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Moons Captivated by the Amber

I hear the crisp autumn leaves crunch under my paws. As I dart through the trees in the woods, the brisk air ruffles through my fur, and I can tell Winter is just around the bend. If only it wouldn't come so soon. The river rushes by my side, churning and bubbling, cold water spraying on my snout. Reaching the mouth, it calms down more while fish swim and sway through the water like the leaves flutter in the wind. Seeing myself in a rippled, glass-like form is a strange sight. My wavy snout, jagged ears, and amber-colored eyes stare back at me. My long ears twitch when I hear the snapping of a twig behind me. Turning back, I see a strange creature standing on two legs. My mind races as I wonder why it has such strange fur, only covering its head. What is it that wraps around its body that's colored the same as pumpkins? What is the long stick, and why is it silver? I wonder why it seems to be pointing the rod at me. BANG! A loud shot echoes throughout the woods. BANG! Another shot. Something jabs me. Then another shot and another jab. Finally, I fall to the forest floor, leaves crunching under my limp body, but I don't feel pain at all. It's strange, though. When I tell my body to get up, not a single muscle moves. Panic rushes through my brain, and no matter how hard I try, I can't do a thing. Pain begins to form in my side and leg. I still can't move an inch, but the strange creature moves close to me. Its piercing gaze stares into my soul. Why did you want to hurt me? What did you do? But most of all, what happens now? Their eyes are as black as night as they consume my vision. My consciousness fades.

I wake to see bars surrounding me. I'm unsure as to where I am. I no longer see trees, nor do I hear wind or water. Everything seems foreign and new. What happened? Where am I? Those strange creatures surround me, and they all look like the one that hurt me. What do they want with me, though? I try to hide in the corner of my confinement, but it seems I can't escape from it. All I can do is sit and wait for my fate to be decided.

It feels as though it's been ages since I was taken captive. The creatures have me in a place with more people around. There are other wolves within the captivity, but I miss my pack. Azrael has one blue eye while the other is amber flecked with gold. Her fur is silvery-grey in most areas, with white shining through due to age. She and her pup, Achlys, have been here for a long time. Zoriel was the alpha of his pack, but after what he calls "hunters" came, he was taken captive. Just like the rest of us, he got shot with something. There are several others, but I don't know them very well. I'm unsure as to how long I may be here. The others say Baccia was here for the passing of over 100 moons. If only I had a way of telling my pack I'm alive. If only.

It has now been over 60 moons since I arrived here. I spend most days sleeping. Maybe if I can't get out of here, I can spend my days in the world of dreams. Most days, I dream of running through the woods. My fur rustling in the wind, twigs breaking under my paw, and hearing the water rush nearby. I dream of seeing my mor and my far, the ones who raised me from the time I was a pu. Everything I once knew seems so foreign to think about now. A world that I was familiar with no longer exists in my sight. One day, I hope to see them again. Fenrisúlfr will soon take my soul. When that happens, I know I will be reunited.