

## First Place Prose – Elementary School

**“Misty and I”**

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**5<sup>th</sup> Grade**

**St. Francis Xavier**

The wolf went up to the mountain top and stared intently at the moon. I wondered if she would howl, but no, she laid down and fell into a deep sleep. Observing the wolf, I noticed that she had silky gray fur, one blue eye and one hazel eye. She had a black nose and very big paws. She woke up and I was sitting next to her, at first, she was scared and my heart stopped then... she laid her head on my foot and went back to sleep. I started breathing again got my food out of my bag. She awoke at the smell of the food and ate it right out of my hand. I realized that she was hungry and I pulled some rabbit meat out of my bag, she ate cautiously, but finally swallowed it. I was winning her trust.

I was proud but then she stood up and started running. There was no way a teenage girl like me could catch her. I tried anyway, not realizing she was running from me. I continued all the way down the mountain, until we reached the forest. She ran right in like she was home and I stopped like when you pull the brake that stops the front wheel of your bike and you go flying. I knew where I was. I was standing at the edge of the Forest of Darkness. The wolf knew her way inside, but I wouldn't survive, I would get lost and starve to death if I followed her. I knew I couldn't go in, so I stayed and hoped that she would come back but she didn't. I headed back to my cabin and thought of names for her, I decided on Misty because of how she disappears into the darkness.

The next morning, I felt like I was being watched, I opened my cabin door to get some fresh air and saw Misty. She ran into my cabin next to my basket of food, I couldn't deny a hungry wolf. I gave her some berries. Misty wasn't happy with me but I had nothing else to share, I realized I loved her and wanted her to stay.

I needed to get more food and decided that I would have to hunt. I left the cabin and she cautiously followed me. It was late afternoon and my deer camp was one hour away by snowmobile and I would have to strap her into my sled and pull her.

I tried to get Misty in the sled, she wouldn't cooperate and backed away. I figured I am her only friend if she lost her pack and that she would follow me I started up my snowmobile and rode about a mile and stopped. I waited five, then ten minutes, no Misty. I waited five more minutes and saw Misty come out from behind an evergreen tree. She sat next to the sled and cocked her head at me. I said, "Let's get you hooked in the sled!" I clipped a harness from one of my old sled dogs on her so that she would be safe and I hopped on going slowly at first while checking on Misty who was sitting calmly in the sled. I pushed and she wobbled but adjusted so

I increased to a steady pace and she got a little scared but put up with it because she was hungry.

We were halfway there when we saw a female black bear, knowing that there must be cubs nearby, I slowed and looked at Misty who was extremely scared. We had to get to the site soon. I moved slowly around the edge of the clearing and saw the bear running toward us, I sped up hoping to save our lives. The bear stopped chasing once we left the protective mother's territory. Misty and I were off to the races again, I reached top speed and Misty looked like a dog hanging out the window, happy as can be. When we finally made it God must have been smiling down on me because we saw a herd of six deer walking through the woods. Misty spotted them and was agitated that I hadn't unclipped her yet. She saw my bow and arrow and knew she was hunting with me, not for me. When she calmed down, I told her that she couldn't get one without her pack and she would just chase them away. I said "I know you want to hunt but we need food, so I'll make a deal. I will shoot one and you can retrieve it. Deal?" I could tell that she was disappointed but I was hungry and knew that I wouldn't miss. I got lined up and could tell Misty was skeptical. To show my skill I let go with my eyes closed. A second later I heard Misty lunge off of the snowy ground and opened my eyes to see her entering the woods to catch our 200-pound buck. I screamed, "Yeah Misty!" She ran back dragging it behind her proudly with her broad shoulders held high.

Having field dressed the buck I made it back to my cabin past dark. I cooked up a nice deer kidney for myself and gave Misty the other. After eating I was exhausted and got ready for bed. I wondered what Misty was planning on doing. I still had my huts for my sled dogs and set one on my porch for her in case she decided to stay. She rejected it and laid down in the field next to my cabin to sleep. I was so tired that I fell asleep getting into bed. When I awoke in the morning Misty was sitting staring at the sunrise and I smiled a humongous smile brighter than the northern lights. I will always call her Misty of the Mountain. Thinking to myself, maybe this time you'll stay.