



Doomseeker

A Space Wolfes Audio Drama (2012)

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List of characters:

- * Skeln - Space marine battle-brother, Lone Wolf, last of the pack.
- * Hagnin - Wulfen, former Space Wolf.
- * Zahn - Inquisitor of the Ordo Xenos
- * Rake - interrogator of the Ordo Xenos, assistant to Lord Inquisitor Zahn.

CHAPTER 01

The first cut was a straight line. It drew blood and carried a sting that banished innervation as the wound reopened.

Skeln: "Barek, Gerek".

The second was ever slant. It brought savage pride into revulsion to his gorge that this hunt was not yet ended.

Skeln: "Thorgard, Magni".

The third crossed the other two. It went deep, right to his hot beating heart. It brought into purpose so he would not rest until the deed was done.

Skeln: "Athgar, Skoll, Fenrir".

The final cut was jagged – a sore-toothed tear in his skin. Here then was wrath and retribution with clenched fist and bared teeth, as the face of his quarry came to mind.

Skeln: "Hagnin".

It had been so long since he had spoken, since he had needed to speak, that his voice came out in a rasp. Seven names for warriors dead committed forever to memory and now to flesh and one for a warrior lost – his reckoning at hand. Ice was already riming Skeln's exposed forearm sealing the freshly cleaved wounds. A skirling wind was come from the north carrying thick snow drifts that did little to impede his hunter's senses. Rising from his haunches Skeln let the storm thrash him. He closed his eyes and listened, drinking in every scent, sifting through the cold for something familiar, something he could track.

Blue grey power armor turned to white in seconds, clumps of snow sticking to the hoarfrost already crusting the battle-plate. He would wait

for hours if necessary. The Space Wolf had waited for six days already, delving deeper into Skorbad's ice wastes, tracking across swaves of tundra and vast frozen lakes that shimmered like panes of frosted glass, cracking underfoot with every step. At last he detected a mote of something not born of the ice and cold. It was flesh and fur, the faintest redolence of a former brother turned feral by his genetic heritage.

Skeln: "I am Lone Wolf".

Nearby an axe-blade stood up half-buried in the ground. No mortal man could have put it there or likewise retrieved it. Skeln clenched the leather-bound heft with hairy knuckled fingers and wrenched the weapon free with a single grunt of effort.

Skeln (crying): "I am Lone Wolf".

He fought the wind and its growing ferocity, cowing it with his bared fangs. Reaching over his bare shoulder he took a make-shift shield from his back. It was fashioned from the door of a broken drop-pod, a section of it at least. The slab-sided capsule was the last sign of life Skeln had seen for hours. It had no markings, just iron grey like the streaks in his black beard. But it was smashed open as if whatever it had once harbored had broken loose. Skeln cared not. He knew his prey and would seek it out or die in the attempt.

Skeln: "Hagnin, doom has come! It has come for you, brother!"

Shrieking wind answered and within it something not of Skorbad. This sound brought a feral smile to Skeln's lips.

(Beast howling)

A howl carried on the breeze, one he had heard before. Throwing back his head Skeln howled back.

(Skeln howling)

Skeln: "Challenge accepted".

CHAPTER 02

And he ran hard and fast into the wind and snow. Featureless white gave way to rugged grey rock and slab-steps that rose up into a fearsome mountain crag.

Skeln: "Here then is where you have made your lair, brother".

He looked up as far as a dense bank of cloud obscuring the summit. The wind had died down but was louder, funneled through the peaks and caverns of the mountain. There was no pass or causeway, only a

sheer-sided ice cliff, that Skeln hoped would lead to a vantage where he could better gain his bearings. Standing at the foot of the cliff first mentally mapping his route with the hand and footholds he could see he secured his weapons to his armor and began to climb.

(Skeln groaning)

Ice-caped rock crunched under his powerful grip even without the strength of his gauntlets, like his arm grievant vambrace and one pauldron on his left side he discarded his gauntlets to better embrace the fury of the elements. As a pup he'd endured worse on Fenris, whilst stalking the mountains of the Maelstrom Forfenria he was almost naked and carried a long fenrisian blade on his back as protection. It was a false comfort of course. No weapon could protect a warrior against a thunder wolf if the beast wanted you dead. He had defeated Fenria through tenacity, strength and eventually dominance, shacking the beast but never fully taming it he'd won its respect and bent it to his will. Now Fenria laid dead, a frozen corpse far behind him outside the ruins of Hellspire where he had left the rest of his pack. A rot had set into this world, claiming the lives of his brothers and their mounts. They had come to destroy a plague, to burn it with a conflagration that even the ice of this frigid land could not resist. Blackened was the crater they had left behind, seven graves had tended it. Skeln would have an eighth. The fate of Hagnin's beast was unknown but it was likely dead too, devoured by its former master.

Skeln snarled at the thought of it as he clung to the cliff-face releasing a wet growl to vocalize his displeasure.

Skeln: "The hunt does not end until you or I are dead, brother".

His breath ghosted the air with the heat of the threat. Above him the cracked rock was thick with crevasses, crags and small fissures. It made for an easy climb. And as Skeln peered through the enveloping mist, he thought he discerned the edge of a plateau. Grinning he was about to carry on when the scent of something strange and unfamiliar pricked his nostrils. For several days he had acclimatized to Skorbad, grown accustomed to its sounds and smells like any wolf would familiarize itself with this territory. Any foreign sensation to that established geography would stand out like the reek of a corpse. But it wasn't putrefaction that made Skeln halt his ascent. It was nessesvic aroma, like acid bile on his tongue or ammonia making his eyes water. He licked his canines, snarling at the taste and released his right hand

so that he could untever the axe on his back. Holding on one-handed Skeln listened to the tone and cadence of the mountain.

Skeln (crying out loud): “Lone Wolf!”

The wind answered his announcement, howling and shrieking through the mountains as before. As he thumbed the stud on the end of his axe’s panel to activate the weapon’s power field, Skeln caught sight of something scaling down the cliff towards him on all fours. It was fast and hard to see even with the Space Wolf’s preternatural senses. A shadow darted through the fog which had grown up and thickened around him as if the mountain itself was his enemy and this monster’s willing ally. He whistled to taunt the beast.

(Skeln whistling)

Skeln: “Come on then”.

Skeln tracked the shadow creature’s movements urging it to attack as his mouth filled with hot wet saliva.

Skeln: “Can that be measured against my blade”.

His grip on the mountain viselike he swung the axe around and his free hand loosening his wrist. It hummed through the air, tiny droplets of mist fizzing sharply against the energized blade.

Skeln: “I will cut you open, spill you into the air, red and warm as I murder make”.

As Skeln eyed the approaching shadow already crafting the attack he would use in his mind’s eye, it vanished. One second the shadow was there, prowling towards him, a low growl on its lips and then it was gone. The mocking silence fell and in it Skeln roared.

Skeln: “Coward!”

He smacked the flat of his blade against the cliff spitting out sparks of electrical discharge and fragments of rock to vent his frustration.

Skeln: “The warrior I knew would not bunk from a fight! Come on, you craven beast! Or are you too”.

The shadow returned flitting across Skeln’s vision in a dagger slash of blackness and like smoke.

(Skeln crying from pain)

It was gone again but left behind knifing pain in the Space Wolf’s flank. Agony supplanted anger and crying out he clutched his wounded side. Four deep tracks had been carved through plate and flesh oozing crimson. Skeln bit his lip. Drawing blood, the taste of it filled his mouth

provoking his feral aspect. His incisions grew, a savage tattoo thrumming in his heart. His ears pricked up to listen for danger. Flared nostrils analyzed every smell trying to pinpoint the one that would give his attacker away. Eyes narrowed. A snarl rumbled from deep within his belly as he looked around slowly for any sign of his assailant.

(Something groaning)

No boasts this time, no foolish attempts to goat his own warrior-brother. Hagnin had his scent so Skeln knew he was at a disadvantage. He turned putting the cliff at his back and his solitary handhold at a walkward angle. The risk was worth it. Cold stone, Skeln knew, would not betray him as the mist had.

(Skeln whistling)

He whistled again long and low, a reminder to his quarry that he was still the hunter. Something scurried above him, lightning fast a smear of black against grey before it was gone. Craning his neck acutely aware of the lactic acid building in his shoulder while it supported his entire weight Skeln searched the grey. Nothing! Three turns of his axe brought a low power hum emanating off the blade. Impatience nod at his resolve. Ice was clinging to Skeln's body in a thick veneer, merging him with the mountain. Soon he'll become just another gnarled crag jutting from the face encased by merciless cold.

Skeln (hardly speaking): "I am waiting".

When the second attack came, Skeln was ready. He smelled the creature before he saw it dang in the surface lashing out with his axe a moment later.

(Creature roaring)

A shriek of pain rewarded his efforts as the blade bit, but only barely. In the same instant Skeln was mould, pain flaring bright and hungry in his shoulder and neck. The blow was so swift; he'd been unable to discern the nature of his attacker. More pressing concerns presented themselves. Blood was pumping redly from his neck and he dropped the power axe as his fingers were numb from the shock translated down his shoulder. Disarmed he thought about his knife but dismissed it as a last resort only. Strength fleeing his body with every drop of bloodshed, Skeln realized he couldn't stand on the cliff.

Skeln (crying): "A-a-a-a!"

Surprise attack be damned. He had to climb. And over hand claws digging deep into the rock Skeln had reached a rocky shelf as a third

attack threw him up over the lip and onto the plateau itself. He sprawled tumbling badly across jagged ground and came to a halt when his back and arm struck unyielding stone.

(Stone crushing)

The heavy impact sent a tremor up the mountainside that resonated all the way to the summit. Skeln had barely blinked the red flashes from his vision when a loud crack sounded from above. It grew in ferocity loud as battle cannon by the time he had pulled himself up onto one knee. Eyes wide Skeln gazed into the maw of the white abyss descending like hammer from on high.

Skeln: Hairy ass of Russ!

(Stones falling)

Ice, rock, snow, the avalanche smashed into him. Darkness claimed his sight quickly, his last image that of a shadow staring at him through the fog. Hard to tell with all that noise, but Skeln could have sworn it was mocking him.

CHAPTER 03

Silence fell after that. Silence and cold as the Space Wolf's world was swallowed whole.

(Drops of water falling, streams of water running)

A long hall stretched out before him seemingly without end. Skeln was standing at its threshold. Though he had no knowledge of how he'd got here or what was behind him. Tall angular columns punctuated a broad processional of flagstones etched with runes along either edge. Cooking meat, the aroma of wheat and fermentation resolved on a shallow breeze that beckoned him forwards. Slow but steady Skeln made his way along the path. As he walked he saw statues between each of the columns set into giant magnificent alcoves. They were warriors of the rout, but not armored in ceramite or clasping bolters, rather they wore leather and scale, great cloaks of fur or hooded wolf pelts. In their marble fists they clenched spears, swords and clubs. It was only then that Skeln realized, his own attire had changed, that he too was dressed in more ancient garb that echoed the trappings of statuesque forebears.

Skeln: "What is this place?"

At the end of the processional a brazier pan ignited into roaring flame and a massive wooden throne was revealed in the light.

King: "It is my hall!"

A king was sitting upon the throne, his arms banded in tucks, his vambraces polished bronze and a gilded crown upon his brow. He could be nothing other than this hall's liege lord.

Skeln: "I am Skeln of the Space Wolves".

Despite himself in the face of this ancient king he did not sound certain. The king shifted forwards on his throne smiling ferally as if regarding a pack-mate.

King: "I know who you are".

As he got closer Skeln noticed how muscular the king was, how broad his back and shoulders were like the slabs of a mountain. An necklace of tooth and claw rested upon his huge chest, which rose and fell quickly as if his metabolism was burning at an exponential rate. His wile hair was fair and unkempt, an immense wolf's head draped over one meaty shoulder. Standing only a few hand-spans away Skeln realized the king was even larger and more powerful than him.

Skeln: "Impossible, you are no near man".

He wanted to reach out and see if this apparition was real, but became suddenly weary of extending a hand towards the alpha-wolf.

Skeln: "I am casting my father's image, a warrior of the rout, a son of Fenris".

King: "Indeed you are".

The king smiled again and nodded to the ground at Skeln's feet. Where before there was runed gravestone, now a pool of ice shimmered instead.

King: "Look into the ice, Skeln and tell me what you see".

Unable to do anything except obey Skeln looked. At first there was only ice, so pure and crisp, it was almost silver in color. A ripple from some unfelt breeze disturbed the surface. Impossibly the ice moved and where before there was nothing suddenly there was depth. And Skeln was peering into the fathoms of a vast lake. Down he went, down into the deeps, his senses clouding, his heart beating harder, his lungs fighting for breath. At the bottom of the lake something moved - an uncoiled like a black serpent, camouflaged by the inky resolution of the water.

Skeln: “Leviathan! Kill it though once, kill it myself”.

CHAPTER 04

Skeln awoke. He was trembling, his entire body gripped with the fever that drenched his skin in sweat. Kept at bay by the cold, pain returned to his body as a nearby fire banished away numbness.

Skeln: “Where is this?”

Skeln had no strength for further words as they died in his throat. Breathing was difficult as if a Land Raider was balancing on his chest. He could barely move his limbs. Even the slightest twitch of his fingers brought searing agony, so he kept still instead and heeded his senses. There was darkness, but not so thick as eyes could not penetrate it. Stalactites speared down from a rocky ceiling, the ground beneath him was hard and cold. Beyond the wind still howled and chilled the beading sweat upon his brow to make him shiver.

Skeln: “I am in a cave”.

With revelation came remembrance of the avalanche that had crushed him. The compacted ice and rock smashing into his body, bones broke, blood weald up in his mouth, nerve endings on fire. Agony. Someone or something had dragged him clear – a rescue or a search for food. Trying to rise was a mistake, but he caught the vague impression of a hunched silhouette regarding him from the shadows before he fell back down. Half-delirious from pain Skeln drifted off in a fevered slumber. His dreams were dark, laced with red and reeked of blood.

CHAPTER 05

King: “Wake!”

Skeln blinked unsure if he was still dreaming or if he was back amongst the living.

King: “Wake!”

The voice echoed in the cave, a low growl that lifted the hackles on the back of the Space Wolf’s neck. An ache seized his entire body as if he was tenderized meat only just off the butcher’s block, but most of the pain had subsided. Inching up into a sitting position he grimaced and reached for his knife when he saw the silhouette watching him from the darkness. It was broad, armored and carried a palpable threat that Skeln had reacted to instinctively. A warrior.

Skeln: "Who are you?"

Amber-colored eyes with the black pupil and iris were revealed in the darkness as the warrior leaned forwards framed by a hirsute face.

Skeln: "You are Fenrisian?"

King: "You have been sleeping for almost three days".

He slipped back into the shadows.

King: "It is time you rejoin the hunt".

Though still weary Skeln released his grip on the knife.

Skeln: "Who are you? Did you drag me from the ice?"

Rising from his haunches the warrior turned.

King: "Come!"

Skeln bared his teeth growling.

Skeln: "You should not show your back to a wolf".

His feral anger felt natural as if a part of him buried deep underneath was pressing against the confines of his skin, stretching it, clawing at it. Were his fangs longer? His nose more like a snout? What of the hair on the back of his neck, around his face and on his hands? The darkness made it hard to tell, but even that was being stripped away as his senses cut through it. As he walked away the warrior called out.

King: "Wounded, you are of little concern to me, brother".

The odor of wet fur and copper was left behind and Skeln snorted at the stench. It was familiar, unmistakable.

Skeln: "Not possible".

Skeln awoke for the second time and realized he was still in the cave. It must have been another dream. Wulfen cannot speak and this one just had. Yet he saw the fire that was made for him and the fresh paw prints leading off to a ragged circle of light a little way ahead. The entrance to the cave was blanketed with snow, ice clinging to its edges. A growl rose up from Skeln's gut spilling out from his throat as a scowl curled his lip.

Skeln: "Hagnin!"

Stagnant at first, but swiftly regaining his composure, Skeln ran out of the cave mouth, knife clutched in his fist. He emerged from the darkness into a storm.

CHAPTER 06

Eddies of snow were swirling in every direction creating a howling and impenetrable wall of white. It hit him like a sledgehammer. The Space Wolves recover quickly. Belatedly Skeln became aware of the poultice gumming his armor where Hagnin had slashed him open and an earthy dobbing around his shoulder and neck. Why his brother had saved him and nursed him back to health was unclear. Perhaps he wanted to fight another Fenrisian on even terms. And Skeln could not fault the honor in that. Then Hagnin had killed his own in a feral rage. True, the blood of the entire pack was no on his claws, but enough was. As he teetered on the edge on a sloping cliff which the cave crowned at its summit a red haze fell over Skeln. But unlike the chilling veneer of arctic white swathing the mountains this was a second skin of burning red that seared nerve endings and boiled in his hearts.

Heavy thunder filled his ears and it took him a few moments to realize it was the sound of his own blood beating around his body. Wrath seized him and he clenched his fists. He would ran Hagnin, tear him, rip off his limbs, feast on his flesh.

Skeln gasped, appalled at the visceral images filling his mind as the flood of sensation almost overwhelmed him. Causing his breath to slow, he steadied his heart and crimson haze ended, but did not abate. An abyssal chasm laid below him only a few steps away. In his haste he had almost plunged headlong into it – a certain doom even for a Space Wolf.

Skeln snarled. Hagnin must have descended. Though he had left no easy spot to follow, there was no other way off the cliff. Dropping to his haunches Skeln closed his eyes and breathed deeply through his nose. He then lapped the air with his tongue tasting it, analyzing. Subconsciously both his hands touched the ground and in the feel of the earth and rock was the remnant of something passing. Satisfied he had found Hagnin's trail Skeln gave a snort of pride before descending. Even surrounded by the storm he could see there was a snow- shoaled valley little way from the nadir of the chasm, its ugly peaks shouldering each other as they crowded around it. High up as he was they were just shallows but crouched down Skeln could smell water and taste of stagnant depths of a frozen lake.

Skeln: "No distance from me will ever be far enough, brother".

He climbed, hurrying in Hagnin's wake. On the ground outside the cave was a knife, Skeln's knife, now discarded and forgotten. Reaching the bottom of the chasm took several hours. It was a deep trench, wrought

with the razor-edge splinters of rock and numerous dead drops. He saw no former, no creatures of any kind and wondered if they were in hiding from the apex predator in their midst. Either way by the time Skeln was on the ground again, he was cut in several places and in a foul mood.

Skeln: "Hagnin! I will slit your bestial throat"

He bit his chest in anger as the desire to rip his brother apart tried to return. Skeln suppressed the urge, reciting the names of his fallen kin to fortify him.

Skeln: "Barek, Gerek, Thorgard..."

(Beast howling)

A distant howl interrupted Skeln's reverie. It came from the direction of the lake. Ears pricked he loped after the sound, ropes of spittle stringing from his mouth in anticipation of the kill.

CHAPTER 07

Reaching the craggy rocks at the edge of the lake Skeln saw his prey at last. Sheltered by the lumpen peaks the storm was less turbulent in the valley and a strange sense of stillness pervaded, that presaged violence to come. Hagnin was standing directly in the middle of the frozen lake, his long arms by his sides, his eyes flashing like tiny amber flames. Skeln jutted his chin at his own brother, now greatly changed by the canis helix.

Skeln: "Wulfen!"

Hagnin bowed his head slow and with respect, but not obeisance. A shaft of moonlight pierced the roiling cloud above bathing Hagnin in a lance of pearlescent silver. Thick fur shoaling his immense, grotesquely muscled body turned from dark brown to grey in the transformative light. He was much altered from the Space Wolf he once was. A long snout replaced his mouth and savage claws had taken over from nails and fingers. Fangs as long and broad as daggers jutted from his bestial mouth. Hagnin's back was arched too as if it was difficult, even unnatural to stand on two legs. Upright he was over three meters tall.

(Beast snarling)

Hagnin snarled revealing the yellow saliva drenched bone of his canine teeth. Skeln snapped.

Skeln: "You slew your own kin, monster!"

A low growl escaped Hagnin's lips in what might have been regret. Slowly he began to remove the last vestiges of his broken armor – the few pieces of plate and scale that remained. Underneath gross and overbulkied muscles protruded. With every scrap of metal he shed Hagnin appeared to grow.

A snarl of pleasure ripped from his throat to be free of these human trappings as he crouched before Skeln naked and hunched. Their eyes met, only a shimmering pane of ice between them. Skeln hogged and spat and readied himself to charge.

Skeln: "You should not have dragged me from the ice, brother. Prepare to die!"

Then he ran at Hagnin, unleashing a heartrending howl. Throwing back his lupine head Hagnin echoed him and loped into a counter-charge. Near the lake's edge they clashed, the Wulfen faster and mobile because of his metamorphoses. Skeln was punched off his feet and thrown back skidding across the ice. Coughing out a gobbet of blood over his beard he tried to rise but stumbled.

Skeln: "I am Lone Wolf".

He raged, trying to fuel his body with enough anger to stand and in so doing he let in the beast that had been clawing at the inside of his skin eager to get out. Skeln's head snapped up and he met Hagnin's gaze, who was just few steps away. The Wulfen was crouched on all four limbs, watching, amber eyes, black pupils and iris. Remembering the dream of the ancient king Skeln looked down and in the perfect ice saw Hagnin's eyes with a mirror of his own.

He noticed a slight pronounciation of his nose and mouth, a lengthening of his canine teeth, a thickening of the hair around his face.

Skeln (growling): "I... am..."

The growling voice that spoke barely sounded like his anymore. Something else resolved through the ice, something awoken by their brief struggle. It was dark and uncoiled like a serpent drown in fathoms of ink black. Skeln looked up again. Hagnin was staring at the shadow too.

Hagnin (mumbling): "Kill...it..."

He could barely speak. Skeln saw murder in his brother's eyes. It had been meant for him until the thing beneath the ice had stirred. Now he noticed something else too. Kinship, the hope of a pack remade.

(Hagnin croaking)

Hagnin sprang back as the ground beneath him exploded in a flurry of razor-edged shards.

(Explosion, beast crying)

The dweller below was serpentine, an oily film coating its jellied flesh. It stank and made Skeln's eyes water as he backed away from the cracking ice. Sensing prey it snapped at Hagnin with a bit-like mouth but shrieked in pain as Skeln ripped it. Thrashing the creature tried to turn but Hagnin had already sunk his fangs into its flesh rending and tearing.

(Beast shrieking)

A blink of panic snorted through the giltheads in the side of its snake-like head, as it realized its easy meal was anything but. Skeln saw the beast's weakness at once.

Skeln: "Drag it from the water".

Hagnin seized it in his claws, as Skeln punched his smaller talons into the beast's opposite flank. Together they pulled. Shrieking, mewling, spitting inky black blood from its savage wounds the creature was dragged from its frozen refuge and up onto the ice. Slowly as the Wolves tore it the beast lost the will and strength to fight and as the moonlight touched it, it began to shrivel into a wasted husk.

(Wulfen howling)

When it was done, Hagnin threw back his head and howled in triumph and after a few moments Skeln joined him.

(Wolves howling)

CHAPTER 08

(Fire burning)

He had meant to kill his former brother, thinking him a monster, a curse that walked. But as their amber eyes had met, he realized. He had become that which he hunted. Already he felt the grip of transformation upon him and he realized then that he had not been dreaming in the cave. He had understood Hagnin because they were the same. It would not be long now. He should be ashamed to be cursed, to have succumbed to the wolf within. But he was glad. A Lone Wolf no longer, he had gone in search of prey and instead found a pack.

CHAPTER 09

Even the thick storm cloaks and arctic body gloves could not keep up the cold entirely and Rake shivered as he stood alongside his master. A heavy gale was blowing a snow storm that turned blood to ice. Inquisitor Zahn squatted by the broken hatch of the drop-pod, a vox coder in his hand.

Zahn: “Weathering an environmental scarring suggests the creature has been at large for several years. Even with advanced xenos evolutionary trait, there is no way to accurately predict either its size, or mutagenic cycle. Prognosis is dire, however – threat extreme. Suggest possible Deathwatch deployment”.

Granting with the stiffness in his back and the whine of augmetics in his legs Zahn stood up.

Zahn: “There is little more to gather from the crash site, interrogator Rake. I suggest...”

But Rake wasn't listening. He was staring at the two gigantic wolves, regarding them from a snowy ridge line in the distance. He reached for his plasma carbine, but Zahn put out his hand to stop him. He glanced at his master uncertainly.

Rake: “But the wolves...”

The Lord Inquisitor had spent some time with the sons of Fenris and he knew their kind well.

Zahn: “Those are no mere wolves...”

Zahn slowly back away, lowering his gaze, but never losing sight of the two massive beasts.

Zahn: “Follow me, acolyte. Do as I do”.

Rake obeyed, but was still confused.

Rake: “What about the tirano form? Should we...”

Zahn: “The creature is dead, trust me of that”.

They retreated not daring to look away from the wolves, until the snow reclaimed them and they were lost in the storm.

(Wolf howling)

A howling followed them, a fierce territorial sound that echoed with power and pride across the tundra. This realm is ours, it said. This place belongs to the wolves.

