

Chapter 15

Seq Day 12

The shrill sound of screams awoke me.

My eyes snapped open and I sat up in bed to see Meelo, already scrambling to pull on his clothes. I wasn't even sure if he knew that I was awake until I spoke.

"What's happening?"

Meelo put an arrow on his bowstring and headed for the door. "I don't know, but I'm going to check it out,"

"Wait for me!" I shouted, as I leapt out of Meelo's bed and began to dress myself. He didn't seem to hear me and burst through the door, into the morning light.

As I slid my first paw into the leg of my trousers, I lost my balance and fell muzzle-first onto the floor of my hut.

"Ow," I moaned into the wood, just before I pushed myself up with my hands.

After getting back up, I brushed my lips with my fingers and examined them.
No blood.

Once I was satisfied that I didn't loose a tooth or anything, I bent over and picked up my trousers, which had fallen down around my paws. Fortunately, I was able to get the rest of my clothes on without having any more problems.

I picked up my bow and drew an arrow before I turned to leave, but I stopped to stare at the open doorway in front of me. Meelo must have forgotten to close it when he left. *The whole camp probably just saw me changing!*

I sighed and walked out, making sure that I'd closed the door behind me. Oh, well. Leaving the door open wasn't exactly what tore relationships apart, so I let it go.

After I closed the door to my hut behind me, I saw the rest of the Kyan standing together around something. Everybody seemed to be there, except Night and Fern. I figured that Syta and Eirok told them to stay inside their hut. Everybody was standing closely together and looked down at whatever was so interesting on the ground. It couldn't have been an attack. *Did a bear or something walk into camp and die?*

I curiously wandered forward to join my fellow tribe mates.

"What's happening?" I asked, as I drew near.

Nobody turned to answer or even greet me.

I thought about asking the question again, but didn't. Through the gaps between my fellow Kyan, something caught my eye. *Blood.*

I loosened my bowstring and I lowered my bow, as I slowly trudged forward to join everybody in their silence. As I took in the scene, I couldn't say anything. My eyes were locked on the grim mess in front of me and were unable to look anywhere else. All I was able to feel was the numbness inside my chest that was colder than the snow beneath me. There was no need for words.

A hand placed itself on my shoulder and gently tried to comfort me with the firm reassurance that only the touch of another person can give. I didn't turn my

head to see that it was Meelo. His gentle scent was already pouring into my nose before he even set his hand on me.

"Are you okay?" Meelo asked me, with his hand still tightly latched onto my shoulder.

I didn't say anything.

Instead, I stared at corpse of my father, tattered and bleeding on the ground.

Carefully, I walked over and sat on the ground, next to the lifeless and mangled corpse. After sniffing and brushing my runny nose with my arm, I placed my dad's head on my lap and started to slowly stroke his cold ears. Blood was getting on me, staining my tunic and trousers. Meanwhile, everybody was standing around me, watching the tears beginning to form in my eyes and run down my face.

"You were a great dad. Ever since I was little-," My voice cracked. I cleared my throat before continuing. "You were never too stern. You... You always looked out for me, even when I was a pain in the ass. And you always forgave me. I know that you loved me...and I loved you, too. I just wish that I could have told you that before-"

My words were cut short by more sobs that erupted from my throat. I then placed my muzzle on my dad's neck and cried.

It wasn't until I had finished weeping and looked up a few moments later that I realized everybody had left, everybody except Meelo.