

NightWolf prologue

by Artguy

when I was no more then a pup I found a weird magazine full of humans in strange looking costumes fighting... other strange looking costumed people. I went back to my pack and gave it to my alpha, at it with somewhat of a grin an said

“this is a comic book my dear child.”

“what's a comic book?” I said with my gray furred head tilted to the side, confused but fascinated at the same time.

“well my dear child, a comic book is something that humans read about, the strange looking humans there called superheroes.”

“whats a superhero?” I said sitting down

“well a superhero is someone with super powers like, the ability to fly, super strong, shape shifting, stuff like that and they use there powers to help people and stop the bad guys”

“bad guys?!”

“Yes dear child, there are some that would use there powers for evil. There called supervillains but they never win because TRUTH & JUSTICE WILL ALWAYS TRIEOMP OVER EVIL ANYDAY!” my alpha said pointing a finger to the sky and strangely enough wind flowed thought his white fur, like summoned from just saying that phrase out loud. I was amazed and a little confused to why he just did that but none the less he was still the alpha the strongest, fastest, and kindest person I know, he had a lot of knowledge about human stuff, he used to live with them before he became alpha. Hell he was a human before was turned when he meet my mother and now he's the alpha of one of the biggest packs the area.

“can you read it to me?, please ” I said with puppy dog eyes hoping it would work as well as I heard it did.

He thought to himself and said “why not, come closer so you can see the pictures.”
I climbed onto his lap to see the pictures as he said and than started to read.

“Ok, this is issue # 23 of the astounding detective owlman: the case of the missing jewels of doomed souls”

Read me the comic book, and it was amazing, the fights, construes, and above all Owlman. A normal ex-marine war hero who saw his parents murdered by demonized ninja robots from outer space, than one fateful day on a monday no less; was bitten by a radioactive wereowl blessed by Thor. Now he's a mild mannered reporter by day, crime fight wereowl detective by night. I was hooked instantly on comics, I mean, superheroes are like us in a way. They have to keep their powers secret from the world, made identity for themselves so evil criminals (or in our case humans from finding out and hunting us all down), and... I'm drawing a blank on the three reason but none the less superheroes and werewolves are somewhat the same or at least the same to me.

After that I was hooked on superheroes I searched the campgrounds of the forest for comic books that the human cubs would leave behide, put on a cape made out of old rags that the campers left behind and the a mask out of an old picnic basket and fight imaginary bad guys, and became obsessed with the human world. The other pups thought that I was crazy wanting to be a superhero, dressing up like I did. They would make fun of me but not in front of me, having your dad be the alpha helped but the rules still applied to me like everyone else.

Like what age to start hunting, when to start getting involved in the human world, what not to do like take from the humans and the most important rule of them all is do not reveal the existence of werewolves to the humans EVER for the love of luna.

And I break it.