

A Wolf To Remember, A Night Without Regret

Have you ever regretted your past? There was a time when I did. When you are created for the sole purpose of killing, having regrets is impossible. I have never regretted the hunger which drives me to kill, nor those I kill, only my part in their deaths.

The wolf sat in silence waiting for something. I had been watching the wolf for some time now. The wolf was black with a snow white patch which covered its chest and stomach. The power and beauty radiating from the wolf was undeniable. I could not look away even if I wanted to. The wolf never noticed me even with his keen eyesight. I never saw the wolf's mate, nor did any other creature occupy the wolf's attention for long, not even the prey it hunted.

I craved such things for myself; I wanted no bondage. I wanted to run and be free from my own confinement. This was not the kind that held a prisoner in place like iron clamps. I would never know the feeling of this, at least not in a physical sense. I was almost envious of the freedom the wolf had which I would never be allowed to take part in. However, being able to feast upon the world in its entirety kept my own envy at bay.

The ground was covered in snow making the wolf's dark form appear even more striking across the great distance which separated us. However, my own keen eyesight was enough to make out the wolf's form perfectly. The moon's fullness resembled a woman's face glowing with pregnancy. I loved such beauty because I had none to speak of.

No creature ever noticed me unless I was the last thing their tormented eyes looked upon just before death found them. I have always been a slave to my hunger. I am, even now. Even wolves are not monsters. I am, however, a monster in every possible way; a monster and nothing more. I was created to be a killer long before the wolf's existence. I won't tell you how it begins, only how it ends.

I ran from my hiding place so I could match the wolf's pace. I was hunting now and could not stop myself even if I wanted to. I caught my prey with ease. I did not care to hear the sounds of agony escaping from my prey's throat. I only enjoyed the rapid silence which followed. I drank hungrily and did not stop until my prey laid lifeless. As I dropped the creature from my grasp, realizing I was not satisfied by its death. I could not feel any satisfaction knowing I had killed the wolf. No two predators could ever coexist in the same world; not in a world where my own appetite was insatiable.

I walked away without any regret for my actions. The only regret I felt was for the greatness I would never be.