Into the Shadowy Woods



Shadow and Wolf giggled as they tossed smooth stones into a shallow creek while their mum roasted meat over the camp fire. Busily, the men gathered their weapons ready for the daily hunt. Beckoning, their dad called the children over to him and pointed towards the forest. "Stay in camp, both of you," he warned, shaking his head.





Recklessly, Wolf leaped to his feet. "Let's go find berries in the forest!" he urged. Worried, Shadow hesitated but she couldn't let him go on his own. Eventually, she followed him into the deep, shadowy woods.

Suddenly, a sabre-toothed tiger sprang from the thick, dark bushes. Petrified, Shadow and Wolf stared with their mouths open in shock. The tiger pounced! Panicking, they dashed for the camp, weaving through the trees and leaping over roots. Wolf stumbled, hearing a sickening snap. Groaning, he lay on the floor.



"Wolf! Get up, we have to go!" Shadow yelled, tugging Wolf's arm.

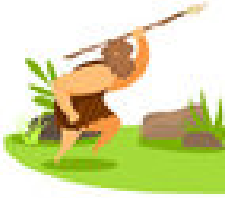


"I can't. I think my leg is broken," he whimpered, clutching his knee. Desperately, Shadow grabbed his arms and dragged him to a nearby cave.

Prowling, the tiger sniffed and searched for the children but lost their scent. Shadow told Wolf to stay hidden and quickly bolted back to camp. She found her dad and explained what happened. Shocked, Dad barked orders to the rest of the camp before turning to face Shadow with a disappointed look on his face.



"You shouldn't have left the camp!" he growled, grabbing his sharpest weapons and racing to catch up.



Sprinting, they reached the cave in no time at all. They found Wolf in the cave behind a rock. Shadow threw her arms around him and he cried. He knew he would never go into the forest alone again.