

Chasing Hope

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The coolness of the autumn evening began to creep beside the twilight sky. The sun was a half cut tangerine rolling toward a hungry day behind the curtain of the forest as choruses of shrieks and howls were warming up for their performance of dread. As a curtain of darkness was beginning to blanket the world, two gray blurs shook the earth and signaled the start of life's greatest competition.

In the front was a rabbit running at top speed with fear and adrenaline in the driver's seat. The rabbit was still quite young, only a year old, but full of discovery and an attentive nature. He had left his family a short time ago to begin a new chapter in the book of life, and did everything he could to survive up to this moment to ensure that the future would keep it's doors open for him.

But now he was running toward the finish line known only as his life.

As the rabbit leaped and pushed his body over rocks and past bushes, the pursuer followed faster and stronger than the rabbit. The pursuer in question was a large wolf that looked as if he had already experienced death with matted patches of fur and exposed skin that had been kissed by failure.

The wolf was also on his own for the first time, having been two years of age and skilled at hunting he felt he was good enough to take on the world and it's treasures. The wolf had hunted with his original pack before, but felt with his superior hunting skills that he did not have to take orders from the anyone. One day he fought the alpha male of his pack hoping to turn the world upside down, but the alpha male proved to be too much and lost. The wolf still felt highly of himself and despised the outcome. He charged the alpha male, only to be torn asunder by the alpha female. The pack rallied for the wolf to leave and never return, so he left with his pride feeding him as much as possible. But hunting on your own comes with many challenges, and the wolf's hunger and bruises showed for the worse. But this was his last chance, the chance of a lifetime to cross the finish line of another day.

The wolf was close to his goal of satisfaction and fulfillment, he moved close enough to have the edge of his snout inches from one of the rabbit's legs. The wolf opened his jaw ever so slightly to grab hold of his victory. The rabbit could feel the heat of the wolf's breath and was ready to kiss the world

goodbye. He turned his head and saw the wolf looking as dark and grotesque as the approaching night, staring down upon him with a face of ill content. The rabbit's eyes widened and quickly turned his head again toward his hopeful goal.

At that moment, the rabbit saw a familiar sight, a brown halo at the base of a tree. This was the rabbit's home, his door to the future. The rabbit kicked up more speed and felt one of his legs smack the wolf. The wolf slowed down a little but soon regained its speed and was moving faster than before. The rabbit felt the wolf closing in and knew it was now or never. The rabbit hopped and dived into the hole. The wolf lunged and tried to grab the rabbit. Its fangs hovering over the rabbit's tail, ready to snap like lightning. As the jaws snapped, the air grew silent.

The wolf stood up with a stern look barreling toward the hole. The rabbit was free and hid shaking with mixed emotions, while it stayed as far away from his opening to the world. While the rabbit was content, the wolf was filled with rage and began to dig furiously at the ground, hoping to still have another chance at victory. The rabbit felt the world shake and moved further down the tunnel it was sitting in. The sky of dirt and mud was shaking with every step the rabbit took. Soon the shakes stopped and turned into one explosion of terror. The rabbit knew that the worst had happened and quickly gave chase again. However, the rabbit slowed down a little until it stopped. The heat of pursuit was gone, and the cold of the night was felt. The rabbit ventured further and found the wolf with its body sprawled out in a collapsed section of the tunnel and the moon shining a spot light of danger upon the new opening.

The rabbit was sick from fear but awake with curiosity. The wolf was still and had a look of fear in its face. The rabbit knew something felt strange, but soon felt the hope of peace wash over his body, for it seemed death caught up to the wolf and was the real winner.

While the wolf was distracted by his shattered pride and persistent hunger, death took its chance to hammer out what little energy the wolf had in its body. It was so close, but living on a diet of pride and greed can only last so long, and so the rabbit made quick work to see where this newly opened door of hope would lead and hopped onto a new tunnel.