

Writing

Dear diary,

When I woke up, warm and cozy in my layers of fur, I was immediately famished. I recalled that mother had not given us food to eat after father had eaten all the food and left. The fight had been very brutal and savage that mother was too weak to find us food because it would mean her going *long* distances. We had not eaten in days! I felt the urge to move out of mother's comfort and hunt for myself since I had had training with my siblings. As I approached the seals' land, I encountered a polar bear. I targeted my meal to a seal lost in the open without any seals guarding it. Swiftly, I bolted towards it, hitting the iron face of the snow. 1,2,3.... POUNCE! Abruptly, under my body as I leapt through the air, was the polar bear. BANG, as I landed on top of it! Its barbarous actions of surprise swept the seal's skin. The carcass lay there, I killed it but with some stranger's help. Hunger for it lay in the air. It smelt like jeopardy. The polar bear's claw was on the tip of my muzzle and I swung a claw at it. As it was about to cut my ear, Mother gracefully picked up the seal, asked me to come with her and bowed at the polar bear. How did she retain the prey without a fight? How did she heal that easily? She led me away.

It has been a stressful day for my family and I in the Northern Hemisphere and now I know to never move on from my life under the protection of my mother.

From Fleecy the Fox

Chimaya