

## Shattered Past

“Stop! Please! Why are you doing this? Please don’t hurt them!” I pleaded.

“Autumn, you need to run! Go with Uncle James! Go now!” My father screamed at me. As soon as those words left his mouth, I was thrown over a shoulder. I was ailing around, kicking, screaming, attempting to get down. “Please Uncle, we need to help them! Please, my mum! My dad! The pack! They need us! Please!” My begging fell on deaf ears.

Uncle James was bounding through the forest surrounding the pack, jumping over logs and dodging trees. He was going the complete opposite direction to where I wanted to be. I gave up pleading, my voice falling into quiet sobs. I buried my face in Uncle James’ back. I’m not sure how long we ran for, but eventually my 8-year-old body gave into exhaustion.

“Autumn, honey, wake up. Autumn.” Uncle James whispered as he gently shook my shoulders. As soon as I woke up, I started to panic. My eyes were darting around the cave-like structure that we were inside. My mind was going around in circles, I was remembering the events that led us here. I looked at Uncle James and took in all the cuts, blood and bruising that was covering his body. I don’t know when I started crying again, but it wasn’t until he wiped the hot tears off my face with his thumb that I realized I was.

“Sweetheart, I know that this is all extremely upsetting, but I need you to listen carefully to what I am about to say.” He softly said to me. I looked up into his green eyes and tried my best to put on a brave face.

“Our pack was attacked tonight. Unfortunately, I don’t know if there will be any survivors, but your mum and dad are strong and will do everything they can to protect their legacy at Silver Shadow.” He looked me in the eye to see if I was understanding him. I nodded for him to continue.

“We’ve left our territory and have crossed into the Mystic Moon Pack territory. This cave is where we are going to get some rest, if someone finds us, your name is Autumn Jones and you are an omega. You managed to run away from the pack as the attack started. Nobody can know who you are. You aren’t Autumn Haywood anymore, okay? It’s not safe. Do you understand?” I have no idea why but something is telling me this is necessary, so I agree to lie. Who am I to question my dad’s Beta, of course, I’ll do as Uncle James says.

“What’s your name sweetheart?” He questions. “Autumn Jones, I am an omega. I ran away when the bad people came.” I responded. “Good girl. This is how we are going to keep you safe, okay?”

After that, we decided to get some rest so we had enough strength to continue our journey to the next safe spot. I tossed and turned on the cold, hard surface of the cave floor for most of the night. It was the worst sleep I’ve ever had. I was scared for my parents and scared for the pack. My day started off amazingly, I had my favourite breakfast with my parents! Blueberry pancakes with lots of syrup and topped with whipped cream. Mum made them since it was my birthday. We spent the rest of the morning at the playground and by lunchtime we were on our way to the human town to get something to wear at my birthday dinner with the pack. I had picked out a beautiful purple dress that made me look like a princess with all the tulle on the skirt. I loved it so much and my mum let me wear it back to our territory so we could get started with the festivities straight away. Then everything went bad.

Wolves were pouring into our territory from every entry point, the warriors on patrol were doing their best to hold the wolves back. Then dad screamed at everyone through the mindlink, letting the pack know we were surrounded by another pack and rogues. He told us to get to the bunkers. Mum grabbed my hand, and we started running back to the pack house when a wolf jumped in front of us out of nowhere. I’ll never forget what it looked like. It had dirty brown fur that didn’t look soft at all. His eyes were red, and he was snarling at us, showing a mouth full of sharp yellow teeth. I started screaming and crying. I ran to find my dad and mum chased after me.

By the time I’d found dad, he had already shifted into his massive wolf Flame. He has soft jet black fur and his eyes are the same color as dad’s, a deep green. Because he is an Alpha, he towers over all the other wolves in our pack. All except Mum’s wolf, Dahlia of course! Dahlia is also an Alpha wolf but, unlike dad, she had fur as white as snow but with a black patch on her tummy. She is the same size as Flame. Her eyes are a beautiful dark blue, similar to a sapphire stone, just like Mum’s.

When Flame saw me, he ran to me as fast as he could and Dahlia joined him. They were hiding me underneath them until Uncle James’ steel gray wolf Artemis could get to me. Then.... we ran.

I woke up when the sunlight started owing into the cave. Uncle James looked like he hadn’t slept very well either. He shifted into Artemis, and then he crouched down low enough for me to climb on his back, ready to find our next safe haven.

Artemis stopped by a river so he could get some water and I could take a quick bath. When I got out of the water and put my now tattered purple dress back on, we heard twigs snapping behind us in the tree line. Artemis was on defense and prepared to protect me at all costs. Then the moment I was afraid of happening, it happened.

Five wolves came out from behind the trees, they were crouched low and ready to strike. “Autumn, you need to run. I’ll stop them from following you, but you need to run, sweetheart.” Uncle James mindlinked me. Since my wolf won’t be present in my mind until I’m 16, I wasn’t able to mindlink him back. All I could do was sob and shake my head to indicate no. “RUN AUTUMN! NOW! GO TO MYSTIC MOON!” He shouted through the link as the wolves pounced on him.

I woke up covered in sweat, breathing heavily. I choked on my saliva while trying to catch my breath, after a minute or so I was finally able to get my breathing under control.

“It was just a dream.” I spoke aloud to my empty room.

“You okay buttercup? I know those dreams are horrible to experience”, The voice in my head said, laced with sadness.

“Yeah I’m alright, Iris. But hey! At least we remembered more of that dream than the others.” I replied to my wolf. She has been my supporter through all of this, always keeping me level-headed and doing her best to make me feel better.

Werewolves aren’t supposed to be able to speak to their wolf spirit until they turn 16. But Iris came to me on the night of my 9th birthday. She has helped me deal with the loss of my pack, my parents and Uncle James. She’s also helped me deal with my treatment as a “woless omega” here at the Mystic Moon pack. She keeps her presence hidden and will do so until I shift at 18, which is only a couple of days away now.