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Continuum: Fables of the Fallen

Night Wolves

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A lover of bizarre stories, gothic styles and all things macabre, Kathleen Gulo is the rebel of her family. Her love for writing grew from her love for books, which will never die. She is currently studying English (with a concentration in Writing) and Communications (with a concentration in Multimedia). She works in a grocery store, but won't for long. By blogging part time and engaging in creative rampages, she plans on making her way as a writer. Miss. Gulo has spent the last three years developing a novel entitled The Legend Slayer, for which this story, Night Wolves, is a prequel.

Night Wolves

I'll never forget the night it started. Some things are just so strange, so bizarre that they can't escape memory. I'm afraid the events of my eleventh autumn never will. There was fear in the air even before I knew something was happening. I remember feeling a slow, creeping unease as I sat near the hearth, listening to my uncle, Mark, tell us a story.

When my uncle spun tales, I wished that I was a brave soldier who fought sea raiders, or Continuum: Fables of the Fallen a valiant knight who faced challenges to rescue his lady. I wished that adventures would happen to me, and I got very used to dreaming of places I'd rather be. But that night, the night it all began, made me realize that things like that are only entertaining when they happen to someone else.

It was late in the harvest season, and during the day we were rushing to get the very last of the crops into Continuum: Fables of the Fallen the barn and cellars before the frost stole it from us. I had been working hard in the field with Papa and Mark, earning my keep, as Papa says. We'd quit for the day and filled up on Mama's beef stew and potatoes. We should have gone straight to bed, but to me, going to sleep without a new story spinning around in my head was like going to bed with no supper. Finally Mark gave in to one story. "A short one," he said, like he did when he was tired.

The story he told us that night was about demons, evil creatures so terrible he couldn't describe them. Continuum: Fables of the Fallen I retired to my bed, terrified, despite Continuum: Fables of the Fallen having been reassured by Mark that monsters in stories can't hurt us. I wish he had been right.

In the middle of the Continuum: Fables of the Fallen night, I was awoken by a gunshot and a chilling, animalistic cry. I'd heard a gun go off Continuum: Fables of the Fallen many times before. Papa used to take me out to hunt birds and deer when there was nothing to butcher. It is the loudest sound on earth, louder even than thunder.

I sat up straight, straining to hear more. Grace stirred below me. I poked my head down and Continuum: Fables of the Fallen whispered to her.

"What's happening?" I asked, the unease left over from Mark's story still bubbling inside me. It was difficult not to image hands slinking out from the dark to Continuum: Fables of the Fallen grasp at my unprotected back.

"I don't know," Grace squeaked. Continuum: Fables of the Fallen

"You could go look?" I suggested.

She sounded as scared as I felt, "You're the oldest, you go look."

There was no contesting that. When I peered out of our bedroom, I saw the front door close. No lanterns had been lit, it was impossible to tell who, or what, lurked in the dark.

"Papa? Mark?" I asked, failing to show bravado.

"Go back to bed, Luke," I knew Papa's voice Continuum: Fables of the Fallen right Continuum: Fables of the Fallen away.

"What's happening?" I shivered a bit because I was only wearing my nightshirt, but mostly because fear was crawling all though my bones.

"It's alright," Papa told me. "I'll tell you about it in the morning."

"I heard a gunshot," I said. There was a dreadful curiosity in me now, and I knew it would torture me with wakefulness.

"Don't worry about it, Luke." That was Mark. "There was an animal prowling around the yard and I took a shot at it. That's all. Now do as your father says."

I don't know why I worried so much. It wasn't unusual for animals to slip through the fence that Continuum: Fables of the Fallen surrounded our property. On the east side of our land there's a forest that stretches for at least a hundred acres. We've had foxes, opossums and weasels have a go at our chickens before. Mark even swears he saw a baby bear once, out on the fringes of the woods. He said a huge mama bear must have been right behind it but with Mark and his stories, you never can tell.

Continuum: Fables of the Fallen

Still, I felt the worry nibbling at me as I lay awake. I stared into the spooky shadows cast by the moonlight over the rafters, wondering, until finally I drifted back into slumber.

The next morning I entered into the kitchen, surprised to find Mama, Papa, Mark and Grace sitting around Continuum: Fables of the Fallen the table Continuum: Fables of the Fallen together. We almost never eat the morning meal as a family. Papa and Mark usually eat first then go out to work as early Continuum: Fables of the Fallen as they can.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"I'm afraid there's going to be little work done today," Papa told me.

"Some kind of animal broke into the yard last night," Mark added, as if this explained things. At my puzzled look he elaborated. "It killed Sarah."

"Sarah?" I was surprised. Sarah had been one Continuum: Fables of the Fallen of our plow Continuum: Fables of the Fallen horses.

"What kind of creature would do a thing like that to poor Sarah?" Grace sounded on the brink of tears. She's like that about animals, even the chickens.

"More like what kind of animal could Continuum: Fables of the Fallen do that," Mark said.

"It left tracks," Papa said. "I've never seen anything like them. They look like dog prints, except the claws are wicked long."

"They're wolf prints," Mark said. How he knew Continuum: Fables of the Fallen this I don't know. "Savage animals. But the real problem is, once a wolf has tasted Continuum: Fables of the Fallen blood, he wants more. He'll be back here if we don't do something about it."

"What can you do?" I asked.

"We'll have to Continuum: Fables of the Fallen go after it," Papa said.

Grace gasped. "Can the wolf help if it's hungry?"

"If we don't kill it we'll risk losing more of our livestock, and having to replace Sarah is going to be hard enough as it is." Papa told her.

There wasn't much else to say on the matter. As soon Continuum: Fables of the Fallen as she had cleared away the plates, Mama set about making a lunch for Papa and Mark. Naturally, I asked if I could tag along.

"No, Luke," Papa told me, "We need you to stay here. There always needs to be a man

around to protect the farm." His encouraging words swelled my ego like a ripe grape. A few minutes later, I waved off my father and uncle, assuring them I would keep the farm safe until they returned.

During the morning hours I thought of Papa and Mark as I went about my chores. I pictured them creeping though the woods on the trail of a terrible creature. They would, of course, be moving silently, like the dark skinned warriors Mark had told us about in one of his stories. I did my best to describe this scene to my sister when we sat down for our noon meal, but she didn't want to hear anything about it. "But just think, Gracie, if the wolf bounds out of woods right now, I'm going to have to beat Continuum: Fables of the Fallen it off to protect you."

"What if the wolf attacks Papa and Uncle Mark?" she asked me indignantly. "All this won't seem like so much fun then, will it?"

My imagination tortured me the rest of the afternoon as I pictured bunching muscles rippling along the sinewy Continuum: Fables of the Fallen body of the wolf as it lunged at my father and uncle. Its jaws would be flecked with blood and spittle, and Continuum: Fables of the Fallen of course its mouth with be filled with glistening teeth.

Continuum Fables Of The Fallen

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