"Gone"

by F.R. Southerland

30 Days of Writing – One Word Prompts
April 2019

Day 26: "Gone"

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The weather was nice. At least it had stopped raining and warmth began to ease back into the earth. The humidity was high though, Lang lamented. Everything still felt wet to him.

But, at least he was safe and that was really all that mattered.

Perhaps he'd been paranoid. Not every one was out to get him. He knew that, logically, but the wolf was skittish. Anxious. He wanted to flee at the first sign of trouble. If only he didn't have a good reason to be. Another lament, but Lang didn't want to dwell on it.

There were no people around here, no potential hunters or distrustful humans around. The only scent of humans he caught were days old. No one had been around here in some time. He could finally —finally!—begin to relax.

Lang removed his clothes, eyes darting around him as he hurried, even though he knew there was no one here but the trees and the animals hiding within them. He folded his jeans and t-shirt carefully and placed them on a rock with his shoes and socks neatly lined up. The air was far more chilled than before, but he didn't mind. It wouldn't bother him for long.

Shifting hurt, as it always did. Nearly ten minutes of pain for his body to conform to the shape of a wolf. Every pain was worth it, he told himself, before his thoughts gave over to the wolf's baser instincts.

He licked away the last of the blood from his nuzzle and lifted his head. The forest spread out before him, awaiting him. The wolf took a moment to savor the sight of it all, and then he was gone, racing through the brush and trees.

Freedom.