



# Hunger

Shannon Fritz



I did not know it was sinful to exist.

I am a wolf. My pack has long since abandoned me, and I have had to move forward without them.

My childhood was built on hunger, an ache made its home in my stomach. My mother did not care to feed me, and I had to hunt too young. Now I honor and am thankful for any bite I can have, and take great joy in eating. There are those that don't know the joy of fullness because they have never known the fear of hunger.

Hunger chases me frequently still and I run from it. The air grows crisp and the forest grows small.

When the moon was high I came upon a strange sharp bush that was thin with branches you could see through. It ran long, and high. On the other side was a feast, what must have been hundreds of sheep, each plump with meat. My mouth salivated, the ache that lived in my stomach making itself known.