Chapter 6

 Every hair on my pelt stood with anger and fear. I became more and more frustrated each time I had tried to escape, and I was coming to desperate measures. I had chewed on the bars, tried to dig through the bottom of the cage, and even attempted to persuade Tagg, as he sat guarding smugly, to let me out. It was no surprise that his mind was set firmly on the contrary of my outlook of the plight. And I was beginning to worry that Griffen might not make it in time. The hunter had already purchased a new gun and I watched through the window as he polishing it almost adoringly. It sickened me how much time he seemed to be wasting just to make sure his weapon was in tip top condition before he could shoot me. If I didn't know better I would probably assume that he was basking in the glory of having caught a live wolf and survived another's attack at the same time. It was disgusting.

 The hunter was checking his safety when he appeared to have been startled into pulling the trigger and blowing a hole through the roof. Cursing under his breath, he staggered to the window and peered outside, seeking for something in the woods. Finding nothing of value, he sat back down and continued to embellish his rifle. I couldn't help but to glance nervously around, just to make sure he hadn't really seen anything deserving of such a jump. But I received a nearly as intense a startle, though I didn't have a trigger to fortuitously pull, when I saw the ones I had missed so dearly slinking within the bushes, so low their bellies brushing the ground.

 Tagg sniffed the air and growled warningly, scenting the unwelcome visitors. "Hey! What kind of garbage have you sniffed up this time?" I threw at Tagg. "Old pair of boots? Or if you're lucky it might be a squirrel." I chanced a glimpse of Griffen and Eya, and they nodded encouragingly. I needed to distract Tagg long enough for them to get close enough to ambush. "At least I'm not caged up. I'm surprised you haven't learned you're lessen, I'm the best hunting dog that ever ventured into this crummy little town." he boasted, unaware of the danger behind. "Ventured?" I teased. "Yeah , like you've ventured any farther than your master's side. Admit it, your attached to that two-legged human like a puppy to his mother. I think your too afraid to even step out of his shadow, you coward." Now I was really starting to push his buttons. "Coward? I wouldn't be talking if I were you, or do you not recall the way you cried for help when I caught you in that trap. Only a fool would even dream of being stupid enough to be caught in the oldest trick in the book. I guess it runs in the family then, your mother wouldn't turn and face me, the coward. " He snapped, obviously fuming. I wanted to give him a piece of my mind, but contained myself. I needed to keep myself composed if this was going to work. His wild eyes were focused on me as if he wanted to rip my throat out right then and there. But mine were wandering elsewhere. Perhaps even to the two wolves that had crept up behind him and were getting ready to pounce. "Now, now, Tagg. You are much mistaken. Sure that one was old, and I daresay effective, but you are about to be the dupe of the first and most elderly of the tricks." I smiled devilishly. His smirk vanished.

 Tagg would have yelped but all the air was knocked out of his lungs as Eya slammed into the dirt. Her eyes were wild with fury as she leaned down and snarled into his ear, "You wouldn't have been so *brave* if you didn't have the hunter's gun to take care of the mess when you're finished pretending. And now you are going to regret it." Part of me wanted to cheer for her, but the other and more sensible part told me to get moving. Griffen was tearing at the slide lock, inching it out ever so slowly. IF only the Hunter wouldn't notice.... Tagg screeched a horrible sound as Eya bit his ear with her razor sharp teeth, and the hunter looked up and out the window.

 The hunter jumped up and darted to the door, snatching his rifle on the way out. "Hurry!" I fretted, shifting my weight from one leg to the other. Griffen had no time to answer because the hunter's bushy mustache was bristling with rage and his eyes were feral. He fired recklessly about him, hardly caring what he shot, as long as the wolves were dead. A bullet whizzed past Griffen's leg and I gasped involuntarily. He remained calm and concentrated on the lock as the trigger-happy hunter continued to blast everything within gun range. Gradually the lock clicked open.

 The door swung open and I jumped out, sighing with relief. But I had sighed a little too early because the hunter was still firing randomly in attempt to hit something or someone. But his efforts were short lived when a bullet grazed Tagg's flank. He howled with pain and pulled away from Eya's deadly claws. "Whimp." Eya muttered scathingly. There was no time to lose, we took the chance to escape. "Run!" Griffen yelled, and I was perfectly happy to do so. We dashed around the house and into the street, searching frantically where to go. "Over here!" Eya ordered, heading towards home. "I can't believe it! We did it!" I cheered. But I had spoken too early once again because the hunter was hot on our trail, this time in a truck. We took short-cuts and long-cuts but he was even more ruthless in a car than with his gun. People gasped and wondered how he had ever gotten a drivers license as he tore down the road, demolishing everything in his path. He had his gun out the window and was firing like a menace.

 I was out of breath and my muscles burned, but I had to keep on going. If I stopped than I would only have two choices, fur coat or road kill. But apparently we had someone else on our side. The police had decided that this particular vehicle was a hazard and were now pursuing the hunter, lights flashing. One had a megaphone and was ordering him to stop and put his hands up. Of course, this was not on his agenda today and he was running on a very tight schedule, so naturally he did not stop to have a little chat.

 The edge of town was creeping closer, but so was the hunter. Gathering all the strength I could muster, I picked up speed and focused on the border of town. We had the advantage, and he had the gun. We would make it out alive even if I had to sprout wings and fly to safety. Fortunately, this was unnecessary due to the fact that the truck was out of gas and the hunter was currently being investigated. But I didn't sigh just in case.