

Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

by August Rogozinski, age 17, Port Moody

Birdsong filled the brisk, calm air. The long, uncut blades of grass in the North Field glistened with morning dew, disrupted by small, hooved steps. Warmth from the sun seeped into the little lamb's perfect, snow-white wool. Innocent black eyes surveyed the farm, falling onto the pasture and the broken fence. Its eyes flicked to the farmhouse, standing proudly in the center of the land.

The farmer's boots thudded against the porch steps, then crunched on the gravel path. Cigarette smoke swirled around his aged face and trailed behind him as he walked.

Suddenly, a small head popped out from the grass. The little lamb peered up at the old man, its face almost smug. It escaped the pasture. Again.

Every day, without fail, the lamb got out of its pasture. It jumped the fence, crawled underneath, or sometimes, tore it down completely... somehow. If he was a smarter man, the farmer might question *how* exactly a young lamb could tear down a solid wooden fence, but he was more concerned about what an absolute nuisance it was.

The man carefully stepped into the field, his work boots crushing the grass with a soft *thud*. The lamb looked up at him; head tilted to the side. It was taunting him; it thinks he can't run this farm.

Calloused fingers gripped the plush wool on the lamb's neck and *yanked*. The lamb didn't move. He pulled harder. The lamb cried out.

"Come on, you stupid thing, back where you belong." He muttered.

He pulled again. The lamb whipped its head around-

Teeth sank into his wrist. Long, sharp, piercing teeth. The farmer stumbled back, clutching the wound with his other hand. His back collided with the soil beneath him, the dampness in the grass seeping through the fabric of his jacket and onto his skin. He shivered.

The lamb stood a few paces away, blood dripping from its mouth, which was now far too small for its newly acquired teeth. Sharp fangs jutted out of its soft pink gums, its lips uncomfortably stretched around them.

Black voids bore into old, **ashen** gray. The lamb twitched... and then it snapped. Wool straightened out into fur; crimson blood sprayed onto the grass as its flesh split. A loud snap as bones rearranged themselves. Hooves cracked open, and large paws emerged, razor-like claws glinting in the light.

Before the farmer could process what was literally unfolding in front of him, the creature was on him. Sour breath stung his nose; claws tore through his clothes and shredded his skin. Yellowed teeth pierced the back of his neck and *yanked*, tossing the farmer's bloodied body aside. Searing pain shot up his side as his hip collided with the ground.

As his blood soaked into the soil and his vision began to fade, the **grim** reality of his situation was beginning to set in... who was going to repair the fence?

An **unearthly** howl pierced through the quiet, and the world faded to nothing.
