

## Forest By Olivia Kuhn

Misty Heard a shot in the distance. *The Hunters were coming.* She swept through the forest, as fast as she could, hoping and praying that she could warn her tribe. She sniffed the air. Her nose wrinkled. *Blood!* She smelt blood. She was going more than her bony body could handle.

She got to the campsite. She peeked across the tree hoping her tribe mates were safe. But she saw chos. Wrecked dens, smooshed food and no one there. Blood was splattered across the tree. But, It seemed that only one of her tribe mates died. She looked around the grassy area. There was no ot her blood.

*They're alive! They are really alive!* But then, Sorrow filled her heart. *If they really are alive, then they left. I'll never find them, they're as good as gone.*

**"I'll Find Them"** She meowed. She crafted a bag made of strong sturdy leaves. She packed a mouse or too inside along with a few sharp rocks for scratching messages, and a map for finding them.

She ran out of the mossy tribe land. She padded along the trail. **"Watch out tribe, I'm coming home to you..."**