

Wolf

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Jason Tsui, Fiction: Group 2

“**M**ayday! Mayday! We're losing attitude! The captain frantically tries to radio someone for help.

“We're not going to make it! I'm sorry everyone.”

The intercom came to life, throwing everyone onboard into a panic. Pained whispers of farewells and cries of hysteria were occasionally heard from the jumbled din.

They were falling fast; no one expected to get out of this alive. All their fates were sealed in this giant death contraption.

The impact was as if in slow motion. Most had closed their eyes, suddenly hit by a wave of serenity, with the occasional child wailing in fear and confusion. Even with their last breaths, parents here and there tried to shelter their kids from harm.

The plane collided with the ground. Their once light world surrendered to the darkness.

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A ten year old, Kris, awoke with a groan to a cold, wet object placed on his cheek. Vision hazy, the boy had to readjust to the harsh sunlight that shone over him. Where was he? Was he dead? Heaven wasn't this unpleasant, was it? The lad squinted and looked towards the source which woke him up and shrieked at the sight in front of him. Directly in front of him were the terrifying gaze of a wolf!

Seeing that the boy was awake, the tan-coated wolf once again pressed its cold, wet nose to Kris's cheek before baring its teeth in its version of a wolfy grin.

Kris scuttled backwards in shock and fear. Wait, is that a grin? Getting over the initial shock, the lad bravely moved forward to take a closer look at the beast, before hesitantly reaching a hand forward to pet it. The wolf thrummed in response to the pets, scooting closer for more.

Establishing that the wild animal wasn't going to eat him, Kris slowly got up and looked properly at his surroundings. Only one glance was sufficient to render the young boy speechless. The carcass of the plane remained, mostly intact and lying on its side, while bodies and debris littered the floor around Kris. The aftermath of the tragedy. And they had landed right smack in the middle of a desert. The Gobi Desert to be exact. The boy knelt down again, slowly flipping over the battered bodies of a couple who were located the closest to him. The grotesque sight was too much for him. He let out a choked sob before falling to his knees. Those were his parents. And he was the lone survivor of the crash.

The wolf whimpered and nudged the grieving boy, who jolted out of his reverie. He stumbled over to the hulking mass of fallen plane, before proceeding to mechanically search the mess for anything remotely useful for his survival.

Grabbing what he could and his mother's pendant, Kris started walking away from what had once been, dragging his sore body and meager possessions in search for shelter.

The wolf gave a short bark before loping towards the boy and herding him in the opposite direction.

“Hey! What!”

The astonished boy yelped before stopping mid-sentence when he came face to face with the