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| LEGENDS OF KAURE : WOLVES  DOVE KEELMAN |

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| sandrine alouidor  [Date] |

# CHARACTERS

Cats call all other speciEs by human names. Weasels, wolves, cats, and dogs usually have a extra human name

WOLVES –part one: quest

NarrAtor

Dove(Cindy) keelman – white she-wolf with blue eyes

Other Characters(order of importance)

Wolves

willow(Alyssa) Keelman - white she- wolf with a black ear(Dove’s sister)

FROST – WHITE MALE WOLF WITH BLUE EYES(DOVE’S SECRET FATHER, CAPTURED BY CAMBYSES)

CLOUD- PALE GRAY SHE-WOLF WITH ONE BLACK EAR (DOVE’S MOTHER, CAPTURED BY CAMBYSES) Tsunami(sarah) Harding- Queen of the wolf empire, red wolf with blue eyes

RAINSTORM(fire, VAl) sangfroid - BLUE-GRAY mals WOLF WITH blue eyes and AN ABILITY TO MAKE FUR GINGER. DUE TO HUMAN EDITING. Called Fire when ginger pelted

Shadow(tonya) harding- black she-wolf with green eyes

cedar(Valentina) Henet- dark gray-black she-wolf with green eyes

king stoneclaw(solomon) Weines- dark gray male wolf

Major oreo(Geneva) fawkey- White she-wolf with black bands and a black ear(dove ‘s foster mother and married to general steel)

General Steel(Hakon) Fawkey –gray wolf(dove’s foster father and married to major oreo)

Pine-red she-wolf with green eyes

Blood(Farah) Himey-dark red she-wolf with green eyes

sickle (Calvin) keene- gray, male wolf

stumpy tail(dan) heartwood- dark brown male wolf

Maple(ashley) harding - Red she-wolf with amber eyes(Tonya’s Sister)

Mrs. Rebfire-pale gray she- wolf

Snap-white wolf with tan legs and ear, due to huMAn editing

Hazel(GaBRIEl) harding - Pale brown wolf

Sparkles- Dark gray bLAck she-wolf, cedar imposter

snowfall-white she -wolf with blue eyes, dove imposter

treeTail-dark brown male wolf

BlueFang(adolf) fawkey-Blue-gray male wolf with long fangs, Rainstorm’s servant, steel’s brother

Graytail-gray, male wolf with a dark gray tail(cedar’s father, captured by CAMBYSES)

Graystorm- gray-black she-wolf, pale gray tail( cedar’s mother captured by cambyese)

Foxes

Almond(pandora) Blut-Red vixen with pale brown haunches and tail

Mousewhisker(cadman) blut- red reynard (captured by cambyses, Almond’s father{

rabbittail(orla) blut-pale brown vixen (captured by cambyses, almond’s mother)

grayhawk(dante) bonapoa-small gray reynard with one dark gray paw

Cats

Bluewing-blue-gray tom with black burn streaks

Bluespots-blue-gray she-cat with ginger patches

Bluetail-blue gray tom with a long tail

Badgers

Midnightfang-massive female badger

Raccoons

CAMBYSES – boar ra coon with brown eye mask and brown flecks, and brown stripes

Wolf Gods

Irish- Dark gray she-wolf with green eyes, also seen as a green dragon

Keena- white he-wolf with blue eyes, also seen as a white dragon

Jade- dark gray he-wolf with green eyes, also seen as a gray dragon with green wings

Moon-Dark gray wolf with blue eyes, also seen as a white dragon with blue wings

Death- black wolf with red eyes, also seen as a black dragon

## Chapter One: The argument

Life sucks.

Naming sucks.

Why?

I remember my naming. My foster mother, Major Oreo, didn't want to name me Snow or Ice or something like that. So she brought me to the Council of Elders, a bunch of old wolves who advise people. And one day, the Elders were arguing. I was playing on a snow slope and I remembered sliding into a dark gray flecked elder. Oreo is looking at me like she could kill. The elder looks at me and says:

“Her name is Dove, for she brought peace in a time of turmoil.”

Thinking back on that, it seems ….

“Dove.” My friend Shadow Tonya Harding nudges me.

I drag myself out of my thoughts.

“We need to talk,” she says.

We are in the gym, sitting in those red bleachers seats with gray colored space in between. Mrs. Rebfire is teaching a sidestep and fang. The floor is gold colored.

Tonya licked her muzzle.

“Do you think I could be queen?’Do think my mother is a bad queen?’

Caught off guard, I replied, “ Yes and no.”

Tonya turns her head and stares at me with surprising hate.

“My mother is the worst queen in the history of Wolves! She is oppressive, forcing us to do Battle training! Dove, you’ve been brainwashed!”

“What’s-“

“Tonya, Dove!’ I want you to demonstrate the sidestep and fang. Tonya first.” Mrs. Rebfire howled.

Sickle stood there, shaking nervously. He was a scrimpy, pale gray wolf who could barely fight. He was good for demonstrating things like this. He couldn’t do anything to save his life. The classes he aced were Naptime.

Tonya scrambled down the steps.

She stops less than two feet away from him.

Sickle lunges at her, forepaws extended towards her muzzle. Tonya sidestepped. As he lands, he is grabbed by the neck and flipped onto his back.

“Dove!’

I scrambled down the bleachers. Sickle is naturally nervous and sways as I stop in front of him. He leaps.

*I ….*

Seconds before my eyes are raked out, I yelp and flinched, twisting and sidestepping. The crowd guffaws.

*Sluts! Weasels!*

*I’ll show them!*

As Sickle flies past, I grab his neck and pull out of his leap. Dragging him up the bleachers, I fling into the crowd. The crowd howled in surprise and Sickle falls between the red seats. Wolves dragged him up. Sickle ’s head popped up, green eyes shining. His neck fur was ruffled and dirt clung to his shoulders.

*Ha. Take that.*

“Class dismissed,” calls Mrs. Rebfire.

“Nice move, Dove.”

I spin on my feet and find myself staring at the lithe form of Queen Tsunami!

Leaping off the bleachers, I dropped into a bow. Tail tucked, I press my muzzle to the floor. Mrs. Rebfire follows.

“Stand, “ she says.

She walks up to Mrs. Rebfire and begins to talk in a low voice. I hear the click of scrabbling claws and Tonya races for the hallway. I run after her.

Teeth meet my left ear. Claws smack my muzzle. The wolf drags me, shaking me like a rag doll. I writhed like a snake and drove my muzzle into black fur. My teeth ripped out chunks of oil-black fur that leaves exposed flesh. A yelp rings through the air. The vise-like grip loosened and I tear free, spinning on my feet to meet my attacker.

It was Tonya.

A trickle of blood leaves a red stain. A stinging sensation followed. Rubbing my ear, I can feel a small rip in the ear, a scar that can never be healed.

Tonya runs, fast. I walk.

*Why me? I’m her friend. Is she planning something?*

When I get to the lunchroom(which looked like the typical workplace cafeteria) The tables and seats were gray. Tiles were white flecked with gray and pale gray. Smoke gray. I rise to my hind legs.

Yes. I can stand up on my hind legs. All wolf pup, provide that they have no other major illnesses, get an implant in their hind legs that allow them to stand on their hind legs. My forepaws snag a green tray. I learn when I was 2 ( 4 in wolf years). My sister( who was 1 and one half years old) couldn’t stand up, so Major Oreo and General Steel helped her. I learned by myself. I handed the tray to a lunch lady who flung on today’s special, “Chicken Parmesan”. (It did not look like Chicken Parm, in fact, it looked like a chicken patty.) Clinging to the tray; I staggered over to the last table in two columns. Tonya usually sits there. And she is.

Tonya is sitting like a wolf does-like a dog does. Forepaws in front, hindlegs behind. One forepaw is on the table. She was not eating, just watching. In fact, no one is eating. Tonya’s scary. No one but the royal family can call her by her real name. Everyone is required by law to call her Tonya. It’s not Tsunami’s law, it ‘s Brackenwing, our second queen’s law. Her daughter got offended and that's what happened.

When I got there, I sat down next to Tonya. The tension relaxed. People tend to like me. They know that I’m the general’s foster daughter, and to them, I am the only one to control Tonya.

Tonya stretches and glances around.

‘This stuff is crap,” she says.

Heads nod. The tension still does not relax.

“You guys all have better food, so give it to me,”

One wolf, Snap glowers at her.

Snap was one of three wolf pup captured by humans. Humans used genetic editing technology to make them more like cats. One was Rainstorm. Rainstorm was given an ability to change his fur to a fiery ginger color. They called him Fire when his fur was ginger and did experiments on him. The second pup died two days in. The third was Snap. They gave her tawny colored ears and legs and also experiments on her. The two hate each other. Snap tried to snap his neck with her jaws because of a drug the humans gave her. He has never forgiven her.

“Tonya, you are not entitled to anything. Just because of you are the heir apparent doesn’t mean we should respect you,”

Tonya rose on one leg. She put her left hind paw down on the gray-flecked white tile and snarls. Her forepaws press down on the edge of the gray table. Her right hind leg was bent as she crouched on that leg. , teeth bared. She snarled, ears tugged back.

No one moved.

“Give me your food. Now,” she snarls.

“No,” responds Snap.

Tonya lunges for the tray. She sinks her teeth into Snap’s tray and pulls hard. Snap pulls back. The two tug the tray back and forth, and I know Tonya will never forfeit. Snap will lose and she does not deserve too.

*Oh, Irish.*

*Not that!*

Baring my teeth, I dived off the seat.

I dropped into a crouch and lunged at Tonya’s left hind leg. I bit down with all my strength.

“What was that?!” Tonya said.

I swallowed nervously.

Tonya turned her head to her right. Then the left.

She saw me.

Teeth grabbed my tail and I felt blood trickle down the floor. I bit down harder and Tonya howled.

The teachers heard. They all heard. Heads spun and stared. I could imagine what they were thinking. Tonya Harding’s teeth were wedged in a student’s tail-the foster daughter of the general. The foster daughter of General Steel. To think that girl will be our next queen! Oh, wait never mind. Dove, that slut, is biting her leg.

“Dove! Tonya! What are you doing? If you want to fight, go to the gym!”

The gym.

The gym?

Tonya lugged herself off the seat. She dragged her hindleg behind her. She dragged me to the leg of the long table.

Thack.

She swung my body against the leg of the table.

Pain exploded in my gut. I curl in but did not let go. I dare not let go.

Thack.

Again, the pain sent a bullet into my gut.

She stops.

“Gym! Gym!”

I let go and stand.

Every wolf is cheering. Some are throwing up hats.

Tonya limps to the gym.

I follow.

## Chapter 2: The Fight

When we got to the gym, we were not alone. Rainstorm was grappling with Sickle. Rainstorm was winning. Sickle was on his back and fighting like a wildcat. His teeth were sinking into Rainstorm’s right forepaw. Rainstorm had pinned him down.

Tonya strutted, bitten leg or not, and walked over to Rainstorm and sat down. Rainstorm noticed and turned his head.

“Hey, Tonya! What happened to your leg?”

“She happened,” Tonya said and jerked her head towards me.

I entered the gym and advanced towards Tonya. She sat taller as I approached, stalking across the gym The bleachers were up, and I noted that.

“Rainstorm, stay out of it. Besides,” I added,” If you have not tried to take Snap’s lunch, I would not have done it,”

“Good riddance,” said Rainstorm.

Tonya says to me, “You’ll never be the heir apparent. Never. Your dream of being a queen will never happen. It is completely unrealistic-“

That’s it. I not taking this anymore.

I swiped at me, striking her shoulder. My claws tore up fur. I dropped into a battle crouch and leaped at her.

Tonya was completely unprepared. She fell back, twisting as she went. Her tail smacks into I crashed into her, and we rolled along the floor. With a snap of her jaws, Tonya’s teeth were in my already torn ear.

She was trying to rip it off.

I pulled free and sunk teeth into her left hind paw.Her teeth ripped open a cut on my flank. She pinned me down and sunk teeth into my foreleg. Heaving up, she fell off. I pulled free and ran for the right side bleachers. Tonya followed.

When I got to the bleachers, I ran up the stairs, hopping on each one. Tonya ran alongside the bleachers. I just hopped up till I got to the top. Tonya ran closer.

“You say you can fight, but look who’s running,” she howls.

I hopped down one step and ran on that one. Tonya followed.

I knew Tonya would soon claw her way up the bleachers, leaping up one by one, in hopes of stopping me.

I dropped down two steps.

There were seven to go.

My plan was to crash into her haunches and wipe them out.She falls soon after, and I can pin her down.

I dropped down four.

Tonya moved closer.

I slowed down, while Tonya speeds up. Her hindquarters were at the perfect place.

I leaped!

My forepaws crashed in Tonya’s haunches as I tackled like a defense doing a horrible sack. Her hind paws slid left. Her forepaws stayed grounded, then collapsed. She rolled, twisting as she went down. Pressing my hind paws down, I pulled back from her snapping jaws. Grabbing her scruff, I flipped her on her back and drove my forepaws into her chest, forcibly shoving the air out of her. She kicked me in the gut, but I ignored the pain that pulsed through me. I pressed a paw onto her lower jaw. She writhed like a snake but she was stuck.

“Yield,” I say.

Tonya snarls. I press harder.

“I yield,” she growls.

A bell rings.

I get off Tonya and head to Science.

Neither of us say a word.

Chapter