

# Words of Wolves

## A dying Legend

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### Kapitel 6: Listen: The song of Sympathy

#### The song of sympathy

If we work without ambition,  
there would be no point in it.

While working with passion  
was all we ever wanted,  
there was that day that  
would change everything.

It was morning, cold and foggy.  
The twolegs would take us out  
to hunt down those filthy demons.  
Monsters they call them.

Trained for it we got to work,  
digging our noses into dirt.  
It wasn't the first time this  
scent met with my nose.

I would rise my head and howl.  
Those twolegs would follow me  
and prepare those noisy branches.  
It was the usual, or so I thought.

My eyes finally set on the devil  
as we chased it down the hills.  
As the fastest of all I got it cornered.  
It would be a quick end for it.

Thought I hesitated as I locked  
my eyes with this devils ones.  
I took a step back, getting it's  
attention, then I mentioned...

Behind those cold and evil eyes  
lies a frightened little girl.  
This was the demon we chased?  
These are the demons we kill?

And suddenly my ambition shattered.  
This tiny ball of fur, shaking to halt,  
was nothing more than a little kid,  
trying to survive without any help.

I told myself I couldn't do it.  
I couldn't touch her, even if my  
twolegs would scream at me.  
Killing her wasn't an option.

Yet she died, right there in front  
of my eyes, as my fellow brothers  
dug their teeth into her and  
ripped her apart, like she was trash.

That was when I decided for myself  
that hunting season was over.