A Curious Creature.

Deep in the woods
The blackened trees wilted away from the sound of their footsteps.
Alis feet kept her light and hidden. She exhaled. It was enough for the hunters. A gruff voice echoed through the woods; the words were not discernible. It was in a tongue no man could speak, suddenly a slightly kinder voice said, "why are we hunting her?"
He was not infected by the shadows racing through the trees.

A long-forgotten darkness was starting to rise, Her kin came to help her, The moon white fur became midnight black as they were devoured by the shadow, The mangled cry that sounded did not feel human, As did the girl it came from. The hard-unforgiving sound of wolves bled into her ears. They were coming for her,

It will engulf us all,

There was no other choice,
Her paws pattered on the mud coating the ground,
The shadows sensed the presence of one of the great protectors.
They slivered around her, blocking every escape route.
The hunters walked right through it.
A bowman pulled out his arrow,
The arrow flew.
She dodged and ran.

It is coming for all of us.
The trees whispered in the wind,
The rustling branches leafless and bare,
Ali had lived there her whole life,
Now it was different.

There had always been life, Rabbits scurrying through the bushes, Deer racing through the trees, Owls hooting till morning, These familiar things were gone.

It was replaced by a horror.
Hard fury,
Darkness,
Shadow,
Death.

Ali had retreated from the hunters,
The wolves had ravaged the night,
No sleep was gifted to her,
She sat in her hidden den,
The sound of monkeys skittering around her treehouse was absent.
It was unfamiliar,
All of her kin were gone,

Her mother, Her father, Her sister, Her brother.

The shadow had taken them from her, That was the worst mistake it had ever made. She was coming for it.

A long forgotten darkness was starting to rise, C CLIMA EIR G Prim O





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