

The world has entered the winter season. A thick blanket of snow covers the frozen ground. Dropping temperatures have caused the northern lakes to freeze over. Their once freely-flowing surfaces now held captive by a sheet of solid ice. Snow flurries fall gracefully from the heavens, decorating the land in mystical veils of pure white. The trees, having shed their leaves the past season, now stand naked in the frostbitten world.

Many animals have migrated to the southern lands for the coming months. Fleeing the cold front for the warmer temperatures which they favor. A behavior which has endured for generations. A behavior that will endure for many generations to come, until the Cycle of Nature declares otherwise.

Winter, it is a process where the world prepares to born anew every year. It covers itself in a cocoon of frost and snow in preparation for this new age. This new year. Many animals that have not adapted to the colder weather brought on by the chill season rush in a mass exodus to a world of warmer temperatures. Those that have acclimated themselves to the harshness of the frozen environment remain in the north. These masterful creatures have learned to fend for themselves in the icy conditions of winter. The weak flee. The strong remain.

The Wolves, along with several other varying species of animals, have made the honorable choice to remain in the frozen lands. It is a choice that has endured for many generations. A choice that the alpha predators will continue to make for many generations to come.

The full moon shines brightly in the night sky, an angel in the land of shadows. A light snowfall descends to the land, the air is still. A lone deer chews on thin blades of frozen grass. The deer has journeyed far from its home in search of a source of food. The season of ice had claimed much of the deer's food supply, and she is close to reaching starvation. Her survival depends on how quickly she can reach the warmer, southern regions. She has a long journey ahead.

The deer finishes chewing the mouthful of grass and swallows. She then proceeds to slowly canter forward. Her legs shake and shiver from the bite of the gnawing cold, her system unadapted to these extremes. She breathes heavily, her lungs inflate with frozen air. As with the warmth of the sun, the cold has stripped away the deer's power.

A cool breeze flows through the woods. The deer continues moving steadily forward, shaking in the cold. Her nimble legs quiver beneath her frost-coated weight, then she stops. The wind comes to a halt. An unnatural silence ensues the snow-covered woodlands. The deer turns its head, scanning its surroundings. There is nothing in sight, but her animal senses tell her otherwise. Something is in the woods with her. Something hostile.

Suddenly, the deer no longer shivers. A massive burst of adrenaline shoots through her bloodstream. She bolts in the direction she hopes yields the forest's edge. The only thought her panicked mind comprehends is escape. Escape from this unseen enemy.

There is no sound but that of her hooves pounding into the frozen earth with magnificent force. She turns her head around, hoping to catch a glimpse of her invisible pursuers. When she catches a

glimpse of a pair of glowing yellow eyes, a deeply rooted sense of primal fear registers in her heart and mind. She now realizes that this is about more than escape. This is about life and death.

She returns her view to the terrain ahead. She dodges tree after tree in a desperate search for a way out. Her head darts back and forth in terror, realizing it is only a matter of time before the creature stalking her is upon her. She senses something moving quickly coming up on her right. The deer bursts into an chaotic sprint, the attacker missing by a hair's breadth. She feels a rush of wind on her tail, but she does not look back, she is focused only on one thing: survival.

The deer dashes through the woods, determined to get away with her life. She searches for an opening, a clearing. Anything that could be a route to freedom. Then she sees it, the forest's edge, a path to freedom. she pivots at nearly a right angle and races towards the clearing. Hope begins to grow in her heart, hope that she will live another day.

A flash of silver, and all is done. The Wolf slams into the deer's abdomen with tremendous force, knocking the elegant creature off its feet. The deer lands in a crumpled heap to the cold, hard ground. The deer scrambles in a panicked attempt to continue on its exodus to freedom, but to no avail. The ferocious predator sinks its razor-sharp teeth into the deer's underbelly, tearing into the disabled animal's flesh. Spouts of warm blood splatter the snowpacks, bathing the pure white frost crimson red.

The deer shakes wildly in an uncontrollable seizure. The Wolf's fangs puncture her lungs, cutting off her ability to breathe. She is losing a large amount of blood, the mortal wound in her stomach spewing the scarlet liquid all over the face of her attacker. The Wolf ignores the blood soaking its facial fur, and continues its attack. It claws at the deer's innards, tearing flesh off of bone, and ripping out its internal organs.

The pain becomes unbearable to the deer, and she slips into unconsciousness. Her bodily systems begin to shut down. One by one they fail, until the animal that was shaking and shivering in the cold northern winds a few minutes prior, is shaking no more. The deer heaves one last strained breath as the life in her eyes evaporates. All is silent. The deer is dead.

The Wolf ceases its violent massacre, and backs away from its kill. It breathes heavily, the cool winter breeze blowing back its fur coat. Fresh blood has painted the beast's face a deep crimson, the remainder of its body covered in a silver coat of fur with slashes of white covering the length of its body from its shoulder joints to its legs. The Wolf's eyes shimmer a hypnotic blue. The powerful canine turns its bloodstained face to the bright, shining moon and howls a cry of victory, letting the world know it is the Alpha.