him. He smiled even though all of this was happening. He was smiling because he was thinking of Kya. The winds kept blowing and howling but even with them doing so you could hear the soft whimper of a wolf. That wolf was whimpering the name of his mate.

"Kya," he whimpers before he closes his eyes and drifts off into a deep sleep.