

A wolf, but A Human

By: Lexi W.

Let me tell you how I met the Sawtooth wolf pack.

I was playing Frisbee with my parents. My mom was calling my name, "Tori!?" I was trying to find the Frisbee but instead I got lost in the woods. I heard my parents shouting for me. I tried to follow their voices but when I heard howls the shouting stopped. So, I did what any ten-year-old would do...run. I must have run what felt like 12 miles when I stopped to wait and listen for my parent's voices. But instead I heard the opposite. Growls, howls, then I saw glowing eyes, about six pairs of eyes watching me. I quit panting and stayed quit.

There was a pup. She looked so scared, but she was howling her little howl. An old grey and white wolf walked up to me. I was terrified, no petrified. I have never been so scared in my life. My heart was louder than the wolf pup. Pounding at least sixteen beats per seconds. The old wolf got closer, and closer, and closer, and....stopped? He stopped to niff my leg. I was quietly praying that he wouldn't bite my ankle. But surprisingly he licked me, as if trying to tell me it was going to be ok. And it must have worked because I calmed down. The old wolf howled, and as he howled so did the others. They walked off. The old wolf stopped, so did the others. He walked back towards me, so did the others. He leaded me to their den, with the others. When I walked in to the den I noticed that the old wolf must have been the leader of the pack.

Days passed, weeks also, months maybe too. I soon found out that my parents weren't coming back. But here, it was like I never left home. Like this was my family. The old wolf was my father, his mate is my mom, their yearling pup is my younger brother, their littlest pup is my little sister, and the old wolf's brother is my uncle.

A year went by and my wolf uncle died. The pack was hunting cow elk and my uncle took a kick to the head, ribs, and back. My dad is still alive, he's 4 years old. The oldest in the pack, he's getting skinny and weak. He is also spending much more time with the pack. And I'm no wolf whisperer but I know that means he's saying goodbye.

The pack was on the morning hunt and I was at the den with my little sister. They came back with nothing for my sister. But it seemed like they had something for me. They brought me to a house and in that house, I saw a family, my family, in my...house? In my room with a baby? They looked through the window. They put the baby down and ran outside. They begged me to come back. I looked at the wolves then at my parents. I made the decision and left the pack. I had to, the pack needed to live without me. I'm dragging them down, and it's not natural for them to live with a human. Every day after that, the pack came to my house. Every day at the same time to see me.

So that's my story, a home away from home. How about you? What's your story? Don't have one...then get one?