

To Hunt or To Be Hunted

She was shivering. Goosebumps covered her arms and legs. Her face pale almost as a ghost, her stomach growling loudly, and her world nothing more than a starving ice land. She knew very well that if she did not hunt today she would either die or would be hunted.

It was afternoon, around 2-3pm if she had predicted correctly. She let out a deep breath that crystalized in the thin air. She walked outside, into the fenced paddock, past the yard. She fetched a bow and several arrows, perfect for silent hunting, making sure she wasn't to be caught. She fetched a white bridle, calling over her trusty steed. Climbing onto the cold, thick furred animal's back, she called her dog over to assist in the day's hunt. The white camouflage of snow, her white steed and her white clothes were perfect to allow her to hunt without being caught.

The tiring ride was long, travelling through deep, thick snow. Avoiding rocks under the snow and fallen wood and brick from the abandoned houses she arrived at the forest the thick, tall, bushy trees all had snow tops covering the leaves and branches. She walked the horse through. The atmosphere felt tense, dark and the trees blocked out most sunlight making it hard to see.

The dog lowered his nose to the ground. His quick breathing was faint as he sniffed for any signs of an animal. The wind picked up blowing snow around, trees rustling together; the air howling. The horse became unsettled as his ears perked back and his feet shuffling. The girl quickly ran her hand reassuringly along his thick coated neck, scratching her long nails slightly on his mane, calming the horse. In the corner of her eye something moved; a deer.

Grabbing her bow and arrows swiftly, she steadied her arm and shot. But before that shot before the arrow flew the dog let out a loud bark, echoing through the forest. The deer put its head up and spun around. Faced with the dog it shuffled its feet before running, its legs crashing down, flicking the snow upwards. All hope and faith had been lost, desperately she cried quietly, tears rushing down her cheeks. She had wished help would come but help had never come.

As she let out a silent cry a dark growl, groaning and vicious noises echoed through the trees. She froze. She watched as glowing red eyes in bloodied faces, scratched and cuts, watched her with hungry eyes emerging from the trees. The horse reared up in fear, ears pinned back. The girl's life seemed to slow as she fell to the ground. Snow flew up as she crashed onto a rock with a loud crack. She screamed in pure pain. The dog, desperately tried to help. He growled at the animals, lashing out with his sharp teeth. He attacked, but was outnumbered, only to fall to the ground with a deep infected bite. He let out a last whimper which turned to growls. The girl cried as she watched the dog's eyes become a glowing red and he turned to face her.