

The Wolf Cub by Rachel

I ran like the wind.
The wolf growls as it runs along after me.
It is night-time.
The full moon is just rising over the trees.
The wolf is gaining on me.
I know I am going to die!

I hide behind a large oak tree to try and escape.
The wolf stops running and starts sniffing around for me.
It comes closer and closer.
It lifts its head and walks quickly towards me.

I howl in pain,
The wolf's fangs dig deep into my arm.
I am the wolf's prey now!
I go unconscious,
And slump down at the foot of a massive tree.

When I wake up it is the morning,
The wolf is lying next to me asleep!
The wolf is only a baby.
I stroke its head as it starts to wake.
The wolf's coat is a sleek silver colour,
I instantly fall in love with this wolf cub.

I decide to call the cub Harry.
My arm has stopped bleeding,
But there is a massive gash where he bit me.
Harry wakes up and rubs himself against me.
I stand up and start walking home.
Harry follows me and I realise that he is probably an orphan.
I walk home with Harry trotting beside me.

