

Emily Cameron

Ms. Courey

English 10 Honors, Period 7

25 March 2017

The Wolves in the Woods

Snow fell from the overcast sky and fluttered in the icy wind as a pack of wolves trekked through the forest. It was the middle of winter, and food was scarce. The wolves were on their way back to their den after a long day of hunting. They hadn't found much, but it would be just enough to feed the mother wolves and their babies back at home. Their jaws ached from holding the dead rabbits, squirrels, and other small animals, and they were exhausted.

Eventually, the wolves came to a fork in the path along which they had been walking. They paused. "Which way should we go?" one wolf asked uncertainly.

"To the right," the others replied confidently.

Little Wolf, the youngest amongst them, was skeptical. "Are you sure?" he said dubiously. He was almost positive that the path on the left was the correct way back to the den.

"Yes, of course," another wolf responded, his voice tainted with annoyance. "Why must you question us? You are the least experienced. How could you possibly know more than us?"

Little Wolf frowned and narrowed his blue eyes in concentration, trying to recall which way they had come from. He was certain that they had come from the path on the left. But in his moment of hesitation, the rest of the wolves began heading down the right path, leaving him behind. "Hey, wait up!" he cried out in objection, but the others ignored him and continued on.

He sighed in frustration, pondering what to do. Finally, he chased after them and caught up to the group. "I really think that we're going the wrong way," he piped up tentatively from behind them. When nobody responded, he raised his voice and repeated himself.

The eldest of the wolves whirled around and cast him a look of disgust and annoyance. “Be quiet,” he snarled, “or you won’t be allowed to come with us on the next hunting trip.”

Little Wolf took a step back without responding, his eyes wide. He decided to give up, and followed after the group in resignation, certain that they were going the wrong way.

They trekked through the icy forest for mile after mile. The sun sank below the horizon, enveloping the woods in darkness. Each step of the wolves’ paws became heavier and heavier, until they were almost dragging their legs through the snow. They were cold, tired, and nowhere near home.

“Where are we?” one of the wolves eventually said, a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

“I don’t recognize any of these surroundings,” another whispered. “We should be home by now.”

The eldest wolf scowled at them. “Come on, you lazy bunch,” he snapped. “We’re almost there.”

But after several more miles of trudging through the thick snow, the wolves decided to give up and admitted to their fault. “We went the wrong way,” the eldest confessed. “I’m sorry, Little Wolf. You were right. We should have listened to you.”

Little Wolf bowed his head in acknowledgement. “It’s okay. I understand.”

The pack of wolves retraced their steps all the way along the path towards the fork in the road where they had originally made the wrong turn. They then headed along the path on the left for miles until they finally reached their den. By the time they got there, they were exhausted. The baby wolves and their mothers were ravenous with hunger, their bodies struggling to generate heat with the lack of food. They had almost died of starvation.

“I was too afraid to admit to my mistakes until it was almost too late. I am sorry,” the eldest wolf said in shame as he watched the others devour the food.

However, Little Wolf had learned a very important lesson that day. He realized that he should always trust his own intuition and never let his opinion be swayed by others. If he knew he was right, he should always speak up, even if others disagreed. All the wolves now looked up to him and treated him with respect. From then on, he was always allowed to come along on hunting trips.