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I hurry to the window, tossing the half-eaten stale muffin on the bed as I go.

Two steps away and furious growls erupt in my head.

I go down to my knees, hands clamped over my ears, eyes squeezed tightly shut and a moan of agony on my lips.

It just goes on and on.

Snarl after snarl, endless howls, and the knowledge there's nothing I can do to stop them. Just wait it out.

Before it was one wolf. I'm sure of it. But now there are more growls echoing in my head. I can't remember how many wolves were in Keane's pack, but it had to be over twenty. Maybe thirty. It feels like there's at least twice that filling my head.

I shift to lie on my side, desperate for it to stop, terrified that they won't.

"Get out!" I moan as the growls increase until I can't even think.

"Get out!" I scream.

And just like that, they stop.

I peel my eyes open, but I'm not lying on the cabin floor with my hands over my head. I'm watching a young girl with red hair and blue eyes sitting cross-legged on the floor with a large black book open in her lap. Her lips move, but I don't hear her voice.

Me.

I'm looking at me.

From behind her, a large gray wolf with amber eyes stares at her. Or me. I'm not sure, but I feel his attention and I know—I can't say how—but I know this wolf has dragged me into a vision, a memory, or whatever this is.

I blink, and the wolf is gone, but the little girl is still there with the book in her lap. But she's not alone. She rests her head against a man's leg. Dad.

Warmth floods me at the memory of his presence, the feel of him, the comfort.

When the girl turns to the right, I know that when I turn, Mom will be in the kitchen doorway.

Just like all the times I've had this dream, Mom stands there, a dishcloth in her hand and a strange haze blurring her face from me.

Why can I never see her face?

When I dream of other people, I always see their faces. Why can I never see Mom and Dad's?

The explosion is coming, and I brace myself for the familiar agony of Mom and Dad's loss.

Someone grabs my arm, and I startle. But when I look down, no one is touching me.

I lift my head and I see it isn't the adult me someone is grabbing, but the eleven-year-old me. And it isn't just someone, it's Dad.

A frown creases my brow.

I don't remember that. Why would he—

My world erupts in flames and fire. I scream, the sound echoing around me.

But when I open my eyes, I'm not standing in front of a destroyed house covered in soot and ash. My gaze fixes on dust bunnies under the bed, and I remember where I am.

Keane's cabin.

No wolf growls echo in my head, and I'm still alone in the cabin, so whatever just happened couldn't have gone on for long.

I should get up, but for the moment, I continue to lie on the ground.