

Chapter 1 Hunger

Food. All Scar needed was food. He was starving. He was out hunting again with the rest of the pack. Hopefully they would be successful this time.

Scar was a young adult grey wolf; he wasn't the biggest but he was quite brave, maybe that was because he had never come into much danger before. His pack wasn't the strongest nor the largest. There were thirteen members in total; there were three cubs, Scar, his mum and dad, three elderly wolves and four strong hunters. They lived quite close to the sea in the Taiga Forest of Canada. The pack was very hungry. For the last four days they had not brought back any food.

As the sun rose on a clear, crisp morning, Scar woke the pack with a loud howl. Sharptooth wasn't happy.

"Scar," growled dad, "You know I don't like to be woken.

"Sorry," Said Scar sarcastically. "I'm just so hungry."

"So are we all, stop moaning." Grumbled dad.

"As pack leader I command you to go out and hunt." Ordered Sharptooth. And with that Scar huffed and stomped off. He went to go and get some of the pack together to go off and hunt.