

“Nose”

by F.R. Southerland

[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 11: “Nose”

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The air was thicker here, by the river. Smells had always come strongly to her—there was something to be said of a werewolf's senses, for sure. In shifted form, it was doubled. Tripled. Anne could smell everything.

A squirrel had passed through here not long ago. No, two squirrels. The earth beneath her paws was still damp from the rains the day before, and the richness of the soil wafted upwards. Still, Anne put her nose to the ground. The wolf inhaled deeply.

Funny, how the smell always made her think of home.

They had a tin roof over the largest section of the front porch, and on rainy days and nights, she'd sit with her dad and sometimes her brother as well. They'd just listen to the rain pelt the roof, watch it sink down into the ground, breath in the fresh smell of it. Spring rains were Anne's favorite, and those warm evenings in mid or late May always came to mind.

The wolf had these memories too, even if they weren't coherent in terms of who or what. The feeling of contentment was familiar though, and so she took in another deep inhale of the damp ground.

Home.